

NEW

HIGHWAYS

IN COLLEGE COMPOSITION

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PREFACE

THE CONTINUED APPROVAL accorded *Highways in College Composition*, first printed in 1930, led the publishers to ask for a revised edition of that text. In planning this revision, the editors thought best to retain the three-fold form of the original book: *rhetoric*, *reader*, and *handbook*—an arrangement first employed in *Highways* but used later in other textbooks of English Composition. *New Highways in College Composition* offers the teacher, therefore, in one comprehensive volume, the three instructional tools ordinarily employed in courses in elementary college composition. All three of these divisions have been much more fully developed, however, than they were in the original text.

THE RHETORIC is a thorough reworking of the corresponding materials in the first edition. Some of the chapters have been replaced by new matter or have been entirely rewritten; all of the others have been completely revised.

THE READER provides a body of selections more than sufficient in quantity and variety for a year's work in English writing. The specimens are arranged by types to correspond with the chapters in the rhetoric that deal with the forms of discourse. All were chosen with the object of helping the American college student to write better English. Although many of the articles are direct and controversial—as much good writing is—the editors have had no personal concern with the doctrines presented but have ranged widely to select specimens that are fresh and varied. They wish to make clear, therefore, that the opinions expressed are not theirs but those of the authors quoted, and that the editors serve simply as literary caterers to the students.

THE HANDBOOK of the *New Highways* is a fully developed guide for theme writing and revision. It contains all of the items of the separately printed handbooks excepting those—such as the paragraph—that are adequately treated in THE RHETORIC. THE HANDBOOK, the editors believe, is neither too old-fashioned in its recommendations of English usage, nor too radical in following the advocates of violent changes in practice. It is designed to be, in short, a safe but not forbiddingly conservative guide.

The "Work Program" that follows each chapter of THE RHETORIC and each selection in THE READER is a radical departure from the conventional *Exercises and Suggestions for Themes* in the original text. The material

presented in a comprehensive textbook in elementary college composition should be read carefully and be thoroughly understood by the student and should then provide a basis for class discussion and theme writing. Accordingly, the editors have divided each "Work Program" into three parts, quiz, ROUND TABLE, and PAPER WORK. The questions and suggestions under each division are designed to assist both teacher and student in a full and satisfactory use of the material to which they are related. It is not expected that all of these items will be employed, but it is hoped that they will be suggestive and stimulating to further thought.

The obligations of the editors to authors and publishers who have allowed their work to be reprinted in this volume have been acknowledged in the appropriate places. The editors are indebted specifically to Mr. Bert Vogel for careful and intelligent editorial work on both manuscript and proof sheets, and to Miss May Goldberg, secretary of the English Department, New York University, for much loyal assistance throughout the making of the book.

JANUARY 1, 1943

H. A. W.
O. C.
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Part I

THE RHETORIC

Chapter I

THE APPROACH TO WRITING

"True beauty is never divorced from utility."—Quintilian.

Confidence and mastery in writing.

THE SECRET of good writing lies in the conviction that one can express himself on a subject of his own choice better than anybody else in the world. There is, in the calm assumption of that qualified superiority, a sense of power or of mastery which is itself a mighty agent in performing miracles. Great writers in the full tide of their genius are men possessed; the millions of small fry who also write—if leaving an expiring smear in the world can be considered writing—think that this possession is a kind of mystery, whereas its beginning is the simplest thing imaginable and may be compacted all in one word: *confidence*. It is confidence in being able to carry off greatly the thing in hand that emboldens genius to the daring strokes whose combination is the masterpiece. For writing is much like a game wherein the dub and the star are distinguished by their very bearing on court or turf; the former is visibly marked for slaughter and we are indifferent to any chance that may save him, but the latter, poised and sure, breathes victory, and on him our hopes are fixed. We divine—and here is the true mystery, for we know not how—that the star's assurance is no cheap arrogance but that essential faith in himself which is part and parcel of competence. When he has it, he has "something on the ball"; when he hasn't, his game "falls apart."

And so it is with writing. The competent writer is a confident writer; he is bold and daring, and he tries for effects that a lesser man, for fear of an ignominious tumble, never attempts. But whence comes this confidence? Is it a gift of the gods, or may it be acquired from a tutor by purchase? The world of sport provides as good an answer as can any peripatetic philosopher. The confidence which breeds competence is itself bred of competence, and so on in endless rotation till the very summit of human performance is reached. A man is never sure of his shots and his strokes until he has practiced them, but with gathering confidence he exploits them with ever greater freedom and energy. Competence in writing springs similarly from confidence, but that confidence is born, paradoxically, of the very thing to which it gives birth.

Practice, practice, and more practice is not the whole prescription, then, for competent writing; it is merely half the prescription. Yet no one looks for a distinguished performance from an athlete who is out of practice. Writing requires for creditable performance as constant exercise as does any athletic game. This is the justification of a writing program in college even in cases where the student is proficient when he arrives. For writing is a "game" only by apology; all of us who become business or professional men have to play it, whether we want to or not, the rest of our lives. There is no surcease—no hanging up of helmets, rackets, or skates. Indeed, as we play, so shall we be judged; a competitor submits a better written proposition than we do, a rival writes a more cogent and compelling report, the other fellow is a more affable correspondent—and the prizes go to him. Behind our backs our lame and foolish thing may be derided to our lasting disadvantage. We are dubs in the game, a source of vexation to our teammates, tolerated by a charity that is often wider than it is represented to be and certainly more forbearing than our case warrants. We have kept on practicing—if going through the motions can be called that—but we have never been able to "lift" our game. We lack both the competence and the confidence to do so.

To forestall later disaster, the wise student of college years makes up his mind to achieve as soon as possible a certain competence in expressing himself so that, in the new, sure sense of his power, he may really extend himself to reach higher levels of performance. His resolve is a good one, for without it he will make no progress. The perfunctory meeting of college assignments is a good deal like performing the Swedish wand drill to the chant of a leader, "One, two, three, four!" with not overmuch thought of what might be done with such a drill. Here is practice, but meaningless practice. The idea of *excelling* has to be introduced. There are minds—and good minds, too—to which the notion of *excelling* is repugnant, for they conceive it wholly in terms of besting someone else. From their lack of contact with the world of sports such tender minds little realize what consolation a man can derive from being worsted by a good opponent—if he has given a creditable account of himself. Anyone who has ever boxed knows there is satisfaction in being able to take, as well as to give, a blow. We have probably too much sentimentalized the "defeated" person in modern times. Actually, a person may learn more from his defeats than he does from his victories, and every star remembers some early master who taught him a painful but much needed lesson. Compunction about *excelling* a capable opponent is the silliest nonsense. Nevertheless when the act of *excelling* involves the economic status of another person, the ground for repugnance seems to be clearer—even if we argue

that we are teaching the other fellow a needed lesson. Modification of the idea of excelling is at once suggested. Team-play and coördination enter the picture; however, the individual must still produce his best effort, but the effort is no longer distributed for wholly personal results—it is designed to “lift” the performance of the entire team. In well-managed businesses promotion usually comes to the man who excels at team-play, for a simple casting up of sums in moral arithmetic shows that his rise is not at the cost of everybody, but to the mutual advantage of all. The student need not be troubled in conscience at the thought of excelling if he will bear always in mind the ultimate social usefulness of what he is doing. The literary artist bending every energy toward the satisfaction of his readers is a symbol of the unselfishness of all conscientious writers; yet, says honest Dr. Johnson, “no man but a blockhead ever wrote except for money.” The rough approximation of the rewards to the services rendered—not in individual cases always, but generally—shows society willing enough to endow her best servitors.

Back to fundamentals.

When a good player makes up his mind to excel and goes to a coach for “pointers,” he is likely at first to be put through some very rudimentary exercises. This is done to discover if there are fundamental flaws in his game. So, too, when the student has given visible evidence of his desire to be more competent in life by enrolling in college classes, he is placed under the eye of an expert who will review his competence in fundamentals. This expert is his English teacher, for unless the student can read and write, his progress in all that he undertakes is strictly limited. Since most students are preparatory school graduates, usually in the upper-half or upper-third of their classes, they are inclined to laugh at the doubt of their ability “to read and write.” Their attitude is that of the good amateur athlete who is asked to perform the rudimentary exercises by the coach. And like that athlete, they are apt to be surprised by their own clumsiness and ineptitude. It is almost axiomatic today that few students read with thorough comprehension or write with utter clarity at the conclusion of their high school course. The reasons for this are many, but one is obvious: with the fading emphasis on Latin in the schools, and particularly with the disappearance of Latin composition, the scrutiny of words and of sentences is less close and exact than formerly. The elevation of English in the schools has not brought a comparable discipline nor have the hours devoted to this subject been anywhere near so long or so arduous. The change has, to be sure, brought great advantages in other ways, but the deficiency must somewhere be made up. Men and women make up this loss in the colleges, or more painfully, since bad habits get more deeply entrenched, in later life.

Testing for results.

The skeptical student can readily test his own efficiency as either a reader or a writer. Wordsworth wrote:

Faith was given to man that his affections, detached from the treasures of time, might be inclined to settle on those of eternity;—the elevation of his nature, which this habit produces on earth, being to him a presumptive evidence of a future state of existence; and giving him a title to partake of its holiness.—*Essay, Supplementary to the Preface to the "Lyrical Ballads."*

Now, instantan, without re-reading, let the student ask himself what Wordsworth said. If he has not got the gist of Wordsworth's sentence, he is not yet an efficient reader. Conviction, however—particularly self-conviction—is a stubborn thing with most people; hence the student may want to try another test. Let him with pencil and paper, book open before him, put the sentence from Wordsworth into his own words. If he does this easily and without hesitation, he has a certain proficiency in reading and writing. But if the thing comes hard, with much biting of a pencil and mistrials on paper, he can still profit by a little drill in fundamentals. Even the facile transcriber will do well to compare his result with Wordsworth's own summary of what he wrote: "*The religious man values what he sees chiefly as an 'imperfect shadowing forth' of what he is incapable of seeing.*" To be sure, Wordsworth's immediate restatement of his thought is shorn of much of its finer coloring and distinction (as one would expect the student's transcription to be), but if the student's summary bears no resemblance to the poet's own, he may conclude there will be profit for him in new instruction in reading and writing. Should he still be sceptical, he can devise tests of his own—not with Wordsworth, but with his favorite author. If at length he is completely convinced of his own proficiency, let him still take the course in rudiments cheerfully, not merely on the theory that he needs constant practice of any sort to "hold up his game," but rather from the point of view that his presence in the class will help to "lift" the performance of the others and will give him an excellent experience in team-play. After all, there will be a greater discrepancy between the abilities of his later associates in business or the professions (engineering, for example) than the classroom ordinarily presents.

The superior student will not need much persuading that he is fortunate in having a large number of classmates whose attainments are not yet his.

*The trial
audience*

We used to think, in the colleges and universities, that there were some few students who should commune only with the instructor. We now realize that such special privileges were special penalties; the superior student wrote solely for his professor and unconsciously developed a style and method of expressing himself which cut him off from

the mass of his fellow Americans. Today the really wise student of superior attainments wants to write for his slower classmates. If he cannot make this relatively selected audience understand, how remote he is from that mythical entity, the average reader! He wants—indeed, he *needs*—their slower comprehension, their lack of subtlety, their common sense, and their raillery to cure him of habits of affectation and false grandeur, to keep him from “striving after wind.”

All students need the criticism of their fellows, both in class and out. Under a good teacher they will not want for criticism so far as class sessions go. But individually they should seek it of their friends, perhaps securing it by offering to reciprocate. And it is important that neither student, serving as critic, should “pull his punches.” Remember, no good thing was ever marred by criticism. Subjecting a piece of writing to criticism is like immersing a steel plate in pickling acid; the impurities are dissolved, but the steel is in no way marred by the process.

Criticism, suggestions for improvement, is as far as aid to another in a college course should go. To write another's theme for him, or a part of his theme, is to do him a great disservice, for the very fact that he cannot manage it himself is proof positive that he is in dire need of that particular exercise. On his own part, a student should not submit as his work either the compositions of a friend or those of a professional journalist. In most institutions, the discovery that he has done this will lead to his expulsion. Many students do not understand, however, that the ukase against plagiarism does not affect *acknowledged* borrowings from the writings of others. A good reporter is lauded because he discovers clever things in the mouths of other men. Wide reading, as indicated by the student's acknowledgments, is quite as praiseworthy as startling originality in phrasing. A debatable point is frequently strengthened by quotation from reliable authority. For his own good, then, the student should credit his contemporaries and the authors whom he has read, either by name or, if the borrowing is word-for-word, by the use of quotation marks.

Of course the student must learn to take both the criticism of his teacher and of his classmates with equal good grace. Probably in no other course

in the college curriculum is constant correction so necessary. Sensitiveness and pride that lead to rebellion against such discipline are bad qualities for the student to develop. Like the good athlete, he must learn to take his “ragging.” He will be fortified by realizing that its intention, in the main, is good. If his instructor seems on occasion over-exacting, if his fellows belabor him with what appears to him undue zeal, let him show his mettle by bearing up with urbanity. Remember that the perpetrator of an unjust criticism is probably as willing as the recipient that his stricture should be forgotten. Nevertheless the recipient of criticism, even when he recognizes much chaff in the grain dealt him, will

do well not to sift with too fine a mesh, for a seemingly impertinent stricture may spring from a fault genuinely sensed but imperfectly phrased. The student who is really desirous of achieving genuine competence in writing should err, if at all, on the side of over-estimating his critics—an injunction almost as difficult to obey in practice as that of turning the other cheek.

Ultimately the student may dispense with the criticism of both his fellows and of his teacher. The purpose of the course is to teach him to "go it alone."

*Candid
self-ap-
praisal*

Whether, in the time allotted him to learn, he can attain to the proficiency that standard indicates, is exceedingly dubious. But the road to independency, to freedom, lies through forming the habit of self-criticism, the habit of candid self-appraisal. This is best achieved by finding in the college library work by writers greater than himself and by trying to bring his work up to theirs. When he thinks he has closed the gap, he usually needs to give himself a good pinch and say, "What is there in this still I have not seen?" Of course, by this process he will not only learn to gauge his own performance, but he will eventually discover that he can no more appropriate another man's style than he can assume another man's character. Then he will concentrate not on diminishing the gap between himself and the master but on enlarging it in many ways, for his soul's sake.

Good habits for mastery.

Reading brings not only form but substance. Let no student suppose he reads too much, for this is usually said only of people who read too much in books of a narrow class. While he is in college, the student should live with books. "The true university in these days is a collection of books." Every campus path should lead to the library. Doctor Johnson told Boswell that in his early years he read very hard:

*varied
reading* It is a sad reflection but a true one, that I knew almost as much at eighteen as I do now. My judgment, to be sure, was not so good, but I had all the facts. I remember very well, when I was at Oxford, an old gentleman said to me, "Young man, ply your book diligently now, and acquire a stock of knowledge; for when years come upon you, you will find that poring upon books will be but an irksome task."

The advice may need qualification today, particularly insofar as it implies the durability of "a stock of knowledge"; yet in the main it is as good advice as was ever given to a young man. Surely, most of us read too little.

Finally, competence in writing depends on hard and frequently gruelling work. Labor spent before the corrections of the instructor is more pleasant and profitable than labor spent afterwards. A good criterion to fol-

*The need for
serious appli-
cation*

low is to work over a theme until the whole seems stupidly dull and uninteresting. "Easy writing makes hard reading"—but the converse is equally true. Vergil is reported to have observed that he "produced verses after the manner and fashion of a she-bear. For, as this beast produces its cub unformed and unfinished, and afterwards licks the product into shape and figure, so the results of his wits were at first rough-hewn and incompleated, but afterwards, by rehandling and fashioning them, he gave them lineaments and countenance." Although the natural history of the Latin poet is today only amusing, his methods of composition are still worth emulating.

The element of sheer labor in any worth-while performance is too often overlooked. Every student should read some time in his career the amazing autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini. Therein he will discover the consummate artist plagued by exacting detail, long hours, physical exertion. Witness, too, William Caxton, a less romantic figure, but withal the first English printer:

Thus end I this book which I have translated after mine Author as nigh as God hath given me cunning, to whom be the laud and the praising. For as much in the writing of the same my pen is worn, my hand weary and not steadfast, mine eyne dimmed with over much looking on white paper, and my courage not so prone and ready to labour as it hath been, and that age creepeth on me daily and feebleth all the body, and also because I have promised to diverse gentlemen and to my friends to address them as hastily as I might this said book, therefore I have practised and learned at my great charge and dissense to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink as other books be, to the end that every man may have them at once.

The one thing that impresses everybody who has known genius is the sheer energy which it possesses. It is an open question whether the athlete or the artist has the greater stamina. The contests in which the former engages may call upon all his resources for several hours, but the artist may drive himself to the utmost for as many years. Perhaps, if the number of truly great writers is small, the majority have never had (in the sporting phrase) "what it takes" to be great. The way to masterly achievement in writing is long and full of dole, but if the student applies himself with good will, there is no reason why he should not have as much pleasure as ever the athlete has on his confident way to competence.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What word is paired with "confidence" in the discussion? What is the relation of the two?

2. Why isn't practice the whole prescription for good writing?
3. Why is there no surcease from writing for the business or professional man?
4. What gives significance to practice?
5. What objections are raised to excelling?
6. What modification must the idea of excelling undergo where others are involved?
7. Wherein is a great writer the symbol of unselfishness?
8. How has the minimizing of Latin affected reading and writing?
9. Why should not the superior student be excused from English composition?
10. Why is the average reader "a mythical entity"? What paradox is in the phrase?
11. With what is the critical process compared?
12. Define *plagiarism*.
13. What attitude is recommended for meeting too drastic criticism?
14. When should one undertake to revise a theme?
15. What autobiography is recommended for its presentation of the trials of the artist?

Round Table

1. What, in your opinion, would be an ideally balanced fourth-year preparatory school program in English?
2. Should a student receive academic credits or exemptions for working regularly on a school paper or magazine?
3. What is the relative importance of speaking and writing effectively?
4. Justify a choice of ten books for companionship on a desert isle.
5. Does the idea of "excelling" disappear in any form of society?
6. Are the rewards to the services even approximately "rough" in modern society?
7. Defend or attack a popular magazine.
8. Is it possible to produce a "good" tabloid?

Paper Work

(Theme topics may be selected from the following suggestions.)

1. Was My Face Red (On verbal blunders I have made).
2. I Really Like Chemistry (On my preference for any other subject than English).
3. I Hate to Write a Letter (On why I prefer to telephone).
4. I Meant Well (How I failed to make myself clear to a friend whom I had irritated).
5. I Score a Hit (How I got a high grade on an English theme).
6. What I Like to Write About (A list of my favorite topics, with some comment on each).
7. A Student Who Could "Take It" (An account of the prowess and endurance of a friend).

Chapter II

THE MATERIALS OF COMPOSITION

I. THE OBJECTIVE METHOD

"Talent is only long patience."—Buffon.

The importance of subject matter.

"HAVE SOMETHING to say: say it!" The tart advice of the Duke of Wellington should never be forgotten by anyone who intends to write. No author ever held the attention of his reader with vapidty, no matter how ornately beautiful his painted nothings were. Yet the man or woman whose material is fascinating is frequently excused for lapses in composition. "Homer nods at times"; his verse falters, but the story sweeps along. No one possessed of any critical acumen would insist that Walter Duranty, Vincent Sheean, John Gunther, and William Shirer were great writers; yet behold what a following this group of journalists has achieved through the exploitation of a variety of fascinating subject matter. Great writing is a perfect alloy of substance and style, but interesting writing need have only clarity and something substantial for the reader to set his teeth in. "Have something to say," Wellington might have concluded, "and you will say it *well*"; for it is the empty head which invents circumlocutions. The uncultured leader of a group of strikers sometimes discovers an impassioned eloquence, and even the student in composition has on occasion produced material so interesting that he has palsied the instructor's red pencil. Revealing confession! It makes abundantly plain the attention the student should give to the substance of his composition.

It is a common maxim among magazine editors that every man has at least one good story in him. In the autumn of 1894, Arlo Bates, for many years an editor, conducted brilliantly a course in Advanced English Composition in the Lowell Free Classes—a course that has considerably influenced the modern teaching of composition. In the progress of his theme-reading, he made a discovery which, in season, is the lot of every teacher. "In the daily themes which I receive from students," he announced, "I find that the almost inevitable course of things is that the student writes upon whatever romantic or striking incidents have occurred in his life, and that when these are exhausted,

he is utterly at a loss for something to write about." Every student has at least one good story which will write itself, but once his bolt is shot, composition becomes desperate business. He seizes anything at hand, regardless of its merit, and fashions it into a dubious missile to hurl at his instructor. It is unfortunate for the student that his theme frequently becomes a boomerang, tagged with a low grade on its return. Completely discouraged, perhaps, he thereafter plunders his own small store of experience and robs the handiest magazines in the college library to produce perfectly innocuous treatises on "The Value of the Radio," "Why Go to College?" and "Professionalism in Athletics." If the instructor is a bit of a cynic—and he usually has good cause to be—he greets these time-hallowed topics with a smile singularly lacking in humor. The Ephesian philosopher laughed only once in his lifetime: to see an ass eating thistles when plenty of grass was by. Many a student pleads poverty when his pockets are lined with gold, and his residence is a treasure house. The magazine article which prompted the hackneyed theme does not even hint at the illimitable riches of the college library. The one adventure, given by chance, in no way suggests the interesting experiences within the range of every student which methodical seeking may produce. The student needs training, however, in collecting as well as in shaping material.

Using a notebook.

To equip oneself with a notebook is to make an excellent professional beginning in the craft of letters. The notebook purchased, there are two ways of filling its pages. The student may set down therein any random idea which pops into his mind, any unusual spectacle which meets his eye. An old woman breaking up fruit boxes for fuel may attract his attention and suggest to him that there is an interesting population of the poor right at hand, a group of people worth investigating. An item for the notebook, and perhaps an exciting adventure when he has the leisure. Although this practice of recording chance suggestions is strongly to be commended, there is even a better, more systematic way of collecting material for themes. If the student knows at the outset the end for which he is assembling material, he will waste far less time than if he goes at the thing hit or miss. Let him select his theme topics three weeks or a month in advance, assign several pages in his book to each of his topics, and under the proper heading place illustrations, ideas, humor, turns of phrase, testimony and evidence for his point—anything and everything, helter-skelter if he is hurried to get it down, which will serve for the substance of his theme. Let him form the habit of recording under his heading more material than he can possibly use in any one theme, for then he may select the best when the time approaches

for actual composition. The very method will have an important influence upon the form of the composition, because the student's mind, ever on the alert for pertinent material, is at the same time almost unconsciously working over and arranging for presentation that which he already has. No better advice can be given to the novice than to purchase and to employ a notebook.

Finding theme topics.

The method just recommended presents one initial difficulty: how determine the theme topics?¹ How discover these subjects a considerable period in advance? The whole field of human activity is open to the student, yet it must be searched with wisdom. *Tests for theme topics* The problem, then, is really one in rejection. There is no sure method which will keep one from making some mistakes, from preparing some topics which he will not use—but as the material may be redistributed to later themes, his slight losses need give him small concern. One can hardly know too much. There are, moreover, tests for a subject which, if applied in the beginning, will considerably diminish the possibility of disappointment in a theme topic. Let the student ask himself these two questions before he begins notation in his little book: (1) Is the topic interesting? (2) Is the topic adaptable to my time and powers?

1. *Is the topic interesting?* This single question really comprehends a number of inquiries. Does the topic interest the student himself? Newspaper men daily write passably well upon topics in which their interest is only simulated, but the novice, for the while at least, will do well to stick to the subjects which he himself enjoys. This, however, thrusts upon him the growing necessity of expanding his interests.

Second, and more important, will the topic interest the reader? The undergraduate is fortunate in having a specific audience whom he may study: his classmates and the teacher. What are their likes and dislikes? Early analysis of this audience is a profitable exercise. It is almost vital insofar as the instructor is concerned. For a month or more, especially in the large universities, the instructor has very little opportunity to get acquainted with his students; he can only surmise their latent possibilities. Put baldly: the student has to "sell himself" to his instructor through his themes. Hence he must try to ascertain what will please the instructor. Even a man of cosmopolitan tastes has preferences and aversions. The instructor is interested in broad topics or concentrates on a few; politics, economics, philosophy share his attention, or it is wholly captivated by art—in either case, it behooves the student to "size up" his teacher. Yet his

¹ In many cases, of course, the instructor determines for the student the general topics on which the latter will write. In such cases, it will be helpful to the student to have his topics assigned as far as possible in advance of the dates when his themes will fall due.

analysis involves more than a good grade; it may lead ultimately to the objective point of view—a valuable asset if one's success ever happens to depend upon the approval of any portion of the populace. Macaulay and Huxley, Jonathan Daniels and Allen Tate, address themselves to specific groups of readers whom they have previously analyzed. Indeed, the lonely, romantic figures who have appealed for vindication to the Ages, rather than to the public of their own day, are far fewer than careless, popular biographers have led us to suppose. Goethe points out the danger of letting the public determine entirely what it wants, but in this selection which we print, he also indicates clearly what wisdom there is in the practice of pleasing a definite audience:

Naturally the public has a great influence upon art, since in return for its approval and its money, it demands work that may give satisfaction and immediate enjoyment; and the artist will for the most part be glad to adapt himself to it, for he is also a part of the public, he has received his training during the same years, he feels the same needs, strives in the same direction, and thus moves happily along with the multitude which supports him and is invigorated by him. In this matter we see whole nations and epochs delighted by their artists, just as the artist sees himself reflected in his nation and his epoch without either having even the slightest suspicion that their path might not be right, that their taste might be at least one-sided, their art on the decline, and their progress in the wrong direction.

—*Introduction to Propyläen.*

The student is urged to select topics which will at once give the person who corrects his theme and himself "satisfaction and immediate enjoyment"; this seems as serviceable a definition of "interesting" as is necessary to strike off.

2. *Is the topic adaptable to my time and powers?* A nationally-known architect once remarked that the amateur is always ready with suggestions for improving the grace and beauty of buildings but has very few notions as to the need for supporting the weight of an eccentric roof or the thrust of a long arch. Practicability is an element to be considered in the arts as well as in the crafts. The student will discover many subjects of immense interest which may be unavailable to him for several reasons. The subject may be too large or too small for treatment. He may know too little about it to acquire knowledge upon it in the time which he has at his disposal. For example, to the student mind there is scarcely a more interesting subject than the flatly opposed accounts which Science and Genesis give of the creation of the world. Yet the topic, "Science and Religion," appears to be too broad and deep a subject for student treatment. Indeed, everyone seems to have rather ill-founded notions about science and religion, save the most profound scientists and theologians, who are frank to admit the limitations of their vision. But is this a closed topic to students? By no means. News-

paper writers—some with less schooling than the average freshman—employ the theme frequently. The topic needs to be “cut down”—adapted to the student’s use. He can very well be a mere reporter: “Popular Notions of Evolution in a Methodist Community”; “My Uncle Clings to the Faith.” Or he may discover interesting variants of the theme: “God and the Cities.” In a like manner, topics which are too small for treatment may be expanded.

Besides compression and expansion, there are various ways of adapting subjects to the needs of the student. Once he finds a topic which quickens his interest, he should view it in every possible light in hope of discovering therein a theme. Sometimes merely varying the tone will make a topic acceptable. Obviously a serious comparison of English and American automobiles would be too difficult a theme for most undergraduates to attempt, yet a humorous treatment of the affection the owner of the single Rolls-Royce in the community has for his car might make a diverting essay.

Methods of gathering materials.

Once he has found a satisfactory theme topic, the student should devote his energy to collecting materials in order that his paper may have substantiality. Are there any methods connected with this phase of writing which are worthy of his imitation? It happens that the good reporter and the carefully trained scholar are the best professional collectors of literary substance in the world. The one photographs the present; the other reproduces the past. The primary concern of the reporter is men and events; of the scholar, books and knowledge. And the man of letters, what is he? Insofar as his materials are concerned, the author is but the reporter and the scholar neatly blended. Studies of Shakespeare’s sources have revealed that he borrowed from other authors the fabric of his plays; his characters, however, appear to be sketches from life. Some version of Plautus’ *Menaechmi* provided the plot for the *Comedy of Errors*, but the characters in the play are those whom Shakespeare encountered in the streets of Elizabethan London. Men and books served equally as sources for the master dramatist. Not all authors, of course, represent so perfect a harmony of reporter and scholar as does Shakespeare. In some, the reporter predominates; in others, the student. The list of each is long. Defoe, Dickens, Kipling, Sinclair Lewis, and James T. Farrell are top-notch reporters; Chaucer may be added to the list if Professor Manly’s identification of the Canterbury pilgrims is accepted. Of the capital scholars one can enumerate Ben Jonson, Thomas Gray, Gibbon, Jowett, and Pater. The great Frenchman, Victor Hugo, so loved his scholarship that he did not hesitate to intrude great chunks of learning into the plots of his stories—the undergraduate may remember skipping certain indigestible chapters in *Notre-Dame* and *Les Misérables*—demonstrating that this particular pursuit of an enthusiasm is hardly com-

mendable. If the author is at one time a reporter and at another a scholar, it is because these rôles are the happiest for gathering materials. The student may profitably ascertain the rudiments in the professions of both workmen; even a slight comprehension of their methods will aid him in collecting his own substance for composition.

The student has already begun his imitation of the journalist: the notebook which he has been advised to keep has many similarities to the assignment book kept by every city editor. Entries in this book constitute the reporter's duties for the day, just as the theme topics set down by the undergraduate are the starting point in his collecting. In addition to these assignments for the day, reporters on all but the large metropolitan dailies have a regular round or beat which they must cover before the paper goes to press. This takes them in humdrum routine from the mayor's office, to the playground commissioner, to the Board of Trade secretary, to the various secretaries for social organizations, Red Cross headquarters, and so on. Between the assignment and the beat are all the vagaries and commonplaces, the high points and the low, in the life of a reporter. On his assignment, and occasionally on his rounds, he is treated with respect if the individuals or organizations desire publicity; not infrequently he is made to feel that he is nothing more than a beggar. What have the methods of his profession to offer the students?

The objective method.

The reporter is, in the first place, a sharp and all-seeing eye. But he is a detached eye. When he focuses upon an object, he sees that object with the least possible pigmentation that his own personality might give. He learns to value things alike, for he comes to realize that, unless he does, he will see only those objects for which he has formed a preference or a fierce dislike. Before long, he is playing a game with himself to see how many new facts even an old situation can bring him.

Once a passion for verisimilitude has been acquired, nothing remains but practice—practice for the eye as well as the hand. Sight is probably our most efficient sense, yet even it is surprisingly weak, particularly in apprentice-writers. An instructor not long ago asked one of his students to pose for the others, in order that they might do a study from life. The most startling contradictions occurred in the descriptions submitted by different members of the group. One student averred that "the color of Mr. Junior Doe's suit is a conservative blue-black, well-pressed, but not very neat, for there are a few spots of dust noticeable on his pants." Another maintained, "It is apparent that his mind is neatly organized, by the neat, organized taste of his dress. He wears a neat, dark gray suit that fits him well." Certainly one of these students needed to sit down before the model and sketch again. And he would not ordinarily lack for companionship. Three-

fourths of any average group of students can no more render an accurate account, not of something which they have recently seen, *but of something placed directly before their eyes*, than they can imitate a dozen lines from Shakespeare. The truth is not in them—because they cannot see! Furthermore, an attempt to describe the sounds made by an elevated train as it approaches a station or an effort to describe the aromas of a bakeshop should convince the novice that his sight is not his only deficient sense.

Practice is the great cure-all in composition and should be taken in large doses. The instructor cannot possibly set enough tasks for one whose senses are undeveloped; consequently that person must be his own master. He should make portraits of all his acquaintances; he should “do” every spot to which access is easy. Then he must be his own critic. Has he told the truth? Is the sketch exactly what he saw? Are there no details which may not be improved? Has he altered the character of the person or scene because of his own emotional reaction, because of antipathy or admiration? If so, he has not been thoroughly scientific, and the job must be done over again.

There will be some, of course, who would never voluntarily adopt the method suggested here. These few are indolent, or, more rarely, they are *Ideals and contentions* at outs with the æsthetic theory implied here. The indolent may go their own way, but the dissenters may well take thought, even if it will not alter their stature. There is only one theory which may be urged against the objective method. That is the theory that an author should “write out of his own heart,” should “reveal himself,” should be subjective. What is his “own heart” really but the memory of what he has learned either by experience or by reading? Ought not this memory to be checked frequently by reference to its original sources? Yet the objectors may still insist that the consultation of one’s feelings is the best method for understanding the feelings of others. It is true that this method does help. But psychology has taught that it may also lead to error. Certainly no student should attempt to set himself forth subjectively without first being keenly aware of the interpretation which modern science is apt to put upon the statement of his emotions. Once he has some fund of scientific knowledge, he may tackle himself—but then he will do it *objectively*, as though he were another person. It is a lamentable fact that there has been too much instruction in the “personal essay” type of writing. Students have been urged to plumb themselves when the lead could not possibly go out of sight if cast a thousand times. How many youths are philosophers? But any beginner may become an adept reporter—indeed, many have, without much conventional schooling. And a good reporter is a good scientist. In the parlance of modern psychology, he is a behaviorist—he records only what his senses tell him, after checking carefully on his senses. The objective method consists in a direct reference of art to life,

and a criticism of art by the standard of fidelity. Passion enters in but two ways: in zeal for truth, and in compassion for one's fellows. Who will deny feeling to the objective artist?

Here is a student theme, handled in the objective manner and based upon what passed before the reporter's eyes. It is not an immortal work, yet one or two details have a freshness that comes from lifting them directly from life:

A CLASSMATE

The period is ten or fifteen minutes under way, and the teacher is in the throes of presenting the Napoleonic era to his class. Suddenly the door is opened and slammed; quick footsteps disturb the reverie of the students. Miss X has arrived, flushed and breathless, yet curiously self-assured and debonair.

Slipping her luxurious fur coat over her shoulders, she crosses her silken knees and regards the slim contour of her high-heeled pumps with a critical and appraising eye. Her tight red beret annoys her, and as she rips it off her head, her curly hair slips from the confines of the futile hairpins and cascades down her back. Throughout the session her long, white fingers weave through the black, unruly locks, endlessly pinning and patting them into place.

She casts a scornful glance at the conscientious student beside her who is feverishly taking notes of the lecture. A faint and seductive fragrance emanates from her warm, pulsating body. The young Jewish boy struggles manfully between duty and desire, but finally lays his pencil down to gaze with greedy eyes upon the sensuous curves of her full, red lips.

She never opens her book and is obviously bored with the whole procedure. However, when the teacher finishes his lecture and asks for classroom discussion, she awakes from her lethargy and becomes inflamed with vitality and interest. Her black eyes flash enthusiasm, and her remarks show a deep and keenly intelligent grasp of the subject. She leads the debates, and heatedly defends the doctrines of the cynical Voltaire. In a carefully modulated voice and with flawless diction she quotes reference after reference, and flays her opponents with irrefutable facts and statistics.

By the time the bell rings she is exhausted but triumphant. She powders her nose, adjusts her barbaric jewelry, tucks the latest issue of *The New Yorker* under her arm, and is off for other fields of conquest.

The reporter is, in the second place, a good listener. Most undergraduates are too fond of talking. When the reporter speaks, he asks questions; the undergraduate customarily makes assertions. Who? What? Where? Why? When? and How?—come in their regular turn from the newspaperman, but only when his subject seems hesitant about continuing. An evening after dinner in a fraternity house quickly convinces one that the first thing the student can learn from the journalist is an attitude—the attitude of listening. The pupils of the Greek philosopher, Pythagoras, had to serve an apprenticeship of five years' silence,

Good acquisitive habits

during which time they were "only to hear, without daring to start the least question, or propose the least doubt." Attentiveness is the supreme virtue, but the reporter cannot be silent if his subject runs down. The reporter must, by an artful question, set his subject off again.

A love of people and a gnawing curiosity about them drives the reporter and novelist alike into many casual acquaintanceships. For the conscientious

*Never
appearances
alone* writer learns that he cannot make assumptions about people whom he merely sees; he must get at them more intimately, and he must quiz them gently to know them at all. How hopelessly wrong one can be, even when one is trained in the business of "sizing up" people, if one judges from appearances alone, is amusingly narrated by J. D. Beresford in *Writing Aloud*:

For instance: Going up to Hunstanton a month ago I was speculating on the mentality of the little man who sat opposite to me; a typical peasant type. He had a heavy ash stick, and sat with it between his knees, resting his hands on the crook, staring serenely at nothing with unspeculative eyes. I wondered that he should have been even so far as London. I placed him as a fen laborer who knew and cared nothing of the world outside his own Cambridgeshire village. And then I entered into conversation with him and discovered he had been a jockey, and had lived seventeen years in Germany, married a German wife, been interned in Ruhleben during the War; had ridden horses for the Czar in St. Petersburg; was familiar with Auteuil, Longchamps, Vichy, and Pau; had not long since been over to Cologne in charge of ninety horses that his present employer had sold to Germany; and that he had, in short, a far wider experience of the world than I have myself.

Good reportorial attitudes.

The reporter's questions are excellent serving men. They bring him all the facts his eyes and ears cannot. The good reporter's passion for facts *Accuracy* links him with the good scholar. It also allies him with the scientist. "I was a very highly imaginative person," confesses Michael Faraday, "and I could believe in the *Arabian Nights* as easily as in the Encyclopaedia; but facts were important to me and saved me. I could trust a fact, but always cross-examined an assertion." The reporter tries to be accurate as to names, dates, places, numbers, sums, and so on. He rarely relies upon his memory, but the facts go down on folded "copy" paper or in a notebook. Common enough in large news rooms, are the stories of exacting editors who have summoned reporters from bed merely to verify an initial in a man's name. The reporter's passion for facts is very much worth acquiring. Accuracy is a habit which must be enforced upon the student.

Habits are something, especially when they are a part of method; but it is pure method, after all, that we are seeking. Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell,

*The value of
personal con-
tacts*

or John Gunther, with theme topics in a college notebook, would have set out over a week-end to visit the actual authorities on the subject, thus imitating the reporter perfectly. But that perhaps is too much to expect of an undergraduate. Besides, good themes can be written without the expenditure of quite so much energy. Every student knows a cynic, an aesthete, a ne'er-do-well, a plodder, either among the students or among his acquaintances outside of college. He will find it profitable to draw them into a discussion upon topics identified with those which he has in his notebook. It may take art to do this, but it will pay. They will give him a fine medley of voices to color his work. He may consult the experts, in books and magazines, and (it is hoped) occasionally in person. A glance at the day's paper will show him that the reporter values just such people as he himself dances attendance upon. A news dispatch, relating the efforts of the Navy experts to rescue the men entrapped in a sunken submarine, gives not the opinion of the experts, but that of an old fisherman, despite the fact that it is probably valueless:

"Why don't they draw a circle of large boats about the spot," grumbled an old salt, "and pour on oil to quiet the waters? They've got all the men and money in the world. It ain't right with the poor lads only 108 feet below the surface."

The student needs to get the opinions of his various acquaintances upon his topics not only once but several times. His journey from the cynic to the plodder may become his "beat"—a miniature parallel to that of the reporter. He will probably learn infinitely more about human nature than about his topics, but it is a question if the former is not as good an acquisition for writing as is the latter. Let the student's passion for facts develop into a passion for the facts of human nature. For fear that he may forget details, let him enter them in a place apart from the theme topics in his notebook—a large section toward the back of the book devoted wholly to interesting personalities. This passion for accurate character portrayal is responsible for the photographic impression we have of Babbitt and Arrowsmith in the novels of Sinclair Lewis. Fidelity to small details makes it possible accurately to strike off a person with a single brush-stroke, better art even than that of Lewis. James Russell Lowell notes a happy instance of this in Chaucer:

*The passion
for the truth*

Sometimes he describes amply by the merest hint, as where the Friar, before setting himself down, drives away the cat. We know, without need of more words, that he has chosen the snugest corner.

Recording the interview.

This ability to select the telling detail makes for memorable writing. But in order to select that detail, many details must be accumulated, for *selection*

implies choice from a prior collection. Possibly Chaucer ran over in his mind a long list of tell-tale acts before he selected "kitty-pushing" as most revelatory of the character of the Friar. Yet while the student is busy with collecting as many facts as possible about his subject, his mind should be playing with the highly interesting problem of summing up in an epithet the person interviewed. To be able to characterize in a phrase is to secure a method for unifying the sketch or interview. Once the inclusive characterizing phrase has been chosen, details may be selected from the mass accumulated. The difference between a good interview and a poor one is not always the difference between many facts and few; frequently it is the difference between a unified and a scattered effect in the finished report. Selection with a master epithet as a guide is not, of course, the only way to secure unity in an interview, but perhaps it is the most practicable method for the beginner to follow. How easy, if one were interviewing Dorothy Thompson (who herself is an excellent interviewer), to produce an interview giving a simple impression of her when every statement is made to contribute to the idea that she is "the First Lady of American Journalism." When John Kieran characterized Clifton Fadiman as "a literary department store in person," he did the sort of thing that every experimenter in interviewing might well do mentally as he phrases the occasional questions to keep his subject talking. It is a shorter step from doing good interviews for a newspaper to doing "Profiles" for *The New Yorker* or biographical studies for the *Atlantic* than it is from beginning to interview people to producing a definitely unified impression of a personality, whether for a college paper or the English instructor.

To report conversation effectively means that one must not only select, but must also synthesize the recorded conversation of the person interviewed. The talk of very few people is worth recording in permanent form in its entirety. Even prepared addresses make dull reading. "The most dashing orator I ever heard," says Hazlitt, in commenting on the difference between writing and speaking, "is the flattest writer I ever heard. In speaking he was like a volcano vomiting out lava; in writing, he is like a volcano burnt out." Papers, like the *New York Times*, which make "thorough coverage" their boast, frequently print full stenographic recordings of important addresses (now, generally mimeographed "releases" of what the speaker intends to say), but always in a more important position they place the news story of the address with *their* selection and *their* emphasis of salient points and with *their* summary of the whole. Some study of how good journalists report a set address will give the student hints as to how the talk of a person interviewed should be handled. He should perceive that it needs winnowing and bolting. For example, here are the notes which Crabb Robinson made in his *Diary* after a call on William Blake, the poet, engraver, and mystic, who believed that he actually communed with the great spirits of the past.

17th December (1825). For the sake of connection I will here insert a minute of a short call I this morning made on Blake. He dwells in Fountain Court in the Strand. I found him in a small room, which seems to be both a working-room and a bedroom. Nothing could exceed the squalid air both of the apartment and of his dress, but in spite of dirt—I might say filth—an air of natural gentility is diffused over him. And his wife, notwithstanding the same offensive character of her dress and appearance, has a good expression of countenance, so that I shall have pleasure in calling on and conversing with these worthy people.

But I fear I shall not make any progress in ascertaining his opinions and feelings—that there being really no system or connection in his mind, all his future conversation will be but varieties of wildness and incongruity.

I found [him] at work on Dante, the book and his sketches both before him. He showed me his designs, of which I have nothing to say but that they evince a power of grouping and of throwing grace and interest over conceptions most monstrous and disgusting, which I should not have anticipated.

Our conversation began about Dante. "He was an 'Atheist,' a mere politician busied about this world as Milton was, till in his old age he returned to God whom he had had in his childhood."

I tried to get out from Blake that he meant this charge only in a higher sense, and not using the word Atheism in its popular meaning. But he would not allow this. Though when he in like manner charged Locke with Atheism and I remarked that Locke wrote on the evidences of piety and lived a virtuous life, he had nothing to reply to me nor reiterated the charge of willful deception. I admitted that Locke's doctrine leads to Atheism and this seemed to satisfy him. From this subject we passed over to that of good and evil, in which he repeated his former assertions more decidedly. He allowed, indeed, that there is error, mistake, etc., and if these be evil—then there is evil, but these are only negations. Nor would he admit that any education should be attempted except that of cultivation of the imagination and fine arts. "What are called the vices of the natural world are the highest sublimities in the spiritual world." When I asked him whether, if he had been a father, he would not have grieved if his child had become vicious or a great criminal, he answered, "I must not regard when I am endeavoring to think rightly my own any more than other people's weaknesses." And when I again remarked that this doctrine puts an end to all exertion or even wish to change anything, he had no reply. We spoke of the Devil, and I observed that when a child I thought the Manichæan doctrine, or that of two principles a rational one. He assented to this, and in confirmation asserted he did not believe in the *omnipotence* of God. "The language of the Bible on that subject is only poetical or allegorical." Yet soon after he denied that the natural world is anything. "It is all nothing, and Satan's empire is the empire of nothing."

He reverted soon to his favorite expression, "My Visions." "I saw Milton in imagination, and he told me to beware of being misled by his *Paradise Lost*. In particular he wished me to show the falsehood of his doctrine that the pleasures of sex rose from the fall. The fall could not produce any pleasure. "I answered the fall produced a state of *evil* in which there was a mixture of good or pleasure. But he replied that the fall produced only generation and death. And then he

went off upon a rambling state of a union of sexes in man (as in Ovid), an androgynous state, in which I could not follow him.

As he spoke of Milton's appearing to him, I asked whether he resembled the prints of him. He answered, "All." Of what age did he appear to be? "Various ages—sometimes a very old man." He spoke of Milton as being at one time a sort of classical Atheist, and of Dante as being now with God.

Of the faculty of Vision, he spoke as one he has had from infancy. He thinks all men partake of it, but it is lost by not being cultivated, and he eagerly assented to a remark I made, that all men have all faculties to a greater or less degree. I am to renew my visits, and to read Wordsworth to him, of whom he seems to entertain a high idea.

Here is the same material with such emendation and change as might come from reflecting on the visit to the poet, with embellishment from remembered things, and deletions and additions for artistic effect. This is a finished interview:

To talk with Milton today is deemed an impossibility but by venturing into Fountain's Court in the Strand I had the pleasure of interviewing a man who not only converses with Milton, but who has entertained the spirit of the dead poet more often, I should judge, than he has played host to bidden guests from this world. He is William Blake, the poet and engraver, whose "Tiger! Tiger! burning bright" is on every tongue and whose work as an illustrator is at last coming to be recognized as superior to that of many better-known men.

Blake was not at the door, bowing and scraping, to receive me when I arrived. Getting no response to my knock and finding the door ajar, I pushed into his apartment to find him, oblivious to my entrance, in an inner room, at once his workshop and bedroom though the disorder of the place partially concealed its character. He was holding to the light a copper-plate, recently varnished, on which, as I subsequently learned, he had transferred one of the designs he is making for an edition of Cary's translation of the *Divine Comedy*. Becoming aware of my presence, he saluted me with a single word, "Sir?" I hastened to tell him who I was, enlarging on my acquaintance with Wordsworth, and assuring Blake that the author of "Tintern Abbey" and I vied in admiration of him. Blake did not exactly bridle like a school girl at my praise, but the reported comment of Wordsworth visibly elated him. "Ah, that man," said he, "his inspiration is of God, albeit he loves Nature—and Nature is the work of the Devil." He seemed about to expatiate on this subject when we were interrupted.

Mrs. Blake—I took it that it was she, though we were not immediately introduced—had returned from market and with a total disregard for me launched into an Homeric epic of her victories at chaffer and her encounters with the petticoat neighborhood. In her attitude towards me there was no impoliteness: only the habit of a woman who is not entirely unused to finding uninvited strangers in her husband's workroom. But eventually introductions were made and the poet resumed his discourse.

"I was speaking of my Visions," he said. (He was not, but that was no matter.)

"You know, dear, the first time you saw God was when you were four years old, and he put his head to the window and set you a-screaming."—Mrs. Blake volunteered this with an air of having volunteered it before. Though I am not ordinarily impressed by women whose duty in intercourse is confined to supplying cues for their spouses, I found myself suddenly taken with the poet's wife. She had a dark eye which she bent anxiously upon her husband, as though less concerned with her own speech than with his proper response. There was not mere obedience in it, but love. I perceived that she must have had beauty in her youth.

"How interesting," I observed, aiding the game, though I am now positive it was no game to *her*.

Blake came to the bait like a fat chubb. Soon he was telling me that a mighty concourse of the great passed at his willing through his chambers; that he could arrest that concourse and speak with whomever he would in it, and the rest would vanish away. He ran on about disputations he had held with Dante (whom he maligned as an "Atheist"), Voltaire (whom he berated as one), and good friend John Locke (whom he held suspect). But on Milton he was eloquent.

"I saw Milton in imagination," he ran on; "and he told me to beware of being misled by his *Paradise Lost*."

"As also leading to scepticism?" I queried, convinced my host had some mystical faith which these others violated.

"No. Because of the false doctrine that the pleasures of sex arose from the fall of man. The fall could not produce any pleasure."

"But is not the state of evil in which man has existed since the fall a mixed one of good and evil?"

He evaded the question.

"The fall," he averred, "produced only birth and death."

As he spoke of Milton's appearing to him, I could not resist asking whether he resembled the prints of him. I was thinking, of course, of that wretched semblance of himself that Milton damned in Greek verse.

"All," replied the mystic solemnly.

"And of what age?"

"Of various ages—sometimes as a very old man."

"Blind?"

"No, his eyes were open—he saw me perfectly."

Much more was said of the English epic poet, but as some of this was quite abstruse, I spare the reader. When I took my leave I was bade to return again, and this I shall certainly do.

The visionary has nothing at all fantastical about him. I should judge him past sixty-five. He has a broad, pale face, a large full eye with a benignant expression—at the same time a look of languor, except when excited, and then he has an air of inspiration. There is nothing *wild* about him even at these times, and though he is easily prevailed upon to state strongly his favorite ideas, yet he does so without the warmth of one bent on making converts. He gave me the impression of tolerance, of indifference, even, with slipshod things about and with the world at large.

—Naomi Storrs, *Imaginary Interviews*.²

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Note that the "interviewer" has chiefly suppressed theological argument as being of slight interest to the commonalty of readers, although enough is suggested to indicate that the topic was not avoided. Note, too, that the impression of filthiness, got from the *Diary*, is absent from the sketch. Probably the writer thought it easier to give the effect of gentility without the contrast that exact circumstances afforded. Observe that at the end (it could have been done earlier) actual details of the poet's physical appearance are given. One evidence, however, shows that the "interviewer" was not actually a contemporary: the latter would avoid, because of the danger of libel, any hint, even in a negative way, that the poet was unbalanced.

Reporting the incident.

Once the objective sketch and the interview are mastered, the student is ready to report an incident involving several characters. Here the emphasis must be on action and motivation. Character must be kept vivid, but the amount of space which can be allotted to that end will have to be drastically reduced, as compared with that of the interview. Now all that the writer has learned about effective detail and the summary epithet bears fruit. Characterization becomes a matter of selectivity; among many possible details the best are chosen to bring out the character's salient qualities, and especially to distinguish him from other persons involved in the same fracas. With his people defined and discriminated, the writer concentrates on the action. What was the share of each in producing it? The better detective a man is, the greater his success in this business. But the art of detection is not a process of manufacturing staggering deductions. The student must piece together the obvious facts and accept the *most natural* deduction from them for testing. It may be that he will never have to go beyond this, but if he does, he should not strain to startle. Let him re-examine his facts and make the *next most natural* deduction. In this way a plausible explanation of events is eventually arrived at, and the proper motivation is found. Since it is not the business of the reporter to fix the causes or to point out who is at fault, he uses his deductions merely for his own effectiveness: he should tell his story so that the reader may make his own inferences and not be far wrong.

Once the reporter has determined the distribution of responsibility among his characters, he has only to decide where to begin. The reporter does not begin with the initial propulsion that led to the sequence of action in his tale. That initial propulsion has no interest save in its results. It is the results that make the headlines, and commonly the reporter begins with them. Only for variety's sake does he begin at any other point, and then he artfully discloses the results as soon as possible. In writing up his episode or incident, the student will do well to imitate the reporter in most

things. Below is a model piece of reporting which the student may examine with profit. Note that the reporter begins his story at the point, perhaps, where he himself entered the scene. Note his factualism, especially his generous inclusion of all of the members of Ladder 11, despite the too ample girth of some of them. Who was responsible for the accident?

KATY: THE CAUSE OF IT ALL ³

"If any one should see by the papers"—Moe Henig, trap drummer out of work, was sitting in his very clean flat at 122 St. Mark's place and holding on his knee the baby that fell into the sewer—"if any one should see by the papers that a girl like this tumbled down ten feet through a manhole and was lost for half an hour in the tunnel with water as deep as the top of her dress and was found seventy-five feet away by a fireman in the darkness without a lamp and the fireman brought her back with no scratches or anything to her mother in the park——"

"And where should the children play if it cannot be the park?" interrupted Mrs. Henig, reaching over to button the baby's blue canton flannel bath-robe. "On the sidewalk there is no room to play. On the street it is never safe. But the park is the place of safety for the children, and what is to be our safety place if holes are left open so the baby falls in?"

"If any one should see by the papers what I said," resumed Moe Henig, "they would say, 'Ah, what a made-up story. Such newspaper talk. What can you believe?' But I know this is the happening to our Katy, and if you go to the park you can see the hole——"

"No, the cover it is down again, Moe," said Mrs. Henig.

"Well, then, the cover you can see, and what a lucky family. I did not know until I came home and found the reporters. I was at the Union, and felt in my ears a ringing and was almost blind. We have believed that when something is happening there is in the ears a ringing, and now, you see, it is true."

Meanwhile Katy Henig, to be two years old next Monday, chewed steadily at the end of a lead pencil which was split down the middle and had no lead. She has blue eyes, dark hair, inclined to curl up at the ends and, one may judge, a placid disposition.

Having thus introduced the principal character, let us cut back to Tompkins square. The hour 12:30 yesterday. The park, in the heart of the lower East Side, the meeting place of a real league of nations. Twenty kinds of mothers chattering on park benches, nursing babies, sewing, eating apples from the push-carts. Children by the thousand, out of school at noon, playing games on the asphalt walks or straining at the chicken wire that protects the rounded grass plots which give the park its green.

Mrs. Henig, coming out of St. Mark's place, had found seats on a bench near the side of the square fronting Avenue A. With her were her two children, the adventurous Katy and Isidore, who is four, and their grandmother, Celia Henig. Mrs. Henig and her mother gossiped with neighbors. The two children

³ Reprinted by permission from *The Human Note*, published by the New York Herald, 1922, copyright by the New York Sun.

were nearby, and surely safe in the pleasant park. Then Izzy Henig shouted something. His mother turned just in time to see a flash of something disappearing down a manhole. The boy Izzy was all right, but his sister had vanished.

Such a shouting and running through the park and from the streets. Mrs. Henig, screaming out the name of her Katy, jumped up on the bench, clawed at the wire fence, and would have gone over but a man pulled her back. Two policemen, Sergeant George Mulholland and Patrolman William Hill, cleft the crowd, lunging and fighting their way to the manhole. They were for dropping into the hole, but its diameter is only two feet and theirs is more. A park laborer threw himself on the grass and peered down. He could see and hear water running in the big pipe ten feet below, but no sign of a child. A dispute arose as to whether Mrs. Henig's little girl actually had fallen through the manhole. The mother wildly shouted that she had seen her do it.

The policeman got out of the crowd again and turned in a fire alarm, for rope and a ladder seemed to be needed. Somebody had already telephoned Fire Headquarters and to Hook and Ladder Company 11, Fifth street, near Avenue D, that a child had fallen into a sewer near Avenue C and Eighth street. That corner is several blocks from the actual scene. The fire company lost precious minutes going to the wrong place and trying to find out which was the right one. When their truck charged into Tompkins square they thrust a ladder through the manhole, and then, finding the aperture too small for a man and a ladder too, decided to lower one of their number by a rope. All were willing to go. Fireman Frank Ely was picked because he alone was wearing rubber boots. His pals threw a double hitch around Ely—a loop at the hips, another under the arms, so that he would retain a perpendicular position as he went down.

The tunnel in which he found himself is about four feet in diameter. He is six feet and had to crouch. It is a waste water sewer, connecting a few hundred feet away with a trunk line that goes to the East River. His boots sank into a foot and a half of mud and water. The water was not flowing swiftly. The aroma, says Ely, was not like the sands of Coney Island, but like the sands of Barren Island.

Ely had gone twenty-five feet, as he estimates, when his lantern failed. That meant danger, of which he doesn't speak. But he kept on, seeing nothing but feeling his way by fingering the slimy walls. Every few feet he stopped to listen, hoping to hear the voice of a child. But he only heard the distant falling of water, where a branch sewer joined this one, or this one cascaded its contents into the great trunk line, in which no baby could live.

Ely had gone about seventy-five feet and was almost within reach of a white object when he dimly saw it. He reached out and grasped the object. It was, of course, Katy Henig. She was standing upright and clinging to a projection of the rough concrete wall of the tube. All this time she had not made a sound, but the moment Ely put his arms around her and started back she began crying so loudly that her wailing could be heard by the firemen up in the park with their heads at the manhole. If Ely is any judge of children, this child resented the interruption of her heretofore unheard of sport of wading in a brook in the middle of the city—in a place where noon was night.

He yanked at the rope three times. This was the signal agreed upon. The

firemen above took up the slack of the rope as Ely came toward them along the tunnel and then pulled up their load. Going down, Ely had barely been able to squeeze his frame through the manhole. He now held the baby aloft as the rope brought him near the surface, and the other firemen reached down. Thus Katy Henig was restored to her mother. Her clothes were soaked with mud and water, but her hair and face were dry and clean. In her fascinating journey down the brook she had not fallen once.

All this was but a few minutes in the day's work of Hook and Ladder 11. Each man jack of them would have volunteered to go for the baby if Ely hadn't enjoyed precedence on account of his rubber boots. Let the names of all of them go into the record: Lieut. Louis Semansky, Henry Wertheimer, Fred Low, Patrick Kassane, Patrick Evans and William Treisner.

Here, surely, the passion for objective fact has proved its worth. One who could report so small an incident so well needs only to sharpen his sensibilities, to select a more significant action, and to see in it more potentialities, in order to do "imaginative" writing of a high order. He will not alter the reporter's method; he will only refine it.

Other hints from the reporter.

Though the reporter's method is his most important contribution to the student, he employs his talents in a variety of ways, some of which are very ingenious; consequently he is worth keeping an eye upon. Moreover, careful study of any good news sheet will be of value to the student in that it will suggest to him other ways to acquire material, other fields to explore. Personal and local items may intimate to him the wisdom of recording the small and unusual campus events in his notebook. They may prove appropriate as anecdotes to enliven a dull paragraph, or as evidence to drive home a point. That journalistic phenomenon, "the human interest story," treating the heroic and dramatic, the whimsical and the tragic, the freakish and the mundane, will certainly be very much worth his attention when he comes to study the short story. Many magazine writers clip the newspapers for such stories as the materials of fiction. The student may dig up human interest stories around the campus, he may overhear, he may stumble upon them—but a sure way of obtaining them is to watch the newspapers and clip them. Lastly, a study of the better papers will not only point out ways of collecting materials, but it may also suggest methods of exposition, and even furnish norms of literary taste. The following statement by Joseph Pulitzer, one-time picturesque editor of the *New York World*, may aid the student in deciding what materials are suitable for collection and expression and what are not:

Now about this matter of sensationalism: a newspaper should be scrupulously accurate, it should be clean, it should avoid everything salacious or suggestive, everything that could offend good taste or lower the moral tone of its readers;

but within these limits it is the duty of a newspaper to print the news. When I speak of good taste and good moral tone, I do not mean the kind of morality which refuses to recognize the existence of immorality—that type of moral hypocrite has done more to check the moral progress of humanity than all the immoral people put together; what I mean is the kind of good taste which demands that frankness should be linked with decency, the kind of moral tone which is braced and not relaxed when it is brought face to face with vice.⁴

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is the distinction between *substance* and *method*?
2. What material may go into a college composition notebook?
3. What considerations determine the usefulness of a theme topic?
4. According to Goethe, why is an artist more likely to please his own age better than later times?
5. List all the interrogative pronouns which a good reporter might use.
6. What is the distinction between *objective* and *subjective*?
7. Why is it essential to verify facts?
8. What is meant by "the inclusive characterizing phrase"?
9. What is meant by *synthesizing* the conversation of an interview?
10. Define *action* and *motivation*.

Round Table

1. Defend or attack a popular radio announcer.
2. What news is "fit to print"?
3. What twelve persons are at present most in the public eye?
4. Report "inclusive characterizing phrases" for each of the persons named in 3.
5. How I would prepare to interview a well-known person selected by the class.
6. Bring to class for discussion three newspaper clippings of the type of "Katy: the Cause of It All."

Paper Work

1. Who is the most interesting employee of the college? What are his duties? His tastes? His family connections? What anecdotes are told about him?
2. What building of the college group has the most interesting history? Justify your choice.
3. Write a brief report on the make-up of the student body. What percentage are earning their own way? How do they do it? What nationalities are represented? What faiths? What social strata?

⁴ For a detailed discussion of the complex problems faced by a modern journalist see Curtis D. MacDougall, *Newsroom Problems and Policies*, New York: The Macmillan Company, 1941.

4. What do students eat? Visit the student commons, cafeteria, or restaurant. Report on incongruities of physique and diet, cases of too little and too much eating, badly balanced meals, etc. Is there a "typical fraternity meal"? A "typical boarding-house meal"? Are the traditional items of the student boarding-house meals actually served?
5. Who of your acquaintances owns the worst automobile? What is the history of the machine? Anecdotes of the owner's adventures with the car.
6. Make a special study of a student type, such as (*a*) the class bluffer, (*b*) the vamp, (*c*) the grouch, (*d*) the æsthete, (*e*) the athlete, (*f*) the joiner.
7. Interview a professor, an engineering student, a law student, a subway guard, a street cleaner, a greengrocer, a "sandwich man," a sidewalk vender.
8. Visit an excavation in which a foundation is being laid. Make careful notes on all the mechanical devices employed, procedure, methods, etc. Write a description of what you saw.
9. Visit a factory. Make entries in your notebook regarding a complete process. Next, study some one step in the process carefully. In your notebook enter the technical names for the machine parts. What nicknames do the workmen have for these parts? Make note of picturesque details in the clothing, language, methods, etc., of the workmen.
10. List for a week all the solicitors and mendicants whom you see. Carefully distinguish them in regard to their "approach." Were any successful? If so, why? Write a theme on your observations.
11. Retell a humorous anecdote as if by (*a*) a businessman, (*b*) a plumber, (*c*) a preacher, (*d*) a professor, (*e*) a cook. What are the smallest details which you can select from the anecdote to characterize each vocation?
12. Visit a law court while a trial is going on. Make a study of the judge, the lawyers, the jury, the plaintiff, the defendant, the audience. Write a report on the methods and results of a direct examination. Of a cross-examination.
13. A leaf from your notebook: write a theme based on an examination of the observations and ideas of a couple of days as recorded in your notes.
14. A peep ahead: from an examination of your notebook demonstrate how some of your notes contain the raw material for future themes.

Chapter III

THE MATERIALS OF COMPOSITION

II. USING THE LIBRARY¹

"A man will turn over half a library to make one book."—Dr. Johnson.

Books and the writer.

CONFINED as he ordinarily is to the college community, in contact with trained scholars to give him advice, and with easy access to books, the student will probably find the collecting experience of the scholar of greater value to him than that of the reporter. Learning how to employ scientifically the great wealth of the college library certainly will have its beneficial results on more than the student's theme-writing. The methods are applicable to discovering material not only on every subject in the curriculum but also on almost everything under the sun.

The chief concern of the reporter is men; that of the scholar, books. Men frequently try to conceal their meanings and are evasive, but the intention of the book is to reveal. Books have as much individuality as men, but their last mood is permanent and unchangeable, and is not subject to caprice. Hence books are more approachable, certainly more trustworthy, than men. We speak of conventionality among men, and we regret that men are so alike in manner and speech, in dress and tastes; yet, despite the fact that there are radical books, conservative books, and all manner of books, there is far more conventionality among books than among men. Their "make-up" is very much the same, no matter what their content. They are designed in a fashion to render them subservient to their readers, even though they may seem potential tyrants to the rudely lettered. The strongest of books submissively acknowledges the mastery of an eager mind. Not only are books arranged and equipped in a manner to make them serviceable, but library science has so classified and systematized their knowledge that per-

*The scholar's
tools: books
and the
library*

¹The authors wish to express their gratitude to Mr. Nelson W. McCombs, Librarian of Washington Square College, New York University, who read this chapter in its original form (1930) and offered valuable suggestions that have been incorporated into it. In revising it, we have consulted frequently his bulletin, *A List of Reference Books* (N.Y.U. Bulletin, XXXV, 38. August 17, 1935).

haps they may be counted as the best servants of man. Unless the student knows how to employ the technical devices, the machinery of books and libraries, however, their treasures are hidden from him, their services denied him. A brief outline of the equipment of book and library will acquaint the student with the scholar's tools; adeptness in their use is a matter of acquiring professional technique by imitation and practice.

The make-up of the book.

The book has many important helpful devices which are neglected by the layman. We have, for example, possibly regarded the title page of a book as an ornament, which indeed it is, but only in part. *The title page* It has information which either invites or repels the trained reader. Many a book carries on its cover only a title sufficient to attract the general public. An illustration of this is to be found in Kelley and Schwabe's *Historic Costume*. We might expect from this cover-title to discover in the volume representations of the costumes of King Alfred and President Lincoln. A hurried search, however, would leave us disappointed. We might have been spared even this trouble had we glanced first of all at the title page, which always gives the full title of a book—in this case, *Historic Costume: A Chronicle of Fashion in Western Europe, 1490-1790*. Sometimes the title page not only expands the title to make the content of the book more comprehensible, but also adds a subtitle or other useful information. Expanded title, subtitle, and other addenda make it possible for the reader to determine at a glance whether or not he will have any real use for the book. For example, a book which bears on its covers only the seal of the publishing house and on its back "*Mark Twain in Eruption, MARK TWAIN, Edited by Bernard De Voto*" adds on the title page "Hitherto Unpublished Pages about Men and Events. . . . Edited with an Introduction by Bernard De Voto"—information of real consequence to the student who would know what Twain or his first editor suppressed of his writings and what light these shed on the man, in the opinion of his most recent editor, who is also an important critic.

The title of a book is customarily followed by the name of the author. This is a matter of concern to the professional reader. He recognizes in the name, perhaps, an authority in the field in which he is interested, or his eye may chance upon a name with which he is unfamiliar, representing to him an enigma in scholarship. He selects Jowett's translation of Plato in preference to one by Jones. Sometimes the author hides his identity in anonymity or in a pen name. Here again, the student should consult the title page. Librarians have the custom these days of placing the author's name in pencil (when it is known to them) beneath the word "Anonymous" or beneath the pseudonym. They also very obligingly expand initials. When the trained scholar comes upon a book whose author is unknown

to him, he makes every effort to ascertain the identity of the person responsible for the book, but failing, he feels himself under compulsion to verify all the facts contained therein. The author's name on many title pages is followed by a note as to his profession, his rank, and sometimes his other important works. And in the case of an edited text, similar information is frequently given about the editor. The student should gather from these notes, or the lack of them, confidence that he is not wasting his time, or else caution that he needs to be on his guard.

At the foot of the page is found the imprint of the publishing house which issues the volume. To the experienced reader, the publisher's name sometimes means reliability, sometimes shoddiness and irresponsibility. As the student grows in the knowledge of books, he learns to value the publications of some houses and to be skeptical of those of others. Sometimes on the title page, but frequently on the reverse of that page, is given a sort of chronological history of the volume. A line tells us whether we have in hand the first, or the later and revised, edition. Besides the copyright date, or dates, are at times found summaries of the size and number of printings and editions of the book. The date of an edition is an important item if one is seeking the most recent knowledge on a subject. The printing presses can hardly keep pace with the discoveries in science today; a scientific book of a year ago may already be somewhat antiquated.

The title page is followed by a page bearing the dedication, after which is the preface.² Prefaces vary, but three things are customarily found in them: (1) the author's reasons for writing the book; (2) what he has attempted to demonstrate; (3) his obligations to other writers. Following the preface appear a table of contents and, if the book possesses illustrations, a list of them. Since in many volumes the table of contents approximates the author's outline of his work, it affords a key to the pagination of general subject-headings. A particularly valuable table of contents is the *analytical* table, which provides a paragraph outline for every chapter in the book. Observe how much may be learned from the following analytical presentation of the contents of Vernon L. Parrington's *The Romantic Revolution in America*³ (p. xi):

*Preface, table
of contents,
introduction,
illustration
lists*

² Frequently called the *Foreword*. Confusion exists in the use of this word, for the Foreword may also be used as an introduction to the book. The student should examine the Foreword to determine its true character.

³ Reprinted from Vernon L. Parrington, *The Romantic Revolution in America*, Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1927.

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Incidentally, the study of this type of table is helpful to the student who has the problem of outlining his own work.

It is common among undergraduates to consider the introduction identical with the preface. Such, however, it is not. The introduction should be read as part of the book proper, for it is the author's attempt to orient his reader before leading him into a more involved discussion of the subject. The next mechanical aid in discovering the content of a book, after the table of contents (or the list of illustrations), is the index, which is always at the end of the book. The

The introduction and the index

index is far more valuable in finding a specific item than is the table of contents. An index is a detailed alphabetical list of topics, names of persons, places, titles and other pertinent items, treated or mentioned in a book (or series of books), which points out the exact position of these topics in the volume. Usually the index contains two lists, one devoted to subjects and the other to proper names. Sometimes, when the volume contains a quantity of unfamiliar words, for example, from the Latin, Scots, or Anglo-Saxon, a glossary of these (not infrequently combined with the index) is provided at the end of the book. Recently certain publishers have adopted what may be described as a "combined index," in which one alphabetical list includes subjects, authors, titles, and other items. The different kinds of items, however, are indicated by different type faces. A key, placed at the beginning, explains what is meant by the different type faces employed.

The needs of varying subject matter call for various types of indexes. Books containing poetry usually have their material indexed in two lists: *Special indexes* one, by the titles of the poems; and the other, by the first lines. If a book happens to be an anthology, a work containing poems by several authors, perhaps three lists are supplied: (1) of authors; (2) of titles; (3) of first lines. Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* (10th edition)⁴ may serve as an example of a book so individual in content that it calls for a special index. Here is found first a list of authors included in the volume, and then one for the important words in a quotation. The second list is very serviceable indeed. If, for example, the student can remember only that the quotation which he is seeking has something to do with "a camel," he will have no difficulty in finding it in Bartlett. In the index he will discover:

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Then perhaps he will recall that the camel was associated in his mind with "the eye of a needle," and turning to page 60 or 1115 in Bartlett, he will find:

It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.—*Matthew, XIX, 24.*

Bartlett's method is borrowed from the concordances, where the purpose is to study the text thoroughly. In a concordance, words, rather than subjects, are indexed. There are famous concordances of the Bible, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Burns, Emerson, Keats, Marlowe, Browning, *et al.*

⁴ This edition has not been completely superseded by the 11th, edited by Christopher Morley and L. D. Everett. See below.

Atlases have very complicated indexes, explained, however, by a key accompanying them, to which the student is referred. When books appear in sets, rather than in single volumes, there are three distinct ways of indexing the set: (1) A book of more than one volume may have the index in the last volume. Example: Bulfinch, *The Age of Fable* (Review of Reviews edition, 1914), index in Vol. IV; (2) A book in more than one volume with an index in each volume. Ex.: Stubbs, *Constitutional History of England*; (3) A book in more than one volume with an index in each volume and a general index in the last volume. Ex.: Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, general index in Vol. XII.

Practically every index has peculiarities, and the student must be on his guard for these. Some index makers drop off the "de" and "von" prefixed to proper names, so that in one index "Guy de Maupassant" would be located in the "D" listings and, in another, in the "M" listings. The prefix "Mac" may lead to a special listing. In a combined index, if the indexer regularly places authors, for example, before titles, alphabetical harmony may be upset. Thus in the general Index to the *Cambridge History of English Literature* "Allison, Thomas (fl. 1697), IV. 518" precedes "*Allison Gross*, II. 469." Persons who enjoy the luxury of more than one name provide indexers with difficulties. For the student to be sure that he has exhausted all the possibilities of reference for "Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington" he should look under "Duke" as well as "Wellington" and "Wellesley," for caprice may have led the indexer to list the great general under "Duke of Wellington." Similarly, "Samuel Clemens" might be found under "Twain, Mark, pseud." or under "Mark Twain." Every index, unless it is extraordinarily elementary, calls for a little ingenuity on the part of the user.

The library: reference books.

Having studied the make-up of books in order that he may use numbers of them efficiently, the student enters the library to search for material on the subject in which he is interested and in which he believes he can interest others. The resources of the library may be classified under three heads: reference books, periodicals, and stack materials. The novice is usually undecided whether to look for his subject in an encyclopedia, one of the latest magazines, or in a book found through the card catalogue. In the end he will save himself many mistakes and much loss of time if he follows the working plan of the professional. The latter first verifies what information he possesses by consulting what the general reference books have to say concerning his subject. These books are usually shelved in a room known as the reading room or reference room, or, in the smaller libraries, near the call desk. The books themselves are of a general informative character, treating their various subjects in a broad or outline

manner. In the university libraries the reference books are listed in a catalogue (a duplicate card catalogue of the library) located in the room in which the books themselves are shelved.

Dictionaries.

Foremost among the general reference books stands some form of the English dictionary. If the scholar is in doubt as to the exact meaning of the terms involved in his subject, he turns to the dictionary for clarification. A list of synonyms collected from a dictionary definition, moreover, may prove helpful when he starts cross-reference work upon his subject. But more on this point later. There are four great dictionaries, contained in all libraries, which every student should know. They are:

1. *Webster's New International Dictionary*, 2d ed., unabridged, William Allan Neilson, editor-in-chief (Merriam, Springfield, Mass., 1934), 3,210 pages.

This book, which is the most recently revised of the great dictionaries, contains 600,000 entries. These entries are distributed into two alphabetical lists, running concurrently, by the device of a "double-decked" page, the more commonly used words with their derivatives occupying the upper portion of the page. All entries are accorded full definition and illustration (by way of quotation) whereas those in the second alphabetical list, at the bottom of the page, are dispatched with the briefest treatment possible. The appendices to this dictionary include the "Forms of Address," a list of 5,000 abbreviations, a list of signs used in printing and writing, a "Pronouncing Biographical Dictionary," and a "Pronouncing Gazetteer."

2. *Funk and Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary* (Funk, New York, 1932), 2,814 pages.

The special features of this dictionary are the subordination of historical to current information, the placing of emphasis upon American pronunciation and spelling, the distribution of proper names in the word alphabet, and the listing of antonyms as well as synonyms. The *New Standard* contains 450,000 entries, including 65,000 proper names. Its appendices supply lists of disputed pronunciations, foreign words and phrases, population statistics, and rules for simplified spelling.

3. *New English Dictionary*, ed. Sir James A. H. Murray (Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1888-1928), 10 vols. in 13. *Introduction, Supplement, and Bibliography* by W. A. Craigie and C. T. Onions (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1933), 91 pages.

Commonly referred to as the "Oxford" dictionary, the *New English Dictionary* is the most ambitious undertaking in the field. It attempts to show the history of every word in the language, both current and obsolete, with instances of its use in order to show changes in denotation which have

taken place over the centuries. Actually there are some two hundred thousand fewer (414,825 is the count) words in this dictionary than in Webster's *New International*, and the additional words in the supplement do not bring it up to parity. But the 1,827,306 quotations illustrating usage at different times in English history make this book without an equal. It is an education to open it, a source of wonder and profit to delve in it.

4. *The Shorter Oxford English Dictionary*, ed. C. T. Onions (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1933), 2 vols.

This dictionary is a revision and abridgment of *The New English Dictionary*. Its virtue is its convenience.

A related but more restricted project for a *Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles* was begun at the University of Chicago, under Sir William A. Craigie and Professor James R. Hulbert, in the last decade, and between 1938 and 1942 thirteen parts were issued. This dictionary "includes not only words and phrases which are clearly or apparently of American origin, or have greater currency here than elsewhere, but also every word denoting something which has a real connection with the development of the country and history of its people."⁵ Students especially interested in this subject should also consult George Philip Krapp's *The English Language in America* (Century, New York, 1925) and H. L. Mencken's very lively book, *The American Language* (Knopf, New York, fourth rev., 1936).

A very serviceable reference book is the *Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia*. It combines the resources of a dictionary with those of an encyclopedia for the purposes of general reference. The original edition was in twelve volumes, but since 1914 two supplementary volumes have been added to bring the work up to date. Volumes 1-10 contain the dictionary proper; Volume 11 is a *Cyclopedia of Names*; Volume 12 (the most useful of all) contains the *Century Atlas*. Two special dictionaries may, at one time or another, prove serviceable in the student's career, and he will do well to bear them in mind. They are I. F. and M. A. Henderson's *Dictionary of Scientific Terms* (2d rev. ed., Van Nostrand, New York, 1929) and W. W. Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary of the English Language* (rev. ed., Clarendon, Oxford, 1910). The former specializes in the difficult language of biology; the latter is a handy substitute for the *New English Dictionary*.

The dictionary habit.

Of course, for ordinary reference the student should not go to the library, but should have one of the good desk dictionaries in his room. Five dictionaries may be recommended: *Webster's Collegiate*, the Funk and Wag-

⁵ This dictionary already shows limitations. Note the omission of *Chinaman's chance*, *annie oakley*, *buffalo* (as a verb), *Calamity Jane*, *cave in*, *clean sweep*, *gadget*, *backwater* (to retract), *make the grade*, and *haywire*.

nalls' *College Standard*, the *Winston Simplified*, *Macmillan's Modern Dictionary*, and the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*. A student should not only own one of these, but he should make a practice of using it as often as he can. The books recommended are comparatively inexpensive. Christopher Morley, columnist, writes, "It is astonishing . . . how many students are content with grotesquely inadequate dictionaries. The most valuable inexpensive book to the sincere lover of English words is the *Concise Oxford Dictionary*, which costs no more than a theatre ticket and will give you amusement enough for a lifetime."

Careful examination of a page of one of these dictionaries with the help of an instructor will partially reveal how many resources the student has in such a book. For this purpose there is reproduced in this chapter a page from the fifth edition of *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* (1936, 1942). It must be remembered, however, that no one page is completely representative of any dictionary. In this dictionary the vocabulary includes proper names garnered from geography, fable, literature, science, and history. Capitalization should be used when words are capitalized in the dictionary and not otherwise except where position requires the capital. If there are two spellings of a word, *Webster's Collegiate* places the preferred spelling first. After the vocabulary entry, which is printed in boldface type, the pronunciation is given in code in parentheses. To understand the code, one should consult the section entitled "A Guide to Pronunciation" at the front of the dictionary. A simplified version of the code is carried, however, at the bottom of consecutive left- and right-hand pages; this is adequate for ordinary purposes. Some words have more than one proper pronunciation; in this case the arrangement is again in the order of preference. After the parenthetical indication of pronunciation, an abbreviation indicates what part of speech the word is. If a word be more than one part of speech, it is defined separately for each of its uses; but sometimes, instead of the re-entry of the word, a heavy dash is used to indicate its position. The abbreviations *n.*, *adj.*, *adv.*, *prep.*, *conj.*, *interj.*, *v.i.*, and *v.t.* stand, respectively, for *noun*, *adjective*, *adverb*, *preposition*, *conjunction*, *interjection*, *verb intransitive*, and *verb transitive*. (A long list of abbreviations is found at the front of the dictionary.) If the plural of a noun is irregularly formed, that plural (and its pronunciation) follows the designation *n. (noun)*. Similarly, the past tense and the participles of verbs, and the comparative and superlative forms of adjectives and adverbs, are given. Then, in square brackets, the etymology or historical derivation of the word is given. Here the student needs to consult the table of abbreviations at the front of the dictionary if designations such as O.F. or OFr. (for Old French) or L. (for Latin) are not immediately clear to him. Definitions follow the etymologies. In this dictionary, if a word has more than one definition, its separate mean-

ar-rive' (ár-iv'), *v. i.* [OF. *ariver*, deriv. of L. *ad* + *ripa* shore, bank.] 1. *Obs.* To come to the shore. 2. To reach a place; as, to arrive at home. 3. To gain an object; attain a state by effort, study, etc.; as, to arrive at a conclusion. 4. To come; — said of time. 5. To attain success or recognition.

Syn. Arrive, come. Arrive implies more definitely than come the attainment of a destination.

— *v. t.* *Archaic.* To reach; come to.

ar-ro'ba (ár-rô'bá), *n.* [Sp. & Pr., fr. Ar. *al-rub'* the quarter (of weight).] 1. A Spanish weight used in Mexico, South America, etc., usually equal to 25 36 lb. avoirdupois, or 11.51 kg. 2. An old Portuguese weight used in Brazil, 32.38 lb. avoirdupois, or 14.69 kg. 2. A liquid measure of varying value, used in Spain and some of her former possessions.

ar-ro-gance (ár-rô-gáns), *n.* [OF., fr. L. *arrogantia*.] A sense of superiority which manifests itself in an overbearing manner; presumption in claiming rank, dignity, or power. — **Syn.** Hauteur, pride, disdain. — **Ant.** Humility.

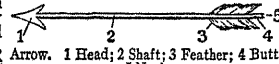
ar-ro-gan-cy (gán-si), *n.* State or quality of being arrogant; also, an instance or act of arrogance.

ar-ro-gant (gán-ti), *adj.* [OF., fr. L. *arrogans*, pres. part.] 1. Making or disposed to make, exorbitant claims of rank, estimation, or importance; haughty. 2. Proceeding from, or characterized by, arrogance. — **ar-ro-gant-ly**, *adv.*

Syn. Proud, disdainful; lordly; contemptuous, overbearing. — **Arrogant**, presumptuous, haughty, supercilious, insolent, insulting. One is arrogant who is disposed to claim for oneself, often aggressively, more consideration than is warranted or justly due; as, Lord Clarendon was arrogant and overbearing. One is presumptuous who is self-assertive beyond the bounds of modesty, or forward to take undue liberties; as, a presumptuous boy. **Haughty** implies consciousness, often disdainful, of superiority, esp. arising from pride of birth or station. **Supercilious** implies a lofty and contemptuous demeanor, verging upon insolence; as, a supercilious stare. **Insolent** suggests gross and offensive disregard for the feelings of others. **Insulting** implies a personal affront, often indicative of scorn or triumph. — **Ant.** Humble; obsequious.

ar-ro-gate (gát), *v. t.* [L. *arrogatus*, past part. of *arrogare* to appropriate to oneself, fr. *ad* + *rogare* to ask.] 1. To assume, or claim as one's own, unduly, proudly, or presumptuously. 2. To ascribe to another unduly. — **Syn.** See **USURP.** — **ar-ro-ga'tion**, *n.*

ar'ron/disse/ment (ár-rôn'dês'mân'), *n.; pl.* -MENTS (-mân'). [F.] a. The largest division of a French department. It is divided into cantons. b. A subdivision of Paris.

ar'row (ár-rô), *n.* [AS. *arwe*, *earh*.] 1. The missile weapon used with a bow. It usually has a pointed head and slender shaft, feathered at the butt.  2. A mark (→) like an arrow, indicating direction.

ar-row-head (ár-rô'héd'), *n.* 1. The striking end of an arrow, separate and wedge-shaped. 2. Anything resembling an arrowhead; as, a stroke or mark, as on a drawing, to mark a limit, indicate a note, etc.; specif., a stroke used in the cuneiform characters. 3. The dart of an egg-and-dart molding. 4. *Bot.* Any plant of a genus (*Sagittaria*) having leaves shaped like arrowheads.

ar-row-root (-root'; 85), *n.* A tropical American plant (*Maranta arundinacea*), family Marantaceae, having tuberous rootstocks; also, a nutritive starch from its roots.

ar-row-wood (-wôd'), *n.* Any of several shrubs having tough plant shoots, formerly used to make arrows, as, in the United States, the sorrel tree and certain viburnums.

ar-row-y (ár-rô-y'), *adj.* Consisting of full of arrows; like, or suggestive of, an arrow; swift; darting.

ar-roy'o (ár-rô-yô'), *n.; pl.* -os (-ôz). [Sp.] A watercourse; also, a small, often dry, gully or channel.

ar'se-nal (ár-sên-ál; -n'), *n.* [It. *arsenale* dock, fr. Ar. *dār al-sinā'ah* court or house of industry.] A public establishment for the making and the storage of arms and military equipments.

ar'se-nate (-nāt), *n.* A salt or ester of arsenic acid.

ar'se-nic (ár-sên-ik; -s-n-ik; *or, esp. Brit.*, ár-sên-ik), *n.* [OF., fr. L. *arsenicum*, fr. Gr. *arsenikon*, *arrhenikon*, yellow mineral, ult. fr. Per.] 1. One of the elements, a solid, brittle, very poisonous substance of tin-white to steel-gray color and metallic luster. Symbol, As; at. no., 33; at. wt., 74.91. 2. Arsenic trioxide, As₂O₃ (or As₂O₅), a white or transparent highly poisonous substance; — called also *white arsenic*. It is used industrially and medicinally.

ar'se-nic (ár-sên-ik), *adj.* *Chem.* Pertaining to or containing arsenic; — of compounds in which arsenic is pentavalent.

ar'se-ni-cal (ár-sên-í-kál), *adj.* Of, pertaining to, or containing arsenic. — *n.* A preparation containing arsenic.

ar'se-nide (ár-sên-íd; -n-íd), *n.* *Chem.* A binary compound of arsenic with a positive element or radical.

ar'se-ni-ous (ár-sên-í-ús), *adj.* Pertaining to, consisting of, or containing, arsenic, esp. trivalent arsenic.

ar'se-nite (ár-sên-ít), *n.* A salt or ester of arsenious acid.

ar'se-niu-ret/ed, **ar'se-niu-ret/ed** (ár-sên-í-ú-ret'éd; ár-sên-í-ú; 80), *adj.* Combined with arsenic; as, *arseniated* hydrogen (arsine).

ar'se-no-py/rite (ár-sên-ô-pí-rít; ár-sên-ô'), *n.* [Arsenic +

pyrite.] *Mineral.* A hard, tin-white or grayish iron sulpharsenide, FeAsS, occurring in crystals, or in masses or grains; — called also *arsenical pyrites*. It is the chief ore of arsenic, sometimes containing gold, cobalt, or nickel.

ar'sine (ár-sên; ár-sên; -sín), *n.* [FROM ARSENIC.] *Chem.* A colorless, inflammable, extremely poisonous gas, AsH₃, with an odor like that of garlic; also, any of its derivatives.

ar'sis (ár-sis), *n.; pl.* ARSES (-séz). [L., fr. Gr. *arsis* a lifting.] 1. *Pros.* A Originally, the unstressed part of a foot. 2. Now, the accented syllable of a foot; — from a misunderstanding of the Greek. 2. *Musical.* The unaccented part of the measure; — opposed to *thesis*.

ar'son (ár-s'n), *n.* [OF., fr. L. *ardere*, *arsum*, to burn.] *Law.* The malicious burning of a dwelling house or out-house of another man (by common law a felony); the similar burning of other property, including one's own house.

ars'phen-a-mine (árs-fên-á-mén'; -ám'n), *n.* [Arsenic + phenyl + amine.] *Pharm.* A light yellow, readily oxidizable, hygroscopic powder (C₆H₅N₂O₂As; 2HCl + 2H₂O), used as a specific remedy for syphilis, relapsing fever, etc.; — orig. known as "606" and marketed as *Salvarsan*.

art (árt), *n.* [OF., fr. L. *ars*, *artis*.] 1. Skill in performance, acquired by experience, study, or observation; knack. 2. Human contrivance or invention, as in adapting natural things to man or use. 3. A branch of learning; a science; esp., one, as grammar or logic, serving chiefly as a discipline or as an instrument of knowledge; specif., *pl.*, those branches of learning taught in the academic course of colleges; as, master of *arts*. 4. Learning or the field of learning. 5. The general principles of any branch of learning or of any craft; as, the art of war. 6. Systematic application of knowledge or skill in effecting a desired result; also, an occupation requiring such knowledge or skill; a craft; as, industrial *arts*. 7. Skillful plan; device; also, cunning; artifice. 8. *Obs.* Magical skill. *Shak.* 9. A Application of skill and taste to production according to aesthetic principles; specif., such application to the production of beauty by imitation or design, as in painting and sculpture; as, he prefers *art* to music. 10. That which is produced by this skill and taste. 11. Artificial and studied behavior; also, an instance of it. — **Syn.** Aptitude, dexterity, adroitness; profession, trade, calling; cunning, duplicity, ingenuity. See **SCIENCE.** — **Ant.** Artlessness; guilelessness.

art (árt). 2d person present indicative singular of the verb *be*; — now only in solemn or poetic style.

-art (-ért). See **-ARD**.

ar'tal (ár-tál), *n., pl.* of **ROTE**; — often used incorrectly as a *sing.*

ar'tel (ár-tél'; Russ. ár-týl'), *n.* [Russ. *artel'*, fr. It. *artieri*, pl. artisans.] In Russia, an association of independent laborers for collective work with division of profits.

Ar'te-mis (ár-tê-mis), *n.* [L., fr. Gr. *Artemis*.] *Gr. Relig.* A goddess, most typically the virgin huntress, goddess of wild nature, who is associated with the moon as her twin brother, Apollo, is with the sun; — by the Romans identified with *Diana*.

ar'te-mis'i-a (-míz'í-á; -mish'í-á), *n.* [L., mugwort, fr. Gr. *artemisia*.] Any of a genus (*Artemisia*) of herbs and shrubs of the aster family. See **SAGEBRUSH**, **WORMWOOD**.

ar'te-ri-al (ár-tê-rí-ál), *adj.* 1. Of or pertaining to an artery or arteries. 2. Designating the bright-red blood, as that in most arteries, which has been oxygenated by the lungs or gills. Cf. **VENOUS**. 3. Of or pertaining to a main channel (resembling an artery), as a river, canal, highway, or railroad.

ar'te-ri-al-ize (-íz), *v. t.* To transform (venous blood) into arterial blood by oxygenation, as in the lungs. — **ar'te-ri-al-iz-a'tion**, *n.*

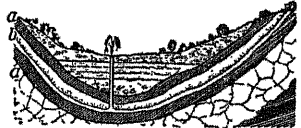
ar'te-ri-o-scle-ro'sis (ár-tê-rí-ô-skê-lô-síz), *n.* [NL., fr. Gr. *arteria* artery + *sclerosis*.] *Med.* Arterial thickening and hardening of the walls of the arteries, esp. of the intima, occurring mostly in old age. — **ar'te-ri-o-scle-rotic** (-rô-tik), *adj.*

ar'ter-y (ár-tê-rí), *n.; pl.* ARTERIES (-íz). [L. *arteria* windpipe, artery, fr. Gr. *arteria*.] 1. *Anat.* One of the tubular branching vessels which carry the blood from the heart through the body. 2. A channel of communication; as, *arteries* of commerce.

ar'te-si-an well (ár-tê-zhán; -zál-án). *Ideal Section of Artesian Well. a* Impermeable Strata; *b* Water-bearing Stratum. [F. *artésien* pert.



Artemis (or Diana) of Versailles.



ings are entered under bold-faced Arabic numerals, the order of which is historical. That is, the earliest meanings of the word are given first, and current meanings are given last. A subject label, in italic type, indicates the department of knowledge in which the word or meaning occurs, as for example, *Law*. If a word is equally current in *Botany* and *Zoölogy*, it is obvious that the use of Arabic numerals would be inappropriate, so bold-faced Arabic letters are used, to indicate that the entries are cognate in value. Yet another label indicates the status of the word in actual usage (as *Colloq.*, *Dial.*, *Slang*, *Obs.*, standing, respectively, for *colloquial*, *dialect*, *slang*, *obsolete*). A geographical label indicates the area in which a word is either wholly or chiefly used. When there is real need for a list of words of similar meaning or when there is need for distinguishing words of similar meaning, the definitions are followed by a list of synonyms in a paragraph set apart. In some instances the list of synonyms is followed by a brief list of antonyms, words of opposite meaning. In addition to all of these regular features of elucidation, there are special treatments of special words, varying so much in character, that summary is hardly possible. Cross references are frequent wherever they assist in understanding the words. There is very little need for a student to be baffled by the meaning of a word if he has one of the really efficient desk dictionaries here listed.

The lists of synonyms and antonyms in the modern desk dictionaries are useful but are not, of course, as full as the various special synonym and antonym dictionaries. Early ones are Frederick S. Allen's *Books of synonyms* *Allen's Synonyms and Antonyms* (Harper, 1921) and James C. Fernald's *English Synonyms and Antonyms* (Funk, New York, 1914). An even more useful word book, however, is Peter Mark Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*. There are two fairly recent, good editions of this book, one published by G. P. Putnam's Sons (1931) and the other by Grossett and Dunlap (1933). The principles on which this work is organized were ingeniously devised by a scientist and secretary of the Royal Society, who, as early as 1805, felt the need of classifying words by reference to their similarity or dissimilarity of meaning. He was able to arrange words in various philosophical categories so that, if a person can think of a word vaguely resembling the one he wants, discovery of the word sought is easy. Webster's *Dictionary of Synonyms* (G. and C. Merriam Company, 1942), which is the most recent dictionary of this type, is indispensable to the writer.

Encyclopedias.

Content at last that he knows the meaning of all of the terms of the topic on which he is working, the scholar seeks a review of his subject in one of the large encyclopedias. Frequently the good scholar may know as much about the thing he is investigating as he is likely to find in the

encyclopedia, but the habit of thoroughness leads him to check his knowledge on every occasion. It may be that some small but highly pertinent detail has slipped from his memory. If he makes it a routine matter thus to verify what he knows, it is because this is the safest, surest way to produce enduring work. The student will go first to the encyclopedias to learn; later, like the scholar, he will go to verify what he knows before digging deeper into his subject.

The standard encyclopedias are three:

1. *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th ed. (Encyclopaedia Britannica Company, London, 1929), 24 vols. Although this edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is a great improvement over the famous 11th edition (published by the Cambridge University Press, 1911, 29 vols.) so far as it touches scientific, industrial, and technological knowledge, it scarcely succeeds the former in any branch of the humanities. For cultural subjects the student will do well to consult the 11th edition. Note that, even in the field of its superiority, the 14th edition is being reduced in importance by scientific advances and changes. All important articles are initialed, and authorship is established by a key in the front of each volume.

2. *Encyclopedia Americana* (Americana Corporation, New York, 1934), 30 vols. The most recently issued encyclopedia, this work contains articles on some subjects (especially technical subjects) not found in the other encyclopedias. There are, however, many important omissions. Leading articles are signed.

3. *New International Encyclopedia* (Dodd, Mead and Company, New York, 1922), 25 vols. (Supplements, 1925, 1930.) This work contains more articles than the other encyclopedias; it is thus handier for consulting because less cross-reference work has to be done. Its biographical and historical articles have been praised, and its bibliographies are regarded as excellent. No articles are signed, although there is a list of contributors at the front of each volume.

Some students may be able to afford a one-volume encyclopedia. For them there is nothing better than the *Columbia Encyclopedia*, ed. Clarke F. Ansley (Columbia University Press, New York, 1935), 1,949 p. The articles in this book are cursory and the bibliographies are very limited; for quick reference, however, the *Columbia Encyclopedia* is extraordinarily useful.

Few students know how to employ encyclopedias in such a manner as to obtain the fullest information from them. If the student is interested in Queen Elizabeth, for example, he does not exhaust the resources of the work by studying the long article on the Queen. The *Britannica* index, contained in Volume XXIV, will refer him to other articles which make extensive mention of the monarch. The *Americana* also has a classified index volume. The *New International* has not

Cross-reference work

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this equipment, nor do its editors feel that it needs one, since its information is distributed among so many small subjects with numerous cross references. A volume (unnumbered) of *Courses of Reading and Study*, however, will aid the student in securing additional material on Elizabeth. But he should also do a little independent cross-reference work. The way to begin this is to make a list of the important proper names and subjects mentioned in the article on Elizabeth, and then to reconsult the encyclopedia for articles dealing with these topics. Among the articles to be consulted, if one were interested in Elizabeth, the following would certainly appear: *Burleigh, Raleigh, Leicester, Drake, Essex, Sidney, Armada, Protestantism, Mary Queen of Scots, Renaissance*.

Going from one encyclopedia to another, the student may be troubled by the different arrangement of material in each work. Although the standard encyclopedias have their subject matters alphabetically arranged, a good deal of variance is possible within the confines of such an arrangement.⁶ It is possible, as has been implied, to arrange the order of the material either by *large* or *small* topics. For example, *Impressionists* is a sub-topic under the main-entry *Painting* in the *Britannica*; on the other hand, *Impressionistic Painting* is a separate entry in the *New International*, and furthermore, it is found in a different volume than is the subject *Painting*. At the latter entry, however, there is a cross-reference: *Painting, Impressionist* see *Impressionist Painting*. Another variation between encyclopedias is introduced by the fact that it is possible to alphabetize either *letter by letter* or *word by word*. That is, subject entries may be arranged by considering all the words in the entry as one long word, or by considering them as separate words. For example:

Letter by Letter

House ant
Housebreaking
House fly
Household
Household troops
House industry

Word by Word

House ant
House fly
House industry
Housebreaking
Household
Household troops

The *Britannica* and *New International* employ the *letter by letter* arrangement; the *Americana*, however, uses the *word by word* system.

From the point of view of the scholar, perhaps the most valuable thing in an encyclopedia entry is the bibliography at the end of the article. No entry in any work is absolutely exhaustive; hence the scholar goes from the summarized knowledge of the encyclopedia to the documents and books on which the article is based. From these sources he may possibly

⁶ The remainder of this paragraph is adapted from Ella V. Aldrich, *Using Books and Libraries*, Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, 1940. p. 41.

derive facts more valuable for his purposes than anything contained in the encyclopedia. The student should be warned that the encyclopedia bibliographies are never to be considered absolutely complete (though some of them are, for all practical purposes), and it is obvious that they need to be supplemented by lists of studies which have appeared since the encyclopedia article was written.

Special encyclopedias.

Besides the familiar enough standard encyclopedias there exist special compendiums of knowledge in some of the arts and sciences. These special encyclopedias should be employed in precisely the same manner as the general works. They are important, of course, because they contain articles on topics neglected by the general encyclopedias and because they are much more detailed in their information than the general work can afford to be.

1. Bailey, L. H., ed., *Cyclopedia of American Agriculture* (Macmillan, New York, 1907-1909), 4 vols. This work distributes its material as follows: all topics relating to *farms* are grouped in volume 1; to *crops*, in volume 2; to *animals*, in volume 3; to the *farm and community*, in volume 4.

2. Bailey, L. H., ed., *Cyclopedia of American Horticulture* (Macmillan, New York, 1900-1902), 4 vols. Contains suggestions for the cultivation of horticultural plants, descriptions of the species of fruit, vegetables, flowers, and ornamental plants of the United States and Canada, with biographical sketches of cultivators and botanists.

3. *The Catholic Encyclopedia* (Robert Appleton *et al.*, New York, 1907-1922), 17 vols. Invaluable for its orthodox treatment of sectarian subjects and for its special treatment of figures important in the history of Catholicism, this encyclopedia has a general usefulness. Nowhere else are subjects related to medieval art, history, literature, music, philosophy, and social conventions better handled.

4. Hastings, James, ed., *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics* (Scribner's, New York, 1908-1927), 13 vols. Not only does this work cover persons, places, and events of importance in religious and moral history, as well as customs and systems, but the student will also find included excellent treatments of related topics in anthropology, biology, economics, folklore, mythology, philosophy, psychology, and sociology.

5. *The Jewish Encyclopedia* (Funk and Wagnalls, New York, 1901-1925), 12 vols. This is the work to turn to if one desires authoritative information on the cultural development and accomplishments of the Jewish people from antiquity to the present day.

6. Monroe, Paul, ed., *Cyclopedia of Education* (Macmillan, New York, 1925), 3 vols. Educational theory, teachers and educational leaders, methods

and systems, schools, colleges and universities, and all that pertain thereto, are found in this compendium.

7. Seligman, Edwin R. A., and Johnson, Alvin, eds., *Encyclopaedia of the Social Sciences* (Macmillan, New York, 1930-1935), 15 vols. One of the most carefully compiled encyclopedias. A great variety of material is included—economics, sociology, political science and government, ethics, morals, education, and philosophy. Prominent figures in these fields are identified. This work replaces the once valuable Bliss and Bender, *New Encyclopedia of Social Reform*.

• Several works fall into a middle group between the dictionary and the encyclopedia, part of their purpose being the definition of special terms. Among such books the following may be mentioned:

1. Baldwin, James Mark, *Dictionary of Philosophy and Psychology* (Macmillan, New York, 1901-1905), 3 vols. in 4. Badly in need of revision in order that it may be brought up to date, this work is the chief book of its kind in its field. Contains very brief biographies.

2. Runes, D. D., ed., *The Dictionary of Philosophy* (Philosophical Library, Inc., New York, 1941), 343 p. Supplies deficiencies in Baldwin, but omits, for obvious reasons, the treatment of psychology.

3. Elson, Louis Charles, *Elson's Music Dictionary* (Ditson, Boston, c. 1905), 306 p. The best one-volume dictionary of musical terms and signs. Valuable for its translations of Italian musical phrases.

4. Grove, (Sir) George, ed., *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, 3d ed., edited by H. C. Colles, *et al.* (Macmillan, New York, 1935), 5 vols. and supplement. Historical, theoretical, biographical, and critical studies make this the most exhaustive work in its field. A particularly useful feature is the complete listing of works under opus numbers when the composer has used these. The American Supplement includes an historical introduction and chronological record, as well as a dictionary of persons, organizations, and institutions.

5. *Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History from 458 A.D. to 1902* (Harper, New York, 1902), 10 vols. Definitely dated and to be avoided, in the main; it has, however, the special importance of containing the full texts of many historical documents of consequence.

6. Larned, Josephus Nelson, *The New Larned History for Ready Reference, Reading, and Research*, rev. by D. E. Smith *et al.* (Nichols, Springfield, Mass., 1922-1924), 12 vols. Articles in this universal history are culled from the works of authorities in each field and period; hence *The New Larned History* is also an index to historical works as well as an encyclopedia of the subject.

7. Low, Sidney J. M., and Pulling, F. S., *Dictionary of English History*, rev. by F. J. C. Hearnshaw *et al.* (Cassell, London, 1928), 1,154 p. Numer-

ous brief entries make this book the logical one to turn to if the identity of a person or the significance of an event in English history is sought.

8. Munn, Glenn G., *Encyclopedia of Banking and Finance* (Bankers Publishing Co., New York, 1935), 2 vols. All terms relating to corporations, business firms, banking, money, credit, foreign exchange, markets, etc., are defined and explained in this work.

9. Palgrave, (Sir) Robert H. I., *Palgrave's Dictionary of Political Economy*, rev. by Henry Higgs (Macmillan, London, 1923-1926), 3 vols. This work, though it has some treatment of general materials, is largely limited to economics in the British Empire and America. The revision of the original work of 1894-1896 is not thorough.

10. Seymour, E. L. D., *The New Garden Encyclopedia* (Wise, New York, 1936), 1,348 p. Compact and useful horticultural guide.

11. Sturgis, Russell, *Dictionary of Architecture and Building* (Macmillan, New York, 1901), 3 vols. A biographical, historical, and descriptive dictionary of the subject, valuable especially for its explanatory illustrations of details. In need of revision.

Atlases and gazetteers.

In the reference section or room of his college library the student will find available such geographical information as he may desire. Although political boundaries melt away very rapidly in a world in tumult, the fundamental geographical facts have a surprising stability, and there is much verifiable information that does not "suffer sea-change into something new and strange" with the shifting fortunes of war and revolution. The way to intellectual chaos is to suppose that the opposite is true. It is the student's contribution to the continuity of essential values to preserve and respect the impervious fact which survives the storms of the political world. He will find some of the enduring facts of geography in the following books:

1. *Lippincott's New Gazetteer* (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1906). This is a geographical dictionary of the world, with the names of cities, countries, islands, rivers, mountains, seas, in one alphabet. The details in this book which are subject to change are those of population, industries, and political boundaries.

2. *Bullinger's Postal and Shipper's Guide for the United States and Canada and Newfoundland* (Bullinger, New York, 1869—). This guide has been published annually since 1869. It not only lists every postoffice in the areas covered, but express offices, and railway and steamer lines connecting all shipping points.

1. Paullin, Charles Oscar, *Atlas of the Historical Geography of the United States*, ed. J. K. Wright (Carnegie Institution and American Geographical Society of New York, Washington, D. C., 1932), 162 p., 166 plates.

2. Shepherd, William Robert. *Historical Atlas*, 7th ed. (Holt, New York, 1929), 115 p., 216 maps.

Historical atlases show the shift of boundaries and of possessions, as affected by political events. Paullin's *Atlas* is the first major effort to represent the march of events in the United States: the record of purchases, annexations, explorations, etc., is full enough for most purposes. Shepherd's *Historical Atlas* covers world history from 2000 B.C. to 1929.

1. *The New-World Loose Leaf Atlas* (Hammond, New York, 1929—). This atlas is in constant progress. It contains economic, political, and physical maps of the entire world.

Modern Atlases 2. *Rand McNally Commercial Atlas and Marketing Guide*, 68th ed. (Rand McNally, Chicago, 1937). As its title indicates, this book is principally an economic atlas listing the facts of population, transportation, produce, manufacturers, markets, and the like.

Useful maps are also found in the standard encyclopedias, not merely through the text, but also accumulated in either a final volume or in the index volume.

Biographical dictionaries.

The field of biography holds two interests for the student. He may desire to know about the individual treated as a person or he may be interested in him as an authority in some field. In the latter instance, the student should be concerned to know the training and professional experience of his subject before trusting in him. Furthermore, a glance at the publications, accomplishments, and honors of a man will settle in the student's mind the standing of his subject. Two very different types of informational work in this field are at the student's disposal: brief, non-critical accounts of persons living; critical estimates of persons now dead. Here are listed only works in English; it must be remembered that most European countries have similar publications.

I.

1. *Who's Who* (Black, London, 1849 to date). The pioneer work in volumes of this type, *Who's Who* is devoted chiefly to Englishmen, but there is a fair sprinkling of celebrities from other countries. *Who's Current Biography* *Who* is published annually.

2. *Who's Who in America* (Marquis, Chicago, 1899 to date). Though published only every two years, this work is larger than its British prototype and contains in its most recent form about 40,000 names.

3. *The International Who's Who* (Europa, London, 1935), 1,123 p. An attempt to carry the treatment of *Who's Who* into the international field. Approximately 23,000 prominent men in all walks of life are listed.

4. Kunitz, Stanley J., ed., *Living Authors* (Wilson, New York, 1931), 466 p. Well-written brief critical biographies of international figures in literature. There is, however, great divergence in the abilities of those persons selected for inclusion.

5. Kunitz, Stanley J., ed., *Authors Today and Yesterday* (Wilson, New York, 1933), 726 p. A companion volume to *Living Authors*, this book partly atones for some of the omissions of the former. "Authors . . . Yesterday" means persons still influential in modern times.

6. *Current Biography* (Wilson, New York, 1940 to date). Issued monthly and collected annually, *Current Biography* attempts to cover each month "who's news and why." If this work errs on the side of journalism, so do the obituaries in the *New York Times*—one of the best sources for full biographical detail on a man just dead.

II.

1. *Dictionary of National Biography*, ed. Leslie Stephen and Sir Sidney Lee (Oxford University Press, London, 1921-1922), 22 vols. *Supplements*, 1922, 1927. This is the most important work for English biography and perhaps the most successful venture (if success be measured by the achievement of scholarly ends) of its kind ever launched. The bibliographies are invaluable. A one volume epitome of the main work and its first supplement was published under the title *The Concise Dictionary of National Biography from the Beginning to 1921* (Oxford Univ. Press, London, 1930), 1,456 p. This is extremely handy for purpose of quick identification.

2. *Dictionary of American Biography*, ed. Allen Johnson and Dumas Malone (Scribner's, New York, 1928-1936), 20 vols. Prepared under the auspices of the American Council of Learned Societies at great expense, this dictionary means to do for Americans what the *Dictionary of National Biography* does for Englishmen. It frequently misses its mark, however. The bulk of the articles are conscientiously done, but a disturbing proportion are slipshod. The bibliographies do not compare favorably with the English bibliographies, whereas with the English work as a model they should be better.

3. *Appleton's Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, ed. J. G. Wilson and John Fiske (Appleton, New York, 1888-1922), 9 vols. An old-style biographical dictionary with portraits and facsimiles of autographs, but with practically no modern critical and bibliographical apparatus.

4. Thomas, Joseph, *Universal Pronouncing Dictionary of Biography and Mythology*, 4th ed. (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1915), 2,550 p. Commonly called *Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary*. This work gives brief biographies of men and women of all nations and periods, and the stories of mythological characters.

5. *Who Was Who* (Black, London; Macmillan, New York; 1920, 1929, 1941), 3 vols. This is a companion work to *Who's Who* from which the biographies are reprinted. Vol. I covers those who died during the period 1897-1916; Vol. II, the period 1926-1928; and Vol. III, the period 1928-1940.

Aids to classical reading.

Fabulous as well as actual persons have left a record of their stay in this old world—a record which may not freely be tampered with. Indeed, there is *Mythology* a large body of mild-appearing people who become surprisingly belligerent and menacing if the “facts” of mythology are altered or distorted even slightly in any modern handling. Hence it behooves the student to become acquainted with the traditional materials of fable. For this purpose, the following books are useful:

1. *The Mythology of All Races* (Marshall Jones, Boston, 1916-1932), 13 vols. A series of monographs covering the whole field of mythology, notable for their excellent bibliographies.
2. Bulfinch, Thomas, *The Age of Fable* (Everyman, Dutton, New York, 1910), 371 p.
3. Gayley, Charles Mills, *The Classic Myths in English Literature* (Ginn, Boston, 1893), 540 p.
4. Guerber, H. A., *Myths of Greece and Rome* (American Book, New York, 1893), 428 p.
5. Guerber, H. A., *Myths of Northern Lands* (American Book, New York, 1895), 319 p.

The last four items on this list are all popular handbooks and relatively inexpensive; each of them is a good “desk” book for the student to possess. The books here listed (with the exception of the first) are chiefly important for retelling the legends. Students who are interested in how folklore originates should consult the detailed handling of one legend in all its ramifications in Sir James G. Frazer’s *The Golden Bough* (Macmillan, New York, 1907-1915, 12 vols.). This, by the way, is a “must” book for every man who desires to be considered educated. A convenient one-volume edition (without, however, the bulky but fascinating footnotes) was issued by the publisher in 1922.

Not far removed in shelving from the works on mythology in most college reference rooms are those works related to classical history and culture. *Antiquities* Inevitably the student will find his way to these whether he takes courses in Greek and Latin or not. Unfortunately the most useful of all these works (Daremberg, Charles, and E. Saglio, *Dictionnaire des antiquités grecques et romaines*, Hachette, Paris, 1873-1919, 5 vols.) is in French. Here is a list of useful English works:

1. Smith, Sir William, *A Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* (Murray, London, 1890-1891), 2 vols.

2. Peck, Harry T., *Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities* (American Book, New York, 1896), 1,701 p.

3. Harvey, Sir Paul, *The Oxford Companion to Classical Literature* (Oxford, 1937), 468 p.

4. Whibley, Leonard, *Companion to Greek Studies*, 3rd ed. (Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1916), 787 p.

5. Sandys, Sir John Edwin, *Companion to Latin Studies*, 3rd ed. (Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1921), 891 p.

Although all entries but the third on this list are designed primarily for the use of seeded scholars, every student will find something of interest in these books. *The Oxford Companion* is admirably designed for clarifying the classical allusions every student encounters in his reading.

Historical guides.

The world of popular fancy subtends the world of fact; the proper relation of these not quite separable universes is suggested by an examination of either of the dictionaries of classical antiquities just cited, where Greek and Roman soldier stand alphabetized with Greek and Roman deity. Hence it is an easy transition for the student to pass from the reference books on mythology and culture to the reference books on history. In the field of history the student is wise who first identifies the event or person he is seeking. This is most conveniently done by use of the index in one of the following works:

1. Ploetz, Karl Julius, *Ploetz's Manual of Universal History* (Houghton, Boston, 1925), 766 p.

2. Putnam, G. P., *Putnam's Dictionary of Events* (Putnam, New York, 1927), 592 p.

These works contain chronological outlines of political, military, and diplomatic events, with considerable correlation between nations. Satisfied that he has the proper event or person in mind, the student next should turn to one of the guides to historical literature in order to determine what source and critical materials there are on his subject. These are the guides ordinarily recommended:

1. Adams, Charles Kendall, *Manual of Historical Literature* (Harper, New York, 1882), 665 p. A pioneer guidebook, giving brief descriptions of the most important histories in English, French, and German, together with practical suggestions concerning methods and courses of historical study, this work is obviously out of date; its entries for historical studies prior to 1880, however, are thorough and reliable.

2. *A Guide to Historical Literature*, ed. George Dutcher, *et al.* (Macmillan, New York, 1931), 1,222 p. Constructed on the same plan as Adams' manual, this work is restricted to books in English; the great industry of historians since 1880, however, makes this possibly the more valuable work.

3. Channing, Edward, *et al.*, *Guide to the Study and Reading of American History* (Ginn, Boston, 1912), 650 p. If the student is interested in American history prior to 1910, he should consult Channing's bibliography before turning to the other guides.

Wherever the guide books may direct him for special topics, the trained scholar knows of standard historical studies of great scope which he almost automatically consults before proceeding along the path marked out for him. First in the order of these is *The New Learned History for Ready Reference* (see Item 6 in the Second List under Special Encyclopedias, above). Then, if his work lies in the indicated field, he consults the designated text for that field in the list below:

1. *Cambridge Ancient History*, ed. J. B. Bury, S. A. Cook, and F. E. Adcock (Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1924-1939), 12 vols.

2. *Cambridge Mediaeval History*, ed. J. B. Bury, J. R. Tanner, C. W. Previté-Orton, and Z. N. Brooke (Cambridge University Press, London, 1911-1936), 8 vols.

3. *Cambridge Modern History*, ed. Lord Acton, Sir A. W. Ward, Sir G. W. Prothero, Sir Stanley Leathes (Cambridge University Press, Cambridge, 1902-1912), 13 vols. and atlas.

4. *Harper's Encyclopedia of United States History* (see Item 5 in the Second List under Special Encyclopedias, above).

Literary guides.

With literary history ⁷ parallel types of reference books exist. Identification of authors, titles, and characters—which we may consider to be the first task of the searcher in literary history—may be accomplished by consulting the following books:

1. Allibone, Samuel Austin, *Critical Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors* (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1858-1891), 5 vols.

2. Brewer, Ebenezer C., *Reader's Handbook of Famous Names in Fiction, Allusions, References, Proverbs, Plots, Stories, and Poems* (Lippincott, Philadelphia, 1904), 1,243 p.

3. Harvey, Sir Paul, ed., *The Oxford Companion to English Literature* (Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1932), 866 p.

⁷ The authors have been helped in this section by reference to Emil Greenberg, *A Guide to Research Sources in English and American Literature* (N.Y.U. Bookstore, New York, 1942), 110 p.

4. Hart, James D., *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* (Oxford University Press, New York, 1941), 888 p.

In literary history identification of authors is sometimes difficult because an author may use one or more pseudonyms, or no name at all. Confronted with this difficulty, the student may find a solution in:

1. Halkett, Samuel, and J. Laing, *Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous English Literature* (Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh, 1926-1932), 6 vols. Unfortunately, nothing comparable exists for American literature.

Both English and American literature have, however, very adequate bibliographical aids; indeed, so many are available that the first three books on a *selected* list are really guides through them:

1. Northup, C. S., *A Register of Bibliographies of the English Language and Literature* (Yale University Press, New Haven, 1925), 507 p.

2. Spargo, J. W., *A Bibliographical Manual for Students of the Language and Literature of England and the United States* (rev. ed., Packard, Chicago, 1941), 260 p.

3. Cross, Tom Peete, *Bibliographical Guide to English Studies* (University of Chicago Press, Chicago, rev., 1938), 123 p.

4. *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, ed. F. W. Bateson (Macmillan, New York, 1941), 4 vols. The last volume is the index. This covers the bibliographical record to 1900 only. Designed to supplement the *Cambridge History of English Literature*, q.v.

5. Millett, Fred B., *Contemporary British Literature* (Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1935), 556 p. (Formerly listed under the names of J. M. Manly and Edith Rickert, original compilers.) Useful for twentieth century entries.

6. Millett, Fred B., *Contemporary American Authors* (Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1940), 716 p.

For the student of linguistics there is an excellent one-volume guide:

Kennedy, Arthur J., *A Bibliography of Writings on the English Language* (Harvard and Yale University Presses, Cambridge and New Haven, 1927), 517 p.

Scholars in literary history keep up to date in their fields by consulting (1) the annual bibliography of the Modern Humanities Research Association (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge, 1920—); (2) *The Year's Work in English Studies* (H. Milford, London, 1921—); (3) the annual supplement to the *Publications of the Modern Language Association* (Banta, Menasha, Wis., [bibliog. since] 1922—); (4) the bibliographies in each issue of *American Literature* (Duke University Press, Durham, 1929—); and other volumes.

Scholars employ less frequently than formerly the standard historical works for guidance. In many respects these works have been outmoded

by recent research; nevertheless they contain a body of fundamental information and criticism still useful to students:

1. *Cambridge History of English Literature*, ed. A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller (Putnam, New York, 1907-1916, 14 vols., with index in each; inexpensive edition, Macmillan, N. Y., 1927, 14 vols., with general Index in Volume XV.) Bibliographies are omitted from the reprint, but see *CBEL*.

2. *Cambridge History of American Literature*, ed. W. P. Trent, John Erskine, Stuart P. Sherman, Carl Van Doren (Putnam, New York, 1917-1921), 4 vols.

Mr. George Sampson has abridged and brought up to date the *Cambridge History of English Literature*; his one-volume *Concise Cambridge History of English Literature* (Macmillan, New York, 1941; 1,094 p.) is the best desk history that the student can buy.

Two large and definitely old-fashioned anthologies contain not only representative specimens from authors' works but much information about the authors themselves:

1. Warner, Charles D., *et al.*, *Library of the World's Best Literature, Ancient and Modern* (R. S. Peale and J. A. Hill, New York, 1896-1897), 30 vols. Guide and Index.

2. Stedman, E. C., and E. M. Hutchinson, eds., *A Library of American Literature* (Webster, New York, 1887-1892), 11 vols.

Modern one-volume anthologies of world literature exist and make valuable additions to the personal library:

1. Van Doren, Mark, ed., *An Anthology of World Poetry* (Albert and Charles Boni, New York, 1928), 1,318 p.

2. Van Doren, Carl, ed., *An Anthology of World Prose* (Reynal and Hitchcock, New York, 1935), 1,582 p.

Probably the student does not need to be told that Everyman's Library, the Modern Library, and the World's Classics contain cheap reprints of many of the famous books in literary history.

"Types" of literature.

At some point in his undergraduate career the student may desire to locate an article, essay, short story, review, oration, poem, or play to which reference has been made in class. The most likely way to turn up the item for which he is looking is to consult one of the following indexes:

1. *Book Review Digest* (Wilson, New York, 1905—). Monthly, with accumulations.

2. Bruncken, Herbert, *Subject Index to Poetry* (American Library Association, Chicago, 1940), 203 p.

3. *Dramatic Index* (Faxon, Boston, 1910—).
4. *Essay and General Literature Index, 1900-1933*, ed. M. E. Sears and Marian Shaw (Wilson, New York, 1934), 1,952 p. Supplements.
5. Firkins, Ina Ten Eyck, *Index to Short Stories*, 2nd ed. (Wilson, New York, 1923), 537 p. Supplements.
6. Firkins, Ina Ten Eyck, *Index to Plays, 1800-1926* (Wilson, New York, 1927), 307 p. Supplement.
7. *Granger's Index to Poetry and Recitations*, ed. H. H. Bessey (McClurg, Chicago, rev., 1940), 1,525 p.
8. Logasa, Hannah, and Winifred Ver Nooz, *An Index to One-Act Plays* (Boston, Faxon, 1924), 327 p. Supplement.
9. Sutton, Roberta B., *Speech Index* (Wilson, New York, 1935), 272 p.

Phrase and quotation books.

More frequently the student will have to locate, not a whole play or poem or article, but a scrap of phrase or a famous passage in a play, poem, or article. If he can remember a few of the related words in his quotation, he can find it and its precise location in one of the following books:

1. Bartlett, John, *Familiar Quotations*, 11th ed. rev. Christopher Morley and L. D. Everett, eds. (Little, Brown, Boston, 1937), 1,578 p. This does not replace satisfactorily the 10th edition, for the latter contains many entries not repeated in this book. 20,000 quotations from 2,100 authors.
2. Hoyt, J. K., *Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations*, rev. K. L. Roberts (Funk and Wagnalls, New York, 1927), 1,343 p. This work is remarkable for its copious index, which is more than twice the size of competing indexes. 115,620 entries.
3. Stevenson, Burton, *The Home Book of Quotations* (Dodd, Mead, New York, 1934), 2,605 p. Contains more entries (71,680) than any other book of quotations, but the index is less adequate.

For tracing proverbs back to their racial origins, a new book is useful:

Champion, S. G., *Racial Proverbs* (Macmillan, New York, 1938), 767 p.

Book and serial lists.

More frequently than he has to locate a quotation, the student has to discover the author, publisher, and date of a book of which he has only the title; or lacking one of these other data and possessing the title, he has to supply the missing fact. This is easily done, as we shall see, if the book is in the college library card catalogue. But if it is not there, the student must consult a series of reference books through which, in all likelihood, it can be found:

1. *U. S. Catalog: Books in Print*, 4th ed., ed. Mary Burnham (Wilson, New York, 1928), 3,164 p. Originally issued in 1900, this work in its four

editions and supplements constitutes a comprehensive record of American publishing from that time to 1928. The enormous volume of current publishing indicates that it is exceedingly dubious if another *U. S. Catalog* will ever be issued.

2. *Cumulative Book Index* (Wilson, New York, 1898—). Issued monthly, with frequent cumulations, usually quarterly. Supplements the *U. S. Catalog* and will possibly replace it.

3. *Publishers' Trade List Annual* (Bowker, New York, 1873—). An annual reprint in one volume of all of the publishers' catalogues; has no index.

4. *The American Catalogue*, ed. F. Leypoldt (Bowker, New York, 1880–1896; reprinted, Peter Smith, New York, 1941), 4 vols. An author and title index to American books in print between 1876 and 1895.

5. *A. L. A. Catalogue, 1926*, ed. Isabella M. Cooper (American Library Association, Chicago, 1926), 1,295 p. Supplements. A recommended list of books for small libraries.

6. *English Catalogue of Books Published 1801–1930* (S. Low, London, 1864–1905; Pub. Circular, London, 1912–1931), 13 vols. Index, 4 vols. Most comprehensive list of English publications, exclusive of periodicals and privately printed books. This work has been kept up to date by an annual volume, also called *English Catalogue of Books*.

7. *The Reference Catalogue of Current Literature* (J. Whitaker and Sons, London, 1940), 2 vols. A list of books in print in the British Empire. Vol. I is an author index; Vol. II, a title index. This is a short-title index, much less useful than the five-volume work with index issued in 1932 which contains fuller entries and cross-indexing. *Whitaker's Cumulative Book List* should be used as a supplement.

Similar finding lists exist for magazines and newspapers:

1. *Union List of Serials in Libraries of the United States and Canada*, ed. Winifred Gregory (Wilson, New York, 1927), 1,588 p. Supplements. Through this work knowledge can be obtained of what constitutes a complete run of any magazine; and secondly, where sets may be found in some 225 widely scattered libraries.

2. N. W. Ayer and Sons, *Directory of Newspapers and Periodicals* (Ayer, Philadelphia, 1880—). Originally entitled *American Newspaper Annual and Directory*, this work gives date of founding, size of column and page, circulation facts, subscription rates, politics, and names of publishers and editors of all save the most ephemeral publications in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Bermuda, and the island possessions of the United States.

Yearbooks.

As he shifts from historical to current problems, the student will find fewer aids in the reference room or section than he will in other parts of

his college library. But he must not quit the reference room too soon. It contains many compilations of facts and statistics useful in the statement or solution of present problems. Among such works, none is more useful than the yearbook. Two of the standard encyclopedias issue annual supplements designed to bring their surveys of human knowledge up to date:

1. *The Americana Annual* (Encyclopedia Americana Corporation, New York, 1923—).

2. *The New International Year Book* (Funk and Wagnalls, New York, 1907—).

Annually each of the forty-five national learned societies selects some scholar to review the year's work in its own field. The product is gathered in a very useful, because critical, yearbook:

3. *The American Year Book* (American Year Book Corporation, New York, 1910—).

The most useful of all American annuals, international in scope, is the following:

4. *The World Almanac and Book of Facts* (The New York World-Telegram, New York, 1868—).

An international annual, with particular emphasis on governments, products, and industries, is:

5. *Stateman's Year-Book* (Macmillan, London, 1864—).

For United States statistics in the fields of agriculture, commerce, industry, population, transportation, and the like, the following publication of the Bureau of Commerce is invaluable:

6. *Statistical Abstract of the United States* (Government Printing Office, Washington, 1878—).

In addition to consulting the yearbooks in the reference room, the student will do well (if his topic is a contemporary one) to look at the various debaters' handbooks and manuals. There is quite a variety of these, and they are usually shelved together, so that rapid consultation is possible. Their titles have been frequently altered; hence they are not listed here.

Reference guides.

Before leaving his reference room or section, the student should consult either the reference guides or the reference librarian if he has found nothing on his subject. The reference guides list and annotate the authoritative works in all fields. Of the two named, the first is the more elementary:

1. Hutchins, Margaret, Alice S. Johnson, and Margaret S. Williams. 5th ed. *Guide to the Use of Libraries* (Wilson, New York, 1936).

2. Mudge, I. G., 6th ed. *Guide to Reference Books* (American Library Association, Chicago, 1936). Supplements.

For the sake of becoming efficient, the student should solve most of his library problems for himself. Inevitably he will come up against problems which he cannot solve. Then, and then only, should he consult one of the librarians. Invariably he will find them friendly, interested in his problem, and helpful in its solution. He must be mindful not to burden them unnecessarily and to be properly appreciative of their efforts in his behalf.

Periodical indexes.

Before he reads these lines the student has very likely found the periodical room in his college library, drawn there by other students who have gone to read newspapers and current magazines. He has discovered where his favorite reading is located, and perhaps the system employed by the library in shelving the periodicals in the room. If his library has a special card catalogue of the magazines and newspapers to which it subscribes, he may even have discovered that and how to use it. He may also have learned the distinction (if it is maintained) between the "open shelf list" of periodicals and those housed elsewhere. But it is improbable that he knows how to discover important articles which have appeared in back numbers of any publication without laboriously going through the tables of contents or indexes to bound volumes of back numbers. It is also to be doubted if he knows the easiest way to discover whether recent issues contain any material which will be of use to him. Yet the ingenuity of an American college student of many years ago is responsible for supplying a device which makes accessible all the information which he desires. The student should locate in his college periodical room the several volumes of the following work:

1. *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature*, 3d ed. (Osgood, Boston, 1882). Supplements. 5 vols. The compilation of these volumes was begun in 1847 by William Frederick Poole, a Yale student, who realized the need for such a work. Eventually he enlisted in his project librarians in widely separated parts of the world who immediately saw its value. This index lists by *subject matter* all important magazine articles between 1802 and 1907. *Poole's Index* is no longer published, but it has been superseded by a more exhaustive work:

2. *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* (Wilson, New York, 1905—). This index appears twice a month (with the exception of July and August, when only two issues appear) and is cumulated at short intervals. Thus it is possible for a student to command articles printed within two weeks of the time at which he is writing. The *Readers' Guide* indexes under author and subject, and under title when necessary, as, for example, with stories and plays. The titles of poems, however, are found under the subject entry, *Poems*. Both the exact date and the volume number with pagination are given in this index. The *Readers' Guide* originally indexed only a few of

the most popular magazines, beginning with the date 1900, but today it indexes more than a hundred magazines, including many weeklies.

Poole's Index and the *Readers' Guide* have served as models for special guides which index periodicals in very diverse fields of human endeavor:

3. *Annual Magazine Subject-Index* (Faxon, Boston, 1908—).
4. *International Index to Periodicals* (Wilson, New York, 1907—).
5. *Agricultural Index* (Wilson, New York, 1916—).
6. *The Art Index* (Wilson, New York, 1930—).
7. *Dramatic Index* (Faxon, Boston, 1909—).
8. *The Education Index* (Wilson, New York, 1930—).
9. *Engineering Index* (*Engineering Magazine*, New York, 1892-1906), 4 vols.
10. *Engineering Index Annual* (American Soc. of Mechanical Engineers, New York, 1906—). (Title varies; continues the *Engineering Index*.)
11. *Experiment Station Record* (U. S. Office of Experiment Stations, Gov't Printing Office, Washington, 1889—). [Agricultural literature.]
12. *Index to Legal Periodicals* (Wilson, New York, 1908—). [For earlier material, see *Index to Legal Periodical Literature* (Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1933), 5 vols.]
13. *Industrial Arts Index* (Wilson, New York, 1913—).
14. *Public Affairs Information Service* (P.A.I.S., New York, 1915—).
15. *Quarterly Cumulative Index Medicus* (American Medical Association, Chicago, 1927—). [Supersedes *Index Medicus*, 1879-1926.]

Students interested in American periodicals should consult *History of American Magazines*, a fine work by Frank Luther Mott (M.L.A. and Harvard University Press, Cambridge, 1938—; 3 vols.). This work is still in progress. The record has been brought down to 1885.

No index of early newspapers exists, and the student can find what he wants only by laboriously going through the files of old papers. But since 1913 the *New York Times* has published, first, a quarterly, and then monthly, index, which is so detailed (there are brief synopses of articles) that it answers many questions which the student may have:

1. *New York Times Index* (*New York Times*, New York, 1913—). If a student wants to see how some paper other than the *New York Times* handled an event, he can save much time, of course, by going to the *Times Index* to date the event and then by searching in his paper for a report of approximately that date. Back numbers of all papers and magazines which the library possesses may be had through the filing of a "call slip" at the periodical desk, or in some libraries, at the main desk.

Stack materials: the card catalogue.

The stack material of any library is the collection of pamphlets, books, sets, etc., which is housed in the storerooms or stacks of the building. It is the third division of the resources of the library and the bulk of its wealth. Roughly, it includes everything but the reference books and the unbound periodicals. To this material the student is ordinarily denied direct access. He obtains the volumes he desires by filing an order for them at the call desk. But in order to make out his card, or in order to choose his volume, he must know how to use the card catalogue. If he visualizes it as a large index such as he has already found in books, he will have small difficulty. There are six types of cards in this catalogue: author cards, title cards, subject cards, reference cards, analytical cards, and series cards. Illustrations of the first three follow. It will be understood, of course, that these facsimiles do not show the weight of the card-stock or the red ink used for a purpose to be explained later.

330

B24 BARKER, J. ELLIS, 1870—

Economic statesmanship, the great industrial and financial problems arising from the war. London, J. Murray, 1918.

ix, 408p. 24cm.

1. European war, 1914-1918—Economic aspects. I. Title.

Author Card

(Note that this card is filed under the author's last name.)

It will be seen that if the student possesses even one of three possible clues, he can quickly discover whether or not the library has the material which he is seeking. The cards are all arranged alphabetically, and if he but knows the author or the title of a book, he can at once find the card designating it. If he knows neither author nor title, but has a definite subject, he may find either a specific book which he is seeking, or a list of several books dealing with his subject. It should be remarked that subject cards are distinguished by having their matter indicated in red ink across the

top. The student should work out a cross-reference bibliography from the card catalogue, just as he has worked out a cross-reference list in the encyclopedias.

330	Economic statesmanship, the great industrial and financial problems arising from the war. 1918.	
B24	BARKER, J.	ELLIS, 1870—

Title Card

(Note that, if the title of this book had been *The Economic Statesmanship*, the title card would still be found under the "E's" in the card catalogue, for the arrangement is by the first important word in the title, not by the articles.)

330	EUROPEAN WAR, 1914-1918—ECONOMIC ASPECTS	
B24	BARKER, J.	ELLIS, 1870—
	Economic statesmanship, the great industrial and financial problems arising from the war. London, J. Murray, 1918. ix, 408p. 24 cm.	

1. European war, 1914-1918—Economic aspects. I. Title.

Subject Card

(Note that the first subject card made for a book is the broadest entry that may be found. Other cards break down the broad entry.)

Many authors employ pseudonyms; many institutions and organizations are known by more than one name. This necessitates the use in the catalogue of a special card known as the *author cross-reference card*. A student, for example, hopes to find in the card case a card listing a work by Mark Twain, but looking under "Twain" he discovers a card marked "Twain, Mark; pseud. See Clemens, Samuel Langhorne." This device saves duplicating cards for authors who have written under two or more names. Cross-reference cards are also used for subject matter. A student interested in Manual Training is told to consult subject cards on Carpentry, Drawing, Industrial Education, Trade Schools, and Wood Carving. The *analytical* card is really a subject card informing the student where treatments of certain subjects can be found included in works known by another title. The *series* card is a card listing books published in sets or series under a single editor. The call number for the series is placed in the upper left-hand corner of the card, and to this the student, in making his demand, affixes the volume number in the series which he desires.

Cataloguing systems.

In some institutions students are allowed to go to the stacks for their books; in nearly all institutions a few especially capable students are given direct access to the books. If the student who is granted this privilege has never had it before, his first experiences very likely will be almost as fearsome as those of a soldier lost in a Burmese jungle. The whole may seem without either rime or reason. But as a matter of fact the books are arranged in a most systematic manner. The method used—again an American invention, distinguishing our libraries from those of Europe—is ordinarily either the Dewey Decimal or the Library of Congress Classification. The former system is the invention of Mr. Melville Dewey, who divided the field of knowledge into ten main classes, giving them the following numbers:

Dewey-
Decimal
system

- 000-099 General Works
- 100-199 Philosophy
- 200-299 Religion
- 300-399 Sociology
- 400-499 Philology
- 500-599 Science
- 600-699 Useful Arts
- 700-799 Fine Arts
- 800-899 Literature
- 900-999 History

By using the decimal point, this system, it will be seen, is capable of indefinite expansion. Thus the number 973 has been assigned to United States History. Under 973.1 are shelved works on the discovery of America; under

973.2, on Colonial History; under 973.3 on Revolutionary History, and so on. The student needs to seek first the general, then the special, division of knowledge in which he is interested. The letter and number following the call number stand for the author of the work, the books being located alphabetically after having been assigned to a special division.

Before he has worked long in the stacks, the student will notice that the arrangement of material is not always strictly numerical, but always convenient. For instance, it is the custom to shelve all works on Philology (nos. 400-499) next to the section containing the works in Literature (nos. 800-899). This is to the advantage of those students in language or literature using the stacks, who reasonably might be expected to be interested in the related branch of knowledge. The Dewey-Decimal system makes no especial provision for Biography and Fiction, because the nature of these works prohibits their being assigned to any one field of knowledge. They are customarily shelved apart, Biography being denoted by a large "B," and Fiction by a large "F."⁸ Works in Biography are arranged alphabetically according to the surnames of the persons about whom they are written; works of Fiction are arranged in the same manner, but by the names of the authors.

The Library of Congress system differs from the Dewey-Decimal system in employing the alphabet to represent the broad divisions of human knowledge, and combinations of letters and numbers to represent the subdivisions. The whole system is much more difficult to carry in the head than is the Dewey Decimal; the student who uses the stacks regularly, however, becomes familiar with the class marks of the books which he most frequently employs. These are the broad division symbols in the Library of Congress system:

*Library of
Congress
system*

- A General works
- B Philosophy—Religion
- C History—Auxiliary sciences
- D History and topography (except American)
- E } American history
- F }
- G Geography—Anthropology
- H Social sciences
- J Political science
- K Law
- L Education
- M Music
- N Fine arts
- P Language and literature

⁸ Otherwise Biography is regarded as a department of History and is shelved under number 920; Fiction is looked upon as a form of Literature and is shelved under the 800's.

- Q Science
- R Medicine
- S Agriculture—Plant and animal industry
- T Technology
- U Military science
- V Naval science
- Z Bibliography and library science

Libraries employing the Library of Congress system usually purchase Library of Congress cards for their card catalogue. Inasmuch as these are all author cards, the librarians type in at the top title entries and subject entries (the latter in red ink).

Making a bibliography.

The student has now at his command methods for obtaining any and all the material which his college library possesses. His problem is now one of selection and rejection. How is he going to know what books and articles to read and what to ignore? The scholar always makes this a bit of a study in comparative bibliography. At the end of every important article in the general and special encyclopedias is a list of readings upon which the expert has based his work. *A comparison of several of these lists will tell the student the books which he cannot afford to neglect.* These books he will discover entered in the card catalogue and will withdraw them for examination. Some of these books in turn contain bibliographies; nearly all of them (if they are of any consequence) have footnotes giving the source for statements in the text. Again, a comparison of lists will aid the student in his search for the best books. This method may be extended as far as is practical. The reliability of articles in the periodicals, the student must determine for himself. This he does by finding out what he can about the author of the article. *Who's Who in America* and like publications will prove helpful. What do other authorities think about his man?

The student should keep a record of the books he reads on a subject and of the books he intends to read. Once this list is completed, it becomes his bibliography. The bibliography should be made on separate cards, that is, a 3" × 5" card should be assigned to each book or article read. It is customary to record the following facts in making a bibliographical entry for a book. *The top line of the card should be left blank.*

1. The author's name, last name first, following exactly the form in the card catalogue, even to the punctuation.
2. The title of the book; underline this title to indicate italics, and imitate the punctuation again, but place capitals on the important words in the title (in accordance with the rules for capitalization).
3. The name of the publisher.

4. The place of publication.
5. The date of publication.
6. The number of pages (or, if in more than one volume, the number of volumes) in the work.

If the student is really astute, he will not need to be told to *copy the library call number of each book he uses in the lower left hand corner of the covering bibliography card*. Thus he will have a minimum of difficulty if he should find it necessary to consult the same book again.

Seitz, Don C.,
Joseph Pulitzer; His Life and Letters,
 Simon & Schuster, New York, 1924.
 478 p.
 PN4874
 .P8S4

Student's Bibliography—Book Entry

Bibliographical entries for magazine articles are but slightly different from those for books. Again, leave the first line blank. The form is this:

1. The author's name, last name first. If the article is unsigned, draw a straight line on your card or enter the abbreviation, Anon (for *Anonymous*), following it (like other author entries) with a comma.
2. The title of the article within quotation marks.
3. The name of the magazine, with a line drawn beneath it to indicate italics.
4. The volume number: abbreviate "volume" to "vol." and follow by Arabic numerals.
5. The date (within parentheses) of the issue of the periodical. Follow the last parenthesis with a comma.
6. The pagination of the article. Use "pp." for pages, and follow with the page number on which the article begins and that on which it ends, separated by a dash. Close the entry with a period.

Thomas, T. H.,
 "The Army and Its Critics,"
The Atlantic Monthly, vol. 169 (May, 1942), pp. 563-569.

Student's Bibliography—Periodical Entry

After the student has collected what he deems an adequate bibliography, he should give subject headings (for which the blank line at the top is reserved) to his cards. Suppose, for example, that the student who made the book entry on Seitz's book (above) is writing a paper called, "British and American Journalists." He will then carefully print at the top of his card the subject heading,

JOURNALISTS—AMERICAN

If, however, he is writing a paper on the Spanish-American War, he might give the following heading to his card:

SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR—PROPAGANDA FOR

That is, the subject heading given the card is determined by the use to which it is to be put. Suppose that the second card, referring to Thomas's "The Army and Its Critics," is made by a student writing a paper on the topic, "Is the Army Inefficient?" Then he might find the following subject heading for his card wholly adequate:

ARMY—EFFICIENCY—Pos.

His "Pos." would stand for the "Positive" side of the two views he is assembling.

The bibliographical entries which have just been illustrated are the simplest types of entry. Not all books and articles are as easy to record as are these. In fact, bibliographical entries can be very involved. If, however, the student follows the principles here indicated

and if he is always consistent in what he does, his bibliography may have individual peculiarities, but it can always be understood. He will do well to employ the standard abbreviation used by library cataloguers in his entries.

- anon. —anonymous
- col. —column
- comp. —compiler, compiled
- c. —copyright; before dates, "c." stands for *circa*, meaning *about* or *approximately*
- diags. —diagrams
- ed. —edition, editor, edited by
- enl. —enlarged
- ill. —illustrated, illustrator
- n.d. —no date of publication. If the student happens to know the date, he can supply it in brackets. "n.d." is used when the date of publication is unknown.
- n.p. —no place of publication
- p. —page; pages, when placed *after* a number
- pp. —pages, when placed *before* a number
- pseud. —pseudonym
- rev. —revised
- sec. —section
- tr. —translator, translated by
- vol. —volume
- vols. —volumes

The following model entries may aid the student in solving special problems of his own. Note that each entry is a consistent development from the recommended forms.

I. General Reference Books

A. *Encyclopedias*:

Goulinat, Jean Gabriel, "Paintings, Restoration and Preservation of," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th ed., vol. 17, pp. 64E-64H.

B. *Yearbooks*:

Anon., "Chronology of Public Affairs," *American Yearbook*, 1938, pp. 74-77.

C. *Biographical dictionaries*:

Kirk, R. R., "King, Grace Elizabeth," *Dictionary of American Biography*, 1933, vol. 10, pp. 389-390.

II. Books

A. *Books by one author, with introductions, etc.*:

Danzig, Allison, *The Racquet Game*, with an introduction by Herbert N. Rawlins, Jr., The Macmillan Company, New York, 1930, 283 p.

B. *Passage from a book*:

Carlyle, Thomas, *Past and Present*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1899, pp. 188-195.

C. *Signed essay in a book:*

Cantwell, Robert, "Sinclair Lewis," *After the Genteel Tradition*, ed. Malcolm Cowley, W. W. Norton and Co., 1936, pp. 112-126.

D. *Books by two or more authors:*

Henderson, I. F., and M. A. Henderson, *Dictionary of Scientific Terms: Pronunciation, Derivation, and Definition of Terms in Biological Sciences*, 2d ed. rev., Van Nostrand, New York, 1929, 352 p.

E. *An edited text:*1. *Author's work, edited by another.*

Browning, Robert, *The Complete Poetic and Dramatic Works* (Student's Cambridge Edition), ed. Horace E. Scudder, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1895, 1,033 p.

Shepard, Odell, ed., *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals*, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1927, 348 p.

(Note that, although two forms are possible, the former is preferred.)

2. *Collection of authors, or an anthology, edited by one person.*

Roberts, Denys Kilham, comp., *The Century's Poetry: 1837-1937*, Penguin Books, London, 1938, 2 vols.

3. *A work edited by two or three persons:*

Robbins, Harry Wolcott, and William H. Coleman, eds., *Western World Literature*, The Macmillan Company, New York, 1938, 1,422 p.

(Note: If a work is edited by more than three persons, it is customary to designate by name the first two and to cover the remaining editors by the Latin phrase *et al.* or its English equivalent "and others.")

F. *A translation:*

Machiavelli, Niccolo, *The Prince and Other Works*, tr. and ed. Allan H. Gilbert, Packard and Company, Chicago, 1941, 307 p.

III. Government Publications

Hoagland, Ralph, *Vitamin D in the Edible Tissues of the Ox, Sheep, and Hog*, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1923. (U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bulletin 1138.)

U. S. Office of Indian Affairs, *The Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun while Indian Agent at Santa Fe and Superintendent of Indian Affairs in New Mexico*, ed. Annie Heloise Abel, Government Printing Office, Washington, 1915.

(Note that, if the author is a person, the name of the department or bureau and the bulletin number in parentheses follow the other publication data.)

IV. Articles in Periodicals

White, W. L., "The Boys Who Keep 'Em Down," *The Reader's Digest* (condensed from *The New Republic*), vol. 40 (May, 1942), pp. 1-5.

V. Articles in Newspapers

"Eastman Sees End of Luxury Rail Service," *New York Herald Tribune* (May 3, 1942), sec. 1, p. 1, col. 1.

Bibliography: final form.

After the student has copied all the cards he needs for his paper, he should alphabetize them. Once he has determined his order, he should number his cards before copying them, so that any disarrangement of them will not inconvenience him. The simplest alphabetical presentation of a bibliography is in two alphabets, one for books and the other for periodicals. If there are many unsigned articles in a bibliography, it is convenient to group these together in order to alphabetize them by title. This saves repeating the "Anon." entries. If this is done, there should be separate lists for anonymous books and anonymous articles. A very thorough bibliography might have double alphabet lists for: (I) General Reference Books; (II) Books; (III) Government Publications; (IV) Periodicals; and (V) Newspapers. Here is a simpler specimen bibliography.

TENNIS

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

I. REFERENCE WORKS.

Myers, A. Wallis, "Lawn Tennis and Tennis," *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 14th ed., vol. 13, pp. 783-789.

II. BOOKS.

Beasley, Mercer, *How to Play Tennis, The Beasley System of Instruction*, in collaboration with Milton Holmes. Doubleday Doran and Co., Garden City, N. Y., 1933, 170 p.

Budge, Donald, *Budge on Tennis*, with an introduction by Walter L. Pate and a biography by Allison Danzig, Prentice-Hall, Inc., New York, 1939, 180 p.

Danzig, Allison, *The Racquet Game*, with an introduction by Herbert N. Rawlins, Jr., The Macmillan Co., New York, 1930, 283 p.

Doeg, John Hope, and Allison Danzig, *Elements of Lawn Tennis*, Coward-McCann, New York, 1931, 178 p.

Hardwick, Mary, *Lawn Tennis for Women*, M. S. Mill, New York, 1937, 88 p.

Jacobs, Helen Hull, *Modern Tennis*, Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis, 1933, 220 p.

Lenglen, Suzanne, *Lawn Tennis: The Game of Nations*, Dodd, Mead and Co., New York, 1926, 147 p.

Nuthall, Betty, *Learning Lawn Tennis*, Jenkins, London, 1928, 240 p.

Paret, Jahial Parmly, *Lawn Tennis for Beginners*, ill. with photographs of author in action (Lawn Tennis, Inc., New York, 1927), 128 p.

Randle, Dorothy Davies, and Marjorie Hillas, *Tennis Organized for Group Instruction*, A. S. Barnes, New York, 1932, 165 p.

Tilden, William Tatem, 2nd., *Singles and Doubles*, George H. Doran, New York, 1923, 228 p.

- Tuckey, Charles R. D., *Lawn Tennis for Men*, M. S. Mills, New York, 1937, 88 p.
- Wightman, Mrs. Hazel (Hotchkiss), *Better Tennis*, Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1933, 131 p.
- Wills, Helen, *Tennis*, with ill. by author, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1928, 214 p.
- , *Care and Construction of Tennis Courts*, American Sports Publishing Co., New York [1933], 120 p.
- , *The Wright and Ditson Officially Adopted Lawn Tennis Guide*, ed. J. T. Whittelsey, American Sports Publishing Co., 1940, 285 p.

III. PERIODICALS.

- Abercrombie, E. F., "Doubles Game in Tennis," *Journal of Health and Physical Education*, vol. 3 (February, 1932), pp. 34-36.
- Driver, H. I., "Study of Common Tennis Faults Made by Beginners," *Journal of Health and Physical Education*, vol. 5 (April, 1934), pp. 36-37.
- Dyer, J. T., "Blackboard Test of Tennis Ability," *American Physical Education Association Recreation Quarterly*, vol. 6, supplement (March, 1935), pp. 63-74.
- Edgren, H. D., "Tennis Technique," *Journal of Health and Physical Education*, vol. 5 (May, 1934), pp. 30-31.
- Fuller, R. G., "Pursuit of Tennis," *Occupations*, vol. 12 (January, 1934), pp. 81-83.
- Tilden, W. T., 2nd., "Key to Perfect Timing," *Scholastic*, vol. 36 (April 8, 1940), p. 40.
- Rumball, H. A., "Australian Lawn Tennis," *National Review*, vol. 117 (July, 1941), pp. 104-107.
- , "Tennis Serving and Receiving," *Scholastic*, diags., vol. 38 (March 31, 1941), p. 36.
- , "Tennis Tips from Masters," *Scholastic*, ill., vol. 36 (May 20, 1940), p. 38.

IV. NEWSPAPERS.

- "E. I. duPont de Nemours and Co. Announces Nylon Racquet Strings," *New York Times* (Dec. 18, 1940), p. 46, col. 6.
- "H. Ward Reviews 1939; Comments on 1940 Prospects," *New York Times* (Jan. 11, 1940), p. 27, col. 6.
- Letter on Temperamental Players, *New York Times* (May 11, 1940), p. 25, col. 7.
- Letter on Throwing Points, *New York Times* (Sept. 14, 1940), p. 14, col. 8.
- "U. S. and Eastern L. T. A. to Sponsor Clinics," *New York Times* (April 21, 1940), sec. 5, p. 5, col. 8.

Rapid note-taking.

If the student has followed the plan of the professional, he has his work well mapped out in the bibliography he has prepared before he begins to read. The advantage in this is that he knows exactly what he is looking

for when he begins to read. It is no exaggeration to say that he can now dispose of ten books while the untrained plodder is going through one. Instead of reading his books from cover to cover, he glances through the table of contents and the index in each volume for the special points in which he is interested, and reads only the pages dealing with these points. Henry Ford has been laughed at for remarking that he reads diagonally across a page, yet his method is much like that of the trained scholar who glances over the pages to ascertain their matter, reading carefully only the important paragraphs. It might be remarked that this is a difficult thing to do at first, but, as with everything else, practice lends facility and efficiency.

On many points the student will need to take notes. Notes may be poorly taken, or they may be taken in a manner that will render them highly serviceable. The poorest method is to take them in a notebook. Many scholars advise the use of cards—and then take notes themselves on scrap paper. There are two objections to the use of cards: cards are never large enough; they are too expensive. A much better plan seems to be for the student to provide himself with a quantity of unruled paper, about the size of the standard theme paper *torn once across*—forming sheets $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Each sheet should be devoted to only one subject, which should be described in some brief fashion in the upper right-hand corner. The upper left-hand corner should be reserved for a general subject heading which the student may care to add later. The notes may be of three sorts: (1) notes merely recording a book consulted upon a certain subject; such an entry should contain the author's name, title of his book, the pages dealing with the subject, and the library call number of the book; (2) notes giving the gist of books or parts of books in the student's own words; again the student should make the same additional entries as above; (3) notes containing the exact words of an author to be quoted. These should be copied with minute accuracy, pains being taken to retain the author's punctuation. It is a good habit to use quotation marks about material of this nature in order to insure the use of them when the statement is transferred into the student's theme. Notes taken in this way may be filed alphabetically according to their general subject matter. Furthermore, if the student does not care to preserve his notes, it is possible to paste into his rough draft direct quotations on the note paper, thus saving the labor of copying.

The documented paper: footnotes.

Once his notes have been prepared, the student is ready to begin his paper based on them. The best approach to this task is to make a complete outline of the paper (see Chapter IV), and on that outline to indicate at what points authorities are to be cited to buttress the points made. In the paper itself actual citation may be informal (that is, the author may

quote Dr. Horace Judd as the source of his information, without indicating where Dr. Judd makes the statement cited) or formal (with all the supporting apparatus of careful documentation). Since the latter method requires more instruction, let us devote our attention to it.

Footnote citation should be made invariably with arabic numbers. If the paper is short, footnotes should be numbered consecutively throughout it. If the paper is long or contains a myriad of references, the numbering should begin again with each new manuscript page. In the text itself *supras* (as they are called by printers)—the small numbers placed above the line of type—should come at the end of quotations or at the end of passages in which a particular point has been made that the weight of the cited authority supports. (Do not assume that footnotes are required only with direct quotations; whenever authority is needed, it is proper to refer to that authority in a footnote.) In manuscript it is important to set the *supra* off sharply from the text. This is best done by setting it in a red crayon "V" above the text, thus:

... his translation. Also we have evidence that from 1292 to 1313 the abbot of Bourne was one Thomas de Calstewith,^{V2} whom Mannyng does not mention at all. It would seem abundantly clear, then, that it was with Sempringham Priory ...

The actual footnote to which the *supra* refers may be carried, as is conventional, at the bottom of the page, or in typed manuscript it may be run between parallel lines directly into the text itself, thus:

... his translation. Also we have evidence that from 1292 to 1313 the abbot of Bourne was one Thomas de Calstewith,¹² whom Mannyng does not mention

¹² *Victoria History of the County of Lincoln*, ed. William Page, F.S.A. (London, 1906), II, 178.

at all. It would seem abundantly clear, then, that it was with . . .

Yet another method of handling footnotes in manuscript is to enclose them in brackets and run them directly into the text, thus:

... his translation. Also we have evidence that from 1291 to 1313 the abbot of Bourne was one Thomas de Calstewith,¹² [¹² *Victoria History of the County of Lincoln* ed. William Page, F.S.A. (London, 1906), II, 178.] whom Mannyng does not mention at all. It would seem abundantly clear, then, that it was with Sempringham Priory and not with Bourne Abbey that Mannyng was connected

Whatever method is followed, *supras* should be indicated with red pencil both in the text and in the footnote.

Documenting has become a minor science; consequently it has developed its own symbols and abbreviations. The following have universal use:

<i>ibid.</i>	—the same place	ch. or chap.	—chapter
<i>idem</i> or			
<i>id.</i>	—the same	chs. or chaps.	—chapters
<i>op. cit.</i>	—the work cited	v.	—verse
<i>passim</i>	—throughout	vv.	—verses
<i>loc. cit.</i>	—the place cited	<i>ante</i>	—before
p.	—page	art.	—article
pp.	—pages	sec.	—section
l.	—line	secs.	—sections
ll.	—lines	n.	—note
vol.	—volume	nn.	—notes
vols.	—volumes		

The first footnote reference to a work should be as complete as possible; that is, the author, title, publisher, place, and date of the work referred to should be given as well as the page cited. Thus:

¹ Ernest S. Bates, *The Story of the Supreme Court*, rev. ed., The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, 1938. p. 232.

If a quotation extends continuously to the next page, the proper citation is: pp. 232-233; or p. 232 f. If the quotation covers two pages discontinuously, the citation should be pp. 232, 233; a continuous quotation extending over several pages may be cited thus: p. 232 ff., meaning page 232 and the following pages. A discontinuous citation of several pages could be: pp. 232, 233-235, 237.

To facilitate citation, the abbreviations *ibid.*, *op. cit.*, and *loc. cit.* are used in subsequent footnotes if the proper conditions prevail:

Ibid. (from the Latin *ibidem*, meaning "the same place") may be used if the work cited is the identical work of the preceding footnote. If the same page is referred to, *idem* should be used; otherwise *ibid.* should be followed by the new page reference. Here, the following interpretations are obvious:

² *Idem.*

means p. 232 in Bates' *The Story of the Supreme Court*.

² *Ibid.*, p. 282.

—a new reference, but still to Bates' *The Story of the Supreme Court*.

Op. cit. (from the Latin *opere citato*, meaning "in the work cited") is used with the author's surname and the proper page reference if several footnotes intervene before the work is referred to again:

¹⁰ Bates, *op. cit.*, p. 305.

If two works by the same author are referred to in the paper, *op. cit.* cannot be used. Then reference must take some such form as this:

¹⁰ Bates, *The Story of the Supreme Court*, p. 305.

¹¹ Bates, *This Land of Liberty*, p. 25.

Loc. cit. (from the Latin *loco citato*, meaning "in the place referred to") is used when an identical passage is referred to immediately.

Whenever no specific page reference can be given, but when the whole tenor of the authority's writing for several pages supports the point the student is making, he should use *passim*, meaning "throughout." This sort of citation, however, should be used as little as possible. It isn't a lazy man's snug-harbor. Examination of the use other writers have made of documentation and some experimentation will teach the student to write convincing papers of the formal documentary sort.

Yet once he has become skillful at documenting, let the student beware of becoming a Ponderoso. Let him be eternally on his guard, once he has acquired the skills of the scholar, against the occupational disease of scholarship—pedantry. In the early section of this treatment of the materials of composition it was pointed out that the subject matter in writing, if not of paramount value to the form, could not in any event be neglected. Indeed, interesting matter sometimes saves a poorly written theme. Balzac held that the only unforgivable fault in a writer was dullness; the worst thing that Pope could charge against his enemies was this same evil. To succeed in composition, the student *must* interest his teacher. There are two chief ways in which he may gather materials that are interesting: the method of the reporter, and the method of the scholar. Of their sort, both are the most efficient imaginable. Yet in both lies a danger: one can become a slave to materials, a worshiper of details and facts. On the one hand, this leads to the photographic realist; on the other, to the ineffectual Casaubon, pictured so vividly in George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. The author should dominate his facts, and thus humanize them.

Beware,
beware of
dullness

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What are the tools and methods of the scholar?
2. Explain the composition of a title page.
3. What is the book preface and what is its purpose?
4. Comment on the purpose and make-up of the table of contents.
5. Classify and define the various types of index.
6. Name four leading dictionaries and point out their essential differences.
7. List ten items of information which may be obtained from a standard dictionary.
8. What is a synonym? An antonym? Name a book of synonyms and antonyms.

9. What are the standard English and American general encyclopedias?
10. Name five special encyclopedias.
11. List four atlases or gazetteers.
12. Name the important English and American biographical dictionaries.
13. Where would you look for information about the Greek gods?
14. Name three useful reader's guides and indicate the general content of each.
15. Name three guides to historical literature.
16. List three important histories of English or American literature.
17. What is a "type" index? Name three such indexes.
18. What are some of the important reference guides?
19. How does one go about finding an article in a magazine?
20. Explain the general methods of book classification in libraries.
21. How should a card bibliography be made? What items are entered for books? For periodicals?
22. What are the best methods for compiling notes on reading?
23. How should footnotes be introduced into the text of a report?
24. Name ten standard footnote abbreviations and explain the meaning of each.

Round Table

1. Look up the theories as to what happened to the Roanoke colony and take a position to defend one.
2. Justify or attack the Puritan's treatment of the Quaker.
3. Justify or attack Theodore Roosevelt's acquisition of the Panama Canal.
4. Justify or attack California's treatment of the "Oakies."
5. Was there a "Lost Atlantis"? Take sides.
6. Was Florence Nightingale a wholly noble woman? Take sides.

Paper Work

A—EXERCISES IN THE USE OF REFERENCE BOOKS:

1. Draw a diagram of the reference room in your college library. On it show the location of ten of the special reference books mentioned in this chapter.
2. What were the following articles, and when were they worn? Mandilion? Pease-cod-belly? Mule? Mantilla? Farthingale?
3. Give the original meaning of the following words: *appetite*, *bullad*, *reave*, *luxurious*. What is the oldest example in the language of the use of *true-love*? Of *Tophet*?
4. Where does Shakespeare use *numb* as a verb? *featured*? What does he mean when he speaks of a "shoulder-clapper"?
5. How many places in the United States have the name of Golden? Of Goshen? What does the hymn phrase "land of Goshen" mean? What is the population of Gopher, South Dakota?

6. On a printed outline of Europe or on one which you have drawn, locate the following peoples about the year 900 A.D.: Lombards, Swabians, Basques, Picts, Northmen, Angles, Saxons, Jutes.
7. Find the authors and titles of the poems beginning:
 - (a) "My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains"
 - (b) "Sing lullaby, as women do"
 - (c) "The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest"
 - (d) "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may"
 - (e) "Past ruin'd Ilion, Helen lives"
 - (f) "Cupid and my Campaspe play'd"
 - (g) "The chough and crow to roost are gone"
8. Find an account of insurance conditions in the United States last year.
9. What is the meaning of each of the following phrases?
 - (a) A fresh-water soldier
 - (b) *Deus ex machina*
 - (c) To dine with Duke Humphrey
 - (d) To sow with salt
10. Sketch a rough map indicating the famous travels of Marco Polo, 1271-1295.
11. Name the senators from Alabama, and the governor of Idaho. How many representatives in Congress has New York State? Illinois? Maine?
12. What are blue sky laws? Who were the Muckrakers?
13. What was Bartholomew Fair? Bartholomew's Eve? What is meant by a blue stocking? By Boy Bishop?
14. Who were Sophie Kovalevsky; Hugh Latimer; George Whitefield; Marcus Aurelius? Give the important events in the life of Amedeo, Comte de Quaregna; Avogadro.
15. Find the following Roman towns in England ca. 410 A.D.: Eboracum; Lindum; Camboricum; Glevum. Why, do you suppose, was Bacon given the title, Lord Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, by James I?
16. What was the Negro population of Georgia in 1850? 1940? Of Illinois for the same dates?
17. What two English writers bore the name of Samuel Butler? What is regarded as the principal work of each?
18. Locate: Vichy; Rangoon; Melbourne; Smyrna; two cities by the name of Barcelona.
19. Make a bibliography of the ten best readings on one of the following topics: Woodrow Wilson; St. Francis of Assisi; Federal Housing; Income Taxes.
20. Make a partial bibliography of the important articles that have appeared on mechanized warfare in the past three years.

B—SUGGESTED RESEARCH TOPICS FOR LONG THEMES:

1. The History of Lawn Tennis.
2. Elizabethan Sea Dogs.

3. The French Academy.
4. The "Scourge of God."
5. Northern Industry in the South.
6. The Negro in Modern Art.
7. The Dust Bowl.
8. The Development of American Opera.
9. Bimetallism.
10. Gothic Architecture.
11. The History of Printing.
12. Druids and Druidism.
13. Growth of Interest in the Popular Ballad.
14. Obituary "Poetry" in the Memorial Columns of the Newspapers.
15. Social Security.
16. William Clark's Contribution to the Development of the West.
17. The Story of the Gadsden Purchase.
18. William Howard Taft as Governor of the Philippine Islands.
19. Characteristics of Celtic Narrative Poetry.
20. The History of Cryptography.
21. The History of Alchemy.
22. Early Attempts at Flying.
23. The Sulfa- Group in Medicine.
24. The Trail of Moorish Architecture.
25. The Pre-Raphaelite Movement in England.

Chapter IV

PRESENTING THE MATERIAL

"True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance."—Pope: *Essay on Criticism*.

The fourfold problem in composition.

WHEN WE READ a magazine article that is beyond our understanding or not to our taste, we are quite likely to blame the author. We say that he does not know his subject, that he does not present it with clearness or skill, or that he is dull, flat, unentertaining. When, on the other hand, we read with a glow of pleasure and a feeling that we are understanding and enjoying the article thoroughly, we are just as likely to take unto ourselves all of the credit; we are intelligent, we bring to our reading so much information, we read with so much keenness and concentration that of course we understand and enjoy what we read. The truth is that in *all* writing the chief responsibility for clearness, accuracy, and force lies with the writer. He is "the party of the first part" in his tacit contract with the reader, and, although he cannot make sure, of course, that every reader will understand and enjoy what he writes, however well it may be written, his is the greater obligation, and he dare not ask any reader to tolerate or excuse his deficiencies and defects. It is essential, therefore, that every writer keep in mind not one but several considerations. Writing is, in fact, a fourfold process in which the writer has to consider not only himself, but also the reader, the occasion, and the material. To keep all of these essential elements in mind is not easy. It is especially difficult in the beginning, but it becomes easier with practice, and at length the experienced writer acquires something of the skill of a juggler who can keep four balls in the air at once without apparent effort or attention.

The writer.

One of the greatest gifts which a writer can possess is a practical knowledge of himself and of his abilities and limitations. It is true, of course, that a professional writer with a good "word-hoard" and the capacity for throwing facts and ideas lightly and entertainingly together can often seem to be thoroughly informed, whereas all he really has is the quality of glibness. Newspaper reporters frequently have to play at the game of omniscient oracles. A certain brilliant young Ameri-

*A personal
estimate*

can journalist in London spent the whole of an afternoon in pumping the curator of the mummy room in the British Museum. Then he wrote and sent to his paper a long article on mummies. The article was published as having come from "our archeological expert in Cairo" and was widely praised. Actually it was only skin-deep. The reporter was not an authority on mummies; he had had a three-hour exposure to certain facts about them. Ordinarily it is neither safe nor honest to pose as an authority, and the first limitation which an apprentice writer should recognize, therefore, is that of his own knowledge. He cannot write on a subject of which he knows nothing, and if he should attempt to do so, the results will be pathetic—a gaseous paper "without form and void." As will be pointed out in a later paragraph in this chapter, he can serve as a channel of information—just as the young reporter did. If he is dealing with facts and has access to a library or to an authority on the subject, he can play the reporter's game of collecting and organizing information. Many beginners think that this type of writing is all that they can do. Such a conception of their ability is an underestimate. There is no individual who is not himself an "authority" in a small way on some subject or other. Thus a writer who has been brought up in a seaport can tell an inlander of a prairie town as much about ships and cargoes as the inlander can tell him about grain-growing and marketing. No one, in other words, has been so cut off from the world that he has no facts and experiences which will be of interest to others. The writer will be safe if only he sticks within the limits of his knowledge.

If it is difficult for a writer to stay within the boundaries of his knowledge, it is even harder for him to understand the limitations of his own intellectual and spiritual qualities. And yet successful writing depends partly on the extent to which treatment and style accord with the writer's aptitudes. For example, nothing is sadder than the attempts to be funny of a man who is not a natural humorist. Many a toastmaster has been miscast in that rôle. Once a very serious high-school boy who had a local reputation for his quiet, keen analyses attempted to be "smart" in an after-dinner speech, because he felt that the occasion demanded cleverness. The results were painful to all, to him especially, for he realized long before his flat and ungraceful performance was over that he would have done much better to have maintained the mood which suited him. It would be wrong to suggest, of course, that a sense of humor is not a good quality to cultivate by use. On the other hand, the sophomoric smartness of the adolescent which leads him to burlesque and exaggeration in his treatment of every subject is a cheap and depressing attitude which disgusts oftener than it entertains. Such a writer may produce in his reader much the same emotion which a shallow and tactless jester created in the dignified Queen Victoria. "Her Majesty," said the queen icily, "fails

*Limitations of
temperament*

to be amused." It is much better for the writer to analyze his own make-up, and then not attempt to wander too far or too often beyond the pale of what he knows he can do best.

The reader.

Since writing is the art of communicating ideas, it necessarily requires a communicant or partaker of what has been written. The writer, therefore, must study not only his own limitations but those of his reader; otherwise he stands a good chance of failing to get his facts and ideas across the gap between the two minds. Every reader attempts to draw what he reads into the inner circle of his own knowledge and experience; it is the writer's obligation to meet his reader half way. Sometimes the circles of writer and reader do not overlap very far. A college teacher of English, for example, wandering by accident into a room in which some physicist was expounding the Einstein theory, would get from the lecturer words but not ideas. Conversely, the physicist would understand exceedingly little of the English scholar's exposition of the variations in the *A*, *B*, and *C* texts of *Piers Plowman*. Even when the subject matter and language are not technical, it is sometimes hard for the reader to "tune in." The writer, theoretically at least, knows much more about his subject than does his reader. For this reason he frequently puzzles his reader by failing to tell him enough, by assuming, that is, that his reader knows as much as he does. How easy it is to fall into this mistake, everybody knows. An Iowa farmer talking to a Wall Street banker may introduce details and phrases which the banker does not "get"; and, conversely, ideas and words which are a part of the daily experience of the banker may mean little or nothing to the farmer. The skillful speaker or writer will try, therefore, to analyze his listener or reader, so that he may meet him on familiar ground. George Herbert Palmer's advice to writers, "Remember the other person," is thoroughly sound.

Only a literary snob would try to puzzle his reader by an unwillingness to stoop to the communicant's understanding and temperament. Good writers are always generous and sympathetic in communicating their thoughts—not frozen and niggardly. Such a lecturer and writer was Thomas H. Huxley. He never spoke a line without keeping his *vis-à-vis* in mind. He could talk to a group of scientists in the language of biology; but he could also adapt his explanation of a technical subject to the understanding of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker, could make abstract ideas concrete, difficult ideas easy, and mellow his exposition with humor suited to their own taste. Fortunately, many modern writers have the same skill.

Adjustment to the reader means not only an avoidance of technical

The sympathetic adaptation to the reader

language but also a selection of material and a treatment to fit the reader's mood. A simple illustration will make this clear. Let us suppose that a group of freshmen have got themselves into difficulty by disorderly conduct in the vicinity of the college.

*Analyzing for
moods and
biases*

In dealing with the problems that have arisen out of this fracas, the harassed dean has to interview the police lieutenant, report the affair to the vice-chancellor, write a general letter to the parents of the students involved, and address the freshman class. His general material is the same in each case, but will an identical report for each person addressed be satisfactory? Not at all. The police will obviously have one point of view, the vice-chancellor another, the parents another, and the culprits themselves still another. The police will be concerned with inflicting punishment and with maintaining order in the streets; the vice-chancellor will be anxious about the good name of the college in the community; the parents will probably want the boys forgiven and may even be hostile to the college or city authorities; the boys themselves will naturally be on the defensive. In approaching the different groups, the dean will probably select for each certain details which he will temper with the appropriate mood. Thus he will write or speak successively as a delegate from the college, a subordinate administrator reporting to his chief, a friendly coöperator with parents, and an adviser of the boys.

The problems of adjustment of material and mood to an audience are not always so apparent as in the hypothetical illustration just given. It is usually easy to make a fairly accurate estimate, however, of the general intelligence and the attitudes of a group addressed. For example, the present chapter was written for college underclassmen, and some attempt has been made to keep a typical freshman group in mind during its composition. Similarly, an essayist preparing an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* audience will not use the approach suitable for typical readers of a "pulp" magazine. Even when the writer does not know a single individual in the group which he is addressing, he can still keep in mind the general intelligence of the group as a whole.

*Making an
estimate of
the reader
from the
group to
which he
belongs*

The undergraduate theme-writer sometimes feels himself cut off from any concern for his audience by the circumstance that his themes are not written for publication but solely to satisfy an artificial academic requirement. Nevertheless, the theme-writer really has a double audience to satisfy, the instructor who corrects the papers, and the members of the class who sometimes have to listen to them. Even if an undergraduate does not like to write, he is seldom so cold as to be totally indifferent to the opinion of his instructor. He knows, moreover, that since every teacher is moved by individual moods and attitudes, the same theme may please one instructor and fail to please another. The theme-writer is not merely shrewd, therefore, but wise, who studies his habitual reader and adjusts

*The instructor
as reader*

the writing to him. Such an adjustment is not just a matter of dodging the red pencil; it may spring from a perfectly honest and natural desire to fit the writing to the reader.

The members of the composition class may also be regarded as theme readers. Adjustment to them is not usually very difficult because they are of approximately the same age and intelligence as the writer and share his interests. A theme-writer can hardly do better, therefore, than keep them also in mind as he writes. If he does so, he will have a definite target at which to shoot his thoughts. One of the most valuable experiences which a theme-writer can have is to see his classmates fail to understand what he had been sure he had made perfectly clear. After a few such failures on their part to "tune in" on his ideas and moods, he will come to a realization of the difficulty of reaching the minds even of a group of which he is a member.

A very practical way in which to try out any piece of writing is to prevail upon some good-natured victim to listen to the reading of it. The exercise of reading one's own article aloud makes at once apparent certain defects which had not been perceived during the course of composition; and having a listener tends to objectify the writer's point of view and to draw him away from too close a contact with his own product. Or, within reasonable limits, a writer may serve as his own reader and critic. To do so he need only put his article aside for a while, and then read it "cold" after he has lost something of the heat and immediacy of its composition and can look upon his own work very much as a stranger might, that is, from the outside rather than from the inside.

The occasion.

One principle in writing which must be kept in mind—although not so important as the analysis of the reader—is the adaptation of the material and the style to the occasion for which the composition is being written. An illustration will make this clearer.

During the first world war a "pep" talker addressed a uniformed regiment of home guards, older men, and men with dependents who were unable to serve overseas but who were patriotically preparing to defend the country in the event of an invasion. Somehow or other the speaker had been led to believe that his audience were about to embark for the front. Accordingly he addressed them as he might have harangued soldiers about to go "over the top." Instead of impressing them with the seriousness of his subject, he amused them greatly, much to his own bewilderment. His material and his manner were all right in themselves, but they fitted neither the occasion nor the audience.

Timeliness in both choice and treatment of subject is highly important. A glance through the popular magazines of 1910, 1900, and 1890 will show

The test of timeliness that although certain general subjects—religion, education, social and domestic relationships, etc.—are always of human interest, nevertheless, current topics change like styles in dress. In 1938 the political importance of “appeasement” was of immediate interest; now it would not stir a ripple of interest. The writer, therefore, who is a few years, or sometimes even a few days, behind his times in choice and treatment of his subject, stands little chance of interesting his readers. A man writes for his contemporaries and perhaps for his descendants; he does not write for his grandfathers.

Fitness of subject and treatment is also a matter of geography. The New York boy is interested in traffic tunnels to relieve congestion in Manhattan, the Arizona boy in the projects to provide power for the Southwest, the Florida boy in insect pests that attack oranges. They have, to be sure, a common interest in national, international, and human affairs, but it is worth remembering that many subjects that would move an audience in one locality would leave another audience quite cold.

The writer, then, has the task of adjusting his subject matter and treatment to the time, the occasion, and sometimes the locality. A paper well-written and on a subject good in itself may yet be unsatisfactory because it does not fit.

The material.

The problems of gathering material by reading and by assembling it from observation or personal experience have been considered in Chapters II and III. We shall be concerned here, therefore, with selection and organization and organization, with the problem, that is, of planning the paper. Since the labor of putting ideas together in an order that is clear, emphatic, and in general effective varies in kind and in difficulty with the material being handled as well as with the form of discourse, the following paragraphs will contain only general suggestions; the principles of organization are presented in more detail in the chapters on the forms of discourse.

The general principles of organization of an article are not at all hard to learn. The difficulty in writing lies, indeed, not so much in theory as in practice. A boy who cannot swim may have read a dozen manuals on the subject and may be able to write a perfect examination paper on swimming. But when he falls out of a boat, he discovers that a tyro in practice is safer in the water than a pastmaster in theory. Similarly, perfection in writing comes not from memorizing a rhetoric but from repeated efforts to apply the principles which the rhetorician has induced from the practice of effective writers. Ability to write, in other words, is not acquired by an application of memory, as in studying a foreign language; it is acquired chiefly by the same method that makes a skillful chemist or fencer or tennis-player—

by repeated effort, that is, intelligently directed. Writing may become a habit, and when such a habit has been thoroughly fixed, the writer needs no guide to the principles of planning his paper; he will know readily what to include and what to reject and what order of parts is best. Writing is not easy, but the very difficulties pave the way for the reader. It should be remembered that "easy writing's curst hard reading."

Acquiring the ability to plan a paper readily and logically depends upon cultivating certain habits of mind without which good writing is impossible.

The psychological basis of organization

Indeed, all principles of organization are really psychological.

A writer who is habitually scatter-brained, who cannot keep his mind turned on one topic for any length of time, will obviously have trouble in writing a paper that has unity. Con-

versely, the possessor of a "single-track mind" will stick to his subject so closely as to appear narrow. Again, a writer with a scientific mind, who habitually classifies, coördinates, brings related items together and tickets them, is unlikely to write a disorderly paper; whereas a writer who is impressionistic rather than scientific will have little inclination to arrange the parts of his paper in a clean-cut manner, but will be satisfied if he secures an occasional emotional effect. The man, too, who has a fine sense of values and balance will almost instinctively stress those parts in his paper which he wishes to emphasize; whereas the writer who has no sense of light and shade in his thoughts, no perspective in his ideas, will probably have no correct proportion in his writing. Loose, sloppy thinking, in brief, makes loose, sloppy writing.

It might be remarked in passing that since good thinking is a necessary basis for good writing, any study which makes thought processes firmer, clearer, and more logical contributes to a certain extent to training in *composition*. Etymologically, *composition* is the art of *putting things together*, and it is hardly a paradox to say, therefore, that a man may be trained in habits of intelligent composition without taking a "course" in English writing. From this fact it will be observed that between a study of writing and other studies there is a basic and important relationship. This connection will be taken up again in Chapter V.

One habit which a maker of "compositions" must acquire is that of doing his thinking with his brains and not with his fountain pen. It is quite possible, indeed, to "write" a composition without setting pen to paper. The lazy habit of beginning to compose only after the chair cushion has been adjusted, the eyes properly shaded, and the pen filled and "in hand" is decidedly bad, because it is shallow. It is far better to compose in the brain and to take up the pen only when the mind is full and ready to be poured upon paper. It is true, of course, that the process of writing sometimes stimulates thought, the blank paper serving like a gazing-globe to draw out reflections. But writing is much sounder

The preliminary incubation of ideas

if it follows a fairly long period of incubation, during which the subject has been turned over and over in the mind and its parts marshaled into effective marching order. Most professional writers, in fact, are "composing" continually—at their desks, of course, but also on the street, in the subway or train, and even—subconsciously—in conversation with others. Their minds are forever gathering, assorting, expressing, like eager entomologists in a territory rich with insects. It is a very good practice to do your planning, therefore, before you write—not during the process.

Predetermining the limits of composition.

One of the hardest things for a writer to learn in his handling of material is that there is a relationship between his cloth and his garment, and that what goes into his composition depends largely not upon the amount of material which he has but upon the limitations placed upon his paper. Many practical considerations—such, for example, as the limits of time and space, the prescription of an editor or instructor, tradition, and the intelligence and training of his readers—tend to set a definite limitation upon the speaker or writer. It is true, of course, that beginners are sometimes alarmed because they feel that they "cannot possibly write five hundred words on that subject." A good bishop once remarked that for his first theme he chose the subject of "The World and All It Contains" for fear that he would "run out of soap." Plenty of amateur writers select subjects almost as broad and for the same reason. But we have seen in an earlier paragraph in this chapter that nobody has any business to speak or write on a subject of which he is ignorant. He should be so filled with his subject, indeed, that planning will be a matter of cutting and rejecting rather than of straining to reach a required length. This selection of some items and the rejection of others is one of the hardest things for a speaker or writer to do. It is so hard, in fact, that at meetings of learned societies it has become necessary not only to limit the readers of papers to fifteen or twenty minutes but to empower the presiding officer to stop them short if they exceed their limit. And nine out of ten tend to do so. They are so filled with their subject that every detail seems important, and to reject any part is like cutting off an arm or a leg. Nevertheless, such cuts are a necessary part of writing, for no writer can run on endlessly. The student writer need feel no pride whatever, therefore, in submitting a two-thousand-word theme when the instructor has prescribed one of five hundred words. Such running beyond his limit is often pure laziness; it indicates, paradoxical as it may seem, that insufficient thought has been devoted to the task of selection and compression.

In deciding how much of a subject to include in a given paper, the writer will do well to keep the following principle in mind: It is much better to

*The tactical
advantage of
stressing few
points*

develop a small portion of the subject adequately and effectively than to sketch a great many "points" for the development of which there is no room. A skillful debater knows that if he is sharply limited in time, he will do better to select two or three moot points and drive these home to the conviction of his judges than to present—like a rank amateur—a dozen or more arguments that he has time only to mention. A five-hundred-word theme which presents, clearly and thoroughly, a single point is better than a paper of the same length which merely mentions a dozen; the first paper is a development, the second is only a list.

Sticking to one's subject is, in part at least, a matter of keeping within confines which bear a definite relationship to the predetermined length of the paper. Every subject is, of course, a part of a larger subject which is capable of almost endless division and subdivision.

*Limiting by
narrowing the
subject*

A high-school freshman making his first choice of a topic is prone—like the bishop mentioned above—to select "Truth" or "Ambition" or "Heroism" or some such glitteringly general subject upon which he can vaporize without really saying anything worth-while. Now "Truth" is a real subject and a fundamentally interesting one, but only King Solomon, Francis Bacon, Ralph Waldo Emerson, or some other sage can safely write upon it in the abstract. What the student writer may do, however, is to write on some aspect of the topic with which he has an immediate acquaintance, such, for example, as cheating in examinations. Dealing with such a phase of the general subject, the writer gets into the realm of personal observation and opinion, and can really say something. Incidentally, too, he is well within the circle of his readers' interests; they are bored and disgusted with generalities but respond readily and keenly to ideas upon which they have opinions. Out of this same general subject of "Truth" may be carved dozens of interesting topics all well within the limits of a short theme. For example, one student writer clips from a New York paper the following advertisement:

LADIES: Why worry about that club paper? Let Patricia Dix write it for you. Rates reasonable.

In his theme he makes some thought-provoking comparisons between plagiarism in college and out. His mother, he says, would not be expelled from the Women's Club for engaging the services of Miss Dix. This advertisement suggests several more topics. For example, does a newspaper promote respect for truth when it announces on its editorial page that its policy is to protect its readers against misrepresentation, and publishes at the same time such advertisements as that of Patricia Dix or obviously untrue testimonials for various brands of cigarettes? Again, is an instructor justi-

fied in punishing a student for plagiarizing in a paper on Shakespeare's "thefts" from Plutarch and Holinshed?

The preceding illustrations were not designed to suggest that all theme topics should be on ethical subjects. The object was to demonstrate that a definitely limited, concrete subject lying within the range, knowledge, and experience of the writer and arousing in others thought and a desire to express an opinion is much to be preferred to a vague, general topic which cannot be treated adequately within any reasonable limit or by any writer who is not a ripened seer. The illustrations were meant to show also how a general topic may be reduced to proper proportions for treatment in a short paper. The habit of seeing composition subjects in definite rather than in general terms, in intensive rather than in extensive proportions, is the true basis of selection and limitation in writing.

Unity.

Sticking to the subject produces in the finished paper that quality which rhetoricians call unity of the whole composition. A paper that possesses unity is one composed by a writer who has not allowed himself to ramble off into side-topics with which he is not immediately concerned. When a writer is too indolent to watch his course sharply, he may fall repeatedly into this error; the result is a rambling, loosely-knit composition. To prevent such rambling every item admitted to the paper should be challenged sharply. How easy it is to side-step from the topic, an illustration will show.

Let us suppose that a college freshman is writing a short paper on the following proposition: *Cheating in examinations was a common practice in my high school.* In the course of his development of this topic he is quite likely to give many instances of this type of dishonesty. One boy in particular seldom missed an opportunity to copy from his classmates or from a prepared "crib." Such dishonesty, the writer remarks, is almost certain to bring an ultimate penalty. The dishonest boy was graduated from high school and took a position in a bank. Here he was guilty of a petty theft and is now in a reformatory. The story of what happened to the dishonest boy after he left high school, or, for that matter, even before he left high school, may be interesting, but it has nothing immediately to do with the proposition, *Cheating in examinations was a common practice in my high school.* If, therefore, the writer admits the story, he will destroy the unity of his composition at that point.

The illustration shows another tendency that results in lack of unity. It is comparatively seldom that a writer is so scatter-brained as to break away from his subject entirely. A student-writer who is telling about cheating in examinations is not likely to break over into a description of the school cafeteria. The real danger will be that he may slip out of his particular sector of the general subject into a sector

*Violations
of unity*

which is related but with which he is not immediately concerned. Cheating in school examinations, small peculations in a bank, and embezzlement are all forms of dishonesty, but in a short paper on one form, any treatment of the others must be excluded if the paper is to be compressed and unified.

There are numerous other ways in which the unity of a paper may be destroyed. A formal introduction may contain material not really related to the subject. A conclusion brought in merely for a flourish may do the same thing. A story introduced for its own sake may contribute absolutely nothing to the subject. Most of the "that reminds me" anecdotes of the typical after-dinner speaker are about as closely related to the core of his topic as the incidental song and dance numbers of the old "ten-twenty-thirt" used to be to the plot of the melodrama. The best rule for the use of the funny story is the briefest: Omit it if it has no obvious point that is closely related to the subject.

Arranging the material.

Arranging the parts of a paper in an effective order should not be difficult if the writer has first decided upon the approximate length and also upon what aspects of his subject he intends to develop. Moreover, *The working plan* if the topic has been mentally incubated, it is probable that he will have some plan in mind before he begins to write. He should certainly not write even a short paper without having previously decided upon his major divisions at least. However, although it may be heresy to say so, it is probable that few professional writers make as elaborate preliminary charts of their papers as the rhetoricians would have us believe are essential. Moreover, absolute adherence to a formal outline while composition is in progress indicates a lack of thinking and a want of invention. Of course a very long paper had better be well charted out; the outline of a short paper may consist, however, of a few jotted topics, or may even be carried in the head. After all, the working outline itself is of no interest to the reader; it bears the same relationship to the finished paper that an architect's blue-print does to a completed building. Its service to the writer is largely that of a memorandum; it helps him to remember the sections into which he has divided his material and insures his covering all of his "points." Without a mental or written outline he may omit an important section or may even repeat facts or ideas.

Just how should the material be divided? The organization depends entirely upon the content, type, and purpose of the composition. No formula can be prescribed. In an explanation of a process the order will probably be chronological. In explanations of ideas the arrangement may be by cause and effect, or simply by "points" arranged in order of importance or according to some logical relationship. Many papers of the essay type fall into what may be called the

Major divisions in the plan

panacea form: (1) diagnosis, (2) prescription, (3) prognosis; or, (1) what's wrong? (2) the proposed cure, (3) prospects of recovery. But the variations are so numerous that the best way to study outlines is not to seek a formula but to analyze the structure of specimens. The anatomy of compositions, like that of vertebrates, is learned best by dissection.

Whatever his plan may be, the writer owes to the reader an obligation to make the structure of the paper clear. This is done by the mechanical

*Achieving the
sense of prog-
ress in compo-
sition*

device of paragraphing, discussed in Chapter VI. In recent years, too, the major divisions of a paper are sometimes numbered with Roman numerals, as may be seen from an examination of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, and other magazines, or are ticketed with division subtitles or marginal guides such as are used in this textbook. All of these devices rest the eye and mind of the reader like guideposts on a long road. The writer should not, however, depend upon such devices entirely. After all, they do not divide the paper; they merely indicate the divisions that the writer has made. Their service to the reader will be greatly increased, therefore, if the writer follows the plan of announcing in the body of the text just what is to appear next and just how the new section is related to what has gone before. Thus whenever the writer shifts into a new division or a new paragraph, he announces in some phrase or sentence what the new subtopic is to be, and, with these helps and the mechanical guides to assist him, the reader is never lost on his journey through the paper. Such connecting links between sections need not be given baldly; with care and practice they may be slipped smoothly into the more important elements so that the reader gets the information which they convey without at the same time being aware that he is deliberately guided through the maze of the writer's ideas. An analysis of any well-written article will show a skillful and unobtrusive use of what Carlyle has called these necessary "hooks and eyes of style." Their function is humble, but without them the divisions would tend to fall apart like a freight-train without coupling-pins.

An article which has been thus carefully planned and in which the parts have been skillfully woven together so that the reader is never puzzled over

*Coherence the
result of
planning*

the relationship of the ideas is said by rhetoricians to possess *coherence*. Coherence is that clearness which results from the proper assemblage of the various elements of the composition. It is, of course, an absolutely essential quality in good writing, for without it there can be no clear transference of thought from writer to reader.

Proportioning the material.

The element of *proportion* in composition is a quality which is sufficiently defined by its name. Briefly, it demands that the development given each

division be in agreement with the relative importance of the division. That is, a relatively insignificant idea, if included at all, should not be given the space and emphasis accorded an important one. Proportion is the principle of shading, of securing perspective in writing. Where no attention has been paid to the relative values of ideas, the reader has no way of telling what points are important and what are relatively unimportant, and the result is an incorrect evaluation of the different parts of the paper.

Beginning the composition.

The Germans have a proverb which may be correctly applied to composition writing. "*Aller Anfang*," they say, "*ist schwer*"—"every beginning is hard." Amateur writers especially seem to have trouble in swinging easily and naturally into their composition; as a result, the beginning, which should be the most attractive, is often the least attractive of the whole. It is stiff, wooden, and perfunctory; often as a beginning it does not *begin* the discussion, nor as an introduction *introduce* it. It fails utterly to entice the reader to read on. Because of the importance of the beginning and the difficulties which it presents, a few paragraphs devoted especially to it should not be wasted.

Part of the difficulty of a beginning arises no doubt from the circumstance that it *is* a beginning. That is, it has to carry the weight of the writer's moment of mental inertia. A human mind, like a gas engine *The danger of a cold start* on a cold day, has to run a little before it gets warmed up to its task. For this reason the beginning is frequently cold; it shows the writer's heavy efforts to "get going"; once he is really off, his writing moves smoothly and freely. One way to correct the stiffness of a cold start is not to begin to write until the brain has been warmed by very considerable thinking about the topic. "Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon. Thinking prepares him for overflowing into expression. The beginning of a composition too frequently represents those moments before the writer is really ready to say anything.

Another cause for poor beginnings is undoubtedly the fact that most beginners write compositions according to the time-worn formula: I. Introduction; II. Body; III. Conclusion. There is really nothing *Deadly formulas to avoid* wrong with this formula excepting that it *is* a formula, and formulas have no place in composition. Too many student-writers regard the body as the only essential part of the composition. The introduction and the conclusion they add because the rhetoric and the teacher demand them, but they feel that these parts of the theme bear much the same relationship to the body that the formal salutation and valedictory do to the speech of a high-school debater. The best cure for this incorrect attitude is to supplant it with a realization that the first part of a compo-

sition is just as much a part of the whole as is any other section; it is an integral part, in fact, and should not be regarded as a mere flourish.

Formulas are as dangerous in beginnings as they are elsewhere in compositions. In deciding upon the best opening for a composition, the safest plan, therefore, is to consider the reader's position. It is *his* beginning as well as the writer's. If the subject, as indicated by the title, is absolutely new to the reader, he is a passenger; he simply climbs aboard the writer's mind and rides. Usually, however, the reader brings to his reading some information or conception of his own on the subject and is thinking and perhaps objecting before he is more than a sentence deep in the reading. Here the problem of an opening will be different from that for the first type of reader, and harder. The writer will not wish to antagonize his reader at the start; therefore he is likely to begin with the other's point of view, especially if that is the generally accepted one.

It stands to reason, moreover, that a reader should not be allowed to wander in the fog at the beginning of his reading before he is enlightened as to the writer's subject, plan, and purpose. This information need not be given in any stiff manner: "My subject is . . ."; "in the course of my paper I hope to show you that . . ."; "it is my purpose to demonstrate . . ." Machinery, machinery! Clear, to be sure, but dead and cold. What reader but a logician or a chess player cares for such an opening?

Narrative beginnings have the great advantage of being easy, informal, and—usually—entertaining. If they embody a personal experience of the writer's or report something that he has himself seen, they are less likely to be perfunctory than if they are conventional anecdotes. In any case they should really introduce the subject by having some genuine connection with it. An illustration that fails to illustrate or a story that is not part of the subject has no right to exist even at the beginning of a paper. Sometimes the trick of using the illustration of a major point and then giving the point ("This episode reveals, etc.") is effective. The reader cannot tell at once what expository "point" is to come, but if the suspense in the narrated episode is well maintained, and the climax is sharp, such a "lead-in" will be genuinely good.

Almost certainly the opening should be striking. It may refer to some bit of news with which the reader is familiar and so lead on to the discussion—editorial style. It may announce a startling or unusual opinion or contain some striking idea or phrase. "This is a damned hot day," said the venerable Henry Ward Beecher one Sunday as he began his sermon. His Brooklyn audience jumped in their seats, and even the most sluggish came to attention. "This bit of profanity," continued the preacher, "I heard as I came to church this morning,

and I shall preach to you on the uselessness of it." Mr. Beecher used a speaker's trick to catch the initial attention of his audience; writers do not often need to resort to such a device. It illustrates, nevertheless, the advantages of getting hold of the reader at the beginning.

In beginning your composition, then, avoid formulas. Remember the position of the reader; it is his beginning, too. Meet him on his own ground if possible; do not keep him in a fog on your subject and purpose; make it easy for him to believe from the introduction that the rest of the paper will not be too dull to repay reading.

Preparing the manuscript.

Burns wrote his early poems on scraps of paper; Scott scribbled his novels at top-speed and threw the completed sheets on his study-floor; Tennyson's manuscripts in the British Museum are criss-crossed with corrections; when Darwin voyaged in *The Beagle* and Huxley in *The Rattlesnake*, they carried no portable typewriters. Great literature has often been produced by men who could not spell or punctuate or even write legibly. Nevertheless the vagaries and the handicaps of genius do not justify you and me in being slovenly and careless in the mechanical preparation of our manuscripts. Indeed, as every university teacher can testify, clean, carefully prepared manuscript, conscientious effort, and an orderly mind usually go together. Show me a sloppy manuscript, and although I am no handwriting expert, I can show you a sloppy thinker. The mechanical preparation of the manuscript has not, to be sure, any direct or inevitable connection with the thought processes which lie behind the work. Nevertheless, it is a part of the writer's obligation to his reader, and in college writing has a very important bearing on the instructor's opinion of the student's ability and conscientiousness. In professional writing, too, it is of such importance that most publishers issue "style sheets" or "guides to authors in the preparation of manuscripts," in order to cut down the annoyance, loss of time, and heavy expense that always result from ill-prepared manuscripts. The introduction into this chapter, therefore, of a few paragraphs on the mechanics of the manuscript is entirely justifiable. Only the general suggestions will be given; questions of spelling, punctuation, and correct usage belong to the mechanics of writing rather than to the actual preparation of what publishers call the "script."

In the days of the American Civil War, boys and girls were trained to write graceful, flowing, and legible "hands." Those days have gone, and now in writing we sacrifice grace and legibility to speed and convenience. As a result few can write well. Since instructors and publishers are not interested in handwriting for its own sake but solely in the legibility of the "script," it is far better to typewrite than to write in longhand. This advice is not unreasonable. Even if a

*Legibility
next to
godliness*

student has never had a "course" in typewriting, the art of operating one of these simple and convenient machines at a speed far beyond that of handwriting is very easy to acquire. The machines are accessible in almost every community, and can be bought for a few dollars. "Typescript," as it is called, is vastly superior to manuscript; not only is it more legible, but an error which would be overlooked in handwriting sticks out like a sore thumb in typewritten copy. The best advice to a writer is, therefore: typewrite your final copy.

The paper should be of good quality, clean white bond, heavy enough to stand erasures and rough handling. It should be of letter size, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 11$, and all sheets should be uniform. Submitting a script on "second" sheets or on cheap notebook paper of various sizes is an affront to the reader; such a script in a publisher's office is greeted with anything but enthusiasm.

Practical

hints:

(1) *Paper*

Typewriting and handwriting should be done, of course, on only one side of the sheet. The work should not be cramped; good spacing in a (2) *The script* manuscript and double-spacing in a typescript should be the invariable practice, with ample, carefully evened margins to the left.

The title should head the first page. Note that it is never followed by a period, but that it may be followed by a question mark or an exclamation point if the sense demands one or the other. Some writers repeat the title at the top of each sheet just before the page number; this practice helps greatly in assembling the pages of a long article, especially where other scripts are being handled. The pages should be carefully numbered in Arabic numerals, preferably in the upper right-hand corner or at the bottom if the top edges are bound. Failure to indicate the position of a page in a series often results in considerable confusion and loss of time in trying to replace it after it has slipped out.

Care and neatness in preparing the manuscript are qualities more important than writers sometimes realize. In writing for publication, a slovenly manuscript is an expensive manuscript—expensive to the publisher, who has to pay to have the work gone over for press, and expensive to the writer, who is charged with "author's corrections" of errors that appeared in the copy submitted. The papers of student-writers are not often offered for publication. Nevertheless, college instructors are usually fastidious persons, and it stands to reason that, other things being equal, the physically attractive paper will get—and deserve—a higher grade than the physically unattractive one. This is true of typed as well as of handwritten scripts. Clean type with the a's, e's, and o's making clear impressions on the paper, good alignment, even left-hand margins, freedom from erasures and typed-over words and letters give an impression of careful work. Fortunately it is as easy to be clean and careful as to be dirty

*Appearance of
MS important*

and careless. Painstaking work, like Poor Richard's honesty, is, after all, the best policy.

Submitting the MS.

Professional manuscript is usually submitted flat and unfolded in a binder or in an envelope slightly larger than the paper. The short article may be submitted in an ordinary long envelope folded twice, one-third from the bottom and one-third from the top. The title and the author's name are usually carried on a separate title page. Student papers are endorsed and folded under the direction of the instructor or in accordance with a departmental prescription. Where there are no special requirements, the paper may be prepared as though it were to be submitted to a publisher. One practice the writer should invariably follow: he should never turn in his paper without keeping a carbon copy, or in a hand-written script, his rough draft. More than one writer has lost his labor because of his failure to observe this simple precaution. Literary eggs, like hen's eggs, should not be entrusted to a single basket.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is the fourfold problem in composition?
2. Explain the importance of the writer's self-analysis.
3. How should the writer analyze his audience?
4. Illustrate the problem of adjusting to the reader, the content, the style, and the mood of an article.
5. How may a student writer "try out" his theme on a listener? What are the advantages of this process?
6. What is meant by "the test of timeliness?"
7. Why is easy writing "curst hard reading"?
8. Explain the process of "incubating ideas."
9. On what principles are the limitations of a theme determined?
10. What is unity of the whole composition and how is it sometimes violated?
11. Explain the various processes of organizing an exposition.
12. How is the plan revealed to the reader?
13. Define the meaning of *proportion*.
14. Indicate some of the practices that lead to a good manuscript.

Round Table

1. Discuss what your difficulties would be in treating the work of one of the following persons: (a) Einstein, (b) Freud, (c) Havelock Ellis, (d) Jacob Epstein, (e) Shaw, (f) Oswald Spengler.

2. Discuss your temperamental unfitness to treat one of the following topics, and give your reasons: (a) vivisection, (b) the care of infants, (c) the evolution of the valve-in-head motor, (d) parent-teachers' associations, (e) waste products in the tanning industry, (f) syncopation, (g) women's clubs, (h) capital punishment.
3. Indicate by numbering, the direct order in which you believe that the following topics would interest your classmates in the composition course: (a) Demonology, (b) Joe Di Maggio's Influence on Baseball Salaries, (c) "Mannish" Characteristics of Famous Women, (d) Campus Twilight, (e) Curious Uses of Röntgen Rays, (f) Ways to Make Money in College, (g) Famous American College Presidents, (h) National Sororities, (i) Betting at College Games.
4. Indicate which of the following topics are of interest to the general public and which to specialists: (a) "Humanism"—A Religion Without a God, (b) The Bucket-Shop, (c) How the International Bank Worked, (d) Achievements of S. Parker Gilbert, (e) The Off-Tackle Buck, (f) The Invention of the Electric Light, (g) Goethe's Debt to Rousseau, (h) The Constituents of the Atmosphere, (i) Labor Problems among the Welsh Miners, (j) Michaelson's Experiments with Light.
5. Discuss the appropriateness of the following compositions in conjunction with the indicated occasion on which they were presented:
 (a) A student theme on "The Unfairness of the Grading System," submitted the second week after the midterm examinations. (b) An editorial in a student daily attacking cribbing the day following the expulsion of a popular athlete for that offense. (c) An article in a student paper on the rough tactics reported to have been employed by an opposing team on the day of the home game with that team. (d) A student theme deriding Tennyson submitted at the end of a course on the Victorian poets. (e) A letter of protest on the subject of the requirements for the bachelor's degree mailed to the dean a week after the student graduated.
6. From the files of a popular magazine of "the nineties" make a list of ten essay subjects which were apparently popular then but which are out of date now. Make another list from the magazine files of ten topics which in your opinion are of perpetual interest.
7. Select from the essays in a current magazine three which have the "panacea" form of organization. Has the "prognosis" been omitted in any of these essays?

Paper Work

- ✓ 1. Write an account of one of your typical college days for each of the following readers: (a) As a letter to your father, who is an alumnus of your college, (b) As a letter to your brother, who is a sophomore in a city high school, (c) As a letter to a girl cousin in a foreign country which you will specify, (d) As a letter to a banker from whom you hope to secure an appointment after graduation, (e) As a theme assignment for a woman teacher of English.

2. Study the technique of a lecturer who "shoots over the heads" of his class; write a report on his errors of adjustment, and make some suggestions for improving his class-room relations with his students. Make a similar study of a lecturer who "talks down" to his class.
3. Assume that you have got yourself into a college scrape. Write a report of the affair and of your part in it to each of the following persons: (*a*) To your dean, (*b*) To a freshman friend in another college, (*c*) To your mother.
4. Make topical outlines of three essays from current magazines that do not follow the "panacea" form of arrangement.
5. Analyze a current essay carefully for "the hooks and eyes of style." Are these effective? Have they been unobtrusively introduced?
6. Having outlined an essay to reveal its major divisions, decide the relative importance of each division. Then test the quality of the proportion in the essay by counting the number of lines given to each division. Do space and relative importance correspond? If not, is the proportion bad, or have you erred in your estimate of the comparative value of the different divisions?
7. By an examination of current magazines, find six different types of beginnings: anecdote, direct expository statement, dialogue, statement of conventional belief, etc. Write a comment on these in which you describe the method used in each case and report your estimate of the relative effectiveness of the types.

Chapter V

WRITING FOR OTHER COURSES

"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."
—Bacon: *Of Studies*.

English and other college subjects.

ONE OF THE strangest of undergraduate phenomena is the circumstance that students can do reasonably good work for a year in their course in English composition and yet write so wretchedly in their June examinations in other subjects that their English instructors are accused of having given them no training whatsoever. Even stranger is the fact that the majority of students exhibit in course papers and examinations throughout their college careers very little evidence of their having had any contact with theme-writing. For this state of affairs the English department is ordinarily blamed. It is true that a department that permits slovenly writing may confirm habits of carelessness which it should endeavor to correct. Nevertheless, it should not be forgotten that the English department has a colossal task. No student *unlearns* outside of the class hour and the periods devoted to preparing for recitations what his biology, his French, or his history instructors have given him. With English composition, however, the situation is different. In the whole of his waking hours outside of the English class, the student may be breaking down what he has learned there. For one error which the English instructor has caught and corrected, the student may make a hundred which his teacher knows nothing about. At home, on the campus, in the street, in other classes, the student uses English continually. His composition course is but a very small part of the training in English which he is getting. In no other subject is his will to learn so essential; in none is self-help and self-improvement more possible. Every word which he speaks, every line which he writes can be made a contribution to his training in English. He does not go through the day speaking and writing biology, or history, or French; he is, however, constantly using his English. It is, therefore, actually true that he can do much more for himself in acquiring a command of English than any English instructor, however painstaking, can do for him in the few hours of instruction in class and conference.

In college work speaking and writing are the only means by which in most subjects the student can demonstrate his attainments. The course

Training primarily for skill

in English composition occupies, therefore, a unique position in relation to other courses. Its object, briefly, is to provide the student with a tool which he can use throughout the whole of his college career. The instructor in English composition is not concerned primarily with imparting facts; a student may memorize a rhetoric and still write badly. The English instructor aims to give the student ability, skill, and power; the course is distinctly a training course, not a memory course. If the student persists in thinking of it as a "fact" course, he will get little out of it; if he comes to regard it, on the other hand, as a course that can give an acquired and highly valuable "skill," he will perceive the importance of its relationship to all other courses in which the ability to speak and write are required of him. Just how his acquirements in English composition may be applied to other courses, it is the purpose of the present chapter to show. Such a demonstration will necessarily include comments on preparing papers in various fields, on writing examinations, on translating—in short, on writing in its immediate application to college work.

All college papers are "themes"

A psychological difficulty at the root of the student's failure to relate his training in English to his writing in other courses is his natural feeling that, whereas a "theme" for a course in English composition is an exercise in writing, a "term paper" in history, let us say, has to do only with history and not at all with English. The tradition that "themes" are English but that other papers are not is hard to banish. Not long ago a college girl, a senior who was seeking a teaching certificate in English, wrote so badly in a paper for a course in Victorian prose that the department refused to certify her. At this refusal she was highly indignant. "My paper on Carlyle," she protested, "is a *literature* paper; it has nothing to do with *English*." To her, *English* meant composition; she had completed her *English* in her freshman year along with her freshman "gym," and she had a right, therefore, to immunity from any requirements of form and correctness in what she wrote subsequently in other courses.

The immediate value of skill in expression

Our young lady was wrong. Good writing is not something that can be had—like the whooping-cough—and "got through with." Learning to write is a continual performance. Special attention is given to it, to be sure, in the English composition course, but a philosophy examination in the junior year and a history paper in the senior year are exercises in English, whether the writer chooses to think so or not. Moreover, every examination that involves extended writing is an examination in English, whatever the specific subject matter may be. In correcting the examination book the instructor may be concerned with the student's display of his knowledge of history, economics, or some other subject. Nevertheless, that knowledge cannot be

well exhibited without an application of those principles of clear and careful writing which are the subject of the freshman English course; the student, therefore, is being examined in the application of English. It is undoubtedly true of students—as it is, indeed, of instructors—that great knowledge and little ability in speaking and writing are not so valuable a combination of qualities as less knowledge and a high degree of skill in presenting facts and ideas. “I know lots more than my roommate,” complains the student, “but he got a higher grade on the examination than I did.” Of course he did if he was better able to make his knowledge clear to the instructor. Instructors must have plain evidence of ability; they can hardly be expected to grade potential knowledge which cannot be given articulate expression. The student who can make a good counter display of what he knows gets and deserves to get a higher reward than he who keeps his intellectual stock on the dark and dusty shelves of his brain. Making a good counter display is not at all equivalent to “bluffing”; what is not in stock cannot be shown. If to his knowledge of the subject, therefore, the student adds the ability to assemble and display his facts and ideas quickly and easily, he is a better student than he who cannot give out what he has acquired. The attitude of regarding all writing as a challenge to the power of transferring thought is the correct attitude to assume toward college work.

The report and the term paper.

Not all the themes, as has been said, are written for English composition instructors. In many types of courses students are required to write reports and term papers. The requirements for these vary so greatly that it is difficult to reduce them to any common denominators. They may be divided roughly, however, into two major groups: first, those in which the student acts as a reporter, a digester, or a conveyor of information and opinion; and second, those in which he is expected to display his own ideas and originality. For obvious reasons the second type of paper is the harder, for it requires independent thinking. Many student-writers, while pretending to be original, are really riding easily on the printed words of others. Truly original work is the rarest phenomenon in college. “Where can I get a book on the subject?” is a painfully familiar question, and the shears and the paste-pot are badly overworked.

To the first type of paper belong the reading report, or book digest, and the *précis*, or summary. In these papers the writer makes no pretense to originality; he is merely showing that he has done certain reading carefully and intelligently. But there is a technique even in such simple reports. To begin with, intelligence in reading is the ability to read “with one’s feelers out” so that the genuine substance of the printed page is digested. Not all parts of a book or article

*Scale and
emphasis in
the digest*

are of equal significance; mountain-peaks of thought stand above plains and valleys of "fillers." A true digest, therefore, will not be padded with unessential quotations or thinned out with the "fillers"; it will present only the essential and the significant. How readily a long article may be stripped down to a fifth of its length without any sacrifice of the real meat in it may be seen by comparing a typical magazine essay with the summary of it in *The Reader's Digest*, where the essential thought has been carefully retained. Such a summary must be made to scale. That is, an idea which occupies one-fourth of the original article must not be reduced to one-tenth or increased to one-half in the digest; if this is done, the relative proportion will be destroyed. Another error in summarizing is that of quoting at too great length from the original article. This practice is usually prompted by pure laziness, for it is much easier to copy than to summarize thought in a compact sentence or two. The result, however, is not a digest but a patchy nondescript of excerpts.

Papers belonging to the second group are, of course, much more difficult to write. Their variety is very great. Some are practically research or study reports on topics which cannot be treated with any great amount of originality; such papers are made up of articulated facts and the critical opinions of authorities. Sometimes the student-writer of such papers is expected to express a critical judgment of his own; sometimes he is like a mechanic assembling a machine by taking the necessary parts and putting each into its proper position. Other papers are designed to give the student-writer an opportunity to think for himself, usually after a certain amount of work with "sources." The preparation of such papers demands industry and independence, *research* and not merely *search*, analysis, and articulation of facts and ideas; it is the nearest approach to scholarly work which the undergraduate is called upon to do. To give in this chapter a complete set of suggestions for preparing and writing papers of either the more or the less original sort would be to repeat much that has been said in earlier chapters, for a paper in history, government, or literature is only a "theme" for a definite purpose. It will be enough, therefore, to give here only a few special suggestions.

Preparing a research report is largely a matter of selecting the appropriate material in the first place, and then writing it up so as to give proper clearness and emphasis to the facts or ideas to be presented. The first process is a winnowing one; it consists of separating the grain from the chaff. The writer must first get the books dealing with the general field of the subject, and then cull out the parts which deal especially with the problem in hand. A mistake which student-writers frequently make is in an indiscriminating choice of authorities. They would not think of going to "just a doctor" for special treatment, but they will, on the other hand, assume without question the correctness of every fact

or opinion which they find in print. As a result students' papers are often curious patchworks of real and false authorities. The best rule is: Use only the recognized authorities, and don't trust every statement you find printed.

Another bad habit, already referred to in an earlier paragraph, is that of padding out the paper with too many quotations. Assembling the raw material in a notebook or on cards is only one stage of the process. To take this stuff and stick it together with thin verbal adhesives does not produce a coherent, carefully articulated paper, although it does save time and thinking. "The term paper," says the instructor, "shall be three thousand words in length." "Quotations," thinks the student, "certainly do fill up space." So he quotes and quotes—sometimes quite at random, the pages fill rapidly, and the task is soon done. His final step is to count the words (for the instructor must not have more than his due), and to place the number at the foot of each page in phantom pencil marks which the instructor is not supposed to see. Such a student-writer needs to quote less and to think more. Let him forget how long the paper is to be, once he has made a reasonably accurate plan for it, and buckle down to careful study and resynthesis of his raw material, quoting only what is significant in illustration of his findings.

The so-called "original" paper is the hardest of all to write. We all tend to spend our lives in quotation marks, for it is much easier to have others think for us than to do it for ourselves. "Which of these iligant perfessers," Mr. Dooley has a father say to his matriculating son, "do you selict to do yer thinkin' fer you?" Alas, much of the thinking of the "iligant perfessers" is only at second-hand. They, like their students, find it easier to quote than to create. Nevertheless, when they instruct a student to "use only sources," they do not want his paper to be a patchwork of scraps from secondary reading. The work of authorities may be more pleasingly written and easier to read than the source materials, but the instructor wants none of it. He wants the student to be able honestly to say of his paper, as Touchstone did of Audrey when he presented his corn-fed sweetheart to the Duke, "An ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own." The instructor is particularly eager not to have other men's work presented as that of the student. Seldom is a reader of student papers fooled by such a practice. When a student with a "C" brain submits as his own work an "A double-plus" essay that sparkles with imagery, apt phrasing, high thinking, and vigorous expression, the reader's heart sinks; the paper is original—but not with the student who submitted it. The worst of such a process is that the copyist cheats himself; he has paid for good training under expert direction and has got from his academic forgery nothing but an exercise in penmanship, a seared conscience—and perhaps a long vacation.

*Tricks to
catch the
old one*

*Nothing
worth so much
as originality*

The assignment of an "original" topic usually produces in the student a feeling of vacuum. If he can "read up," he has something to work on; if he cannot, he feels like a man lost in a fog. He has been asked to make something out of nothing, to make bricks without straw. He gasps like a fish out of water. Where shall he begin? Actually his situation is not so desperate as it seems. The most that the instructor can expect of him is that he will quarry certain facts and ideas out of the source material. Obviously, therefore, the thing to do is to read carefully, with notebook in hand, and gradually build up a set of ideas, theories, and conclusions based on the reading. These, with enough quotations and citations to establish them, should form the bulk of the finished paper. Let us suppose, for example, that the student has been required to prepare a paper on "Wordsworth's Ideas on Nature" based entirely on a study of the poet's own work. The only thing to do is to read Wordsworth and to cull from his autobiographical and other poems all significant expressions of his understanding of nature and of his faith in the power of nature to mold the spirit of man. The investigator will discover that certain fundamental ideas are repeated over and over; these he will assemble and present, with supporting quotations, as Wordsworth's creed. Such a piece of work would be original in only one sense of the word, but that a true sense; no instructor will expect a student to discover a great truth that will be accepted by posterity as a guide to living.

One of the most serious errors in the preparation of course papers, original or otherwise, is that of slipping into the easy ruts of conventional formulas.

It is difficult to understand, for example, why student-writers tend so persistently to begin their papers with anaemic biographical sketches, why in history papers they sink so readily into the vapidness of recounting historical facts, why their book reviews merely retell the story and their play criticisms contain little more than summaries of the plot. Perhaps they do these things because sloppy narrative is the easiest form of writing—and the most wordy. So they slip into the comfortable old shoes of loose narrative and shuffle gaily through the paper indulgently avoiding the hard spots of real thinking and explaining. As a result, however, their papers lack unity and life. There is no real reason why an explanation of Milton's theories of freedom of the press should begin with a "John Milton was born in 1608," or why a paper on "Character Foils in *Hamlet*" should outline the plot of the drama. There are times, to be sure, when biographical material may be admissible. The paper on "Wordsworth's Ideas on Nature," for example, might very well allude to his boyhood at Cockermouth and Hawkshead in the Lake District. Nine times out of ten, however, such narrative intrusions are silly impertinences and have no place in an expository paper.

*Originality
not difficult
to achieve*

*More
formulas
to avoid*

Every writer of a course paper should avoid the Scylla of over-generalization, on the one hand, and the Charybdis of over-demonstration, on the other. Too many general statements, especially where they are empty and repetitious, give the impression that the paper contains more gas than substance, and that the writer would have a hard time establishing his "points." A paper, on the other hand, that is overloaded with quotations seems padded and only half digested. A balance of carefully chosen and significant statements and enough well-fitted quotations or citations to pin them down is best. Sometimes student-writers lean too heavily upon the formula of proposition, proof, proposition, proof, etc. As a result they not infrequently use a "proposition" that "proposes" nothing worth while, or an illustration that fails to illuminate the particular proposition to which it is appended. Such faith in compositional machinery for its own sake was the undoing of the girl who tried to write an original paper on "De Quincey's Style." "Our author's style," she wrote, "is perspicuous, as may be readily observed from the following passage." Then followed a passage which was very far from perspicuous, for it had been so badly misprinted in the book from which she copied it, that it made absolutely no sense. It was too apparent that this student's paper had been hastily prepared by the unethical method of setting down a few conventional platitudes of criticism and then giving them the spurious support of quotations picked up quite at random. The writer, in other words, had "scamped" her work. She needed to learn that in term papers, as in life, formulas cannot take the place of substance, and that the letter alone killeth.

The examination problem.

Reports and term papers are not, however, the requirements that frighten the student the most. If he had an opportunity to do so, he would vote cheerfully to abolish all written examinations. Whatever their defects as instruments of measuring intelligence, however, it is quite improbable that they will be banished from the colleges altogether, and it is the part of wisdom, therefore, for the student not to waste his energy in condemning them but rather to study the best means of meeting and conquering them. Concerning certain types of examinations, such as mathematics tests and "intelligence tests" of various sorts, few suggestions can be made here. But very many examinations are of the essay type, in which the student is called upon to answer questions at some length or to comment on some topic. Many of these examinations are designed to test the student's memory of lectures, readings, and class discussions; others test his ability to coördinate facts and ideas rapidly; still others call for expressions of opinion and are, in effect, tests of the writer's intellectual independence and other mental qualities. All, it should be repeated, are tests in *thinking and writing*.

Most of them are really impromptu themes, little expositions written under the battle conditions of time limit, nervous apprehension, and other distractions.

How may the prepared student do best in such examinations as have just been indicated? An attempt to answer this question will be made in the following paragraphs. It will be seen that the suggestions made are substantially an application to college work of some of the general principles of writing which have been already discussed in Chapters I to IV. In examinations of the essay and discussion types, these principles are put into actual operation.

One of the basic principles of writing, discussed at length in Chapter IV, is that the writer must adjust his material and treatment to the reader.

*Estimating
the reader*

This principle applies to examinations as well as to other forms of writing. Sometimes, to be sure, the student does not know who is to read his examination-book; usually, however, he knows the reader or at least the group of readers to whom it will be submitted for correction. Very "smart" students frequently think that knowing the reader is all of the law and the prophets in examination-writing. Clever coaches, cramming dull or indolent students for examinations, sometimes train them to answer questions of the type which they know the instructor is quite likely to ask. Such students are not interested, of course, in acquiring knowledge; their goal is to "get by." Obviously, nothing good can be said for such a perverted objective. A wise student will study his professor, but the knowledge thus obtained he will use to supplement, not to replace, his knowledge of the subject. Knowledge of the professor cannot be substituted for knowledge of the subject. Within legitimate limits, however, the answers to the examination questions may be adjusted to suit the reader. For example, if in his lectures the instructor has shown his preference for certain methods of presenting facts, the student may well follow these preferences. To do so is not slavish imitation; it is merely a courteous meeting of the reader's preferences, a means of making his reading of the examination-book pleasanter and easier. This is not at all like the crude flattery involved in an obtrusive quoting of the instructor's eloquent words or favorite story, or in appending a note—after a bad series of answers—telling the instructor how much was obtained from his peerless teaching. Such sophomoric tricks are ordinarily boomerangs.

Another respect in which the examination writer should consider his reader is in the physical appearance of his manuscript. A set of college examination-books is really a terrible mess to contemplate and a drain on the reader's patience. No instructor expects an examination-book to present as good an appearance as a prepared report or paper; nevertheless he does appreciate a neat and legible page. Other things being equal, which examination-book will

*The initial
appeal in an
examination-
book*

draw the better grade at the end of a hard day's work at scores of papers: the dirty, smeared pencil-script, rubbed and thumb-marked, scratched over and confusing; or the clean, trim, pen-written paper distinctly corrected, legible, and easy to follow? Examination readers are only human, and papers that arouse disgust or that are as confusing as Chinese puzzles are certain to create prejudice.

Here are some *do's* and some *don't's* in examination writing:

Write in ink. Pencil-writing is hard on weary eyes, and soft lead rubs off on the page opposite. Use good black ink—not some wild color scheme in green or violet. If you take to the examination room a well-
Practical filled pen (better two pens) or a bottle of ink, you will not
hints need to finish the examination in pencil or to get a transfusion from the pen of a busy neighbor.

Do not crowd your writing. Crowded words and lines and narrow margins make reading difficult and distract the reader's attention from the content.

Do not scrawl. An examination-book that has the appearance of having been written at top speed gives a bad impression of haste and heedlessness.

Write legibly. You may as well not write at all as write so illegibly that the instructor cannot read your scratching. If he has to puzzle over the meaning of the words, he will be in no frame of mind to give you full credit for the wisdom which may be concealed in them. "Fancy" writing is seldom legible writing. Save for your fashionable friends your cubist style of chirography, your strained backhand, your *o's* for *i*-dots and periods, and your misplaced *z*-crosses. However proud you may be of these flourishes, your instructor will willingly do without such epistolary ornamentations.

Use visual devices to assist the reader. Answer the questions in the order in which they are asked. Number each answer to correspond with the question number. Allow extra space between answers so that the reader may not run two answers together. Use wide paragraph indentions. Follow a regular order in filling the pages of the examination-book. Do not patch your answers by adding tags at the end of the book or by turning the book and writing lengthwise of the page. Avoid cross-references. Make erasures by drawing a single straight line through the word or words to be canceled—not by putting the section to be omitted in curves and writing *omit* in the margin. Avoid, in brief, all irregularities that may confuse your reader. He should be able to see at once which question you are answering, where each answer begins and where it ends, and what you wish to include and what to strike out.

All of these attentions to the physical appearance of the answer-book are worth while because they reduce the labor of reading and enable the reader to give his full thought and attention to what you are trying to say. A

slovenly examination-book is not entitled to the same attention as a trim, pleasing, carefully written book.

Neatness and legibility are virtues in examination-writing; they are, however, entirely secondary to content and form. The boy in the examination
No substitute for substance in German who wrote the title of the course at the top of the first page of his book and his own name neatly at the end but *absolutely nothing else* received a zero despite his protest that he should be given some credit for neatness. No suggestions on how best to fill an examination-book will be of any service to the student who has nothing to put into it. Usually the first to "finish" an examination and depart under the envious glances of their classmates are the poorest students in the class. They have not finished the examination; it has finished them. They are leaving early because they soon reached the end of what they knew. The silence of this group is eloquent. It is not to them that the following pages are addressed but to those who are filled with the subject and who wish to present what they know in the most effective manner.

One of the most frequently neglected items in examination-writing is the proportioning of time and space. Occasionally the student-writer is as-
Economical use of the allotted time sisted in dividing his time by directions on the question sheet as to the amount of attention to be devoted to each question or the relative importance, in percentages, of the different divisions. Where these helps are not given, he should certainly read the entire question sheet and make his own apportionment of time. If, for example, in a three-hour examination there are five questions which seem to be of equal importance, he might devote half an hour to each and the other half hour to preparing for writing and to a careful review of his answers. His natural tendency will be to follow the line of least resistance and to give most of his time and space to the questions which he can answer most fully. This plan is usually futile because it does not coincide at all with the instructor's apportionment. If the teacher who prepared the examination has allowed twenty per cent for each of five answers, he will not be satisfied to have some questions answered fully and others cut off with scant attention. Moreover, picking out the easy questions and scribbling endlessly on is to enjoy a sort of fool's paradise. In the examination room, time drags only for the student who is unprepared; for the others it flies, and unless they apportion it carefully, the bell catches them scratching madly at an answer which they are trying to pack into the last few minutes of play. Writing an apologetic "Time" at the end of such a hasty answer will do little good if the majority of the class have apportioned their space properly and have completed the examination in good season.

An important step preliminary to writing an answer to a question is a careful analysis of the question. What is wanted? What are the points

Analysis of the question to emphasize? What is the suggested division of the answer? What are the question limits? Sometimes, it is to be suspected, students "bluff" by pretending to misunderstand a question because they cannot answer it as asked. But a conscientious instructor will try to make his questions perfectly clear, and if he finds that the great majority of the class have understood him, he is hardly likely to excuse the two or three who have pretended not to or who have been too dull to make a correct interpretation. It is never well, therefore, to begin writing an answer until the question has been read through and thought through from every possible angle. If after such scrutiny it still seems genuinely ambiguous, the instructor may be asked for an explanation, or, if this is not permitted, the student may consider both angles in his answer or, if time is short, select the more probable and indicate clearly in his answer what interpretation he has chosen.

Unity: how to the line Compositional unity is violated more frequently in examinations than anywhere else. Sometimes, no doubt, students do not want to stick to the question. The question may be on some phase of the subject which they did not study sufficiently; they are prepared, however, on some other phases, and they are unwilling to have all of their preparation wasted. Accordingly, they slide out of a direct answer of the question asked into material which is only remotely related but upon which they can write fully. In doing this they are like the young theological student who prepared for an examination in the Old Testament by memorizing the names of the kings of Israel. But he was not asked to name the kings of Israel; instead he was asked to distinguish between the major and the minor prophets. "Far be it from a humble student of theology," he wrote, "to discriminate among these saints, but the kings of Israel are these:" and he slid easily into his memorized list. "Far be it for me," write many students, by implication, "to answer the question which you have asked [and for which I have not prepared], but here is something just as good [and which I do happen to know]." Examination readers have a way, however, of writing a heartless "not on the question" across the information not asked for, and grading the answer not on what has been written but on what has been left unwritten. In examination writing the sins of omission are often greater than the sins of commission.

The sin of irrelevance Frequently students fail to stick to the question through sheer carelessness, through failure either to analyze the question before answering or to keep it in mind while answering. So, filled with a mass of half-digested facts and ideas, they push into their answers material which does not belong there. A couple of illustrations will make this error clearer.

In an examination in Shakespeare the following question was asked: "Point out the Latin and the Elizabethan elements in *The Comedy of*

Errors." An analysis of this question shows clearly that it has to do with a single play, *The Comedy of Errors*. It requires a listing, without comment, of two groups of elements in the play (presumably in the structure, plot, characters, scenic background, and dramatic method, although these are not specified). One group is Latin, the other Elizabethan; a brief paragraph on each would provide a satisfactory answer. Here is what the student wrote, reproduced *verbatim* with all its imperfections and crudities.

The Comedy of Errors has both Latin and Elizabethan traits. The latin traits are traceable directly to Platus' Menechmi, from which Shakespeare extracted the idea of two identical twins, and a more questionable source Apollonio of Tire from which he derived the idea of the Shipwreck and the reunion of supposedly lost members of a family.

The Elizabethan traits, though less important are quite prominent. Shakespeare constantly makes reference to the conditions [of] his time. In the Comedy Of Errors, for instance, he mentions the Spanish Amada—"whole amados of caracks" and the war of Henry Of Navarre for his throne in France. He speaks of France as "armed and warring against her king" In Hamlet, he mentions the war going on between the child and grown up players. The play King John is full of contemporary references. Here Shakespeare becomes the propagandist and tries to instruct the people as to the correct attitude to take toward the Queen.—Besides these there are many other allusions such as the war of France and England in Loves Labors Lost but they are too numerous to mention.

Even if the inexcusable illiteracies in this miserable performance were to be forgiven, it would still be worth almost nothing. The initial sentences of the two paragraphs show that the student understood the question, and his division of his answer into two parts shows a rudimentary sense of form. But in the first paragraph he does not give any of the Latin characteristics of the play, except for the unimportant items of the twins and the borrowed episode of the shipwreck. Yet the Latin "traits" are more important, his second paragraph tells us, than the Elizabethan. For Elizabethan "traits" he lists two allusions to contemporary history. These allusions can hardly be characterized as "Elizabethan traits," although the dramatic practice of making such allusions might be. Actually, therefore, the student has so far written next to nothing on the question. Then, moved by the goddess of carelessness or by a feeling that he is not doing very well with the question, he pads his answer out with comments on *Hamlet*, *King John*, and *Love's Labour's Lost* and with a final gesture to indicate that he has, if he chose to communicate them, instances up his sleeve too numerous to mention. Of this entire answer, it is apparent, only one or two sentences really touch the question at all, and these contain but faint suggestions of what might have been written on a question that had been carefully discussed in class.

In the following horrible example the student has apparently made little attempt to adjust his answer to the question. Instead he has naïvely and crudely scribbled down all that he apparently knew on the general subject of the question, leaving it to the reader to select whatever he wished from the mess. Of course, the answer possesses no unity and, incidentally, no plan.

The question was: "What are the outstanding characteristics of *Beowulf* as an epic?" An analysis of this question should reveal at once that the examiner does not want the story of the poem retold, or comments on the structure, or a description of the metrical form. He wants a list of the most important (outstanding) characteristics of the poem *as an epic*. The answer, therefore, should be a comment on the poem *as an example of the folk epic* and should point to those elements in story, characters, structure, mood, language, and narrative methods which are distinctly *epic*. In his answer, however, the student-writer splashed into everything relating to the poem, with only an occasional approach to the actual question. As a result he was given an "F" on his answer.

The *Beowulf*, an outstanding epic, shows many epic characteristics. It shows immense use of Anglo-Saxon and Celtic elements. It also portrays their beliefs and customs. The supernatural is excellently utilized. The *Beowulf* is divided into four parts of which each one could have been developed into a separate and distinct narrative. But as it is, it is one story of *Beowulf's* aid in helping Hrothgar and his country from the fierce monster 'Grendel', his mother and lastly the Dragon. His return home is related in one part. The narrative element of the Epic is brought forth by the story form of *Beowulf*. The *Beowulf* in the fourth and succeeding centuries, until printing came into existence, was usually related and discussed at a social gathering. Supernatural plays a great part by always being ready to aid *Beowulf*. The *Beowulf* utilizes "kennings". There is also a great deal of comparison shown by simile and metaphor that is, *Beowulf's* deed of valor or some incident of his life would be compared to some other great man. Alliteration and the division of lines into parts is inherent in the *Beowulf*. Nature, the description of land, sea and mountains is depicted in the *Beowulf* as averse to nature as of flowers and birds of late writings. The *Beowulf* reveals the life and conditions of kings and nobles.

The answer just quoted illustrates another defect besides that of bad unity: it has no clear plan. Under pressure of time-limitation and an eager desire to reveal what they know, students not infrequently pour out their facts and ideas helter-skelter with a total disregard of order. As a result their answers are confusing and irritating. Students under examination do not have so much time to plan their little impromptu essays as they do while writing at home. Nevertheless, a calm and careful analysis of the question and a little preliminary thinking should give

them some rough mental outline that will guide them in their writing and make their answers clean-cut and coherent.

The following illustrations of how answers to examination questions may be analyzed with the object of planning a coherent and otherwise effective answer are based on questions asked in actual examinations in government and politics.¹ In each demonstration the question is given first and then what seems a good plan for the answer is indicated. In no instance has any attempt been made to fill in a complete reply.

Question: Distinguish between *pardon*, *reprieve*, *parole*, *commutation*, *amnesty*.

This question calls for a series of related definitions. For the sake of clearness a short paragraph should be given to each one, and each paragraph should be tagged, thus: "A *pardon* is . . ." Since the question demands an answer that sets up distinctions, each definition should include a clear indication of the peculiarities which distinguish the particular form of release from others in the list. In writing the answer the student must keep the comparative idea carefully in the foreground.

Question: Outline the weaknesses and the merits of the federal form of government.

This question demands a consideration of one form of government from two sides, good and bad. Obviously the federal form must be kept carefully in mind, and no other form admitted. The weaknesses and the merits may be more numerous than the writer will have time for; consequently, he should select three or four of the outstanding characteristics, good and bad. The verb *outline* is vague; presumably, however, it does not mean *list* or *name* but calls for some definition of each merit or defect; too sketchy an answer, therefore, will hardly be acceptable. The best division of the material is, apparently, into two paragraphs, which may begin, respectively, thus: "Three outstanding weaknesses of the federal form of government are, I think, first . . . ; second . . . ; and third. . . . The first of these . . ."; and "The weaknesses which I have just discussed are counterbalanced by at least two notable merits. These are, first . . . ; and second. . . ."

Question: Discuss the constitutional position of the State in the American Union.

This is a familiar type of question designed to test both the student's knowledge and his ability to explain and comment intelligently. The success of the answer will depend fully as much, therefore, upon a clear

¹ For this material the authors are indebted to Professor R. J. Swenson of the Department of Government, Washington Square College of Arts and Science, New York University.

presentation as upon an acquaintance with the facts. The student who plunges into the answer with the naïve objective of committing to paper before the bell rings all that he knows is likely to have a messy answer; he should plan a little first. The word *discuss* and its twin brother *comment on* are overused in college examinations. Usually what the instructor expects the students to do under such a mandate is primarily to present opinions; sometimes, it is to be feared, *discuss* is loosely equivalent to "tell what you know about." In constructing the present question the instructor wanted the student to write a very brief essay on the subject of the constitutional relationships of State and Union. Such a little essay might, perhaps, follow some such plan as this: (1) definition; (2) historical development; (3) merits and weaknesses. This would give a three-paragraph answer in an eight-question, three-hour examination; the time given to the answer might run from twenty minutes to half an hour.

One final example will suffice.

Question: Explain and criticize Aristotle's classification of governments.

This is a fairly definite question. Obviously, the student must know the classification made by Aristotle and must stick to it in his answer. As a basis for the answer he might well list the items in Aristotle's classification. Each should then be "explained" or elucidated clearly. To "criticize" is not to point out the weaknesses alone, but to indicate both strength and weakness. The answer might be thrown into a single paragraph; or into two paragraphs: (1) enumeration and explanation; (2) critical comment.

The problem of translation.

Practice in writing English, as has been shown, may be obtained not only from courses in composition but from all other courses in which writing is required. Moreover, some of the best training in the handling of sentences, phrases, and words is to be got from courses in foreign languages, ancient and modern. Most students tacitly assume that the English of their "theme" course is one thing and that of their foreign language course quite another. As a result the language of student translations is fearfully and wonderfully made, lending itself readily to parody and satire. Even the translations of college teachers of languages are often so stiff and unnatural as to seem foreign to the spirit of the English tongue and to justify such ridicule as Mr. Stephen Leacock has heaped upon them in his *Homer and Humbug*.

Take the passage in the First Book of Homer that describes Ajax the Greek dashing into the battle in front of Troy. Here is the way it runs (as nearly as I remember), in the usual word for word translation of the classroom, as done by the very best professor, his spectacles glittering with the literary rapture of it:

Then he too Ajax on the one hand leaped (or possibly jumped) into the fight wearing on the other hand, yes certainly a steel corselet (or possibly a bronze under-tunic) and on his head of course, yes without doubt he had a helmet with a tossing plume taken from the mane (or perhaps extracted from the tail) of some horse which once fed along the banks of the Scamander (and it sees the herd and raises its head and paws the ground) and in his hand a shield worth a hundred oxen and on his knees too especially in particular greaves made by some cunning artificer (or perhaps blacksmith) and he blows the fire and it is hot. Thus Ajax leaped (or, better, was propelled from behind) into the fight.²

Although the original of Mr. Leacock's parody will not be found in "the First Book of Homer," or anywhere else for that matter, it is perilously near to the tone and manner of many translations not meant to be funny. But that Homer need not be thus translated by either "the very best professor" or the very best student may be seen from Andrew Lang's prose version of the fight between Ajax and Hector in Book XIV of the *Iliad*.

First glorious Hector cast with his spear at Aias [Ajax], who was facing him full, and did not miss, striking him where two belts were stretched across his breast, the belt of his shield, and of his silver-studded sword; these guarded his tender flesh. And Hector was enraged because his swift spear had flown vainly from his hand, and he retreated into the throng of his fellows, avoiding Fate.

Then as he was departing the great Telamonian Aias smote him with a huge stone; for many stones, the props of swift ships, were rolled among the feet of the fighters; one of these he lifted, and smote Hector on the breast, over the shield-rim, near the neck, and made him spin like a top with the blow, that he reeled round and round. And even as when an oak falls uprooted beneath the stroke of father Zeus, and a dread savour of brimstone arises therefrom, and whoso stands near and beholds it has no more courage, for dread is the bolt of great Zeus, even so fell mighty Hector straightway in the dust. And the spear fell from his hand, but his shield and helm were made fast to him, and round him rang his arms adorned with bronze.³

Student translators are so concerned with words, forms, and details that they often neglect the English of their final product. And yet translating is not the process of transferring words from one language to another but rather the reproduction in one language of the thought, feeling, mood, spirit, and—if possible—the equivalent idiom of another tongue. So-called "literal translations" are, therefore, often quite illiteral, and the best translations into English are those which read

*The elements
of a good
translation*

² Reprinted by permission from Stephen Leacock's *Behind the Beyond*, published and copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company, Inc., New York.

³ Reprinted by permission from Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation of the *Iliad*, published and copyright by The Macmillan Company, New York.

like any good English literature at the same time that they do no violence to the sense and spirit of the original. A mere substitution of an English word for the foreign equivalent or near-equivalent is not enough to make a good translation. The Italian news-reporter who heard an American concert band play "The Star-Spangled Banner" and "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" did not translate these titles correctly when he reported to his paper that the band had played "The Flag with the Stars Scattered Over It" and "It Will Be Excessively Warm in the Metropolis This Evening." And yet his translation was as nearly accurate as that of many students who make their precious translations by a wild scamper through the language dictionary for the first equivalent of the foreign word to strike their eyes.

The best method of translating is to make two or more translations of the same passage. The first of these should be a "literal" one in which the direct equivalents in meaning, form, and word-order are employed; and the second and succeeding ones should be real English, as little suggestive as possible of the wooden unnaturalness of the first version. The ultimate translation should be as rich in vocabulary, as idiomatic in phrase, as correct in construction, and as smooth and vigorous in manner as it might be were it not a translation at all. Such careful work is every bit as good practice in English composition as is theme-writing. Indeed, in some respects it is better, for it requires more care and more delicate discrimination in the choice of words.

The following method is one actually used in a college German department:⁴

Divisions.

- Stage I—The dictionary stage. Each word given the closest dictionary definition.
- Stage II—The grammatical stage. *Literal* translation. Sentence elements aligned in idiomatic English order.
- Stage III—The stylistic stage. *Literary* translation. Recasting of each sentence into the best possible English style.
- Stage IV—The artistic stage. *Free* translation. Retelling the entire passage with emphasis upon the thought rather than upon the words.

Directions.

- Process I. Use simplest meanings. Make use of Anglo-Saxon equivalents as far as possible, to avoid too much thumbing of dictionary.
- Process II. Pick subject, verb, object. Attach modifiers to their antecedents. Use least involved word-order.

⁴For this plan the authors are indebted to Professor Charlotte Pekary of the German Department of Washington Square College, New York University.

Process III. Read each sentence as a whole. Listen for sentence cadence. Rearrange in all possible orders until smoothest English order is found. Clauses may become adjectives. Participial phrases may become clauses. Sentences may have to be broken.

Process IV. Re-read III, one sentence at a time. Think over the thought. Restate it in your own words. This is the mental image that should underlie all the previous work.

Example of Translation.

(First ten lines of Storm's *Immensee*)

I. An einem Spätherbstnachmittage ging ein alter wohlgekleideter Mann
 On a late-autumn-afternoon went an old well-dressed man
 langsam die Strasse hinab. Er schien von einem Spaziergange nach Hause
 slowly the street down. He seemed from a walk toward home
 zurückzukehren; denn seine Schnallenschuhe, die einer vorübergegangenen
 to return; for his buckleshoes, which to a bygone
 Mode angehörten, waren bestäubt. Den langen Rohrstock mit goldenem
 mode belonged, were dusty. The long cane-stick with golden
 Knopf trug er unter dem Arm; mit seinen dunkeln Augen, in welche
 knob carried he under the arm; with his dark eyes, into which
 sich die ganze verlorene Jugend gerettet zu haben schien, und welche
 itself the whole lost youth saved to have seemed, and which
 eigentümlich von den schneeweissen Haaren abstachen, sah er ruhig umher
 strangely from the snow-white hair contrasted, saw he quietly about
 oder in die Stadt hinab, welche im Abendsonnendufte vor ihm lag.
 or into the city down, which in the evening-sun-haze before him lay.

II. On a late autumn afternoon an old well-dressed man went slowly down the street. He seemed to return home from a walk, for his buckled shoes, which belonged to a bygone mode, were dusty. He carried the long cane with a golden knob under his arm; with his dark eyes, into which his whole lost youth seemed to have saved itself, and which contrasted strangely with his snow-white hair, he looked quietly about, or down upon the city, which lay before him in the haze of the evening sun.

III. One afternoon, late in autumn, a well-dressed old gentleman was walking slowly down the street. He seemed to be returning home from a walk, for his buckled shoes, which belonged to a bygone day, were dusty. He was carrying under his arm a long cane with a golden knob. With his dark eyes, into which his entire lost youth seemed to have withdrawn, and which contrasted strangely with his snow-white hair, he gazed quietly about, or down upon the city, which lay before him in the haze of the evening sun.

IV. It was an afternoon in autumn. A well-dressed old gentleman was walking slowly down the street. It was evident that he was just returning

from a long walk, for his old-fashioned buckled shoes were dusty. Under his arm he was carrying a long cane which bore a golden knob. His dark eyes, the last refuge of his lost youth, contrasted strangely with his snowy hair. Quietly he gazed about, or looked down upon the city, which lay before him in the twilight haze.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Make clear the service of the course in English composition to other college courses.
2. What is the *précis* and on what principles is it constructed?
3. Explain the general nature of the term report.
4. What formulas are to be avoided in the term report?
5. How can the student make his examination book easy for the teacher to read?
6. Explain, with illustrations, how the examination question should be analyzed.
7. What general principles should be followed in answering an examination question?
8. Enumerate some of the different types of examination questions.
9. How does translating give training in composition?
10. Explain the stages by which a foreign language passage may be translated into idiomatic English.

Round Table

1. Why were the two following answers to questions in an examination in Shakespeare both given "F" by the instructor?

A. Question: Name some of the books with which Shakespeare was familiar. Comment upon Shakespeare's use of his library.

Answer: Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon of well-to-do parents. His father was a man who achieved municipal recognition and acquired the position of mayor in his prime. Shakespere, being the bailiff's son must have attended the free grammar school of Stratford. Here he became acquainted with Latin and also the knowledge of the classics. He was charged for plagiarizing some plays and the charges came primarily from Greene who was the leading playwright before Shakespere. He also was an admirer of Johnson and in his plays quotations from and of him are found. Marlowe was also a contemporary of Shakespere as was Webster, Beaumans and Fletcher with the latter he is believed to have written plays. Shakespere undoubtedly copied many of his plays. That is he imitated on the beginning, haveing at his command the library which he so well kept. But this, I think was good, in his case. Because he rised the seed of imitation to bear the fruits of originality and genius. It satisfied his thirst to write—although it may be argued that his

primary intentions were to act yet with a thorough knowledge of literature contemporary classics did no harm in his ability to produce plays. The English Bible was in his library.

B. Question: Discuss the dramatic conditions (theatre, actors, methods of presentation, etc.) under which Shakespeare produced his plays. How did theatrical conditions affect Shakespeare?

Answer: Because Elizabeth liked splendor and show she was a patron of drama. James too patronized the drama. Shakespeare's 22 years of professional life were admirably planned. He wrote just as his contemporaries did. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588 when patriotism was at its height plays were produced which appealed to the people.

When Shakespeare was about 25, Lyle, Peele, and Greene were writing comedies. Shakespeare first wrote comedies. Marlowes Tamerlain brought in the poetic type of drama and Kyd wrote tradgedy with ghosts. Hamlet may be based on this. Between 1602 and 1609 when Shakespeare was about 35 he wrote his best tragedies. We do not substantiate this fact because of his father's death. We base it on the fact that his contemporaries wrote tragedy.

Shakespeare soon passed out of the class of his contemporaries.

He came to London and became an actor and then a writer. He never wrote satire or domestic comedies.

Playwrights did not care to have their plays published because remuneration came from putting them on the stage. If people read them they would not pay to see them.

When Shakespeare began to write he sought out a patron and wrote to him.

Companies of actors usually were owned by a patron and bore his coat of arms. This assured them of protection. If a patron was an important man his servants or actors were given preference.

Companies were generally made up of 12 actors. Householders were shareholders. Actors recieved share of profits. Musicians were hired men.

The Interlude type of play, farce etc., with no definite plot was introduced by Heywood just before Shakespeare's time.

The conditions were ideal—there were theaters, patrons, lovers of plays, during the Elizabethan period, all ready to accept plays.

Pastoral comedy came in at this time. Shakespeare wrote *As You Like It*.

Senecan influence on tragedy and the influence of Plautus and Terence on comedy were evident.

The liturgical drama gave way to dramatic liturgy—then miracle plays, then morality plays. These were first given in latin and later in the vernacular.

When plays were secularized they were given as moving plays. Actors moving as a carnival from place to place. Laws were often made against them.

2. Digest for class discussion with others who have chosen the same topic one of the following essays: (a) H. G. Wells, "Early Thought," Chapter XI, *An Outline of History*; (b) Wordsworth, *Preface to the Lyrical Ballads*; (c) Poe, *The Philosophy of Composition*; (d) H. G. Wells, "Writing," Chapter XVI, *An Outline of History*; (e) Arnold, *The Study of Poetry*.

3. Collect for class discussion specific examples of what you consider fair and unfair examination questions.
4. Collect evidence to support or attack the view that the United States of America is a republic instead of a democracy.
5. Discuss in class what may be regarded as reasonable or unreasonable topics for term reports.
6. Defend Latin, French, Spanish, Italian, or German as relatively the most rewarding language to study in college.

Paper Work

1. Write a report on the various forces at home, in the street, on the campus, and in your reading that tend to break down your use of correct and effective English.
2. Write a whimsical report on the English of college students, based on your observations of one week.
3. Write a report based on a week's study of ineffective communication. Material may be gathered in numerous ways: the delivery boy at your door, a sales person talking to a customer, a foreman instructing a workman, a man giving street directions to a stranger, a traffic policeman answering the questions of a motorist, a professor making the next class assignment, a student reciting. On the basis of your evidence, what deficiencies and defects seem common? What suggestions can you make for bettering the conditions and the results of everyday communication?
4. Bluffers, soft-soapers, and vamps: a study of zeal without knowledge.
5. Interview a number of freshmen and sophomores on the subject of their methods in answering a typical essay-type examination. Classify for class report and discussion the various devices which seem common. Write a criticism of student methods in examination writing.
6. Write down three questions which you have been given in a recent examination of the essay type, in history, literature, government, or other course in the humanities. Show how you would analyze each question, and rough-outline a twenty-to-thirty-minute answer.
7. Make out what would seem to you to be a fair examination of ten questions on the first four chapters of this book. Indicate by outlines what the answers to any five of your questions should be.
8. Write a brief analysis of the requirements indicated in answering each of the following examination questions in English history.⁵
 - (a) Why could not a Robert Walpole have existed before 1689?
 - (b) Describe the struggle over finances during the rule of the Stuart kings.
 - (c) Why was Simon de Montfort's Parliament noteworthy?
 - (d) Give some account of the Black Death and its economic effects.

⁵ For some of the questions and topics on history in these exercises, the authors are indebted to Professor John Musser, Chairman of the Department of History, Washington Square College, New York University.

- (e) Describe the reign of Charles I to 1640.
 - (f) Account for the Revolution of 1688. What was its ultimate effect on the powers of Parliament?
 - (g) What is the importance of Henry II?
 - (h) Describe the organization of, and life on, a typical English manor.
 - (i) Discuss the ministry of George Grenville.
 - (j) Write an essay on treason in English law from 1300 to 1650.
9. Make a five-hundred-word digest of a five-thousand-word essay, being careful to retain the proper proportions of the original. Make a three-hundred-word digest of a three-thousand-word essay.
 10. After interviewing several freshmen and sophomores, write a paper on what you believe to be the general understanding among underclassmen of the meaning of plagiarism and the common opinion regarding the right and the wrong of it.
 11. Submit a twenty-line transcript of some foreign-language piece which you are studying in your course in a foreign language. With it, present as good an English translation as you can make.
 12. Write a criticism of the oral translations made by members of your class in French, German, or Spanish.
 13. Study carefully five or six pages of the Lang, Leaf, and Myers' translation of the *Iliad* or the Palmer translation of the *Odyssey*. What merits as examples of good English do these translations seem to have?
 14. Following the method explained in this chapter, make a written translation of one of the following passages:

A. Eo tempore in regia prodigium visu eventumque mirabile fuit: puero dormienti, cui Servio Tullio fuit nomen, caput arsisse ferunt multorum in conspectu. Plurimo igitur clamore inde ad tantae rei miraculum orto excitos reges, et, cum quidam familiarium aquam ad restinguendum ferret, ab regina retentum, sedatque eam tumultu moveri vetuisse puerum, donec sua sponte experrectus esset. Mox cum somno et flammam abisse. Tum abducto in secretum viro Tanaquil "Viden tu puerum hunc" inquit, "quem tam humili cultu educamus? Scire licet hunc lumen quondam rebus nostris dubiis futurum praesidiumque regiae adfictae: proinde materiam ingentis publice privatimque decoris omni indulgentia nostra nutriamus." Inde puerum liberum loco coeptum haberi erudiri que artibus, quibus ingenia ad magnae fortunae cultum excitantur. Evenit facile, quod diis cordi esset. Iuvenis evasit vere indolis regiae, nec cum quaereretur gener Tarquinio, quisquam Romanae iuventutis ulla arte conferri potuit, filiamque ei suam rex despondit.—Livy, *Liber I*. Cap. XXXIX, 1-20.

B. Das Rad an meines Vaters Mühle brauste und rauschte schon wieder recht lustig, der Schnee tröpfelte emsig vom Dache, die Sperlinge zwitscherten und tummelten sich dazwischen; ich sass auf der Türschwelle und wischte mir den Schlaf aus den Augen; mir war so recht wohl in dem warmen Sonnenscheine. Da trat der Vater aus dem Hause; er hatte schon seit Tagesanbruch in der Mühle rumort und die Schlafmütze schief auf dem Kopfe, der sagte zu mir: „Du Taugenichts! da sonnst du dich schon wieder und dehnt und reckst dir die

Knochen müde, und lässt mich alle Arbeit allein tun. Ich kann dich hier nicht länger füttern. Der Frühling ist vor der Tür, geh auch einmal hinaus in die Welt und erwirb dir selber dein Brot."—"Nun," sagte ich, "wenn ich ein Taugenichts bin, so ist's gut, so will ich in die Welt gehen und mein Glück machen."—EICHENDORFF, *Aus dem Leben eines Taugenichts* (Chapter One, lines 1-16).

C. Pour moi, j'habitais un quartier solitaire. C'est derrière le temple de Saint-Pierre, près de la prison de l'évêché. Par-dessus les feuilles d'un acacia, je voyais les ogives du temple, le bas de la grosse tour, un soupirail de la prison, et au delà, par une trouée, le lac et ses rives. Quels beaux enseignements, si j'avais su en profiter! Combien la destinée m'avait favorisé entre les garçons de mon âge! Si j'ai mal profité, je tire gloire néanmoins d'être issu de cette école, plus noble que celle du seuil de boutique, plus riche que celle de la chambre solitaire, et d'où devait sortir un poète, pour peu que ma nature s'y fût prêtée.—TÖPFLER, *La Bibliothèque de mon Oncle* (Section I, lines 41-53).

D. En la primera parte de su famosa novela, capítulo cuarto, Cervantes nos dice que don Quijote salió de la venta aquella mañana muy contento por verse ya armado caballero. El ventero le había aconsejado que volviese a casa por dinero y camisas limpias. Al pasar por un bosque, creyó oír quejidos de una persona. Entró en el bosque y pronto vió un caballo atado a un árbol, y atado a otro vió a un muchacho a quien azotaba un labrador. En seguida le vinieron a la memoria a don Quijote las aventuras de sus libros, . . . aquellos malditos libros que le habían vuelto loco. ¡Aquí hacía falta su fuerte brazo!—Paraphrased from CERVANTES, *Don Quixote* (Part I, Chapter IV).⁶

⁶ Reprinted by permission of author and publishers from J. W. Barlow's *Fundamentals of Spanish*, page 173 (published by F. S. Crofts & Co., 1929).

Chapter VI

PARAGRAPHS

"Be a plain topographer if you possibly can."—RUSKIN.

The paragraph: a definition.

"A PARAGRAPH," says Herbert Read, in his book, *English Prose Style*, "is a device of punctuation. The indentation by which it is marked implies no more than an additional breathing space." This notion of Read's takes us back to the end of the eighteenth century when punctuation was a matter of timing. A full stop—the time necessary in which to draw a deep breath—demanded a period; half that time, a semicolon; a quarter, the comma. A paragraph-stop was a genuine "breathing space" for complete relaxation before another plunge. This analogy may have been sound once, but paragraphs are no longer what they used to be: it is not now so much of a physical feat to sound their depths without coming up badly blown. In fact, the fashion of shorter sentences and shorter paragraphs has cut the ground from under the pneumatic punctuators. Today we do not pant from sentence to sentence; neither do we read to "the end of the paragraph," but rather to the end of the page or the end of the chapter. Furthermore, it is probable that less breath is required to read a modern paragraph than to read a good, round eighteenth-century sentence. What purpose, then, does paragraph indentation serve?

Paragraph indentation is a signal for easy reading. If the page has frequent markers of this sort, we are more likely to attempt it than if they are placed at rare intervals or are lacking altogether. This indentation is a signal that a group of related ideas has been arranged for easy mastery. At the beginning of a paragraph we do not necessarily breathe; we glance ahead to the next marker, much as a golfer does to the next hole. Paragraphing has become a little white bunting to lure us on. The pennants today are placed—much like those on a golf course—every two or three hundred words apart, a good driving distance for the average reader. Here is something to be achieved across the sand traps and bunkers, over the fairways and greens of thought. If we choose to breathe at the end of a paragraph, it is a personal choice—the labor has not demanded it.

Paragraphs are set, then, at frequent intervals to enliven reading, to bait us on. But there is a far more important reason for paragraphing than this.

*The logical
function of
paragraphing*

We can get at this reason best, perhaps, by analysis. Let us turn, in Macaulay's *History of England*, to the passage in which he essays to describe London in 1685. We shall at once perceive that a new paragraph is struck every time the thought clearly shifts:

- ¶ 1. The position of London, relatively to the other towns of the empire, was, in the time of Charles the Second, far higher than today. . . .
- ¶ 2. Whoever examines the maps of London which were published towards the close of the reign of Charles the Second will see that only the nucleus of the present capital then existed. . . .
- ¶ 3. Of the metropolis, the City, properly so called, was the most important division. . . .
- ¶ 4. The whole character of the City has, since that time, undergone a complete change. . . .
- ¶ 5. In the seventeenth century the City was the merchants' residence. . . .
- ¶ 6. At the close of the reign of Charles the Second the pride of the Londoners was smarting from a cruel mortification. The old charter had been taken away, and the magistracy had been remodelled. . . .
- ¶ 7. The magnificence displayed by the first civic magistrate was almost regal. . . .

In precisely the same fashion, paragraphing indicates a clear shift of thought in H. M. Tomlinson's little essay, "Bed Books and Night Lights":

- ¶ 1. The rain flashed across the midnight window . . . The nervous candle flame shuddered . . .
- ¶ 2. They talk of the candle-power of an electric bulb. . . . It cannot have the faintest glimmer of the real power of my candle. . . .
- ¶ 3. . . . Coarse lamps are useless. They would douse the book. . . .
- ¶ 4. The wind moans . . . the candle is shaken. . . .
- ¶ 5. "Almost any book does . . ." a woman said to me. . . .
- ¶ 6. What book? . . . Plato, Dante . . . are too big for bed-fellows. . . .

Although paragraphs may have become shorter during the century that intervenes between Macaulay and Tomlinson, the principle followed in making them has plainly not changed during that time. A new paragraph must be made for each stage in the development of a theme, for each clear shift of thought,

Only one notable exception to this precept for paragraphing exists, and that is lodged in the convention which requires that in the writing of dialogue a new paragraph be made with each shift of speaker.

"Tell me your name, my boy," he said.

"Randolph C. Miller," said the boy, sharply. "And I'll tell you her name;" and he levelled his alpenstock at his sister.

"You had better wait till you are asked!" said this young lady, calmly.

"I should like very much to know your name," said Winterbourne.

"Her name is Daisy Miller!" cried the child. "But that isn't her real name; that isn't her name on her cards."

"It's a pity you haven't got one of my cards!" said Miss Miller.

"Her real name is Annie P. Miller," the boy went on.

"Ask him his name," said his sister, indicating Winterbourne.

But on this point Randolph seemed perfectly indifferent; he continued to supply information in regard to his family. "My father's name is Ezra B. Miller," he continued. "My father ain't in Europe; my father's in a better place than Europe."

Winterbourne imagined for a moment that this was the manner in which the child had been taught to intimate that Mr. Miller had been removed to the sphere of celestial rewards. But Randolph immediately added, "My father's in Schenectady. He's got a big business. My father's rich, you bet!"

"Well!" ejaculated Miss Miller, lowering her parasol and looking at the embroidered border.—Henry James, *Daisy Miller*.

In this passage of dialogue it will be noted that the reflections of Winterbourne, started by the child's ambiguous remark about his father, are set off from the previous material by paragraphing, whereas the boy's elucidation is joined to Winterbourne's reflections without interruption. In the first instance, the paragraphing is helpful in indicating a shift in the narrative to a revelation of one character's thoughts; in the second instance, the resumption of the boy's chatter without paragraphing reveals at once that there has been no change in speakers and that Winterbourne's lucubrations insensibly are broken in upon by the boy's explanation. It may be objected that the use of paragraphing to mark off Winterbourne's reflections represents a pseudo-stage, rather than a genuine stage, in the development of the story; a moment's thought, however, would stay any such objection, for we should perceive that the revelation of Winterbourne's mental processes, *even thus briefly*, is a real step in our getting acquainted with him (the business the author has in hand). His interpretation of the previous speech in terms of a conventional evasion characterizes him as a person without much imagination who is accustomed to consulting the proprieties. A novelist or short-story writer uses paragraphing to mark off new approaches to his problem of starting intuitions about characters or events—intuitions that carry the reader forward in his understanding of the story which is being unfolded. Essentially, paragraphing represents stages in the development of a theme, no matter what the form of writing. In fiction, intuitive consequences are sought; hence paragraphing is handled more subtly, but not differently. In the dialogue just examined it is hard to see how Henry James could have employed with better effect the merely mechanical means of paragraphing and not paragraphing.

But if paragraphing is a device for bringing out the shift in thought, why do paragraphs bulk so large, especially in exposition? Why is not all thought

*The content
of a para-
graph*

expressed in topic form, separated by oceans of space? We know from certain advertising experiments and from topical outlines that this is an effective way of conveying thought. Are we, perhaps, gradually working in this direction? Is this what the shortening of sentences and paragraphs means? Very probably, no. Though separate topics and sentences can convey ideas effectively, they are not quite so effective as is the paragraph. Everyone knows that an outline or a brief is much harder to read than an essay. *The psychological fact is that we do not read by sentences; we read by paragraphs.* The cause for this is obvious: we apprehend slowly and by degrees. Mere statement of fact will not do; we need the fact twirled about under our eyes, we need it turned inside out like a shirt, in our presence. From all this manipulation we gather a few impressions, rarely the fact or idea in its entirety, for few of us are ever alert enough for that. This manipulation of the fact, this display of its facets, we call "developing the paragraph." To develop a paragraph is to write a short essay about one fact or idea, with the hope that the reader will gather from the total display the main, or controlling, idea. Put differently, a paragraph is a series of connected sentences constituting the development of a single topic.

Selecting at random one of Macaulay's topics from the passage just cited, we see that every sentence of the paragraph from which it is taken contributes something toward our comprehension of that topic:

(5) *In the seventeenth century the City was the merchants' residence. . . .*

In the seventeenth century the City was the merchants' residence. Those mansions of the great old burghers which still exist have been turned into counting-houses and warehouses; but it is evident that they were originally not inferior in magnificence to the dwellings which were then inhabited by the nobility. They sometimes stand in retired and gloomy courts, and are accessible only by inconvenient passages; but their dimensions are ample and their aspect stately. The entrances are decorated with richly carved pillars and canopies. The staircases and landing-places are not wanting in grandeur. The floors are sometimes of wood, tessellated after the fashion of France. The palace of Sir Robert Clayton, in the Old Jewry, contained a superb banqueting room wainscoted with cedar and adorned with battles of gods and giants in fresco. Sir Dudley North expended four thousand pounds, a sum which then would have been important for a duke, on the rich furniture of his reception rooms in Basinghall Street. In such abodes, under the last Stuarts, the heads of great firms lived splendidly and hospitably. To their dwelling-place they were bound by the strongest ties of interest and affection. There they had passed their youth, had made their friendships, had courted their wives, had seen their children grow up, had laid the remains of their parents in the earth, and expected that their own remains would be laid. That intense patriotism which is peculiar to the members of societies congregated within a narrow space was, in

such circumstances, strongly developed. London was, to the Londoner, what Athens was to the Athenian of the age of Pericles, what Florence was to the Florentine of the fifteenth century. The citizen was proud of the grandeur of his city, punctilious about her claims to respect, ambitious of her offices, and zealous for her franchises.

What of this paragraph are we likely to remember a year from today? What really made a very definite impression upon us? That Sir Dudley North expended four thousand pounds upon his reception rooms in Basinghall Street? If we do, it will be little short of extraordinary. But are we likely to forget that the old City, that most ancient part of London, was once the home of the wealthy merchants—a home for them in a very genuine sense, in that there they had made their greatest investments, not only in furnishings, but in affections. All the other facts which Macaulay has assembled here merely enforce this one main fact, that, *in the seventeenth century, the City was the merchants' residence*. This is what we shall remember.

In Tomlinson's paragraphs, too, a single idea is enforced or "developed." Let us take the second topic:

(2) "*They talk of the candle-power of an electric bulb. . . . It cannot have the faintest glimmer of the real power of my candle. . . .*"

They talk of the candle-power of an electric bulb. What do they mean? It cannot have the faintest glimmer of the real power of my candle. It would be as right to express, in the same inverted and foolish comparison, the worth of "those delicate sisters, the Pleiades." That pinch of star dust, the Pleiades, exquisitely remote in deepest night, in the profound where light all but fails, has not the power of a sulphur match; yet, still apprehensive to the mind though tremulous on the limit of vision, and sometimes even vanishing, it brings into distinction those distant and difficult hints—hidden far behind all our verified thoughts—which we rarely properly view. I should like to know of any great arc-lamp which could do that. So the star-like candle for me. No other light follows so intimately an author's most ghostly suggestion. We sit, the candle and I, in the midst of the shades we are conquering, and sometimes look up from the lucent page to contemplate the dark hosts of the enemy before they overwhelm us; as they will, of course. Like me, the candle is mortal; it will burn out.¹

Memorable as is the striking vignette of "that pinch of star dust, the Pleiades," it is some conception of the *power* of the candle which we take away with us from the paragraph. The vignette, after all, is a true vignette—it adorns the larger subject. Comparison with the Pleiades favors our impression of candle-light.

¹ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from H. M. Tomlinson's *Old Junk*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York.

The topic sentence.

Even though writers realize that some of its effect will surely be lost, they usually make an effort to state once, somewhat precisely, the controlling idea of the paragraph. This statement serves as a sort of filing-head, an index to the stuff of the paragraph. Technically it is known as "the topic sentence." Inasmuch as it gives the clearest clue to the substance of the paragraph, it normally stands at the beginning. When we chose to illustrate from Macaulay's *History* the relation of paragraphing to the shift of thought, we selected seven initial sentences, and all seven were topic sentences. But there is no law that the topic sentence must come first; logic and convenience merely favor its location there. It can come quite as well at the end of the paragraph, particularly in description or narration, where it can sum up or give point to the antecedent particulars. Thus:

THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND. (THE CONSCIENTIOUS TEACHER'S NOTE).

In my classroom I have been watching two boys wallowing in the slough of despond. They are in the state of mind described by Milton, "in those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction." As for their lessons, I cannot tell which is the worse; but in their characters I see a difference. Poor Pliable gives a desperate effort or two and gets out the easiest way, which is the side nearest his own house. But for the other I have good hope. He is still in the mire, but he never turns his back on a difficulty. I trust I may yet be for him the man called Help. That is what a teacher is for.—SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS, *Annotations to "Pilgrim's Progress."*²

Sometimes, because of the writer's desire for especial emphasis, the topic sentence appears both at the beginning and the end of the paragraph. In this case the wording is usually changed in the second instance for the sake of variety:

In the last analysis a healthy state can exist only when the men and women who make it up lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives; when the children are so trained that they shall endeavor, not to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them; not to seek ease, but to know how to wrest triumph from toil and risk. The man must be glad to do a man's work, to dare and endure and to labor; and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the homemaker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children. In one of Daudet's powerful and melancholy books he speaks of "the fear of maternity, the haunting terror of the young wife of the present day." When such words can truthfully be written of a nation, that nation is rotten to the heart's core. When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom; and well it is that they should

² Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from Samuel McChord Crothers' *Annotations to "Pilgrim's Progress,"* published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded.—THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *The Strenuous Life*.³

The least advisable practice, of course, is to embed the topic sentence somewhere in the paragraph, yet even this may be done for the sake of variety:

If the tone is the great thing, this comes, doubtless, to saying that the Vicar himself is, and that the book has flourished through having so much of him. It is he who is the success of his story; he is always kept true, is what we call "sustained," without becoming pompous or hollow. *The especial beauty of this is surely that it contains something of the very soul of Goldsmith.* It is the most natural imagination of the unspotted that any production, perhaps, offers, and the exhibition of the man himself—by which I mean of the author—combines with his instinctive taste to make the classicism for which we praise him. These two things, the frankness of his sweetness and the beautiful ease of his speech, melt together—with no other aid, as I have hinted, worth mentioning—to form his style. I am afraid I cannot go further than this in the way of speculation as to how a classic is grown. In the open air is perhaps the most we can say. Goldsmith's style is the flower of what I call his amenity, and his amenity the making of that independence of almost everything by which *The Vicar* has triumphed. The books that live, apparently, are very personal, though there are many defunct, of course, even with that qualification.—HENRY JAMES, *Introduction to "The Vicar of Wakefield."*⁴

Although the usual practice is to give each paragraph a topic sentence, there are many paragraphs in which no such general statement is to be found.

Paragraphs without topic sentences The student may well ask how this is. Examination will reveal that the topic sentence is omitted only when its implication is so clear that its statement is hardly necessary. In the paragraph quoted from Tomlinson's "Bed Books and Night Lights," the topic sentence is more hinted at than stated: "They talk of the candle-power of an electric bulb. . . . It cannot have the faintest glimmer of the real power of my candle." If we were so foolish as to try to make a topic sentence for the paragraph, it would be on this order: "No other light is so appropriate for midnight reading as is the candle." But since the implication of the paragraph is sufficiently clear and since the method of treatment is suggestive rather than explicit, the paragraph is better without a formal topic sentence.

Unity and force in the paragraph.

After what has been said here in regard to the reasons for expanding any stage of thought beyond a topic or a sentence to the length of a para-

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graph, any discussion of paragraph unity would be superfluous. Every word, phrase, clause, and sentence in a paragraph must in some way strengthen the main idea, or that idea may be lost. It is to the means for unifying his paragraph, it is to the ways of giving his topic force that the student should give attention. First of all, he should try to determine just what each subordinate idea contributes to the theme of the paragraph. If it fails to contribute, or even if the matter of contribution is uncertain, it should be omitted.

In the second place, not only must the contributory ideas be related to the topic, but they must be related to each other. In order that this relationship be as definite as possible, the reference between sentences must be very clear. One way in which this clarity may be gained is by the use of transitional words and phrases—conjunctions, relatives, and demonstratives.

Tell me, ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law? For it is written, that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bondmaid, the other by a free woman. But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the free woman was by promise. Which things are an allegory: for these are the two covenants; the one from the mount Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, which is Agar. For this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But the Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all. For it is written, Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not: for the desolate hath more children than she which hath a husband. Now we, brethren, as Isaac was, are the children of promise. But as then he that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now. Nevertheless what saith the Scripture? Cast out the bondwoman and her son: for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the free woman. So then, brethren, we are not children of the bondwoman, but of the free.—ST. PAUL, *Epistle to the Galatians*, 4:21–31.

The modern tendency is away from words of direct reference of this type. Now the effort is to use only such connectives as *however*, *moreover*, *then*, *likewise*, *too*, *that is*, and *nevertheless*, which may be made unobtrusive. But we may dispense with even these connectives. The connection between sentences need not be established at all by link-words, but by the natural closeness, the agglutination, of the thought. Note how, in the following selection, one sentence is tied to another by context, by substance:

Poetry deals with primal and conventional things—the hunger for bread, the love of woman, the love of children, the desire for immortal life. If men really had new sentiments, poetry could not deal with them. If, let us say, a man did not feel a bitter craving to eat bread; but did, by way of substitute, feel a fresh, original craving to eat brass fenders or mahogany tables, poetry could not express him. If a man, instead of falling in love with a woman, fell in love with a fossil or a sea anemone, poetry could not express him. Poetry can only express

what is original in one sense—the sense in which we speak of original sin. It is original, not in the paltry sense of being new, but in the deeper sense of being old; it is original in the sense that it deals with origins.—G. K. CHESTERTON, *Robert Browning*.⁵

In the third place, the function and force of all the subordinate ideas in a paragraph are made much clearer if the whole structure has some clearly conceived and definitely indicated plan. For if all the sentences incorporating the subordinate ideas stand in some logical relationship to the topic sentence, we are much more likely to gather the purport and feel the impact of the controlling idea than we should otherwise.

Development of the paragraph.

The contention of a topic sentence may be most easily enforced by the use of illustration. Because of its function the topic sentence is apt to be general and abstract. Illustration makes the main theme of the paragraph more graphic and real. In order to produce these effects most efficiently, the illustration must be concrete and specific. If there is more than one evidence of the theme, the illustrations may be arranged in the order of their concreteness or specific quality.

The extent to which conduct is affected by the presence of delusions is, however, very variable. In some cases patients under the influence of persecutory ideas will commit serious assaults upon their imagined enemies, and become a source of great danger to the community. In a very large number of cases, on the other hand, the delusion seems to have no direct effect upon the patient's behaviour. Often, indeed, belief and conduct are completely divorced from one another, or even grotesquely inconsistent. Thus, the "Queen of the World" will contentedly carry out her daily task of scrubbing the ward floor, and the omnipotent millionaire will beg plaintively for a small gift of tobacco.—BERNARD HART, *The Psychology of Insanity*.

Of course one very obvious way of driving home a theme is by constant recurrence to it. The great danger in such a plan is the monotony of the program. The mind can endure only a little repetition without tiring; there are matrons in our big cities, we are told, who unintentionally illustrate this fact by taking a daily siesta to syncopated music—relayed from orchestra to apartment by the loud speaker. If the method of reiteration is chosen, the writer should exert himself to disguise the fact as much as possible by the skillful manipulation of language.

I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms

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before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at the hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by, and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness. —THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *The Strenuous Life*.⁶

Whenever the topic sentence assumes any of the aspects of a summary, a sweeping assertion, or a general law, one of the best ways to give that sentence convincing power is to show its force in regard to minor, and even petty, details. The human mind is avid for facts and particulars; hence this device has an especial appeal. Much care, to be sure, must be exercised in the selection of the details, for it is in this exercise that art is achieved. Note how, in the following paragraph, through the use of details, Irving enforces the idea of especial dreariness on a rainy Sunday at an inn:

3. *Development by details and by particulars*

It was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained, in the course of a journey, by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but was still feverish, and obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn!—whoever has had the luck to experience one can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye; but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable, crestfallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a doghouse

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hard by, uttered something every now and then, between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hardened ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.—*The Stout Gentleman*.

This method is a particularly happy one for character portrayal when the artist desires to stress only one fact or impression. In his famous portrait of Coleridge, Carlyle chooses to bring home to the reader the notion of wrecked grandeur which he conceived on viewing the elderly great man; every detail selected contributes to this impression:

The good man—he was now getting old, towards sixty perhaps, and gave you the idea of a life that had been full of sufferings; a life heavy-laden, half-vanquished, still swimming painfully in seas of manifold physical and other bewilderment. Brow and head were round and of massive weight, but the face was flabby and irresolute. The deep eyes, of a light hazel, were as full of sorrow as of inspiration; confused pain looked mildly from them, as in a kind of mild astonishment. The whole figure and air, good and amiable otherwise, might be called flabby and irresolute; expressive of weakness under possibility of strength. He hung loosely on his limbs, with knees bent, and stooping attitude; in walking he rather shuffled than decisively stepped; and a lady once remarked he could never fix which side of the walk would suit him best, but continually shifted, corkscrew fashion, and kept trying both; a heavy-laden, high-aspiring, and surely much-suffering man. His voice, naturally soft and good, had contracted itself into a plaintive snuffle and singsong; he spoke as if preaching—you could have said preaching earnestly and almost hopelessly the weightiest things. I still recollect his “object” and “subject,” terms in continual recurrence in the Kantean province; and now he sang and snuffled them into “om-m-ject” and “sum-m-mject,” with a kind of solemn shake or quaver as he rolled along. No talk in his century or in any other could be more surprising.—*Life of Sterling*.

A topic may also be fixed in the reader's mind by comparison or by contrast. A whole paragraph may be given over advantageously to one of these devices. In making either a comparison or a contrast, the writer should, as a rule, seek a concept which is more familiar to his reader than the concept of the topic sentence.

4. *Development by comparison and by contrast*

The uppermost idea with Hellenism is to see things as they really are; the uppermost idea with Hebraism is conduct and obedience. Nothing can do away with this ineffaceable difference. The Greek quarrel with the body and its desires is, that they hinder right thinking; the Hebrew quarrel with them is, that they hinder right acting. “He that keepeth the law, happy is he”; “Blessed is the man that feareth the Eternal, that delighteth greatly in his commandments”; —that is the Hebrew notion of felicity; and, pursued with passion and tenacity,

this notion would not let the Hebrew rest till, as is well known, he had at last got out of the law a network of prescriptions to enwrap his whole life, to govern every moment of it, every impulse, every action. The Greek notion of felicity, on the other hand, is perfectly conveyed in these words of a great French moralist: "*C'est le bonheur des hommes*,"—when? when they abhor that which is evil?—no; when they exercise themselves in the law of the Lord day and night?—no; when they die daily?—no; when they walk about the New Jerusalem with palms in their hands?—no; but when they think aright, when their thought hits: "*quand ils pensent juste*." At the bottom of both the Greek and the Hebrew notion is the desire, native in man, for reason and the will of God, the feeling after universal order,—in a word, the love of God. But, while Hebraism seizes upon certain plain, capital intimations of the universal order, and rivets itself, one may say, with unequalled grandeur of earnestness and intensity on the study and observance of them, the bent of Hellenism is to follow, with flexible activity, the whole play of the universal order, to be apprehensive of missing any part of it, of sacrificing one part to another, to slip away from resting in this or that intimation of it, however capital. An unclouded clearness of mind, an unimpeded play of thought, is what this bent drives at. The governing idea of Hellenism is *spontaneity of consciousness*; that of Hebraism, *strictness of conscience*.—MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Hebraism and Hellenism*.

A special kind of development by comparison is the analogy, which is particularly valuable in the clarifying of abstruse and difficult topics. Christopher Morley, in the following selection, uses an admirable analogy to revivify a hackneyed topic. This use is worth remembering.

5. Develop-
ment by
analogy

A sentence, we suppose, is a unit of thought; an opinion, a feeling, a sentiment. If the students' sentences are vague, it is either because their thoughts are vague or they are (at the moment of writing) fogged in that troublesome vapor that often (with us all) rises between the mind and the pen. Literature is a vibration that passes from one mind to another; both our transmitters and our receivers are imperfect, imperfect in themselves and imperfect in mutual adjustment. This regrettable haze, this "static," is a serious difficulty. Anything that makes for uncertainty in transmission must (if possible) be discarded.—*Inward Ho!*⁷

A plan which is especially effective because of its inherent vigor is the development by refutation. Every caution must be taken, however, to make the steps of the argument plain and to give the impression of fairness. In the first of the following selections Tomlinson plunges directly into the business of refutation, excusing the bluntness of his attack by whimsicality and probably by the fiction of an opponent; in the second, Justice Holmes, who has a much more arduous task

6. Develop-
ment by
refutation

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before him, defers citing his own reasons for dissent until he has first shown that the stand taken by the court majority, though logical, is not traditionally American.

"Almost any book does for a bed-book," a woman once said to me. I nearly replied in a hurry that almost any woman would do for a wife; but that is not the way to bring people to conviction of sin. Her idea was that the bed-book is soporific, and for that reason she even advocated the reading of political speeches. That would be a dissolute act. Certainly you would go to sleep; but in what a frame of mind! You would enter into sleep with your eyes shut. It would be like dying, not only unshriven, but in the act of guilt.—*Bed Books and Night Lights*.⁸

Persecution for the expression of opinions seems to me perfectly logical. If you have no doubt of your premises or power and want a certain result with all your heart you naturally express your wishes in law and sweep away all opposition. To allow opposition by speech seems to indicate that you think speech impotent as when a man says that he has squared the circle, or that you do not care wholeheartedly for the result, or that you doubt either your power or your premises. But when men have realized that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas,—that the best test of truth is the power of thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market; and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes safely can be carried out. That, at any rate, is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment as all life is an experiment. Every year, if not every day, we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge. While that experiment is part of our system I think that we should be eternally vigilant against attempts to check the expression of opinions that we loathe and believe to be fraught with death, unless they so imminently threaten immediate interference with the lawful and pressing purposes of the law that an immediate check is required to save the country. I wholly disagree with the argument of the government that the First Amendment left the common law as to seditious libel in force. History seems to me against the notion. I had conceived that the United States through many years had shown its repentance for the Sedition Act of July 14, 1798, by repaying fines that it imposed. Only the emergency that makes it immediately dangerous to leave the correction of evil counsels to time warrants making any exception to the sweeping command, "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech." Of course I am speaking only of expressions of opinion and exhortations, which were all that were uttered here; but I regret that I cannot put into more impressive words my belief that in their conviction upon this indictment the defendants were deprived of their rights under the Constitution of the United States.—*Dissenting Opinion, Abrams et al. v. U.S.*

⁸ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from H. M. Tomlinson's *Old Junk*, published and copyright by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York.

Development by causes is a plan for examining the conditions which have led to the state of affairs set forth in the topic sentence; hence it has a cumulative force centering upon that proposition. Similarly, development by reasons is an effort to show why the topic sentence is true—a plan which results in the presentation of either facts or opinions to substantiate the case.

7. *Development by causes and reasons*

The Filipinos have been, by and large, powerless to protect themselves. Most of the 30,000 or so Filipinos in California are ineligible to citizenship. As "aliens" they are subject to a maze of discriminatory legislation; and, when they run foul of the law, as frequently happens, they are usually asked to accept "deportation" as a condition of receiving a suspended sentence or being placed on probation. Local officials do not need to respect them, because they do not vote. The same situation, in general, has always existed with respect to the various alien groups that the growers have imported. Violence, in other words, has been encouraged not only because of race feeling against the victim, but because of the powerlessness of the victim to retaliate.—CARLY MCWILLIAMS, *Factories in the Fields*.⁹

If the topic sentence sets forth a cause, this sentence may be successfully invigorated and enhanced by a demonstration of the results of the action of

8. *Development by results*

this cause. Often this amounts to no more than the enumeration of facts and the furnishing of illustrations.

Science has successfully attacked many of the ills to which men succumb. We need not now have smallpox unless we prefer *not* to do the things which science has shown will prevent this disease. Typhoid, far less common than two decades ago, is so well understood and its transmission so definitely associated with uncleanness that we shall soon see the day when it will be not only unfortunate but not respectable to have the disease. It would now be more indecent to have typhoid than it is to have the "itch" were each person as fully in control of his own personal environment for the one disease as for the other. Yellow fever, the awful plague of many countries, not only can be destroyed, but has actually been destroyed in certain of its worst centres. It is a picturesque campaign now being waged, one with a vision of service to the human race, to remove yellow fever from the earth. The most dreaded disease of all, perhaps, tuberculosis, is slowly but surely yielding. Though big tasks are ahead, enough is now known and proved in practice with tuberculosis patients to give abundant hope to hundreds of thousands of discouraged people who have this disease. It is but a brief time since a clear diagnosis of tuberculosis was all but a death warrant. Surely science is making the earth a better home for men.—OTIS W. CALDWELL, *Science Remaking the World*.¹⁰

⁹ From *Factories in the Fields*, by Carey McWilliams, by permission of Little, Brown & Company and the Atlantic Monthly Press.

¹⁰ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from Otis W. Caldwell's *Science Remaking the World*, published and copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Company Garden City, New York.

The last plan for enforcing the topic and for giving unity to the paragraph which we need notice is that of definition. Definition is, in a sense, a mis-
 9. *Development by definition* leading term, for the majority of paragraphs which conform to this type of plan are, in strict reality, descriptive paragraphs, "literary" definitions. The device is, however, admirable for rotating a perhaps difficult subject in a variety of lights.

A classic is a work which gives pleasure to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature. It lives on because the minority, eager to renew the sensation of pleasure, is eternally curious and is therefore engaged in an eternal process of rediscovery. A classic does not survive for any ethical reason. It does not survive because it conforms to certain canons, or because neglect would kill it. It survives because it is a source of pleasure, and because the passionate few can no more neglect it than a bee can neglect a flower. The passionate few do not read "the right things" because they are right. That is to put the cart before the horse. "The right things" are the right things solely because the passionate few *like* reading them. . . . —ARNOLD BENNETT, *Literary Taste, How to Form It*.¹¹

And what was Dover Street?

Ask rather, What was it not? Dover Street was my fairest garden of girlhood, a gate of paradise, a window facing on a broad avenue of life. Dover Street was a prison, a school of discipline, a battlefield of sordid strife. The air in Dover Street was heavy with evil odors of degradation, but a breath from the uppermost heavens rippled through, whispering of infinite things. In Dover Street the dragon poverty gripped me for a last fight, but I overthrew the hideous creature, and sat on his neck as on a throne. In Dover Street I was shackled with a hundred chains of disadvantage, but with one free hand I planted little seeds, right there in the mud of shame, that blossomed into the honeyed rose of widest freedom. In Dover Street there was often no loaf on the table, but the hand of some noble friend was ever in mine. The night in Dover Street was rent with cries of wrong, but the thunders of truth crashed through the pitiful clamor and died out in prophetic silences.—MARY ANTIN, *The Promised Land*.¹²

Style in the paragraph.

Once the student has given careful attention to the statement or the implication of his topic sentence, has examined and excluded from his paragraph all subordinate ideas that are not truly contributory, has clarified his references between sentences, and has determined upon a plan for enforcing the theme of his paragraph, he is ready to give some attention to style and

¹¹ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from Arnold Bennett's *Literary Taste: How to Form It*. Published and copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, New York.

¹² Reprinted by permission from Mary Antin's *The Promised Land*, published and copyright by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

to the relation of the paragraph to the whole composition and to the other paragraphs.

Style in the paragraph is a rather complicated matter. It consists, in part, of a harmony with the style of the whole composition, a sentence pattern for the paragraph itself, and a careful choice of words from sentence to sentence. Inasmuch as the style for the whole composition is determined by the subject matter, the point of view, and the tone which the author wishes to give to his product, and as the paragraph must obviously conform to what the general plan dictates, the writer has no especial difficulty to solve on this score. Again, the selection of words is governed to a certain extent by much the same considerations. But within limits, more or less clear, the paragraph may have a style of its own. This comes in part from the logical plan of the paragraph, and in part from what may be described as a sentence-pattern. Sentences, as will be seen in the next chapter, may be constructed in varying lengths and forms. The writer has a certain latitude in the selection of both lengths and forms. For example, he may make all of his sentences short, he may make them long, he may alternate or seriate them as he chooses. On the one hand, he has to avoid monotony; on the other, he has to select sentences which give only the desired tone or effect. Between these extremes he may range freely. His topic sentence should surpass the others in clarity and force, but that does not mean that he should neglect the others. The beginning and end of his paragraph are especially important; even if the topic sentence occurs in neither position, the sentences so placed should be written with studied deliberation. In any paragraph the problem of the first sentence is to interest; the problem of the last is to drive home an impression. Though one can be dogmatic about certain things in regard to paragraph style, in the main he should be appreciative of the fact that each paragraph presents an individual problem and must be handled in an individual way. It is impossible to offer standards of good style in paragraphs. Consequently the following paragraphs are produced, not as models, but as illustrations suggestive of the range in paragraph style.

Every sunset which I witness inspires me with the desire to go to a West as distant and as fair as that into which the sun goes down. He appears to migrate westward daily, and tempt us to follow him. He is the Great Western Pioneer whom the nations follow. We dream all night of those mountain ridges in the horizon, though they may be of vapor only, which were last gilded by his rays. The island of Atlantis, and the islands and gardens of the Hesperides, a sort of terrestrial paradise, appear to have been the Great West of the ancients, enveloped in mystery and poetry. Who has not seen in imagination, when looking into the sunset sky, the gardens of the Hesperides, and the foundation of all those fables?—THOREAU, *Excursions*.

It would be a piece of brash esthetic bigotry to deny the esthetic values that derive from machinery: the clean surfaces, the hard lines, the calibrated perfec-

tion that the machine has made possible carry with them a beauty quite different from that of handicraft—but often it is a beauty. Our new sensitiveness to the forms of useful objects and purely utilitarian structures is an excellent sign; and it is not surprising that this sensitiveness has arisen first among artists. Many of our power-plants are majestic; many of our modern factories are clean and lithe and smart, designed with unerring logic and skill. Put alongside buildings in which the architect has glorified his own idiosyncrasy or pandered to the ritual of conspicuous waste, our industrial plants at least have honesty and sincerity and an inner harmony of form and function. There is nothing peculiar to machine-technology in these virtues, however, for the modern factory shares them with the old New England mill, the modern grain elevator with the Pennsylvania barn, the steamship with the clipper, and the airplane hangar with the castle.—LEWIS MUMFORD, *Sticks and Stones*.¹³

Observe the New Yorker. . . . The downtown hour of luncheon. The taking of food is naturally a restful sacrament. Even the undegraded brute is meditative when he eats. But the New Yorkers stream from their offices and shops and lofts, and crowd into food-pens, gorge and rush away. The millionaire in his luncheon-club atop some skyscraper eats in a nervous bustle like the shop-girl and the clerk at their cluttered counters. A quiet man with spiritual occupations to preserve his nerves and sharpen them could not thrive in the din where Business takes food. Nor does he. His nerves are dulled, his receptivity to the less gross qualities of life goes from him. But, at least, he is able to lunch without a sense of outrage.—WALDO FRANK, *Our America*.¹⁴

The independent paragraph.

Mastery of the paragraph, ability to write with distinction in small compass, may lead one to a very profitable and interesting career. For a long time nearly all periodicals have employed wise and witty paragraphs as "filler"; the appearance of the periodical digest, the weekly news review, and the heavily illustrated magazine have increased the demand for the able paragrapher. The columnist and the topical specialist have become very expert in turning out pungent comment in the minimum of space. Here is an example of modern "filler" (which is not really "filler" at all) from the *Ladies' Home Journal*; set at the bottom of a column of recipes, but marked off from them typographically, it adds variety to the page and supplies the information seeker with useful facts. Note the elimination of the article "the" to save space, a practice to be avoided unless the exigencies of the situation (as here) force it on one.

* * * * *

More women in U. S. have pay checks this year than ever before. Number of women workers jumped 15 per cent in 1941; was 12,846,565 last year (1940

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census). Whether they work in offices, department stores, factories, or devote themselves to homemaking, caring for families, women are the chief buyers of what the country's 34,000,000 families consume. Biggest item on American women's marketing list: \$14,753,000,000 for food.¹⁵

And here is an admirable paragraph-long editorial from *The New York Times*:

OOMPH AT SEVEN

A woman's most delightful age is seven. At seven she sits on a man's knee without hesitation, affected or genuine, and without putting the knee to sleep. She enjoys listening to him, encourages him to talk, and believes any story he tells. Her curiosity over what became of his hair is sometimes embarrassing, but her sympathy with him in his loss is unquestionably sincere. While unduly interested, perhaps, in the state of his exchequer and never too proud to accept pecuniary aid, she is no gold digger whose gratitude is measured by the amount of the contribution. For as little as two copper cents she will bear-hug his spectacles all out of shape, and he feels sure she means it. At seven she is more or less front-toothless, to be sure. But then she doesn't yet chalk her nose or paint her nails, and she hasn't begun to use tobacco. All in all, a charming age!¹⁶

Perusal of either the woman's page or the sports page of almost any daily paper will supply good paragraphs—usually anecdotes or gossip—about celebrities, either of Hollywood or Madison Square Garden. "The Talk of the Town" column in *The New Yorker*, however, has frequently developed its anecdoteage out of nobodies—for example, this paragraph entitled "Dr. Post":

It is customary in all big hospitals to notify the staff when an interesting post-mortem is to take place. It would be too blatant to have somebody shout, "Post-mortem! Post-mortem!" through the public address system, and the usual solution is to pass the word along from doctor to doctor. At one hospital, however, they have found a way to announce it over the loudspeakers. "Calling Dr. Post," the loudspeaker says, whenever something interesting is afoot in the autopsy room. "Calling Dr. Mortimer Post."¹⁷

In the "Young Decorators' Department" in *Mademoiselle*, chatty paragraphs devoted to decorating problems were fashioned in deb and sub-deb style to fit exactly 3×5 cards, which were captioned on the index tab.

BUREAUS AND CHESTS

Problem: Giving old chests and bureaus a new grip on life. Old chests and bureaus from the junk stores can be made to look lovely at small cost in time

¹⁵ Reprinted by permission of the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

¹⁶ Reprinted by permission of *The New York Times*, where it appeared on June 2, 1941, under the title of "Five Who Are 7." It was reprinted under the present title in *The Reader's Digest*.

¹⁷ Reprinted by permission from *The New Yorker*.

and money. Lacquered furniture is back in fashion, and the quick-drying variety of lacquer is a snap to apply. Just attach a spray gun to your vacuum and blast away. If your aim isn't up to William Tell's, stick to a handbrush and brushing paint, which any idiot can get on straight. Be sure you sand the piece down after each coat for that professional look, and incidentally, black couldn't be smarter this season—a nice change from all the flat-white everyone's had undertoot. For a tiny room, your best bet is unpainted furniture covered with the same paper used on the walls. If, however, your walls are painted, choose for your furniture a wallpaper with a background to match the paint. For the actual operation, you're going to need regular sizing, sharp scissors, a knife, a T-square or yardstick, and not a little patience. Wide stripes are the most devilish to maneuver but worth it. Be sure to select washable paper and shellac it afterward with colorless shellac.¹⁸

Anyone can multiply almost infinitely from the newspapers and magazines the number of uses to which the isolated paragraph may be put. It does no writer harm to imitate paragraphs that are distinguished merely by journalistic cleverness; though most of us, if we write, will have to string paragraphs together one after another, the skill we learn in compacting much in small space will help us to give our reader honest measure when we are employed on longer things. Very few writers are inspired to cram their paragraphs with as much substance as they will hold.

The paragraph and its neighbors.

In an essay of several paragraphs the scheme for the whole composition determines, as has been pointed out, the nature of each paragraph; consequently the writer has no apparent problems save development and style, insofar as the individual paragraph is concerned. Yet he has one other: he has to make each paragraph appear to develop out of its predecessor in order that there shall be unity and coherence in the composition. Here again the composition outline lessens his task. But he can aid and enforce that outline by giving careful attention to the reference between paragraphs. Connectives should be employed when necessary, but real unity and coherence can come best from the implied reference of the thought. In this regard, the paragraphs in the following selection are worthy of study:

For supper, we are told, Milton used often to eat a few olives. That statement has frequently recurred to my mind. I never grow weary of the significance of little things. What do the so-called great things of life count for in the end, the fashion of a man's showing-off for the benefit of his fellows? It is the little things that give its savor or its bitterness to life, the little things that direct the currents of activity, the little things that alone really reveal the intimate depths of personality. *De minimis non curat lex*. But against that dictum of human law one may place the Elder Pliny's maxim concerning

¹⁸ Reprinted by permission from *Mademoiselle*.

natural law: *Nusquam magis quam in minimis tota est Natura*. For in the sphere of Nature's Laws it is only the minimal things that are worth caring about, the least things in the world, mere specks on the Walls of Life, as it seems to you. But one sets one's eyes to them, and, behold, they are chinks that look out into Infinity.

Milton is one of the "great" things in English life and literature, and his admirers dwell on his great achievements. These achievements often leave me a little cold, intellectually acquiescent, nothing more. But when I hear of these olives which the blind old scholar-poet was wont to eat for supper I am at once brought nearer to him. I intuitively divine what they meant to him.

Olives are not the most obvious food for an English Puritan of the seventeenth century, though olive-oil is said to have been used here even in the fourteenth century. Milton might more naturally, one supposes, like his arch-Puritanic foe, Prynne, have "refocillated" his brain with ale and bread, and indeed he was still too English, and perhaps too wise, to disdain either.

But Milton had lived in Italy. There the most brilliant and happy days of his life had been spent. All the rest of his real and inner life was but an echo of the music he had heard in Italy. For Milton was only on one side of his nature the austere Latin secretary of Cromwell and the ferocious opponent of Salmasius. He was also the champion of the tardy Renaissance, the grave and beautiful youth whose every fibre thrilled to the magic of Italy. For two rich months he had lived in Florence, then the most attractive of Italian cities, with Gaddi, Dati, Coltellini, and the rest of his friends. He had visited Galileo, then just grown blind, as he was himself destined to be. His inner sight always preserved the old visions he had garnered

At evening from the top of Fesole,
Or in Valdarno.

Now at last, in the company of sour and ignorant Puritans who counted him one of themselves, while a new generation grew up which ignored him and which he disdained, in this sulphurous atmosphere of London which sickened and drove away his secretary Ellwood, Milton ate a handful of olives. And all Italy came to him in those olives.

"What! when the sun rises do you not see a round disc of fire, somewhat like a guinea?" "Oh no, no, no!" said Blake, "I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host." And these dull green exotic fruits which the blind Milton ate bedwards were the heralds of dreams diviner than he freighted with magnificent verse.—HAVELOCK ELLIS, *Impressions and Comments* (First Series).¹⁹

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is "pneumatic" punctuation?
2. How many words or sentences at the most should a modern paragraph have?

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3. What is meant by a "shift in thought"?
4. What is meant, in narrative writing, by "starting an intuition"?
5. What reason may be given for not expressing all thought in topic or epigrammatic form?
6. Define a *topic sentence*.
7. What position in the paragraph, commonly, does the topic sentence occupy?
8. Under what circumstance may a topic sentence be omitted?
9. What is meant by "link words" within the paragraph?
10. Name the seven ways in which a paragraph may be developed.
11. Explain in turn the different methods of paragraph development.
12. Describe the two methods of refutation.
13. What are the elements of formal definition?
14. What is meant by a "literary definition"?
15. What is meant by "filler"?
16. Name some of the employments that a modern "paragrapher" may have.

Round Table

1. Defend or attack newspaper editorials in which every sentence is given a paragraph, usually in bold-face type.
2. Defend or attack the use of simple paragraphs in "fudge boxes" (set apart by rules) in newspapers.
3. Compare two columnists: (*a*) One who devotes his column to a single subject; (*b*) one who writes paragraphs on half a dozen unrelated topics. Bring in work by each man so that the discussion may not be pointless.
4. Discuss the factors that govern paragraphing in poetry.
5. Bring to class for discussion an example of narrative paragraphing of a subtle kind, and deduce the author's reasons for what he did.
6. Bring to class two examples of eighteenth-century writing for discussion on how the paragraphing in them might be modernized.

Paper Work

1. Outline a thousand-word expository theme by the process of writing the first and the last sentences of each paragraph.
2. Study carefully the following narrative and descriptive paragraphs. Then write an essay of five hundred words on "Various Methods of Paragraph Development in Narrative and Descriptive Writing," using for illustrative material these paragraphs and any others which you may wish to include. Be sure to call attention to all of the excellencies of the specimens.

A. It was on this subject—an old lady had an Alderney cow, which she looked upon as a daughter. You could not pay the short quarter of an hour call, without being told of the wonderful milk or wonderful intelligence of this animal. The whole town knew and kindly regarded Miss Betsy Barker's Alderney; therefore great was the sympathy and regret when, in an unguarded

moment, the poor cow tumbled into a lime-pit. She moaned so loudly that she was soon heard, and rescued; but meanwhile the poor beast had lost most of her hair, and came out looking naked, cold, and miserable, in a bare skin. Everybody pitied the animal, though a few could not restrain their smiles at her droll appearance. Miss Betsy Barker absolutely cried with sorrow and dismay; and it was said she thought of trying a bath of oil. This remedy, perhaps, was recommended by some one of the number whose advice she asked; but the proposal, if ever it was made, was knocked on the head by Captain Brown's decided "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am, if you wish to keep her alive. But my advice is, kill the poor creature at once."—Mrs. Gaskell, *Cranford*.

B. She was a fat old woman, this Mrs. Gamp, with a husky voice and a moist eye, which she had a remarkable power of turning up, and only showing the white of it. Having very little neck, it cost her some trouble to look over herself, if one may say so, at those to whom she talked. She wore a very rusty black gown, rather the worse for snuff, and a shawl and bonnet to correspond. In these dilapidated articles of dress she had, on principle, arrayed herself, time out of mind, on such occasions as the present; for this at once expressed a decent amount of veneration for the deceased, and invited the next of kin to present her with a fresher suit of weeds: an appeal so frequently successful, that the very fetch and ghost of Mrs. Gamp, bonnet and all, might be seen hanging up, any hour in the day, in at least a dozen of the second-hand clothes shops about Holborn. The face of Mrs. Gamp—the nose in particular—was somewhat red and swollen, and it was difficult to enjoy her society without becoming conscious of a smell of spirits. Like most persons who have attained to great eminence in their profession, she took to hers very kindly; insomuch that, setting aside her natural predilections as a woman, she went to a lying-in or a laying-out with equal zest and relish.—Dickens, *Martin Chuzzlewit*.

C. Having crossed the marsh, I saw a trace of white over the moor. I approached it; it was a road or a track: it led straight up to the light, which now beamed from a sort of knoll, amidst a clump of trees—firs, apparently, from what I could distinguish of the character of their forms and foliage through the gloom. My star vanished as I drew near: some obstacle had intervened between me and it. I put out my hand to feel the dark mass before me: I discriminated the rough stones of a low wall—above it, something like palisades, and within, a high and prickly hedge. I groped on. Again a whitish object gleamed before me: it was a gate—a wicket; it moved on its hinges as I touched it. On each side stood a sable bush—holly or yew.—Charlotte Brontë, *Jane Eyre*.

D. John Thresher had a laborious mind; it cost him beads on his forehead to mount to these heights of meditation. He told me once that he thought one's country was like one's wife: you were born in the first, and married to the second, and had to learn all about them afterwards, ay, and make the best of them. He recommended rae to mix, strain, and throw away the sediment, for that was the trick o' brewery. Every puzzle that beset him in life resolved

to this cheerful precept, the value of which, he said, was shown by clear brown ale, the drink of the land. Even as a child I felt that he was peculiarly an Englishman. Tales of injustice done on the Niger river would flush him in a heat of wrath till he cried out for fresh taxes to chastise the villains. Yet at the sight of the beggars at his gates he groaned at the taxes existing, and enjoined me to have pity on the poor taxpayer when I lent a hand to patch the laws. I promised him I would unreservedly, with a laugh, but with a sincere intention to legislate in a direct manner on his behalf. He, too, though he laughed, thanked me kindly.—George Meredith, *The Adventures of Harry Richmond*.

3. The sentences in the following paragraphs do not stand in the order in which the author arranged them. Attempt to restore them either to the normal order or to an order which seems to you effective. For convenience of reference preserve the present numbering.

A. (1) The physical atmosphere of town meeting is rather strong with tobacco smoke and sawdust and close air, but the moral atmosphere is like that on a mountain peak compared to any political life I ever saw elsewhere, either in France or in other American states. (2) The Vermonter has for a century and a half found self-government not so very daunting, and often the highest form of entertainment. (3) And although they might not be able to cope with especially adroit political rogues, there is blessedly so little money involved in most Vermont operations that it is hardly worth the while of specially adroit rogues to frequent town meetings. (4) Every question concerning the welfare of the town, to the last forgotten valley in the mountains, is brought up at this open meeting and decided after loud and open discussions. (5) The honest men are on the job, with remarkably big and knotty fists, their dander ready to rise if somebody tries to put something over on them. (6) Not on your life! (7) They step heavily in their great shoes through the mud, which on March Meeting-Day is awful beyond belief, but they hold up their heads. (8) There is none of that stultifying, bored, cynical, disillusioned conviction that the rogues will beat the honest men again this time, as always. (9) When it is over and the teams and Fords and lean, wiry men stream away from the Town Hall over the rutted roads in the sharp March air, they are all tingling with that wonderfully stimulating experience, having spoken their minds out freely on what concerns them. (10) They have settled their own affairs.

B. (1) To object to theory in poetry would be like objecting to words there; for words, too, are symbols without the sensuous character of the things they stand for; and yet it is only by the net of new connections which words throw over things, in recalling them, that poetry arises at all. (2) The life of theory is not less human or less emotional than the life of sense; it is more typically human and more keenly emotional. (3) For this reason philosophy, when a poet is not mindless, enters inevitably into his poetry, since it has entered into his life; or rather, the detail of things and the detail of ideas pass equally into his verse, when both alike lie in the path that has led him to his ideal. (4) There is a kind of sensualism or æstheticism that has decreed in our day that

theory is not poetical, as if all the images and emotions that enter a cultivated mind were not saturated with theory. (5) Poetry is an attenuation, a rehandling, an echo of crude experience; it is itself a theoretic vision of things at arm's length. (6) Philosophy is a more intense sort of experience than common life is, just as pure and subtle music, heard in retirement, is something keener and more intense than the howling of storms or the rumble of cities. (7) The presence of such a sensualism or æstheticism would alone suffice to explain the impotence of the arts.

C. (1) No American poet has sung of his neighborhood with naïve passion, as if it were all the world to him. (2) Is it an observable general characteristic, and is it a virtue or a vice? (3) The Old Testament is tribal in its provinciality; its god is a local god, and its village police and sanitary regulations are erected into eternal laws. (4) It is not possible in our cosmopolitan age, and there are few traces of it in American books. (5) Whitman is pugnaciously American, but his sympathies are universal, his vision is cosmic; when he seems to be standing in a city street looking at life, he is in a trance, and his spirit is racing with the winds. (6) The most provincial of all literature is the Greek. (7) If this racial localism is not essential to the greatness of early literatures, it is inseparable from them; we find it there. (8) There is a sense in which American literature is not provincial enough. (9) The Greeks knew nothing outside of Greece and needed to know nothing. (10) What, then, of the "provincialism" of the American province of the empire of British literature?

4. In the following paragraphs not only has the sentence order been changed, but the word-links between the sentences have been deleted. Restore both the transitional links and the sentence order. For convenience of reference, keep the present numbering.

A. (1) Affectation proceeds from one of these two causes, vanity or hypocrisy; for as vanity puts us on affecting false characters, in order to purchase applause, so hypocrisy sets us on an endeavor to avoid censure, by concealing our vices under an appearance of their opposite virtues. (2) The affectation of liberality in a vain man differs visibly from the same affectation in the avaricious; for though the vain man is not what he would appear, or hath not the virtues he affects, to the degree he would be thought to have it, yet it sits less awkwardly on him than on the avaricious man, who is the very reverse of what he would seem to be. (3) It may be noted that affectation doth not imply an absolute negation of those qualities which are affected, and therefore, though, when it proceeds from hypocrisy, it be nearly allied to deceit, yet when it comes from vanity only, it partakes of the nature of ostentation. (4) The only source of the true ridiculous, as it appears to me, is affectation. (5) These two causes are often confounded (for there is some difficulty in distinguishing them), yet, as they proceed from very different motives, so they are as clearly distinct in their operations; for, indeed, the affectation which arises from vanity is nearer to the truth than the other, as it hath not that violent repugnancy of nature to struggle with, which that of the hypocrite hath. (6) Though it arises from one spring only, when we consider the infinite streams into which this one branches, we shall presently cease to admire at the copious field it affords to an observer.

B. (1) The good and the bad perishing promiscuously in the best of Shakespeare's tragedies, there can be either none or very weak instruction in them; for such promiscuous events call the government of Providence into question, and by skeptics and libertines are resolved into chance. (2) Shakespeare has been wanting in the exact distribution of poetical justice not only in his *Coriolanus*, but in most of his tragedies, in which the guilty and the innocent perish promiscuously; as Duncan and Banquo in *Macbeth*, as likewise Lady Macduff and her children; Desdemona in *Othello*; Cordelia, Kent, and King Lear, in the tragedy that bears his name; Brutus and Portia in *Julius Caesar*; and young Hamlet in the tragedy of *Hamlet*. (3) I humbly conceive that this want of dramatical justice in the tragedy of *Coriolanus* gave occasion for a just alteration, and that I was obliged to sacrifice to that justice Aufidius and the tribunes, as well as Coriolanus. (4) Though it may be said in defense of the last, that Hamlet had a design to kill his uncle who then reigned, yet this is justified by no less than a call from heaven, and raising up one from the dead to urge him to it.

5. Write a miscellaneous column made up of paragraphs on the day's events.
6. Imagine yourself employed on a magazine serving a debutante audience; write four paragraphs of "filler" for such a magazine.
7. Imagine yourself a sports writer; produce four separate paragraphs of training-camp gossip.
8. Produce four separate paragraphs, using "Town Topics" as a model.
9. Produce three paragraphs which might be used as "filler" or brief editorials on the editorial page of a newspaper of high standards.
10. In a review column discuss in four separate paragraphs four books which might come under the head of "brief mention." (This assignment may also be used for plays, motion pictures, radio programs, etc.)

Chapter VII

SENTENCES

"A sentence should read as if its author, had he held a plough instead of a pen, could have drawn a furrow deep and straight to the end."—THOREAU.

The sentence: a definition.

IF WORDS are the sparks of thought, sentences are beams of light. In order that we may discern by these beams, they must be unfaltering and continuous. The child who cries, "Billy, quick!" instead of "Come here, Billy, quick," signals his playmate with an unsteady lantern. The words he employs are probably less important than the excitement of his manner and the inflection of his voice. Yet they do convey some sense—particularly if the mind to which they are addressed is by habit responsive to their plea. But for a mature speaker or writer to throw half the burden of his message on his audience is unfair and ungenerous. Grammar—the curse of school-boys—is but a code of conventions drawn up for the sake of the listener or the reader. For example, there is apparently no biological or ethical necessity for writing "It is I" instead of "It is me." (Indeed, some children say, "It is *my*," and are understood.) But it is consistent and conventional to do so. An agreement among the users of the language has been reached that "I" shall be the form employed after the copula, and not "me" or "my." The writer ought no more to think of violating this widely accepted usage than of breaking a social engagement without notifying his hostess. A gentleman, to be sure, is sometimes spoken of as unconventional when he should be regarded as individual: he does not ignore the courtesies—he takes unusual ways of meeting them. Now a writer has exactly this liberty with grammar: he must meet the conventions, but he may do this in any way that he chooses.

Insofar as the sentence is concerned, the conventions are few and explicit. Each sentence must contain a single, complete thought. To fulfill this requirement, each sentence must embody at least one independent predication, that is, a *subject* designating that person, object, or circumstance of which something is said, and a *predicate* containing that which is said of the subject. Thus:

*Subject**Predicate*

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Time | passes. |
| 2. A Jew | hath eyes. |
| 3. A real short story | should open with a breathless sentence. |
| 4. The conception of the constancy of the order of Nature | ... has become the dominant idea of modern thought. |

Now it should be observed that it is a part of the requirement that the predication be *independent*. In other words, the predication must not be dependent or subordinate: it must not serve the function of a noun, an adjective, or an adverb, for then it loses its virtue of completeness—it cannot stand alone:

The nature of an independent predication

- | | |
|-----------------------|---|
| 1. (Noun clause) | Whatever goes up . . . |
| 2. (Adjective clause) | A speaker <i>who does not strike oil in ten minutes</i> . . . |
| 3. (Adverbial clause) | When you can't think of any other way to flatter a man . . . |

Of course, by using these dependent predications *as elements*, it is quite easy to make complete sentences:

1. *Whatever goes up* must come down.
2. A speaker *who does not strike oil in ten minutes* should stop boring.
3. *When you can't think of any other way to flatter a man*, tell him that he cannot be flattered.

The revision which was necessary to make sentences out of these dependent predications has illuminated, perhaps, the very definition of a sentence. A sentence is not merely a statement "beginning with a capital letter and ending with a period"; *a sentence is* (in substance) *a complete thought expressed* (in form) *in at least one independent predication*.

Usually the grammatical and ideational requirements of a sentence are fulfilled explicitly by writers and speakers. There are a few occasions, however, when an implicit fulfillment is all that is necessary. That is, there are times when the writer need not supply in so many words a subject to be talked about, and there are yet other times when he may be excused for not producing a predicate to accompany his subject. But these very exceptions are themselves amenable to rule: *Sentence elements may be omitted only when the part remaining or the context of the passage as a whole instantly suggests that which has been left out*. Thus it is possible to omit the italicized words in the following sentences. Such an omission is known as *ellipsis*:

Implication in predication: ellipsis

1. The Puritans were nobles by the right of an earlier creation; *and they were* priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.

1. The Puritans were nobles the right of an earlier creation; priests by the imposition of a mightier hand.
2. Every man *should provide* for himself; the Devil *will provide* for all *men*.
- 2'. Every man for himself; the Devil for all.

The last illustration raises a very fair objection. Does the reader involuntarily supply the proper form—that is, the right tense of the verb *provide*? For ellipsis must do no injury to grammatical form. The context here, perhaps, aids the reader. But not always is ellipsis justified on this score. Note that, in the following sentences, incorrect words are naturally suggested for the omissions; consequently the ellipsis is not warranted:

1. Hester went yesterday; I tomorrow.
- 1'. Hester went yesterday; I *go* tomorrow.
2. She brings, as before, our solicitations.
- 2'. She brings, as *she brought* before, our solicitations.

In addition to the natural ellipsis in sentences where the structure aids the context in suggesting omitted words, there are five cases in which words are customarily left out as unnecessary. They are as follows:

1. The command or request:
 - (a) Suit yourself.
 - (b) Hard astern!
 - (c) Please place this where you can find it again.
2. The question:
 - (a) What of Mrs. Grundy?
 - (b) Not here?
3. The exclamation:
 - (a) O, the times and the customs!
 - (b) Alas, poor Yorick!
4. The dialogue:
 - (a) "What about Monday?"
 "Have an appointment."
 "Well, Tuesday, then?"
 "All right, Tuesday. See you at the Jumble Shop at noon."
5. The introduction and transition:
 - (a) One word more.
 - (b) Now for the real issue.
 - (c) But a glance first at the other side.

One of the surest proofs that sentence form is to a certain extent arbitrary has been the tendency in recent years to increase the amount of ellipsis, *Changing conventions?* to make fragments stand for complete sentences. On the whole this tendency should be deplored because it spoils sentence rhythm and endangers clarity. Certainly the novice should be cau-

tious in imitating writers who are prodigal with the effect. Yet he should not condemn the practice because it is new. It has the virtue, say its proponents, of being a great aid in securing impressionistic effects. On the other hand, it is worth noting that nothing of the first order of merit has yet been produced by building with sentence fragments. Generally the results have been deplorably suggestive of those jardinières made from broken pieces of colored porcelain—a fad of thirty years ago. Miss Fannie Hurst has been one of the most daring users of the device:

I set out to write a love-story, and for the purpose sharpened a bright-pink pencil with a glass ruby frivolously at the eraser end.

Something sweet. Something dainty. A candied rose-leaf after all the bitter war-lozenges. A miss. A kiss. A golf-stick. A motor-car. Or, if need be, a bit of khaki, but without one single spot of blood or mud, and nicely pressed as to those fetching peg-top trouser effects where they wing out just below the skirt coat. The oldest story in the world told newly. No wear out to it. Editors know. It's as staple as eggs or printed lawn or ipecac—*Back Pay*.¹

Sentence unity.

A sentence, it has been suggested, is a complete thought expressed in at least one independent predication. But what, after all, is a complete thought? The breathless child exclaims, "We went to the park and we tried the water and it was cold and . . ." Has she uttered her complete thought before lack of breath gave her pause? Perhaps she meant to add, ". . . and we came home." Indeed, this may have been the thing uppermost in her mind when she began her brief, tumbling narrative. Her mother, with an amused smile, may explain. "Since we found the water at the park too cold for wading, we came home." Now it is at once apparent that the only difference between the two statements is that the child produces no single impression, while her mother does. That is, the child at no time makes clear the end which she has in view, while every word which the mother utters has a single aim. The only test for completeness of thought or *unity* in a sentence is this singleness of impression. Unless every element in the sentence, however small, contributes to this common end, the necessary effect is lack of unity. A sentence should end, moreover, the moment the proper effect or impression has been achieved.

It is an obvious corollary that all material which does not contribute to unity must be rigidly excluded from the sentence. There is but one sure way to attain perfect unity: every sentence ought to be subjected to rigid scrutiny and, if necessary, revision. Irrelevant

*Irrelevant
material*

material

¹ Reprinted from *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*, by permission of Fannie Hurst and the International Magazine Company.

cies must be stricken out, asides challenged, and digressions looked at askance. Heterogeneous ideas must not be crowded into a sentence. Disraeli, who composed rapidly, and consequently carelessly, repeatedly erred by including irrelevant matter in his sentences. Note the element of indirection in the italicized words in the following selection from his novel, *Coningsby*:

Coningsby, who had lost the key of his carpet-bag, *which he finally cut open with a pen-knife that he found on his writing table, and the blade of which he broke in the operation*, only reached the drawing room as the figure of his grandfather, leaning on his ivory-cane, and following his guests, was just visible in the distance.

Sentence length.

It must be understood, however, that unity is but one (though the most important) of several factors in determining the length of a sentence. Theoretically there is no limit to the length of a sentence if the author can successfully produce a single effect or impression.² John Ruskin left the world an appalling legacy of long sentences. Many of his efforts run to five hundred words. "When he wrote," says Chesterton, "he pulled not an arrow to the head, but a spear." Ruskin, however, was a singularly impractical person. That he had little regard for his audience is evinced, for example, by the speech which he made at Bradford, in Yorkshire. Invited to address the community at the dedication of the new Town Hall, he gave vent to a tirade on taste and morality which must have been stunning to his listeners. The same incomprehensible disregard, but this time for his readers, is found in the complicated and tedious structure of his sentences. Practically, there are four considerations which should deter any modern writer from emulating Ruskin. The first of these arises out of respect and compassion for the reader. It is in every way desirable to break the strain upon his attention at reasonable intervals. A second consideration is lodged in the popular taste. What does the reading public regard as an intolerably long sentence? Twenty words? Thirty words? The tempo of our day is more rapid than that of Ruskin's: after "turning, turning in mazes of heat and sound," our minds are more tired. Consequently attention is for us a greater effort. The novice must see this—the artists already have seen it. Sentences have, therefore, been shortened for the comfort of the reader.

Then there are the artistic reasons for shortening and compressing sentences. The writer must determine for himself the amount of emphasis,

² Perhaps the longest sentence ever written was that contained in the introduction to the suppressed edition of Ben Hecht's *Fantaxius Mallare*. This sentence made one piece out of the introduction and extended over ten pages. Such an effort must be recognized as a *tour de force* and should never be imitated.

for example, which he wishes each detail to receive. If the details are important, each detail may well make a separate sentence. If the details are unimportant, they may be subordinated in a single sentence. In the following illustration the writer considered the details to be of paramount importance. He wished his readers to realize each one of them:

There were 3,000 girls in the Biggest Store. Maisie was one of them. She was eighteen and a saleslady in gents' gloves.—O. HENRY, *A Lickpenny Lover*.

Had he considered the details relatively unimportant, he might have subordinated them in the following fashion:

Of the 3,000 girls in the Biggest Store, eighteen-year-old Maisie, saleslady in gents' gloves, was one.

Finally, the rhythm of the passage as a whole is a factor in determining sentence length. Some sort of harmony must be maintained between sentences or the result is woefully repellent. Observe what can be done by arbitrarily shifting sentence length. Here is a passage in which sentence rhythm is carefully studied:

In the public bar of the Wagtail, in Wapping, four men and a woman were drinking beer and discussing diseases. It was not a pretty subject, and the company was certainly not a handsome one. It was a dark November evening, and the dingy lighting of the bar seemed but to emphasize the bleak exterior. . . . —AUMONIER, *Where Was Wych Street?*

Here is the same material reproduced with no regard whatsoever for rhythm:

Four men and a woman were drinking beer in the public bar of the Wagtail, in Wapping. They were discussing diseases. The subject was not pretty. The company certainly was not handsome. It was a dark November evening. The dingy lighting of the bar seemed but to emphasize the bleak exterior. . . .

Sentence variety.

The passage just produced is not only staccato as to sentence rhythm, but it is monotonous as to form. Now only a part of this monotony arises from the fact that the sentences are all more or less of the same length. Sentences are *solid* as well as *lineal*. Some share of the monotony of the rearranged passage is due to the similarity in structure of several of the sentences. Each sentence is in form a single independent predication:

Subject

Predicate

They	were discussing diseases.
The subject	was not pretty.
The company	certainly was not handsome.
It	was a dark November evening.

Here, it will probably be conceded, lies the chief source of the monotony.

The semblance of variety is sometimes obtained by reordering the words in the sentence or by inverting the whole. Both practices, it might be remarked, are frowned on at the present time. In this particular instance, moreover, they afford no solution to the problem:

They were discussing diseases. The subject was not pretty. Not handsome certainly was the company. . . .

The last sentence suggests nothing in the world so much as a comedian walking backwards into a theatre in order to convince the ticket-taker that he is coming out. We are more apt to be annoyed than pleased by inversions: the fundamental source of the monotony has been feebly disguised but not removed. The same tedious succession of single independent predications remains. The need for variety of structure remains.

Simple, compound, and complex sentences.

Single independent predications are inadequate for the writer's needs for a more fundamental reason than the desirability of variety. They do not adequately express his complete thought. Thus there is some direct connection between the thought that four men and a woman were drinking beer and the thought that they were discussing diseases. There is some connection between the fact that the subject was not a pretty one and the further fact that the company was not handsome. Each of these groups of ideas supplies a single impression: each is a complete thought. The Wagtail is from its name a cheap tavern, Wapping is a most plebeian district, beer-drinking for mixed company in public is common, the discussion of diseases is unrefined. In sum, we might say that the complete impression produced by these items is vulgarity of atmosphere. The discussion is not genteel; neither is the company in appearance. An impression, perhaps, of boorishness of person and manner is given. But we have seen that each complete thought (as tested by singleness of impression) is entitled to expression in a sentence. But this is impossible if each sentence is to contain but a single independent predication. To meet this very need other types of sentences have been evolved. Being different in structure from that just described, these other types of sentences are also an aid in securing variety of structure in a passage.

A sentence which possesses but one independent predication is called a *simple sentence*. It is by the addition of independent and dependent predications that the other types of sentences are made. Doubling of the subject or of the verb must not be taken for additional predication. Thus the following sentences may conveniently be regarded as simple. It should be observed, however, that this doubling of sentence parts helps to disguise the simple structure of the sentence:

1. *Increased means and increased leisure* are the two civilizers of man.
2. Honest men *esteem and value* nothing so much in this world as a real friend.

The addition of a phrase likewise helps to conceal simplicity in sentence design without altering the essential architecture:

1. They met and started going around together.
- 1'. They met *in a revolving door* and started going around together.

To alter fundamentally the sentence structure, a complete predication, dependent or independent, must be added. When the addition is of one or more independent predications the sentence is said to be a *compound sentence*. Thus:

1. I cried unto the Lord with my voice, and he heard me out of his holy will.
2. Clever men are good, but they are not the best.
3. God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or earth.
4. For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost.

A *complex sentence* is one that contains one independent predication and one or more dependent predications. Thus:

1. When Æsop's fox had lost his tail, he would have all his fellow foxes cut off theirs.
2. He who buys real estate in Florida will do well to discover if there is land on his property.
3. Wherever literature consoles sorrow or assuages pain; wherever it brings gladness to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears, and ache for the dark house and the long sleep,—there is exhibited in its noblest form the immortal influence of Athens.

Sentence structure and thought relationships.

If the number of ideas is too large to go in a simple sentence with its single predication, it is obvious that either a compound or complex sentence must be made. The natural question is, Which? The answer depends altogether on the relative importance of the ideas which are to be combined. If the writer feels that the ideas all have the same weight, he has no choice but to employ a compound sentence for their expression, since, in the compound sentence, the independent predications (which must carry his ideas) are all of the same rank. On the other hand, if he feels that some of his ideas are subordinate to any one other idea, he must indicate this difference by employing a complex sentence wherein the subordinate ideas will fall into the dependent predications while the predominant thought will be reserved for the main clause, or independent predication.

Ideas may be regarded as *having the same weight* when the single impression gained from their union is of *addition, contrast, alternation, consequence, or explanation*. These ideas should be expressed in compound sentences; all other relationships should be indicated by other constructions. The first relationship in which the compound sentence should be used is, as has been indicated, that of addition. In this case the two or more independent predications (or coördinate clauses, as they are sometimes called) are joined by one of the following conjunctions: *and, besides, nor . . . and not, likewise, moreover*, etc. *And* is, of course, the commonest sign of addition and the hardest-worked conjunction in the language.³ The novice must be cautious not to employ it with coördinate clauses when the thought relationship is not of addition. Thus, in narrative:

1. I went to the theatre and I saw *Arsenic and Old Lace*.
- 1'. When I went to the theatre, I saw *Arsenic and Old Lace*.
- 1''. At the theatre I saw *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

The following table of relationships, with its list of the proper conjunctions to be used in each case and with its illustrations of proper coördination, may prove helpful to the apprentice-writer:

1. Addition

Conjunctions: *and, besides, likewise, moreover, nor . . . and not*, etc.

- a. The world is a wheel, and Boston is its hub.

2. Contrast

Conjunctions: *but, however, nevertheless, yet*.

- a. His conversation does not show the minute hand, but he strikes the hour very correctly.
- b. This was a good dinner all right; however it was not a dinner to ask a man to.

3. Alternation

Conjunctions: *or, nor, either . . . or, neither . . . nor*.

- a. Either I have the right, or there is no right under Heaven.

4. Consequence

Conjunctions: *accordingly, consequently, therefore, so*, etc.

- a. War seemed inevitable; consequently we made all haste to leave the country.

5. Explanation

Conjunction: *for*.

(Note that one clause does not give the *cause* for the other but rather substantiates it. If a cause or reason were given, the clauses would be of unequal value and a complex, rather than a compound, sentence should be used.)

³ Max Beerbohm is the author of an essay entitled "On And" in which the conjunction is never used. To appreciate the difficulty overcome in this *tour de force*, the student might endeavor to write as many sentences as he can without employing *and*—sentences that produce a continuous narrative or exposition. This is not a mere "stunt" but a useful exercise.

- a. When a man is tired of London, he is tired of life; for there is in London all that life can afford.

From this table it must not be understood that the compound sentence can always be detected by the use of certain conjunctions. Indeed, it is sometimes both feasible and profitable to omit the conjunctions, in which case a semicolon is ordinarily substituted in their place:

1. He has spent all his life in letting down empty buckets into empty wells; now he is frittering away his age in trying to draw them up again.

In a simple series the comma frequently takes the place of the semicolon:

1. I came, I saw, I conquered.
2. Fiction lags after truth, invention is unfruitful, and imagination cold and barren.

Here is an interesting combination of both methods of punctuation:

1. Equity is a roguish thing. For law we have a measure, know what to trust to; Equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so is Equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a "foot" a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure this would be! One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same thing in the Chancellor's conscience.—JOHN SELDEN, *Equity*.

When ideas are of unequal weight, this condition ought to be indicated by sentence structure. One of the ways in which this can be done is to put the less important ideas in subordinate clauses, or dependent predications. We have already seen that there are three types of dependent predication: clauses used as nouns, as adjectives, and as adverbs. In the following sentences, the italicized clauses are all subordinate and dependent:

1. Noun clause:
Whatever you do will be praised.
2. Adjective clause:
The banker, *who was not easily influenced*, still suspected the man.
3. Adverbial clause:
The doctor came *when he was sent for*.

But how detect the less significant idea from the more significant? How discover which clause should be main and independent and which should be dependent and subordinate? Ideas do not appear in the form of nouns or of adjectives or of adverbs. In our thinking there is probably little distinction between the important and the relatively unimportant. Conceivably a person might think in this fashion:

I see that merchant is over-polite to his customers. I see that he begs them to taste a little brandy. I see that he throws half his goods on the counter for them. I think that merchant has an axe to grind.

Here all the ideas are expressed in a single form (that is, as independent predications), yet there can be no doubt that the final impression which the author wished to make is that the merchant has an ulterior purpose in all his politeness. This is the sum of all the other effects. The first step, then, in subordination is to determine the single impression to be produced by the sentence. The clause carrying this impression obviously must be main and independent. All the other ideas are contributory and must be expressed in structures which are subordinate and dependent. Noun, adjective, and adverbial clauses are, as we have seen, properly subordinate and dependent in form. Here is our material reproduced with that which is contributory in thought placed in adverbial and adjective clauses:

When I see a merchant who is over-polite to his customers, when I see him beg them to take a little brandy, or throw half his goods on the counter for them, I think that merchant has an axe to grind.

Now if we will give that which we have just written a little further consideration, we shall see that the two adverbial clauses are of equal rank in structure and consequently of equal importance. Yet it may be that the author of the ideas which we have rearranged intended the material of the second adverbial clause to serve as illustration of the fact of the first. That is, it may be that he considered offering the customers brandy and throwing half the goods on the counter examples of over-politeness. If so, how can we indicate this ideational relationship by structure? The answer is simple: we must do it by employing phrases, for the phrase is in rank just inferior to the subordinate clause. The procedure is perhaps a little clearer if taken by steps. The fundamental idea of the sentence is: "When I see . . . I think. . . ." This thought may well be stated in full:

When I see a merchant who is over-polite to his customers . . . I think that merchant has an axe to grind.

Our problem is to add phrases giving illustrations of this over-politeness. It may be done as follows:

When I see a merchant who is over-polite to his customers, *begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter*, I think that merchant has an axe to grind.

Yet a very scrupulous craftsman might not be satisfied even with this sentence. He might argue that the clause *who is over-polite to his customers* is in form of equal rank with the clause *when I see a merchant*, but that

in function it is subservient—that is, it merely indicates the kind of merchant who arouses suspicions. To satisfy his scruple, this clause, too, may be changed to a phrase:

When I see a merchant *over-polite to his customers*, begging them to taste a little brandy and throwing half his goods on the counter,—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.—CHARLES MINER, *Who'll Turn Grindstones*.

This is not, of course, the limit to which subordination may go. Below the phrase in importance lies the modifying word. If the writer feels the need either for economy or a slighter degree of emphasis, he may substitute a word for the phrase:

When I see an *over-polite* merchant,—thinks I, that man has an axe to grind.

In summary, then, subordination is the art of finding the proper form—clause, phrase, or modifying word—which shall suitably represent the degree of importance of the thought relationship. The form selected should indicate to the eye at a glance the weight which the author gives to any contributory or qualifying idea in direct reference to the single impression which he wishes to make with his sentence.

Tabulation of the more difficult forms—of the subordinate clauses—may again be of help to the beginner. Of first importance, of course, is the noun clause. This may be employed either for economy's sake or when the close relationship of the ideas makes combination imperative for the sake of the single impression to be produced upon the reader. The following ideas, for example, are so closely related that their union appears imperative:

*Subordinate
clauses illus-
trated: the
noun clause*

He is everywhere censured. Thus it would appear that he is eminent.

The thought relation may be better indicated in this fashion:

That he is everywhere censured seems to indicate that he is eminent.

Subordinate clauses may be used in all the functions of a noun:

1. As subject:

That a man of one book should be avoided is a bit of wisdom attributed to Robert Southey.

2. As object of a verb:

They say that *his wit shines at the expense of his memory*.

3. As object of a preposition:

He took pleasure in *what he did*.

4. As a predicate nominative:

A maxim with me is that *no man was ever written out of a reputation but by himself*.

5. As an appositive to any one of the uses here recorded:

It is most true, "stylus virum arguit,"—*our style betrays us*.

Ideas may stand in relation to other ideas either as limiters or amplifiers. Thus the sort of merchant whom we regarded with suspicion was one *who* *was over-polite to his customers*. This is very definitely a limiting idea, for it restricts our suspicion wholly to the *over-polite merchant*. But we also dislike the over-polite merchant *who gave brandy to his customers*. Now this additional idea merely amplifies or illustrates the idea of politeness; it in no way limits or enlarges the class whom we suspect. Whenever our thought either limits or amplifies a concept the function of which is that of a noun, we should indicate this thought relationship by the use of an adjective clause. Adjective clauses are customarily introduced by one of the relative pronouns—*that, who, which, what, whoever, whatever, and whichever*—and for this reason are sometimes called relative clauses. A relative clause may be either *restrictive* or *non-restrictive*. A restrictive clause definitely limits the concept which it modifies. A non-restrictive clause does not limit, but rather amplifies the concept by furnishing additional information or illustration. Inasmuch as a non-restrictive clause is parenthetical in its nature, it is set off from the rest of the sentence by commas. These marks of punctuation serve to distinguish the functions of the two types of relative clauses.

1. The restrictive clause:

She is a lady *who makes it easy for all men to be gentlemen*.

(Note: If a comma were inserted after *lady*, this sentence would cease to be a definition.)

2. The non-restrictive clause:

New York smiles upon man, *who takes his ease in her colossal companionship*.

When one thought is qualified by another as to time, place, manner, condition, cause, or reason, purpose, or result, or when the relationship is one of concession or degree, this relation should be indicated by the use of the adverbial clause. Here is a brief table in which the ideational relationship is indicated, and a list of the proper conjunctions, together with illustrations, is supplied:

1. Time

Conjunctions: *after, as, as soon as, before, since, until, when, whenever, while*, etc.

(a) *When a man assumes a public trust*, he should consider himself as public property.

2. Place

Conjunctions: *where, wherever, withersoever*.

(a) *Where Liberty is*, there is my country.

3. Manner

Conjunctions: *as, as if, as though, etc.*

- (a) She looked *as if she had walked straight out of the Ark*.

4. Condition

Conjunctions: *if, in case that, provided, unless.*

- (a) *Unless above himself he can erect himself*, how poor a thing is man.

5. Cause or reason

Conjunctions: *because, since, etc.*

- (a) That great captain, Ziska, would have a drum made of his skin when he was dead, *because he thought the very noise of it would put his enemies to flight*.
 (b) The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not *because it gave pain to the bear*, but *because it gave pleasure to the spectators*.

6. Purpose

Conjunctions: *that, so that, in order that.*

- (a) *In order that he* [Louis XIV] *might rob a neighbour whom he had promised to defend*, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel and red men scalped each other by the great lakes of North America.
 (b) *That the sea may be clear and calm*, pour oil upon it.

7. Result

Conjunctions: *so that, such that.*

- (a) There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly—but then less is learned there; *so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other*.

8. Concession

Conjunctions: *although, even if, though, notwithstanding, etc.*

- (a) *Although we are born to inquire after truth*, it belongs to a Greater Power to possess it.
 (b) *Though he slay me*, yet will I trust in him.

9. Degree or Comparison

Conjunctions: *just as . . . so, so . . . as, etc.*

- (a) *Just as the twig is bent*, the tree's inclined.
 (b) Hannibal, *as he had many virtues, so had he many vices*; he had two distinct persons in him.

The problem of modification.

Modification is, of course, subordination considered from another angle. The purpose of all modifiers is to define more closely what the writer has in mind. Consideration will reveal that this is likewise the purpose of subordination. "I suspect all merchants *who are over-polite to their customers*." Here the subordinate clause plainly indicates that my suspicion is confined to over-polite merchants. I have limited or defined a class. "*When the wind blows*, I pull my coat about me." Here the adverbial clause modifies the word *pull*, limiting the action to the time when the wind blows. It is well that we should bear in mind this equivalence of subordination to

modification, because it indicates to us the ideational function of all modifiers. The process of modification is not a process of automatically adding adjectives to every noun or adverbs to every verb. Such a practice results in sentences like the following:

The *good* man turned *hastily* to his *fair* wife, saying *brusquely* that *bad* weather *ordinarily* prevented a *large* attendance at the *little* church. The *rich* banker frowned *perceptibly* but *wisely* ignored this *slight* difference in the *offered* explanations of the *usually amicable* pair.

Neither nouns nor verbs need modification unless they fail to represent the precise thought of the writer. Thus there is no point in writing or speaking of a "loud hullabaloo." The concept *hullabaloo* envelopes the idea of loudness. If *hullabaloo* is to be modified, the word or group of words must contain some shade of meaning which is lacking in the concept itself. Thus:

1. The *distant* hullabaloo was already attracting attention, for we saw several figures running in that direction.
2. The hullabaloo, *which all this time had been increasing*, now abruptly ceased.

It is hardly wise to violate the principle embodied in these illustrations on any score. There are some authorities who would have the novice add a well-chosen modifier if the sentence rhythm is faulty in order to improve the effect, though the modifier be not necessary insofar as the sense is concerned. The writer should first determine, however, if the sentence rhythm may not be mended by one of several other devices—for example, by recasting the sentence or by substituting a synonym with a different number of syllables in place of the word he would modify.

Whether the modifier be word, phrase, or subordinate clause, it should be placed as near as possible to the word it modifies. Failure to do this leads to ambiguity and confusion. What did the poet mean *The position of modifiers* who queried, "Did you once see Shelley *plain*?" Is he implying that Shelley was ordinarily affected and vain? As a matter of fact, we know that he meant to ask, "Did you once *plainly* see Shelley?" It is really rather surprising how the sense may be altered by shifting the modifiers from their proper positions or by restoring them:

1. *Only* I discern infinite passion . . . (Browning)
 I *only* discern infinite passion . . .
 I discern *only* infinite passion . . .
2. *Since time began*, I see the steady gain of man. (Whittier)
 I see the steady gain of man *since time began*.
3. To hear the world applaud the hollow ghost *which blamed the living man*. (Arnold)
 To hear the world *which blamed the living man* applaud the hollow ghost.

Closely allied to the fault of misplacing the modifier, and not infrequently occasioned by this error, is the use of the construction dubbed "the dangling modifier." When a participial phrase, a gerund phrase, or an elliptical clause appears in a sentence from which the word it would logically refer to is lacking, or when this phrase or clause is far removed from the word to which it refers, then this phrase or clause is described as a dangling modifier. In the sentence, "Coming from the south, the old factory is seen," the phrase *Coming from the south* is attached to neither substantive nor verb. Here a subject is necessary: "Coming from the south, *the visitor to town* first sees the old factory."⁴ In the sentence, "Foolishly trying to make up the distance, the coach reproved me," there is every indication that the folly belonged to the coach, for the modifying phrase is far removed from the pronoun *me*—the only other word which it could modify. The true meaning may be brought out in several ways:

1. After foolishly trying to make up the distance, I was reproved by the coach.
 2. I was reproved by the coach for foolishly trying to make up the distance.
- Etc.

One of the most famous cases of dangling modifiers occurs in a stanza of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*:

*Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.*

Style in the sentences.

The position and arrangement of parts, in fact, all things which make for sentence clarity, are fundamental to sentence style. The ability to make with each sentence a single impression is in itself a stylistic ability. But in the main, that which we regard as style in a sentence springs from a different origin. It comes from a harmony between sentence structure and the writer's thought. This harmony comes from clever plotting and revision, and not from accident. In the first place, there should be some effort to adapt the length of the sentence to the thought. Short sentences are the "right dippers" for epigrammatic and terse thought:

*Long and
short
sentences*

1. All flesh is grass.
2. A living dog is better than a dead lion.
3. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.

⁴ Many handbooks suggest correcting the original sentence in this fashion, "If one comes from the south, the old factory is seen." Provided that the original situation justified the use of a phrase, the substitution of a clause is ill-advised, for the change obscures the considerations which prompted the writer to employ the phrase in the first place.

4. The way of transgressors is hard.
5. Facts are stubborn things.
6. Unto the pure, all things are pure.

"But," says Cervantes, "don't put too fine a point to your wit for fear it should get blunted."

The long sentence is obviously adapted to the needs of a summary or catalogue of ideas. Thus:

1. Hawthorne's America had "no sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty, no aristocracy, no church, no clergy, no army, no diplomatic service, no country gentlemen, no palaces, no castles, nor manors, nor old country-houses, nor parsonages, nor ivied ruins; no cathedrals, nor abbeys, nor little Norman churches; no great Universities nor public schools—no Oxford, nor Eton, nor Harrow; no literature, no novels, no museums, no pictures, no political society, no sporting class—no Epsom nor Ascot!"—HENRY JAMES, *Hawthorne*.

2. Sebastian Spering Kresge sells adhesive tape, artificial flowers, bloomers, brassières, buttons, batteries, combs, cold drinks, dishcloths, envelopes, embroidery.

Sebastian Spering Kresge sells frying pans, false hair, gauzes, garters, hardware, hosiery, ink, jugs, jewelry, kettles, lamps, Listerine, marbles, needles, novels.

Sebastian Spering Kresge sells *Odo-ro-no*, oilcloth, paper, pins, ribbons, rods, soaps, suspenders, tacks, thread, unguents, union suits, valentines, vaseline, wire, xylophones, yarn, yardsticks.

But Sebastian Spering Kresge does not sell eyeglasses . . .⁵

—*Time*, June 10, 1929.

The long sentence is ideal for bringing related ideas, such as an enumeration of the causes and reasons for action, or the results of action, into a comparatively brief compass:

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.—JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence*.

Or for characterizing a thing, a person, a program, or an issue:

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat.—MILTON, *Areopagitica*.

The long sentence also provides a means for grouping minor details effectively:

⁵ Reprinted by permission of *Time*, Inc., New York.

Thus use your frog: put your hook—I mean the arming wire—through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; and in so doing use him as though you loved him.—WALTON, *The Compleat Angler*.

In a piece of dress goods or in wallpaper we are pleased by a limited repetition of the pattern. We should not want to see every gown or every chamber employ the same design, yet there is a positive delight for the eye in the recurrence of the familiar. Very similarly, we enjoy the repetition of a musical theme in an opera. Now the literary artist is capable of furnishing us with these very pleasures, though in a limited degree. He can give us the satisfaction attendant to a repetition of a design by duplicating the structure, not only of phrases and clauses, but of whole sentences. He can give us the thrill of the reiterated musical theme by duplicating vowels and consonants, by repeating sounds in set patterns. When the repetitions occur in conjunction with a duplication of the thought, the greatest harmony is achieved. One of the best things to study for this skill is Longfellow's *Hiawatha*, for in it is exhibited nearly every known form of literary repetition:

*Repetition as
an element
of style*

O the long and dreary Winter!
O the cold and cruel Winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river,
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow, and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.

As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!

Repetition of thought, if the relationship be one of addition, contrast, alternation, consequence, or explanation, calls, as we have seen, for coördination and compound structure. Now if the two clauses of the compound sentence are so constructed as to be alike in form down to small details of phrasing and wording, the result is what is known as a "balanced sentence" or "parallel structure."

*The bal-
anced sen-
tence and
antithesis*

Here is an elaborate bit of parallelism:

Truth is its [justice's] handmaid, freedom is its child, peace is its companion, safety walks in its steps, victory follows in its train; it is the brightest emanation from the Gospel; it is the attribute of God.—SIDNEY SMITH, *Memoirs*.

Indubitably, the happiest use made of the balanced sentence is for the exposition of antithetical ideas:

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles II. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen.—MACAULAY, *History of England*.

This man [Chesterfield], I thought, had been a lord among wits; but I find he is only a wit among lords.—BOSWELL, *Life of Johnson*.

No arrangement of thought is more effective, if sparingly used, than that which reserves its strong point, its conclusion, or its surprise, to the very end.

It is quite possible to suit the sentence structure to this final *Periodic and loose sentences coup*. This is accomplished in the following sentences, not only by form, but also by the arrangement of the details in climactic order:

1. As the French say, there are three sexes—men, women, and clergymen.
2. Scotland—that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur.
3. Caesar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third—*may profit by their example!*

The most perfect climactic structure obtainable in the sentence obviously would be one in which all the subordinate phrases and clauses are presented in the ascending order of their vigor before the main and independent clause. Such a sentence is called a *periodic sentence*. This type of sentence is very emphatic, in that the completion of the thought is retained to the very end:

Though they [the philosophers] write *contemptu gloriae*, yet as Hieron observes, *they will put their names to their books*.—BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor,
Against the houseless stranger shuts his door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

—GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*.

Essentially periodic (though it does not fit the rule) is this long, magnificent sentence from Dr. John Donne which provided Ernest Hemingway with the title of his novel, *For Whom the Bell Tolls*:

No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*; if a *clod* bee washed away by the *Sea*, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne* were; any man's *death* diminishes me, because I am involved in *Mankinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*.

Constructed on precisely the opposite pattern, with its main clause first, is the loose sentence:

The reign of Antoninus is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very *few materials for history*, which indeed is little more than the register of crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.—GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*.

That man, I think, *has had a liberal education* who has been so trained in his youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.—HUXLEY, *A Liberal Education*.⁶

With a choice between long and short sentences, with the possibility of employing any effective shift of phrase or clause, with varieties of repetition, rhythm, and inversion available, the writer may employ simple, balanced, periodic, and loose structures almost at will. Indeed these set forms are but points of departure rather than norms. The number of possible sentence patterns is probably infinite. The writer need suit his structure only to his thought and to the larger patterns of the paragraph and the whole composition. Those matters of style which have to do with the union of sentences, with the larger units of the paragraph and the whole composition, are treated in this text in the chapter on style. The novice need only remember to avoid disagreeable repetition of patterns. A good style is like Cleopatra—age cannot wither it, nor custom stale its infinite variety.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. From the grammatical point of view, what *is* a sentence?
2. Define "independent predication."
3. What constitutes "ellipsis" in a sentence?
4. What is sentence unity?

⁶ Reprinted by permission from T. H. Huxley's *A Liberal Education*, published and copyright by D. Appleton and Company, New York.

5. Explain the advantages of "variety" of length and structure of sentences.
6. Define "simple," "compound," and "complex" sentences. Illustrate each grammatical type.
7. What is "coördination" in a sentence? "Subordination"? Give examples of each.
8. Explain the meanings of "noun clause," "adjective clause," and "adverbial clause."
9. What is the difference between a "restrictive clause" and a "non-restrictive clause"?
10. How does the misplacement of modifiers in a sentence affect its clarity?
11. Define with examples the "loose," the "balanced," and the "periodic" sentence.
12. Explain the relative merits and objections to the rhetorical sentence types listed in question 11.

Round Table

1. Discuss the best single sentence to be used as a caption for a wash drawing in colors of a new model of an automobile (price \$2,500) to be printed in a "slick" magazine.
2. A class exchange of opinion concerning the psychological effects on the reader of the following types of sentences and sentence groups: (*a*) three or four very short sentences identical in structure and arranged in immediate sequence; (*b*) carefully balanced sentences of the type found in *Proverbs*; (*c*) a sequence of very long "loose" sentences; (*d*) very long periodic sentences which lead to an obvious climax.
3. A class attempt at a close definition of "the sentence" based on an examination of several stock definitions such as "A sentence is a complete thought expressed in words."
4. Discuss the extent to which *spoken* English may be regarded as possessing sentence units.
5. Discuss the function of punctuation in terms of such stock definitions as "Punctuation indicates the pauses in a sentence," "Punctuation is a device for indicating the grammatical relationship of parts in a sentence," etc.

Paper Work

- A. The following predications are incomplete. If possible, complete them:
 1. Whoever assumes that, being independent, he is free. . . .
 2. When the time comes, that expected hour when the American spirit shall animate the commerce in world thought. . . .
 3. The man who triumphs because of right living and right thinking. . . .
 4. Not by the force of personality alone, but by his spiritual convictions as well, is a man. . . .
 5. A poet soaring in the high reason of his fancies, with his garland and singing robes about him. . . .

B. By the use of ellipsis, make the following sentences more effective:

1. Beginning with the subsiding of the waters, beginning with the release of the dove from the Ark, beginning with the chastened hopes of that moment, man has aspired to free himself of the burden of primal sin.

2. It is very true that I have said that I considered Napoleon's presence in the field equal to forty thousand men in the balance, but it is not true that I have said that his presence at a battle is equal to a reinforcement of forty thousand men.

3. Without regard to the prejudices of the householder, investigators poke into ash cans and into dark closets, they measure the width of alleys, they call attention to articles left on the fire escape, they test the plumbing, they make notes on wages, they compute the number of hours lost by reason of illness, they inquire into the profits of landlords, and they ascertain the number of arrests for juvenile delinquency.

4. Fourteen well-known scholars contributed chapters to *Science Remaking the World* on subjects ranging all the way from electrons to evolution, on topics so diverse as industries, food, and public health, all showing how man is gaining control over his environment.

5. It is still early, but dinner is over—it is not the club dinner with its buzzing conversation that is over, nor is it yet the restaurant dinner, hurried into ten minutes between someone's momentous speech and the leader that has to be written on it—it is the suburban dinner that is over, and there is no need to hurry.

C. Indicate wherein ellipsis is incorrect in the following sentences:

✓ 1. That earliest thought gave a mold to our mind, and our latest, which we try to make reasonable, betray that accidental shape.

✓ 2. Actions speak louder than words; the reaction, louder than either.

✓ 3. The past had its tribulations; the future, its reward.

✓ 4. One man may succeed where many have failed.

✓ 5. The door was opened, and the children driven out.

D. The following paragraphs are done in the "impressionistic" manner. Make complete sentences out of the fragments. Is it always clear just what impression the writer is trying to make upon his reader, or is the reader free to form his own impressions? Point out the faults and merits of the selection.

Searched long for the word. How to describe one's life without dragging in irrelevancies. Syncopated. Ordered here and there. Moving. No rest. A fabled flicker-show with murmur of mechanism as an undertone and accompaniment. Ordered away—to Philadelphia. Strap-hanging and studying time-tables simultaneously. Sudden thought—car battery needs recharging. Thought unfolds without pause. Use car to get baggage to terminal. Excellent. Thought goes on relentlessly. Use car for journey. What is life without adventure? No more than a dead battery—a malodorous inconvenience.

Fresh battery installed—\$10 deposit—engine humming amiably, and ahead

the asphalted felicity of Riverside Drive—mist pearlying the fleet in the river. Set meter at zero for the trip. Uptown farewell! We syncopate.—WILLIAM McFEE, *Syncopating to Philadelphia*.⁷

E. Alter the following passage of nineteenth-century prose to one done in the modern "impressionistic" manner:

For all other rivers there is a surface, and an underneath, and a vaguely displeasing idea of the bottom. But the Rhone flows like one lambent jewel; its surface is nowhere, the iridescent rush and translucent strength of it blue to the shore, and radiant to the depth.

Fifteen feet thick, ~~of not~~ flowing, but flying water; not water, neither,—melted glacier, rather, one should call it; the force of ice is with it, and the wreathing of the clouds, the gladness of the sky, and the continuance of Time.

Waves of clear sea are, indeed, lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper, and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river-of-paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow.—JOHN RUSKIN, *Praterita*.

F. Strike out, from the following sentences, all material which seems irrelevant:

1. I found a big red flower, just such a flower as Maisie has on that hat which she bought at Altman's for twelve ninety-eight, in the tonneau after Frank got home.

2. Moreover, the door at the bottom of the stairs was ajar, and it was noticed by the chaplain (an observant man) that the dress she wore was stained with blood about the knees, and that there were traces of small blood-stained hands low down on the staircase walls, so that it was conjectured that she had really been at the postern-door when her husband fell and, feeling her way up to him in the darkness on her hands and knees, had been stained by his blood dripping down on her.

3. Pringle went stumbling through the gloom of the cornfield, over the shorn stubs of the Golden Bantam, which had won a blue ribbon at the fair that fall, knocking down impediments in his path until he gained the open—the Nelson lot with its neat rail fences indistinguishable in the thin light.

4. But of course the soldiers were the most pleased, who smelled their own country again after seven years, and who had their money at last, which they counted all day as they sat on the deck singing, and some had pipes which they

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played, and those who were Laz or Kurds or Albanians danced dances of their country; by comparison with these the sailors were morose and taciturn.

5. Mr. Hemingway, who was born in Oak Park, Illinois, in 1897, and now lives in Paris, has written several books, of which the most brilliant are *Men Without Women*, *The Sun Also Rises*, *A Farewell to Arms*.

G. By the use of subordination, combine the following ideas into sentences in which one idea shall predominate:

1. It was long before daylight. We ranged abroad. We carried a hatchet in hand. We were in search of fuel. The wood was dreaming and slumbering. We made the wood resound with our blows.

2. They were serene summer days. I had come over the hills. I had come on foot. I had come alone. I had plucked raspberries. The raspberries were by the wayside. Occasionally I bought a loaf of bread. I bought the bread at a farmer's house. I had a knapsack on my back. The knapsack held a few traveller's books. The knapsack held a change of clothing. I had a staff in my hand.

3. George's intellect was not vigorous. His thoughts were often vague. His speech was rambling. His speech was stuttering. The strain of government was too severe for his intellect. This happened on several occasions. His mind wandered off into darkness. He was insane the last nine years of his life. This insanity was hopeless.

4. Livingstone's task was taken up by other travellers. These travellers were numerous. They were of lesser note than Livingstone. Henry M. Stanley was the most famous of these travellers. Stanley was an American journalist. Stanley was British by birth. He crossed the African continent. He crossed from Zanzibar to the Atlantic coast. This was during the years 1874-1877.

5. Cromwell was unlike most of his Puritan friends. He took a delight in art. This delight was genuine. He insisted that the artist should not deviate from reality. He instructed Lely to "remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me." He refused to pay for an untrue portrait.

6. I am a violent Tory. My father was a violent Tory. We were Tories of the old school. The old school was Sir Walter Scott's school. Sir Walter's school was Homer's. Homer and Scott were Tory writers. Homer and Scott were my two masters.

7. Teague wore a jacket. Teague wore trousers. Some called the trousers overalls. The jacket was of rough materials. The trousers were of tow-linen. The trousers had holes. The jacket had holes. The trousers were not clean. The jacket was not clean. Teague's garments were not fit for court. They were not fit for a republican court.

8. The Christians arrived at the Spanish Isle. They seized women. They seized children. They made them work for them. They treated them abominably. They devoured their provisions. Finally they killed them.

9. There was a ball on the first night. There was a ball on the second night. The snow storm lasted the two nights. It raged furiously. It whirled over the

ocean. The ocean boomed like a funeral mass. The snow heaved in the mountains. The mountains were trapped out in mourning. The mourning was of spindrift. The spindrift was silver.

10. Sherlock Holmes smashed the lamp. It was the only lamp in the chamber. He deluded his captors. He left his cigar on the window ledge. His cigar was glowing. He escaped. He took the girl with him. The girl was frightened.

H. In the following passages from Sherwood Anderson's *I Want to Know Why*, an uneducated boy relates certain things. Rearrange the passages, making the thought relationship more exact and explicit:

1. At the track you sit on the fence with men, whites and niggers, and they chew tobacco and talk, and then the colts are brought out. It's early and the grass is covered with shiny dew and in another field a man is ploughing and they are frying things in a shed where the track niggers sleep, and you know how a nigger can giggle and laugh and say things that make you laugh. A white man can't do it and some niggers can't but a track nigger can every time.

2. Well, out of the stables they come and the boys are on their backs and it's lovely to be there. You hunch down on top of the fence and itch inside you. Over in the sheds the niggers giggle and sing. Bacon is being fried and coffee made. Everything smells lovely. Nothing smells better than coffee and manure and horses and niggers and bacon frying and pipes being smoked out of doors on a morning like that. It just gets you, that's what it does.

I. Point out whatever appears to you to be excellent in the following sentences, or groups of sentences:

1. With our fire we burned up a portion of the loitering night, while the kettle sang its homely strain to the morning star. We tramped about the shore, waked all the muskrats, and scared up the bittern and birds that were asleep upon their roosts; we hauled up and upset our boat, and washed it and rinsed out the clay, talking aloud as if it were broad day, until at length, by three o'clock, we had completed our preparations and were ready to pursue our voyage as usual; so, shaking the clay from our feet, we pushed into the fog.—THOREAU, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*.

2. Temple was a man of the world amongst men of letters, a man of letters amongst men of the world.—MACAULAY, *On Sir William Temple*.

3. Because half-a-dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; that of course they are many in number; or that, after all, they are other than the little, hopping, though loud and troublesome insects of the hour.—BURKE, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

4. A Philosopher now living, and too deserving for any fate but choice private oblivion, was in Paris, for the first time, a dozen years ago; and having seen and heard there, in the shops, parks, and omnibus stations, much more baby than he

found pleasing, he remarked, upon his return, that it was a great pity the French, who are so in love with system, had never seen their way to shutting up everything under ten years of age!—GUINCY, *Patrins*.

5. When recalling the impressions and experiences of that most eventful sixth year, the one incident which looks biggest in the memory, at all events in the last half of that year, is the death of Cæsar, the dog.—HUDSON, *Far Away and Long Ago*.

6. The turnstile storm doors in our office building, which have been put aside for brief periods during the first deceptive approaches of spring, only to come back triumphant from Elba, have been definitely removed.—STRUNSKY. *Belshazzar Court*.

7. The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel as he wrote it down dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever.—STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*.

8. God is on the side of the strongest battalions.—GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*.

9. This is the true philanthropy. He who makes a colossal fortune in the hosiery trade, and by his energy has succeeded in reducing the price of woollen goods by the thousandth part of a penny in the pound—this man is worth ten professional philanthropists.—BUTLER, *Erewhon*.

10. An instinctive taste teaches men to build their churches in flat countries, with spire steeples, which, as they cannot be referred to any other object, point as with silent finger to the sky and the stars.—COLERIDGE, *The Friend*.

Chapter VIII

WORDS

"The word is our tool; the word is our agony; the word is our measure; the word is our life."—Dorothy Thompson.

The problem of diction.

HE WHO would write must have more than a nodding acquaintance with words. Like the politician who finds it expedient to know all manner of men, the writer needs must be on familiar terms with all manner of words. Now this instruction, if it may be called an instruction, is comparable to telling the politician to know every man in his city—indeed, it is more than that, for the politician may successfully delegate his task to his ward lieutenants, but the writer's job cannot be shared. The ward lieutenant presides over Greek caterers, Italian fruit dealers, Chinese laundrymen, German bakers, Jewish clothiers, and Polish laborers—all of whom are more or less alike in their subserviency to the "boss." But between the Greek derivatives *abacus* and *zymurgy* lies a world more polyglot, diverse, and independent than the ward lieutenant could ever imagine. Not even a lexicographer can claim complete mastery of it at any one time. Yet in very definite proportion to his command of that world, the writer is a success or a failure.

Thoreau remarks that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. Yet words judiciously chosen and dispatched can accomplish this miracle. Only the proper ones, however, can do it: the writer's task is to select from an army a picked squad for a sentence or a crack company for a paragraph. Substitutes cannot be badgered into line: they will shirk and deceive or even repulse and offend. Obviously, then, it takes a practiced eye to choose, and a deliberate mind to reject, from the words which might be employed. For example, of the three words, *animosity*, *enmity*, and *hostility*, which is to be preferred on a given occasion? Among *burning*, *fervid*, *glowing*, *hot*, *passionate*, and *vehement*, why is only one to be selected and the others cast aside? How does a writer acquire the knack of using words precisely and effectively? How may the student get a serviceable vocabulary?

Much advice on this score has been given to the novice time and again. No little quantity has found its way into print, and of that printed, no counsel has borne more frequent repetition than that of Ralph Waldo Emerson. "I learn," said he, "immediately from any speaker

Emerson's
instruction

how much he has already lived through the poverty or splendor of his speech. Life lies behind us as the quarry from whence we get tiles and copestones for the masonry of today. This is the way to learn grammar. Colleges and books only copy the language which the field and the workyard made." But through a mistake in emphasis, even constant repetition has not made Emerson's counsel as valuable at it ought to be. Teachers of composition and writers of rhetorics have urged their novice either to keep a notebook in which is recorded each day some particularly colorful expression or to cultivate an acquaintance who converses brilliantly. Hawthorne tells us that Emerson himself was in the habit of talking with a loquacious countryman from whom he got many a bit of earthy philosophy and succulent phrase. But generally, this is no way to forage for a vocabulary. Days pass without ever a *bon mot* reaching our ears; we gloomily concede that conversation is a lost art.

Yet shift the emphasis in Emerson's counsel: "I can tell you how much he has already *lived*, by the poverty or splendor of his speech." Is it that Emerson means that we should live more abundantly in order to increase

*Interpreted in
the light of
modern
psychology*

our vocabularies? But this interpretation seems, on the one hand, too esoteric, on the other, too platitudinous. It is like instructing us to cherish a grain of mustard seed that we may have a reputation for thrift, or like charging us to beware lest

our conduct affect our art. Yet indeed it is neither one of these things. For modern psychology teaches us that in a sense life is quite comprehensible. Life for each of us is just what we may acquire by our senses. Over these impressions we brood until we can differentiate them: the seemingly irresistible impulse of our natures for communication forces us to describe the impression in terms intelligible to another mind. Thereafter these terms will serve not only for intercourse, but also for the retention of impressions in our own memories. Thus the idea or word is born. Hence in a very definite way the amount that a man has lived may be determined by his vocabulary, and the quality of his experience may be understood by the variety and precision of his speech.

In the following passage from Stevenson, two very different things are to be appreciated: the quickness of the perceptions which have differentiated between the impressions, and the eager and meticulous quality of the mind which has endeavored to find the precise label for each sense impression:

Or again, you might climb the Law, where the whale's jawbone stood a landmark in the buzzing wind, and behold the face of many counties, and the smokes and spires of many towns, and the sails of distant ships. You might bathe, now in the flaws of fine weather, that we pathetically call our summer, now in a gale of wind, with the sand scourging your bare hide, your clothes thrashing abroad from underneath their guardian stone, the froth of the great breakers casting you headlong ere it had drowned your knees. Or you might explore the

tidal rocks, above all in the ebb of the springs, when the very roots of the hills were for the nonce discovered; following my leader from one group to another; groping in slippery tangle for the wreck of ships, wading in pools after the abominable creatures of the sea, and ever with an eye cast backward on the march of the tide and the menaced line of your retreat.—*The Lantern Bearers*.¹

Now this suggests a very practical way in which to build a vocabulary. We should endeavor better to analyze and to distinguish our sensations; we should try to increase the number of our impressions. To the majority of our impressions we are no longer forced to give new names; civilization has done that for us through the centuries. Our task—and it is a very genuine one—is to recognize the impression as new for us, and to find the conventional terminology for it. We know that we have five very serviceable senses—sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell. To these may be added a sense of physical balance, not however so useful for literary purposes as the others. To what extent do we employ our senses? For example, our sense of sight? Most of us have detected the color red. But for how many of us are these colors distinct from red, or a predetermined shade of red: brick, crimson, pink, wine, rose, magenta, scarlet, gules, vermilion? In what degree are they different from red? How many of us have a distinct name for each of the three hundred and ninety colors of the spectrum? Can there be any doubt but that there exists a definite relationship between the ability to name and the ability to see?

The first step in enlarging a vocabulary, then, is to find a new impression and its proper descriptive term. Let us no longer be satisfied, like the color-blind Whittier, with but the names of the primary colors for the range of the spectrum. Let us be no longer content with the lazy designation *noise* for sounds as various as *blares, buzzes, reports, thuds, hubbubs, whistles, hissings, and snuffles*. Let us be dissatisfied with *sweet* as a pinch-hitter for *saccharine, dulcet, candied, honied, luscious, nectarious, and melliferous*, or with *bad* for smells that are *fetid, strong, offensive, noisome, rank, rancid, tainted, musty, mephitic, and putrid*. Let us reject *cold* as less exact than *chilly, frigid, fresh, keen, bleak, raw, inclement, bitter, biting, piercing, frosty, and wintry*—even if we have only to record our impressions of the weather. In a word, let us get rid of perceptual laziness. This is one of the first steps toward becoming an effective writer.

Once we have recognized that we are not so impressionable as we had supposed, that we are not living so fully as Emerson would have us, we are ready to extend the sphere of our critical attitude toward life. For the impressions which we have thus far noticed are of a direct nature. They are the results of our immediate contact with the

¹ Reprinted by permission from R. L. Stevenson's *The Lantern Bearers*, published and copyrighted by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

material world. But this world is only the parade ground of life. Over it marches and pivots the mind; above it range the imagination and fancy. The mind is joined by other minds; they touch or avoid touching, move in unison or opposition, they repose; our imagination also seeks new worlds, it gropes alone, it soars with others, it falls back beaten or spent from its flight. Now both mind and fancy supply impressions as do the senses. The perception of these impressions may be rendered more distinct by attention and analysis, by the exercise of our critical faculties. The naming of them exactly is of as great importance as is the naming of the sense impressions. If we cannot name them, we are poor; we do not perceive.

Thus we ought not confuse *anarchy* and *socialism*—they are diametrically opposed ideas. We ought not to say or think *crowd* when we may mean *assemblage, gathering, meeting, congregation, throng, mob, rabble, press, horde, body, tribe, gang, group, or party*. These are definite impressions, or better, concepts, and it is a sign of intellectual laziness to use a "blanket" concept or to ignore those distinctions which are difficult of classification.

Tools for the craftsman.

Live more fully: search for distinctions and differences, inspect critically all impressions and concepts. Test the clay as Benvenuto Cellini did for his Perseus. This is the basis of all craftsmanship. In writing, the precept should be accompanied by another directing the amateur to familiarize himself with the available tools. The novice sees the light fall upon the silk gown or shine from the dark eye of a friend. He recognizes that there is a difference in the quality of his impressions, but can he communicate that difference? How ought he to go about it?

He may, or may not, be aware that an able Frenchman, P. M. Roget, prepared a book for his need more than half a century ago. This is the famous *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*, a compilation of words in the most ingenious of philosophical categories. A novice writer will find no great difficulty in using the book. He has already made the perceptive distinction between the light of the eye and the light on the dress. He turns to the index in Roget's *Thesaurus* and looks up the word *light*. He is referred to Category 420 in the *Thesaurus*. Therein he will discover that he has a choice of *luster, sheen, and shimmer* for the reflected light on the gown; and of *luminous* and *lambent* for the splendor of the eye. If he is familiar with these words, he will have no difficulty in making his selections.

Roget's *Thesaurus* does not supply the meanings of words: the author took for granted that his reader was looking for word suggestions rather than distinctions. Thus the novice might still be puzzled after referring to the *Thesaurus*: in the category *Light* alone, he has the following remarkable

choice of adjectives: *shining, luminous, luminiferous, lucid, lucent, light-some, bright, vivid, splendid, nitid, lustrous, shiny, beamy, scintillant, radiant, lambent, sheeny, glossy, burnished, glassy, sunny, orient, clear, garish, transplendent*, etc. What he needs is yet another tool to suggest the precise meanings and the common associations of words. No book supplies this material better than does a dictionary. Books of synonyms and antonyms, such as Webster's new *Dictionary of Synonyms*, distinguish between the meanings of closely related words, and provide therefore another supplement to the *Thesaurus*.

The value of the dictionary as a general reference book has already been pointed out in Chapter III (pages 37-41). Dictionaries no longer define with the ingenuity and asperity of Samuel Johnson, yet withal ^{The dictionary} they are sufficiently interesting for their own sakes. The *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* is within the means of every student and is just the book for "the scholar's idle times." He will discover that it is neither merely a storehouse nor a catalogue and index to words. The fund of casual information which the dictionary possesses is but slightly indicated by such entries as *corpus* (which not only defines the word but describes the two bodies of law, *Juris Canonici* and *Juris Civilis*, the feast of *Corpus Christi*, and the anatomical terms, *corpus callosum* and *corpus striatum*), *coronet* (which not only gives three meanings of the word, but by illustration distinguishes the eight English coronets), and *comus* (which gives us a precise account of the character in mythology and in Milton's poem of the same name). That is, the dictionary is more than a word book; it is a compendium of knowledge, an encyclopedia.

But as a word book, of course, it is of the greatest importance to the writer. It supplies an identification for each word as complete as that of the Bertillon system. Thus the parentage or *etymology* of the word is recorded, the precise ability or *grammatical function*, the social position or *usage*, the peculiar habits or *idiom*, the relations or *synonyms*, and finally the character or *meaning*. This is the most valuable information a writer can have if he wishes to employ words which will have the exact significance of his thought and the full force of his convictions.

The value of etymology.

First of all, it is of some value to know the etymology or origin of a word if one expects to employ it to the best effect. Centuries of use and abuse have given to words a coloring, which, if the writer is conscious of it, trans-fuses itself subtly into his sentences and paragraphs, giving them an in-tangible but indubitable added worth. We all remember the passage in *Ivanhoe*:

"Nay, I can tell you more," said Wamba in the same tone: "there is Alderman Ox continues to hold his Saxon epithet while he is under the charge of serf and

bondsmen such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are to consume him. . . ."

But of course etymologies are not particularly effective when employed in this self-conscious manner. It is when words are nicely chosen, with no point being made of that choice, yet with a view to wringing dry their historical significance, that they attain to their greatest power. In the following passage from Samuel Johnson, it would appear that the words had been selected with an acute knowledge of their ancestry:

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of English literature, must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if by my assistance foreign nations, and distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to Bacon, to Hooker, to Milton, and to Boyle.—*Preface to the Dictionary.*

This remarkable passage owes much to the rhythm of the periods and the earnestness of the author, but it must not be overlooked that Johnson's knowledge of the historical significance of each word lends a subtle something, like the odor of calfskin, to the whole. To enforce the point, substitute *aspiration* for the simple word *hope*, the word which precisely fits Johnson's humble aim; substitute *work* for *labour*. Neither substitution will do: *aspiration* is too ambitious; *work* belongs better to physical, than to intellectual, toil. Note the use of *pressure* in the somewhat rare sense of "affliction," derived from the Latin *pressus*, itself rarely used for "a wound." Note the use of *repositories* in preference to *books*: etymologically the former has much more significance as an *omnium gatherum* than the latter.

Etymology can also help us remember words, and incidentally, the spelling of words. Thus the meaning of *exorbitant* is better fixed by the significance of its historical parts: *ex*, "out of," and *orbita*, "track." The word is derived from a Latin verb, *exorbitare*, meaning "to go out of the track." Literally, then, *exorbitant* means "out of orbit"; figuratively it means "inordinate." A little practice will soon enable the novice to recognize the parts of words of foreign origin, particularly of Latin origin. Eventually this will aid him in determining the meanings of words without reference to a dictionary. For example, recognizing the prefix *re-* to mean "again," he will detect it in *refer*, *reply*, *recollect*, *reinstigate*, etc. Similarly he will recognize the Latin prefix *per*, meaning "by," "through," "for," in such words as *perennial*

(through the year), *perforce* (by force), and *perspicuous* (capable of being looked through). The knowledge of *per* will keep him from such absurd misspellings as *prespiration*, *preceive*, or *preform*. Once he has observed that the stem *lud* (*lus*) comes from the Latin *ludere*, "to play," he can detect it in such words as *allude*, *collude*, *delude*, *elude*, *illusion*, *ludicrous*, and *prelude*, and make some guess as to their meanings.

Semantics.

In recent years the power of words and of word meanings to control the thoughts, feelings, and actions of men has become so widely recognized that the study of *semantics* has become correspondingly popular. *Semantics*, or *semasiology*, is the science of the meanings or sense development of words. As frequently misused, however, the term has become applied not only to the history and descriptive definitions of words, but to their relationships to psychology, biology, ethnology, social science, and other related fields. The exchange of facts and ideas is, of course, effected by the use of words, and language is the nexus that binds together all these human strands. The student of writing, however, who tries to acquire his skill solely, or even principally, through so wide a conception of semantics, may soon find himself far afield. The fields of human knowledge to which words are tangent are many and fascinating to explore, but for such exploration words provide only one guide.

In its narrower definition, however, semantics is of immediate service to the novice writer. He will be helped immensely by knowing the meanings of many words (especially of abstract words) and by using them correctly and accurately. Words so used have power. Incidentally, the writer with the good vocabulary will find himself well protected against the verbal propagandist. Knowledge of the exact meanings of words is ample defense against the attacks of those who would use words for their sound and fury and not for their sense. Verily, a good dictionary, well thumbed, is a shield against such assaults.²

The grammatical functions of words.

One would not ordinarily employ a civil engineer to make a pie, nor entrust the spinning of more than a metaphorical yarn to a section hand. Yet without observing that words have special functions, the novice employs adjectives for adverbs and makes nouns over into verbs. He says that Tom is "good and tall" and writes that Dick "features" in the Dramatic Club play. Had he referred to a dictionary, he would have found that "good and" does not exist as an adverb, but is a colloquialism for *very*, and that *feature*

² A presentation of semantics and of "words and their ways" that is both scholarly and popular is Professor Margaret Schlauch's *The Gift of Tongues*, Modern Age Books, 1942.

is a noun and ought not to be employed as a verb. In the "Table of Abbreviations" in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* will be found a key to all the abbreviations for the parts of speech (*v.* for verb; *n.* for noun; *adv.* for adverb, and so on). Never should the writer employ a word in any other function than that regarded as permissible by the dictionary. In some cases, the word may have more than one function, but each permissible use will be separately treated in the dictionary. Thus the words *run*, *light*, *mold*, etc. are both noun and verb; *light*, in addition, is an adjective. Consequently, for *run* and *mold* there are two entries in the dictionary, while for *light* there are three.

Determining good usage.

"Vulgar, coarse, and ill-chosen words," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "will deform the best thoughts, as much as rags and dirt will the best figure." Hence the dictionary is necessarily something of a Book of Etiquette. It informs the writer whether or not a word is in good usage—that is, whether or not it is a word ordinarily employed by the better writers and speakers. If it is, there is no warning annotation beside the word in the dictionary. When a word is marked *obsolete* (see the "Table of Abbreviations"), it is literally a dead word. Though we may feel with Archbishop Trench that the language has lost by the disuse of *wanhope*, *nesh*, *welk*, and *teene*, it is not for us as beginners to attempt to resurrect them. Words described as *archaic* are also to be avoided. Even the poets no longer use *thee* and *thou*—save when addressing the Deity. Chaucer's *leaveless*, Malory's *lotless*, and even Lamb's *sabbathless* have a musty odor about them. A good rule is to use them no more frequently than you would hand about your grandfather's *daguerreotype*—that is, upon request. The annotation *colloquial* accompanying a word indicates that it is used more frequently in familiar conversation than in conventional writing. *Squelch* is an admirable word for conversation and simple writing, but *discomfit*, *disconcert*, *quell*, or *crush* are more "dressed-up" for customary composition. *Cant* is the designation for words belonging to the speech of a certain sect or class, for example, *squeeze-play* in baseball, *stack* in card-play, and *stable* (as applied to the horses) in racing. It is generally conceded to be permissible to use cant terms in writing special articles which are addressed primarily to the persons who understand and employ the cant terms. On the other hand, it is exceedingly dubious whether words marked *slang* should be used even in conversation. *Squeal*, in the sense of betraying a secret, is an example at hand. *Wow*, in the phrase "It's a wow!" is a word of so recent coinage that the lexicographers have not yet had time to "ticket" it. The very absence of this word from the dictionary lists should make the novice suspicious of it. It is not for such as he and young Chesterfield. In passing, it may be remarked that *wow* and *squeal* are such picturesque words that many may feel it a pity that they are not in

good usage, and would inaugurate a movement on their behalf. The rascals Jonathan Wild and the Gorilla Man were picturesque enough; yet society, because they were murderers, had to do away with them. *It's a wow* and *squeal* are outlaws, we may suspect, not so much because they would murder *it is capital* and *inform*, but because, if they were admitted, other barbarisms would follow. The dictionary also indicates the fact that certain words belong to special vocabularies—that is, to music, science, poetry, warfare, etc. If these words are to be employed in a composition addressed to the general public, they should be used in a context which will leave no doubt as to their meaning. Otherwise they should be accompanied by an explanatory phrase.

To ascertain what is good usage is of double value to a writer. First of all, he will not be using words out of keeping with the dignity of his thought; in the second place, the ability to recognize the wrong is of immense value to the writer interested in local color, dialects, and jargon. One needs to know what is right before one can have any sport with what is wrong. The heroine of Frank Norris' *The Pit* reproves her unfortunate husband for his grammatical errors, yet she herself persists in saying "he don't"! The sad thing about this is that Norris did not mean to satirize the lady.

Idiom.

The dictionary is particularly helpful, either by illustration or precept, in the matter of particles and prepositions. These little word-links in every language are used arbitrarily in special ways without any appeal to logic or reason. Thus Henry James might have justified his use of "*try and perform*" in the Preface to *The Portrait of a Lady*, but the majority of writers, in contempt of his argument, would still express a preference for "*try to perform.*" Concerning such matters as whether one shall say *independent of* or *independent from*, *abhorrence of* or *abhorrence for*, *different from* or *different than*, it is best to consult the dictionary. This is an economical habit to form, for otherwise one can learn idiomatic English only by long experience, through conversation, and through reading.

Synonyms.

In a smaller way, the dictionary serves the same purpose as does the *Thesaurus*, for it supplies the writer with related word groups in its lists of synonyms. The dictionary goes beyond the *Thesaurus*, however, in carefully distinguishing between the related words. The following list of synonyms, with their accompanying explanation, for the word *sum*, is found in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*:

Syn.—SUM, AMOUNT, TOTAL, WHOLE, NUMBER, QUANTITY. SUM denotes the result of simple addition; AMOUNT implies a result reached by accumulation; as, the *amount* of one's purchases. TOTAL and WHOLE suggest completeness of result.

while *total* often further implies magnitude. NUMBER, rather than *sum*, is used for an aggregate of persons or things, to which (except as to things in bulk or mass) *amount* should not be applied; as, the *number* present, a small *amount* of cotton; but not, a small *amount* of apples. QUANTITY may be used of objects that can be counted, but only when measurable in bulk; as, a *quantity* of apples.

Even fuller distinctions may be found in Webster's *Dictionary of Synonyms*.

Definitions.

The average student probably feels little need of instruction insofar as the definition of a word in the dictionary is concerned. But unfortunately it has been shown that the novice is too prone to accept the first definition listed, whether that is precisely the one for his purpose or not. The only instruction needed here is the caution to read the *entire* list of definitions when looking up the meaning of a word. Note the dissimilar meanings of the word, *force*, as listed in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*:

1. Strength or energy; active power; vigor; as: (a) Physical strength or vigor. (b) Power to affect strongly in physical relations or conditions. (c) Power to persuade or convince or impose obligation; validity; special signification.
2. Strength for war; hence, any body of soldiers or sailors;—often in the plural. Hence, a body of men prepared for action; as, the police *force* (often, *Colloquial*, called *the force*).
3. Power, violence, compulsion, or constraint exerted on a person or thing.
4. *Physics*. Any action between two bodies which changes, or tends to change, their relative condition as to rest or motion, or as to any physical interrelation; as, the *force* of gravity; cohesive *force*.

How, without reading the last as well as the first definition of *force* in the dictionary, might the reader understand the meaning of the word as it is used in the following simple statement?—"A force may be measured by the weight that it can support, by its power to strain an elastic body, and by its power to give motion to a mass."

In summary, then, most men perceive and think indistinctly and therefore do not speak or write with exactness. The first logical step is to correct the perceptions, to train the critical faculties to detect differences in impressions and ideas. Thereafter begins the arduous search for the right label for the differences noted. In this hunt for the precise epithet, no tools are more serviceable than Roget's *Thesaurus* and a fairly complete, medium-priced dictionary.

Invention a last resort; onomatopoetic words.

As the student grows in experience, he will discover that the occasion is rare when the precise word cannot be found by this method to suit all impressions and ideas. But new words are not always coined as fast as they are needed, and the way toward their acceptance by a reputable dictionary is

slow. Consequently, there are a few real lacks in the English vocabulary. For example, no word apparently exists which will exactly describe the cranking of an automobile engine. Then, of course, the student is forced to make an onomatopoetic substitute himself, as Sinclair Lewis does in the following extract:

Babbitt roused, his stomach constricted with alarm. As he relaxed, he was pierced by the familiar and irritating rattle of someone cranking a Ford: *snap-ah-ah, snap-ah-ah*. Himself a pious motorist, Babbitt cranked with the unseen driver, with him waited through the taut hours for the roar of the starting engine, with him agonized as the roar ceased and again began the infernal *snap-ah-ah*—a round, flat sound, a shivering cold morning sound, a sound infuriating and inescapable. Not till the rising voice of the motor told him that the Ford was moving was he released from the panting tension.—*Babbitt*.⁸

The colorful word.

The search for the exact word is, as has been so frequently reiterated, the primary concern of the writer. By the definite word alone can he convey to his reader his precise thought without danger of confusion or error. Hence it is this word that is usually sought by scientists, scholars, historians, and philosophers. Old Thomas Sprat tells us that when the Royal Society was established, they demanded "from their members a close, naked, natural way of speaking, positive expressions, clear senses, a native easiness, bringing all things as near the mathematical plainness as they can." Now it is obvious that the only kind of beauty which such writing may have is of the Psyche sort, icy, and sicklied o'er with thought. It is the type of beauty that is found in the philosophical writings of Jonathan Edwards:

Of all prejudices, no one so fights with Natural Philosophy, and prevails more against it, than those of the Imagination. It is these, which make the vulgar so roar out, upon the mention of some very rational philosophical truths. And indeed, I have known of some very learned men, that have pretended to a more than ordinary freedom from such prejudices, so overcome by them, that, merely because of them, they have believed things most absurd. And truly, I hardly know of any other prejudices, that are more powerful against truth of any kind, than those; and I believe they will not give the hand to any in any case, except to those arising from our ruling self-interest, or the impetuosity of human passions. And there is very good reason for it; for opinions, arising from imagination, take us as soon as we are born, are beat into us by every act of sensation, and so grow up with us from our births, and by that means grow into us so very fast, that it is almost impossible to root them out; being, as it were, so incorporated with our very minds, that whatsoever is objected contrary thereunto, is, as if it were dissonant to the very constitution of them.—*Notes on Natural Science*.

⁸ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from Sinclair Lewis' *Babbitt*, published and copyright by Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York.

Now it ought to be at once observed that an altogether different principle of selection has guided the choice of words in the following description of the Pacific Ocean by Herman Melville:

There is, one knows not what sweet mystery about this sea, whose gently awful stirrings seem to speak of some hidden soul beneath; like those fabled undulations of the Ephesian sod over the buried Evangelist St. John. And meet it is, that over these sea-pastures, wide-rolling watery prairies and Potters' Fields of all four continents, the waves should rise and fall, and ebb and flow unceasingly; for here, millions of mixed shades and shadows, drowned dreams, somnambulisms, reveries; all that we call lives and souls, lie dreaming, dreaming, still; tossing like slumberers in their beds; the ever-rolling waves but made so by their restlessness. To any meditative Magian rover, this serene Pacific, once beheld, must ever after be the sea of his adoption. It rolls the midmost waters of the world, the Indian Ocean and the Atlantic being but its arms. The same waves wash the moles of the new-built California towns, but yesterday planted by the recentest race of men, and lave the faded but still gorgeous skirts of Asiatic lands, older than Abraham; while all between float milky-ways of coral isles, and low-lying, endless, unknown Archipelagoes, and impenetrable Japans. Thus this mysterious, divine Pacific zones the world's whole bulk about; makes all coasts one bay to it; seems the tide-beating heart of earth.—*Moby Dick*.

By writing, let us say of the Hawaiiis, as "milky-ways of coral isles," Melville has certainly sacrificed a degree of precision, but he has gained an infinite amount of beauty. What is the principle embodied here? Is it not this; that it is sometimes the far wiser thing, especially where there is no imperative need for scrupulous accuracy, to forfeit some exactness for richness of coloring and suggestive power?

Connotations.

Now there are possibly not a half dozen words in the language (excepting the particles—prepositions, conjunctions, etc.) which have not some nimbus of rich association about them. This coloring gives words a suggestive power which is hardly contained in their meanings. For example, *conjecture* means precisely an inference from presumptive evidence; *apprehension*, the disquieting anticipation of evil; yet compare Carlyle's use of these words in the following two sentences, taken from his *French Revolution*: "In the early days of March, the Nantes Postbags do not arrive; there arrive only instead of them Conjecture, Apprehension, bodeful wind of Rumour. The bodefullest proves true. . . ." Now Carlyle has managed to give to these two words all the varieties of meaning ranging from *anticipation*, *uneasiness*, *presentiment*, *premonition*, to *anxiety*, *concern*, *misgiving*, *foreboding*, *distrust*, *dread*, and even *fear*. In precise terminology, a *rose* is the flower of an erect or climbing shrub, the blossom of which has five petals in its wild state. But when Robert Browning wrote, "Any nose may ravage with im-

punity a rose," he made the rose symbolical of all innocent beauty, while the nose is indubitably that of a boor. Browning, however, was not the first to do this; mankind had thought of the rose in certain relationships so long and so much that these associations have all but become a part of the meaning of the word. So, too, with a host of other words such as *father, hound, orb, honor, retribution*. It is ordinarily said that only late scientific additions to the vocabulary lack this coloring, but this is not exactly true. New scientific words today are fairly born with suggestive powers. *Static* already has a significance beyond its original meaning. So, too, have *calorie, acetylene, X-ray, neurosis*. The truth of the matter seems to be that whenever a word is popular enough to be much used and abused it gathers to itself new meanings, associations, powers, and significance. This added coloring, which is no part of the original and exact meaning of the word, we term the *connotation* of the word. When asked the meaning (or *denotation*) of *bee*, the student may reply that it is an insect which stores up pollen for food; but if asked for the *connotation* of *bee*, he may well reply, the paragon of virtue and thrift, the favorite exemplar of primary schoolteachers and great philosophers. In the following passage, Charles Lamb has given some of the connotations of the phrase, "a poor relation":

A Poor Relation—is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noontide of your prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your scutcheon, a rent in your garment,—a death's head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy, an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.—*Poor Relations*.

Figures of speech.

When a writer supplies the connotations for the terms he uses (as does Lamb in the passage just quoted), or when he substitutes the connotation for the actual word, we say that he has employed "a figure of speech." The common range in figures of speech is from the simile to the hyperbole. The simile expresses a real or fancied resemblance in objects which are on the whole unlike. Thus if we say that "a poor relation is like a death's head at your banquet," we see at once that the things compared have nothing in common save the effect, and even that comparison seems strained on close scrutiny. Fawning Poverty and Grinning Death are very dissimilar. Yet the result of the comparison is unquestionably pleasing.

The hyperbole transcends even the suggestive connotation. In it the most

far-fetched resemblance is claimed. The incongruous is asserted to be congruous. When De Quincey writes that the groom whom he had sent upstairs to fetch down his trunk "had a back as spacious as Salisbury Plains," he is obviously exaggerating—and the pleasure for the reader lies in his understanding of the grossness of the exaggeration. Midway between the simile and the hyperbole stands the metaphor. In this, the resemblance is implicit—that is, it is assumed without statement. Thus Irvin Cobb's memorable metaphor, "He had no more privacy than a gold fish," suggests humorously that there is some analogy between the sensibilities of man and fish.

It will be observed that figures proceed further away from precision than does the imaginative word, no matter how packed with connotative significance. The chief value of figures, then, lies in their power to suggest attractive and moving associations. It is not primarily as ornaments of style that figures should be used, but rather as evokers of images and ideas.

Thus Shakespeare:

1. Deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book . . .
2. Thou art the Mars of Malcontents . . .
3. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath.
4. Eating the bitter bread of banishment . . .

Or Marlowe:

1. O, thou art fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.

Or Bunyan:

1. Some things are of that nature as to make
One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.

Or Carlyle:

1. The public is an old woman.

Or Elizabeth Barrett Browning:

1. Yes, I answered you last night;
No, this morning, sir, I say.
Colors seen by candlelight
Do not look the same by day.

When it is forgotten that figures have a real service to perform and the writer uses them merely to "dress up" his style, the chances are that they

will offend, rather than please, the average reader. More stomachs are probably offended by too much sugar than by too little.

Words and style.

The writer who is so word-conscious that he uses language for show rather than for sense, and who is high-flown and pompous in expression, is a bad writer. The error of employing a Grand Chancellor style is known to rhetoricians as "fine writing." Wordsworth has justly lessoned the great Doctor Johnson on this score:

Take the following example by Dr. Johnson:

"Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, Sluggard, and be wise;
No stern command, no monetary voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?
While artful shades thy downy couch enclose,
And soft solicitation courts repose,
Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,
Year chases year with unremitted flight,
Till Want now following, fraudulent and slow,
Shall spring to seize thee, like an ambush'd foe."

From this hubbub of words pass to the original. "Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard, consider her ways, and be wise: which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest. How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."—*Appendix to "Lyrical Ballads."*

Was it not Oliver Goldsmith who once observed to Johnson, "Why, Dr. Johnson, if you were to make the little fishes talk, they would talk like whales"? The earnest student, in particular, must beware of "fine writing."

Closely related to "fine writing" is the bad habit of using words in set phrases. Hackneyed language and trite phrases are the common fare of the inveterate newspaper reader. Morning and evening he is served with a brilliant performance, drastic action, pending merger, a long-felt want, a dull thud, nipped in the bud, conspicuous by its absence, budding genius, the proud possessor, etc. Yet it should be observed

that the good reporter aims above the conventional, dull phrase. It is he whom the student should emulate if he particularly admires the journalistic style. Better than emulation in the matter of phrasing certainly, is originality. He who can report the daily occurrence in a fresh manner will win instant attention, no matter whether he be novelist, journalist, or letter-writer.

Once the writer has learned the fundamental lesson of precision and has gained some experience in the nice art of sacrificing just so much precision for imaginative effect, he is ready to make other observations about language which will prove of value to him. He will discover that he can make several more or less artificial groupings of words, that he can distinguish special vocabularies within the language. Once he is sensible of these groupings, vocabularies, categories, he will find his very awareness of assistance in employing words in an arresting manner.

Thus words may be divided into the two groups, abstract and concrete. An abstract word is one which denotes an attribute, such as a quality, activity or state, considered apart from its substance. Hence *honor*, *sweetness*, and *wisdom* are abstract words. A concrete word is one which denotes *as near as possible* the exact nature or substance of a thing. Thus *stone* is more concrete than *building material* while *granite* is even more concrete than *stone*. Once this division of words is perceived by a writer, he may use it to considerable advantage. If he desires to touch the high levels of human thought, he is necessarily thrown upon abstract words to express his ideas:

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you, too, shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.

—LOVELACE, *To Lucasta*.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

—GRAY, *Elegy*.

It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like a morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall. Little did I dream when she added

titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honor, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom! The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, the chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness! —BURKE, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*.

On the other hand, if the writer desires vividness of sense impression, he can hardly push the principle of concreteness far enough. The more exact the word he chooses, the more lasting will be the impression which he creates. One realist learns from another until the very quintessence of concreteness is arrived at. It is significant that Thomas Hardy read with avidity the neglected poet Crabbe. The beginner may here well emulate the master.

Lo! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighboring poor;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears;
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye:
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
And to the ragged infant threaten war;
There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil;
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf;
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
And a sad splendor vainly shines around.
So looks the "nymph" whom wretched arts adorn,
Betrayed by man, then left for man to scorn;
Whose cheek in vain assumes the mimic rose,
While her sad eyes the troubled breast disclose;
Whose outward splendor is but folly's dress,
Exposing most when most it gilds distress.

Here joyless roam a wild amphibious race,
 With sullen woe displayed in every face;
 Who, far from civil arts and social fly,
 And scowl at strangers with suspicious eye.

—CRABBE, *The Village*.

The ploughing, now in full swing, enveloped him in a vague, slow-moving whirl of things. Underneath him was the jarring, jolting, trembling machine; not a clod was turned, not an obstacle encountered, that he did not receive the swift impression of it through all his body; the very friction of the damp soil, sliding incessantly from the shiny surface of the shears, seemed to reproduce itself in his finger-tips and along the back of his head. He heard the horses' hoofs by the myriads crushing down easily, deeply, into the loam, the prolonged clinking of trace-chains, the working of the smooth brown flanks in the harness, the clatter of wooden hames, the champing of bits, the click of iron shoes against pebbles, the brittle stubble of the surface ground crackling and snapping as the furrows turned, the sonorous, steady breaths wrenched from the deep, laboring chests, strap-bound, shining with sweat, and all along the line the voices of men talking to the horses. Everywhere there were visions of glossy brown backs, straining, heaving, swollen with muscle; harness streaked with specks of froth; broad, cup-shaped hoofs, heavy with brown loam; men's faces red with tan, blue overalls spotted with axle-grease; muscled hands, the knuckles whitened in their grip on the reins; and through it all the ammoniacal smell of the horses, the bitter reek of perspiration of beasts and men, the aromas of warm leather, the scent of dead stubble—and stronger and more penetrating than everything else, the heavy, enervating odor of the upturned, living earth.—FRANK NORRIS, *The Octopus*.⁴

A second valuable distinction which a writer may make is that between general and specific words. A general word is one which comprehends a class or contains within itself all the objects of a kind. A specific word is one which limits as far as possible the object, or objects, described. Thus *dog* is a general word, in comparison with which *hound* is a more specific word. *Entertainer* is broader, more comprehensive than *actor*, which in turn encompasses *comedian*. Yet *Negro-impersonator* is even more specific than *comedian*. Our rule, again, is easy to formulate: if we desire reality and vividness of sense impression, we have no choice but to select the most specific term we can find; if we desire to make a comprehensive statement, we must seek the general word.

A third useful distinction is that between learned and homely words. A learned word is one known best by the erudite—scholars, bibliophiles, the new bohemians—bookish people of all kinds. They are of the sort which Thomas Wilson characterized as “inkhorn

⁴ Reprinted by permission from Frank Norris' *The Octopus*, published and copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, New York.

terms." Generally, they may be defined as all words of other than Anglo-Saxon origin. A homely word is a word current in everyday speech, a familiar word, a bit of "one's mother's language." *Sublimate*, *gourmand*, *teleology*, *socialize*, *plethora*, *paraclete*, *riparian* are examples of learned words; *God*, *laugh*, *mother*, *heaviness*, *good*, *spring*, and *lift* are homely words.

The choice between a learned and a homely word depends upon a principle slightly different from that governing the choice between an abstract and a concrete word. Abstract and concrete words are about equally familiar to the average reader. But the average reader knows far more homely words than learned words. Consequently, for the sake of clearness, the homely word should be favored more than nine times out of ten. On the other hand, if the appeal is to a limited group of erudite people, or if the context makes fairly plain the significance of the term, the learned word may be employed not only with safety but to advantage. Variety, it may be remarked, can be obtained in no easier way.

Thus Burton Rascoe, writing primarily for the "intelligentsia," employs the learned word in a remarkably effective manner in the following portrait of Ben Hecht:

If I were disposed to credit the theory of reincarnation (and I am at this moment so disposed) I should say that Ben Hecht has inherited the soul which Joris-Karl Huysmans relinquished when he commended himself to the Trappists and to God. This notion gains a chimerical credence by a comparison of the physiognomy of the Chicago novelist with any portrait of the great French chronicler of the decadence.

I remember remarking when I first met Hecht a salient resemblance between him and the familiar Vallotton *masque* of Huysmans. Hecht has the same brachycephalic head, the same narrow, aquiline and spatulate nose, the same upper lip spanned by a ramiform mustache, the same arched eyebrows, the same serrated forehead, the same quaint look of whimsical malice. There is in both countenances an aspect at once satyric and spiritual, like that of a faun who has lived indoors. Only in the eyes do they differ: the eyes of Huysmans are fatigued and strained; the eyes of Hecht are alert and gay.—*Introduction to "Erik Dorn."*⁵

However much we may admire the brilliant uses to which the learned word has been put, and however much we may be bored by the oft-repeated advice to stick to words of a few syllables and of Anglo-Saxon origin, we cannot gainsay the wisdom of that advice. The immortal works in our language are those which have apparently seized hardest upon this principle. The homely word predominates in Shakespeare, Dickens, and the English Bible. The last named can be studied to advantage for its vocabulary (if for no other reason) by nearly every student.

⁵ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from Burton Rascoe's introduction to Ben Hecht's *Erik Dorn*, published and copyright by The Modern Library, Inc., New York.

The hand of Jehovah was upon me, and he brought me out in the Spirit of Jehovah, and set me down in the midst of the valley; and it was full of bones. And he caused me to pass by them round about: and, behold, there were very many in the open valley; and, lo, they were very dry. And he said unto me, "Son of man, can these bones live?" And I answered, "O Lord Jehovah, thou knowest." Again he said unto me, "Prophecy over these bones, and say unto them, 'O ye dry bones, hear the word of Jehovah. Thus said the Lord Jehovah unto these bones: "Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live. And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live; and ye shall know that I am Jehovah."'"

So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and, behold, an earthquake; and the bones came together, bone to its bone. And I beheld, and, lo, there were sinews upon them, and flesh came up, and skin covered them above; but there was no breath in them. Then he said unto me, "Prophecy unto the wind, prophecy, son of man, and say to the wind, 'Thus saith the Lord Jehovah: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live."'" So I prophesied as he commanded me, and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army.

Then said he unto me, "Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel: behold, they say, 'Our bones are dried up, and our hope is lost; we are clean cut off.' Therefore prophecy and say unto them, 'Thus saith the Lord Jehovah: "Behold, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, O my people; and I will bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am Jehovah, when I have opened your graves, and caused you to come up out of your graves, O my people. And I will put my Spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I will place you in your own land: and ye shall know that I, Jehovah, have spoken it and performed it,"'" saith Jehovah.—*Ezekiel*, 37:1-14. (*American Standard Version*).

In what simpler language could this exciting event have been told?

The word plan.

Inasmuch as the direction has been implicit in all that we said about categories, groupings, and distinctions of words, it is not impertinent now to add that all composition should be undertaken with a more or less definite word-plan or scheme in mind. The writer should determine at the outset whether his appeal is general or limited, whether his method is to be realistic or abstract. That is, when he first starts to write, he should determine upon adequate reasons whether concrete or abstract, general or specific, learned or homely words are to predominate in his effort. It may be expedient to make the plan for the whole composition or for a part, for a paragraph or two paragraphs. The one important thing is that the plan should be determined before the pen touches the paper. All art is premeditated. An unusually good example of word planning follows:

Charles the Fifth was then fifty-five years and eight months old: but he was already decrepit with premature old age. He was of about the middle height, and had been athletic and well-proportioned. Broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, thin in the flank, very muscular in the arms and legs, he had been able to match himself with all competitors in the tourney and the ring, and to vanquish the bull with his own hand in the favorite national amusement of Spain. He had been able in the field to do the duty of captain and soldier, to endure fatigue and exposure, and every privation except fasting. These personal advantages were now departed. Crippled in hands, knees, and legs, he supported himself with difficulty upon a crutch, with the aid of an attendant's shoulder. In face he had always been extremely ugly, and time had certainly not improved his physiognomy. His hair, once of a light color, was now white with age, close-clipped and bristling; his beard was gray, coarse, and shaggy. His forehead was spacious and commanding; the eye dark-blue, with an expression both majestic and benignant. His nose was aquiline, but crooked. The lower part of his face was famous for its deformity. The under lip, a Burgundian inheritance, as faithfully transmitted as the duchy and county, was heavy and hanging; the lower jaw protruding so far beyond the upper that it was impossible for him to bring together the few fragments of teeth which still remained, or to speak a whole sentence in an intelligible voice. Eating and talking, occupations to which he was always much addicted, were becoming daily more arduous, in consequence of this original defect, which now seemed hardly human, but rather an original deformity.

So much for the father. The son, Philip the Second, was a small, meagre man, much below the middle height, with thin legs, a narrow chest, and the shrinking, timid air of an habitual invalid. He seemed so little, upon his first visit to his aunts, the Queens Eleanor and Mary, accustomed to look upon proper men in Flanders and Germany, that he was fain to win their favor by making certain attempts in the tournaments, in which his success was sufficiently problematical. "His body," says his professed panegyrist, "was but a human cage, in which, however brief and narrow, dwelt a soul to whose flight the immeasurable expanse of heaven was too contracted." The same wholesale admirer adds that "his aspect was so reverend that rustics who met him alone in a wood, without knowing him, bowed down with instinctive veneration." In face, he was the living image of his father, having the same broad forehead and blue eye, with the same aquiline, but better proportioned, nose. In the lower part of the countenance, the remarkable Burgundian deformity was likewise reproduced. He had the same heavy, hanging lip, with a vast mouth, and monstrously protruding lower jaw. His complexion was fair, his hair light and thin, his beard yellow, short, and pointed. He had the aspect of a Fleming, but the loftiness of a Spaniard. His demeanor in public was still, silent, almost sepulchral. He looked habitually on the ground when he conversed, was chary of speech, embarrassed, and even suffering in manner. This was ascribed partly to a natural haughtiness which he had occasionally endeavored to overcome, and partly to habitual pains in the stomach, occasioned by his inordinate fondness for pastry.

—MOTLEY, *Rise of the Dutch Republic*.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What does Emerson mean by calling life "a quarry"?
2. Give as long a list of words for different shades of red as you can, and then distinguish the shades by definition.
3. What is the precise meaning and connotation of each of the words used as synonyms for "crowd" on page 173?
4. What is the difference between a thesaurus and a dictionary of words?
5. Define these terms: *etymology*, *grammatical function*, *usage*, *idiom*.
6. How may a knowledge of etymology aid the memory?
7. What is a "root"? A "prefix"? A "suffix"?
8. In your own words, what is "semantics"?
9. Give examples of nouns improperly used as verbs, and of verbs incorrectly used as nouns. Give examples of words properly used either as nouns or as verbs.
10. Distinguish "absolute" and "archaic," and "colloquial" and "cant" as designations of usage.
11. What is meant by "idiom"? Give an example.
12. Define and illustrate "onomatopoeia."
13. Distinguish between the connotation and the denotation of a word. Give illustrations of each.
14. What is "fine writing"?
15. Give a few examples of hackneyed language.
16. Wherein are the distinctions "concrete" and "abstract" relative?
17. Give examples of related "general" and "specific" words.
18. Give contrasting illustrations of "learned" and "homely" words.

Round Table

1. Make out individually in class a list of words which shall represent twenty-five common fabrics. Make out a similar list for twenty-five mechanical appliances. Exchange lists with a classmate. Opposite each entry in his list indicate, without the use of a dictionary, the meaning of each term. In the class discussion attempt to account for the extent to which experience expands vocabulary.
2. Let all the members of the class make a list of the different shades of the color brown that they know; a list of all the shrill sounds they can think of; and a list of words for all the shapes (such as octagon, square, etc.) that they are familiar with. As a result of this exercise, is there any proof that the limits of one's vocabulary are also the limits of one's knowledge?
3. Let each student make a list of ten literary terms, like *realism* and *romance* for class definition and discussion.

4. For class discussion, be prepared to exchange with others some impressions of the vocabulary and verbal manners of (a) various popular radio announcers or speakers, (b) one of your pre-college teachers, and (c) beggars, house-to-house canvassers, "pitch" salesmen, and circus and county fair "barkers."
5. For a class contest: a "synonym bee" may be held in which the class will participate in giving synonyms for a selected list of words not announced in advance. Similar contests for specific terms from general, concrete words from abstract.
6. A class symposium on slang, cant, local phrases, professional jargon, and sectional variations in word meanings and pronunciations.
7. An observation and experience exchange on spoken English with the vocabulary range and pronunciation of students as its theme. Do juniors and seniors actually exhibit any advancement over incoming freshmen in these particulars?

Paper Work

1. After checking the following list of words for those you know, look up the meanings of the others in order to determine in what fields of science your knowledge and your vocabulary are most limited. Write a brief report.
 (1) *macle*, (2) *polypary*, (3) *septarium*, (4) *collimator*, (5) *sperrylite*, (6) *spectroheliogram*, (7) *gonidium*, (8) *spermatogenesis*, (9) *thiazine*, (10) *thermostatics*, (11) *trinitrotoluene*, (12) *parsec*, (13) *patroclinous*, (14) *penetrometer*, (15) *magneton*, (16) *nitrostarch*, (17) *periotic*, (18) *epigene*, (19) *perigee*, (20) *telegony*, (21) *peridium*, (22) *epiglottis*, (23) *geophysics*, (24) *isostemonous*, (25) *sciænid*.
2. Using Webster's *Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms* or Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases*, make a list of words which fall into the following categories:
 (1) Breadth, thickness; (2) narrowness, thinness; (3) rashness; (4) caution; (5) hope; (6) fear.
3. How many words can you find in the *Thesaurus* describing a mixture of air and water, such as *cloud* and *bubble*?
4. From Webster's *Collegiate Dictionary* (or any equally good dictionary) copy all the information found under one of the following words, indicating by underlining all that you knew before you consulted the dictionary:
 (1) *dollar*; (2) *objective*; (3) *contract* (*n.*); (4) *cross* (*n.*); (5) *fancy* (*n.*).
5. Thoreau was of the opinion that the word *saunterer* was derived from "idle people who roved about the country, in the Middle Ages, and asked charity, under pretense of going *à la Saint Terre*, to the Holy Land, till the children exclaimed, 'There goes a *Sainte-Terrer*,' a Saunterer, a Holy-Lander." Is this the probable etymology? Look up the derivation of
 (1) *tragedy*, (2) *polyanthus*, (3) *partlet*, (4) *snow*, (5) *intercession*, (6)

hearse, (7) *felsite*, (8) *prestige*, (9) *martyr*, (10) *virtue*, (11) *iceberg*, (12) *kinderergarten*, (13) *agnostic*, (14) *stereotype*, (15) *pastor*.

6. Make lists of ten words each, derived from the following languages: (1) Greek, (2) Latin, (3) French, (4) Italian or Spanish, (5) German. Make a list of fifty words which are Anglo-Saxon in origin, giving their Anglo-Saxon equivalents.

7. Using the phonetic system employed in *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* and a stress mark for accent, indicate the proper pronunciation of the following words:

(1) *absent* (*v.*), (2) *accented*, (3) *address* (*n.*), (4) *admirable*, (5) *aggrandize*, (6) *ally* (*v.*), (7) *apparatus*, (8) *bouquet*, (9) *brigand*, (10) *candelabra*, (11) *clique*, (12) *cognomen*, (13) *column*, (14) *coupon*, (15) *covert*, (16) *creek*, (17) *data*, (18) *defect*, (19) *demise*, (20) *despicable*, (21) *discourse*, (22) *dishevel*, (23) *effective*, (24) *exquisite*, (25) *finance*, (26) *formidable*, (27) *frequented*, (28) *genuine*, (29) *grimace*, (30) *guarantee*, (31) *heinous*, (32) *hospitable*, (33) *idea*, (34) *impious*, (35) *incomparable*, (36) *inexplicable*, (37) *inquiry*, (38) *inventory*, (39) *Italian*, (40) *literature*, (41) *maintenance*, (42) *nape*, (43) *obscenity*, (44) *often*, (45) *penalize*, (46) *piano*, (47) *poem*, (48) *precedent* (*n.*), (49) *presentation*, (50) *pretty*, (51) *pumpkin*, (52) *quay*, (53) *research* (*n.*), (54) *robust*, (55) *sinecure*, (56) *status*, (57) *toward*, (58) *vehement*, (59) *versatility*, (60) *zoölogy*.

8. After consulting the dictionary, indicate the reason why the following words are not in good usage:

(1) *bunk*, (2) *drome*, (3) *jitney*, (4) *moniker*, (5) *thou*, (6) *roughneck*, (7) *whippet*, (8) *cinch*, (9) *adays*, (10) *featured*, (11) *disremember*, (12) *toss-pot*, (13) *ad*, (14) *affectioned*, (15) *afeared*, (16) *bursted*, (17) *baken*, (18) *com-plected*, (19) *baxter*, (20) *firstly*, (21) *bullock*, (22) *clout*, (23) *colly*, (24) *leery*, (25) *gat*.

9. Indicate the faults in diction in the following sentences:

He decided to revenge himself on her.

George Harvey leaped from his bed, full of snap, pep, and vim.

She certainly has got herself up in a queer rig.

You sure need confidence to ge. on in this world.

As the man advanced, Gary sized him up.

'No,' she said, "I seldom ever go out after ten o'clock."

At this phase of the game, instead of indulging in his usual long wind-up, Conley delivered the ball with a quick snap toward the plate.

Because the county attorney was well posted on Kaplan's doings, the latter was quickly proven guilty.

After walking down the road a piece, John exclaimed out loud, "This must have been the very spot."

Having gotten most full, the bear licked his lips and laid down.

10. Look up in the dictionary the synonyms for the following words, and then employ these words and their synonyms in sentences in such a way as to bring out unmistakably the precise meaning of each:

- (1) *have*, (2) *hateful*, (3) *chief*, (4) *mind* (n.), (5) *pay* (v.), (6) *fabulous*, (7) *ghost*, (8) *inability*, (9) *propitiation*, (10) *error*.

11. What information does *Webster's Collegiate Dictionary* provide in regard to the following proper names?

- (1) Giant Despair, (2) Nietzscheism, (3) Ashkenazim, (4) Rhadamanthus, (5) Ascot, (6) Polyphemus, (7) Medea, (8) Mayan, (9) Kalmuck, (10) Fronde.

12. Use the following nouns in sentences in such a way as to indicate their difference in meaning:

- (1) *reproach*, (2) *abuse*, (3) *malediction*, (4) *malison*, (5) *curse*, (6) *imprecation*, (7) *denunciation*, (8) *execration*, (9) *anathema*, (10) *ban*, (11) *proscription*, (12) *excommunication*, (13) *commination*, (14) *fulmination*, (15) *aspersion*, (16) *disparagement*, (17) *vilification*, (18) *vituperation*.

13. Invent ten onomatopoeic words, indicating their meanings.

14. In the following graphic passages the colorful words have been stricken out. Supply words in the blanks which will make the passages as rich in coloring as you can.

A. With a ———, lazy roll, our boat laid her ——— cheek against a ——— wave, then lifted it, all ——— and ———, into the last ——— rays of the sun. Far off, fully eight miles to port, a ——— mountain raised its ——— head from behind the ——— of the sea. To starboard the African coast ——— in a ——— heat haze. On our beam the convoy of twenty ships steamed in double line across a ——— sea, their ——— smoke ——— in black ——— pennons across the ——— sky. While the great ——— ball of the sun hung ——— on the horizon, a patrol-boat sailed across its ——— at the ——— distance required to bring out the hull, spars, masts, and ropes in black ———, as if stamped by a die on a ——— of ———. It was wonderfully ———. Its quiet ——— laid a spell of ——— even on the sailor ——— who were ——— astern. Over the ship fell a ——— that was broken only by the ——— of the screw.

B. On the right, Villon and Guy Tabary were ——— together over a ——— of parchment; Villon making a ——— which he was to call the "Ballade of Roast Fish," and Tabary ——— admiration at his ———. The poet was a ——— of a man, ———, ———, and ———, with ——— cheeks and ———, thin ———. He carried his ——— years with ——— animation. Greed had made ——— about his eyes, ——— smiles had ——— his mouth. The ——— and the ——— struggled ——— in his face. It was an ———, ———, ———, ——— countenance. His hands were small and ———, with fingers ——— like a cord; and they were continually ——— in front of him in ——— and expressive ———. As for Tabary, a ———, ———, ——— imbecility breathed from his ——— nose and ——— lips: he had become a thief, just as he might have become the most

decent of ———, by the ——— chance which ——— the lives of ——— geese and ——— donkeys.

15. The language in the following sentences is in some cases hackneyed. Improve the sentences by altering the diction.

After falling a distance of fifteen feet, Mike got up, climbed back, and administered a sound thrashing to the wag who had pushed him over.

While following this line of investigation, Chelmsworth was almost fatally injured by the explosion of a retort.

The convention convened with appropriate exercises.

The autopsy held by that backwoods coroner beggars description.

The canine bids fair to win the prize for its darky master.

After a checkered career, Burns was captured at the wheel of his automobile—the death car of the Moorehouse slaying.

The deceased departed this life at the height of his career, a consummation he probably devoutly wished for.

Because the Joneses entertain so lavishly, a good time is had always by all their guests.

Yesterday a man was hurled into eternity in the heart of the business section.

Never in his long experience before the footlights had such a sea of upturned faces awaited him.

16. Make parallel lists of twenty-five learned and twenty-five homely words which have approximately the same meanings (for example, *visage* and *face*). Make a list of ten well-known modern writers who cultivate very obviously either a learned or a homely style. In each case indicate which you think it to be.

Chapter IX

STYLE

"Style is the dress of thoughts."—Chesterfield.

Style: a definition.

"A CHILD writes well," observes Christopher Morley, "and a highly trained and long-suffering performer may sometimes write with intelligence. It is the middle stages that are appalling. . . ." When any developing writer discovers from his reading that there is quite as much of an appeal in the mode of presentation as in the substance, he has reached the stage which causes Mr. Morley acute anguish. For inevitably he assumes that manner is synonymous with adornment, whereas in any art it is always something integral, having to do with structure as well as finish. The manner in which an author reveals his sentiments or announces his convictions, whether it be highly novel or distinctly conventional, is known as his "style." That is, if an author customarily says what he has to say clearly and effectively, stimulating his readers by the uniqueness of his method or by his graceful compliance with the best fashion of the day, he may be said to write with style. But if for the sake of novelty, he sacrifices clarity, or if by conventionality he loses effectiveness, he may justly be stigmatized as "without style." A good prose style, possessing some elements of individuality while conforming to current standards, is better illustrated than described. The following passage can be duplicated many times in the work of the author from which it was selected:

Spaniards, I may remark, are peculiarly fascinated by sound, especially by the loud, stridulous, rhythmic classes of sound which may be said to come midway between mere noise and music. It is an intoxicant which they indulge in more intemperately than they do in wine. On people of an essentially grave and silent race, loud sound seems sometimes apt to exert this stimulating influence, and to carry them out of themselves. In this they resemble savages. Castanets are nothing but a very primitive device for producing loud, rhythmic sound, and all sound of this type appeals to the Spaniard. The revolving rattle, again—such as in the days of our forefathers was supplied to night-watchmen—is a favorite Spanish implement of sound, if one may judge by the frequency with which it is sold in the streets of Madrid and elsewhere. The Spaniards are, perhaps, the only audiences in Europe who still talk loudly and persistently during a concert; the music seems to be to them an irresistible stimulant to activity, and perhaps

chiefly delightful on that account. This impressionability of the Spaniards to loud rhythmic sounds explains how it is that such sound is an essential element in their characteristic dances.—HAVLOCK ELLIS, *The Soul of Spain*.¹

The style of Havelock Ellis—which, despite its apparent simplicity, fairly represents that of the best modern writing—is not easily achieved. In a way, it is not wholly the product of Ellis, but of centuries of English civilization. “A good prose style,” says Dr. Otto Jespersen, the great Danish philologist, “is everywhere a late acquirement, and the work of whole generations of good authors is needed to bring about an easy flow of written prose.” The lucid, facile English of the best of the moderns—Hardy, Butler, Ellis, Conrad, Hudson, Brooks, Santayana, Cather—is built upon the labors of Hooker and the translators of the Bible, refined from the poetry, periods, and prolixities of Browne, Milton, and Ruskin, strengthened by the vigor of Addison, Steele, Johnson, and Macaulay, tempered by the sanity of Hazlitt and Huxley, and—borrowed from France. But long before we went to the Gallic novelists and critics for suggestions for our style, Wordsworth had stated the main contention of the moderns: “. . . the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know that one being is elevated above another in proportion as he possesses this capability.” By this stern conception of æsthetic duty, style must attain novelty through simple means, such as variety in rhythm and sentence structure, rather than through the *cheul* ejaculatory method of Carlyle or the onomatopoesis of Meredith. Naked and unadorned, yet as sinewy and supple as a young wrestler, a very Orlando, the best modern prose proceeds to its double task of arousal and conviction. It flows before the eye like the play of fine muscles under the skin. It triumphs by its directness, its sincerity, its force, its fitness, and its beauty. How may one achieve such a style?

Acquiring style.

One way, certainly, is by imitation. “I played the sedulous ape,” admits Stevenson, and it is obvious that the style of *Travels with a Donkey* is patterned on that of Hazlitt. Dr. Johnson dogmatizes about the approach to style in this fashion: “Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.” The manner of the creator of Sir Roger is perhaps a little too “elegant” for the modern apprentice to imitate, but certainly that of Gissing or Hudson or Hardy is

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not. The apprentice may, with confidence, copy the style of one of these men. Or, he may equally well imitate the general characteristics of the whole group of outstanding moderns. Again, if these great ones have learned something from the pungent and compact style of the French, why cannot he? If he reads French, why not go directly to Balzac, Flaubert, Stendhal, Renan, Maupassant, Bergson, Anatole France, and Proust? They will teach him simplicity. "Sober style, brevity—in these," says Tolstoy, "the French are masters. I don't know who the Frenchman was who finished a letter: '*Excusez la longueur de ma lettre. Je n'ai pas eu le temps d'être bref.*' Gold is obtained by sifting." Whoever wishes to attain a fluent style, clear but not cold, and convincing but not labored, may well give his days and nights to Gide or Malraux—in the original.

But invaluable as imitation is, perhaps it is a slow and costly way compared to even a rudimentary process of dissection and practice. For style has been analyzed by countless critics since Longinus and Horace; hence there is apparently nothing preposterous at this day in a *summa*. Indeed, he who will not make some sort of a summary for himself of the requirements of a good prose style is probably too lazy to achieve even an agreeable manner in composition. The task, thanks to the abundance of criticism, is not an arduous one. It begins with an axiom as fundamental as "God is Love": *the end of all writing is communication*. Clarity, then, must be a quality of style. Nothing should impede the passage of the idea from the writer to the reader. But no retina can long endure even a mild stream of directed light. Lucidity alone will not do. The reader tires after a while of even the clearest exposition. It must never be forgotten that reading is an extraordinarily artificial process in which the eye jerks back and forth across the page, a process which, from the physical standpoint alone, is perhaps as exacting as any demanded by civilization. Writing must have something else to it besides clarity if it is to command or enthrall the reader's attention to the end of the paragraph. That quality of style which impels or allures the attention may be termed effectiveness. As has been implied, effectiveness may take two directions: the direction of force, which gives power; and the direction of grace, which gives charm. A more complete analysis of style for practical purposes is hardly necessary: the would-be practitioner must next concern himself with the ways of preserving clarity and with the means of attaining force and grace.

"Style," says Swift, "is proper words in proper places." No one will much improve upon that definition in a long time. Writers in the "middle stages" are writers who have discovered that words are sirens—tremendously alluring, particularly if new and not experimented with. A pretty word has seduced many an earnest young writer into ridiculousness. Not content to speak of his "poverty" perhaps, he laments his "pecuniary deprivations" almost as soon as he learns that to say he is "broke" is vulgar.

He has not yet formed what might be called "word-sense," but has merely acquired an appetite for new words. A sovereign remedy for him is to concentrate on making his meaning clear. Let him deny the siren call and go back to fundamentals. To write clearly, an author must be idiomatic and grammatical, precise and simple. While he struggles to master these things "word-sense" will come to him naturally; he who in the end achieves clarity turns the sirens into servants—words march at his command and his vocabulary is an arsenal for any campaign he undertakes.

Qualities of style.

It is apparent that the appeal of clarity is primarily to the intellect, whereas that of effectiveness is to the emotions. It is not to be supposed for one instant, however, that the creation of an effective style calls for a lower degree of cerebration. Always the achievement of style is an intellectual feat. As a result, however, of this appeal to the emotions, the reader feels much more aware of the presence of the writer than he would otherwise. "Style," says Buffon solemnly, "is the man himself." The question of whether or not style is the impress of individuality upon writing may be waived as a philosophical irrelevancy, but the fact cannot be denied that through the emotional appeal of effective writing, the personality of the writer makes itself felt. Now this personality must have some of the characteristics admired in men, else no reader will be awed by the writer's power or charmed by his grace. This requires certain mental attitudes on the part of the writer toward his work. First and foremost among these vitalizing characteristics is sincerity. The author may be as wrong-headed as possible, but if he is sincere in his convictions, he is certain to have a considerable following. Many people do not agree with the naturalistic philosophy of George Moore, yet his novel *Esther Waters* has its admirers even among those who do not share the author's ideas, chiefly because Moore is, in this instance, so much in earnest. Similarly, in the following passage from George Gissing's *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, sincerity is the most impressive quality:

"Sir," said Johnson, "all the arguments which are brought to represent poverty as no evil, show it to be evidently a great evil. You never find people labouring to convince you that you may live very happily upon a plentiful fortune."

He knew what he was talking of, that rugged old master of common sense. Poverty is of course a relative thing; the term has reference, above all, to one's standing as an intellectual being. If I am to believe the newspapers, there are title-bearing men and women in England, who, had they an assured income of five-and-twenty shillings per week, would have no right to call themselves poor, for their intellectual needs are those of a stable-boy or scullery wench. Give me the same income and I can live, but I am poor indeed.

You tell me that money cannot buy the things most precious. Your commonplace proves that you have never known the lack of it. When I think of all the sorrow and the barrenness that has been wrought in my life by want of a few more pounds per annum than I was able to earn, I stand aghast at money's significance. What kindly joys have I lost, those simple forms of happiness to which every heart has a claim, because of poverty! Meetings with those I loved made impossible year after year; sadness, misunderstanding, nay, cruel alienation, arising from inability to do the things I wished, and which I might have done had a little money helped me; endless instances of homely pleasure and contentment curtailed or forbidden by narrow means. I have lost friends merely through the constraints of my position; friends I might have made have remained strangers to me; solitude of the bitter kind, the solitude which is enforced at times when mind or heart longs for companionship, often cursed my life solely because I was poor. I think it would scarce be an exaggeration to say that there is no moral good which has not to be paid for in coin of the realm.²

Sincerity is one tone which may be given to style by the assumption of an attitude. Humor is another. Humor is the sympathetic appreciation of *Humor* the foibles and vanities of human nature. Though it frequently regards endeavor as feeble or futile, it does not scoff. Indeed cynicism is antipodal to humor. How tolerant is the amusement of Goldsmith, Irving, and Dickens at the limitations of Primrose, Wouter Van Twiller, and Pickwick! To keep just the right degree of tolerance is the chief problem of whoever adopts a humorous attitude towards his subject matter. Banter may become fainter and fainter as affection waxes stronger and stronger: then the upshot is sentimentalism. Sterne indubitably was over-mellow at times but not so frequently as is often alleged. He had enough pectin to "jell" perfectly (in the housewife's phrase) whenever he aimed seriously at it; otherwise his things would not have lasted so well:

My Uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.—go—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him. I'll not hurt thee, says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—go,—says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke to let it escape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

The suspicion of the reader that Sterne, for all his love of Uncle Toby, is amused at the foibles of the latter, saves this passage from sentimentality. Another close flirtation with the vice and another exhilarating escape from it is in the following description, found in H. G. Wells' *The History of Mr. Polly*:

² Taken by permission from George Gissing's *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*, published and copyright by E. P. Dutton, Inc., New York.

But these were the mere background to the really pleasantest thing in the spectacle, which was quite the plumpest woman Mr. Polly had ever seen, seated in an arm-chair in the midst of all these bottles and glasses and glittering things, peacefully and tranquilly, and without the slightest loss of dignity, asleep. Many people would have called her a fat woman, but Mr. Polly's innate sense of epithet told him from the outset that plump was the word. She had shapely brows and a straight, well-shaped nose, kind lines and contentment about her mouth, and beneath it the jolly chins clustered like chubby little cherubim about the feet of an assumption-ing Madonna. Her plumpness was firm and pink and wholesome, and her hands, dimpled at every joint, were clasped in front of her; she seemed, as it were, to embrace herself with infinite confidence and kindness, as one who knew herself good in substance, good in essence, and would show her gratitude to God by that ready acceptance of all that he had given her. Her head was a little on one side, not much, but just enough to speak of trustfulness and rob her of the stiff effect of self-reliance. And she slept.

"My sort," said Mr. Polly . . .³

Much more cultivated than either sincerity or humor today is the satirical attitude and tone. When satire is made an end in itself, an anti-social, nihilistic attitude is the result. But when a satirical attitude is affected in the interests of constructive criticism, then the mood is one of the most wholesome in literature. If the writer can point to a positive good action to result from his satire—even a long time off—then he may know his cutting is surgery and not butchery. The best satire, anyway, is not the slashing kind, but that which leaves the reader not quite sure that an operation has been performed—an effect one sometimes has with a local anæsthetic. Although Max Beerbohm makes young American Rhodes scholars bear the brunt of a subtle assault in the following passage, he does not quite spare his English Duke, either:

To all Rhodes Scholars, indeed, his courtesy was invariable. He went out of his way to cultivate them, and this he did more as a favor to Lord Milner than of his own caprice. He found these scholars, good fellows though they were, rather oppressive. They had not—how could they have?—the undergraduate's virtue of taking Oxford as a matter of course. The Germans loved it too little, the Colonials too much. The Americans were, to a sensitive observer, the most troublesome—as being the most troubled—of the whole lot. The Duke was not one of those Englishmen who sling, or care to hear flung, cheap sneers at America. Whenever anyone in his presence said that America was not a large area, he would firmly maintain that it was. He held, too, in his enlightened way, that Americans have a perfect right to exist. But he did often find himself wishing Mr. Rhodes had not enabled them to exercise that right in Oxford. They were so awfully afraid of having their strenuous native characters undermined by their delight in the place. They held that the future was theirs, a glorious asset, far

³ Reprinted from H. G. Wells' *The History of Mr. Polly*, by permission of the author and the publisher, Duffield and Company. New York.

more glorious than the past. But a theory, as the Duke saw, is one thing, an emotion another. It is so much easier to be enthusiastic about what exists than about what doesn't. The future doesn't exist. The past does. For, whereas all men can learn, the gift of prophecy has died out. A man cannot work up in his breast any real excitement about what possibly won't happen. He cannot help being sentimentally interested in what he knows has happened. On the other hand, he owes a duty to his country. And, if his country be America, he ought to try to feel a vivid respect for the future and a cold contempt for the past. Also, if he be selected by his country as a specimen of the best moral, physical, and intellectual type that she can produce for the astounding of the effete foreigner, and incidentally for the purpose of raising that foreigner's tone, he must—mustn't he?—do his best to astound, to exalt. But then comes in this difficulty. Young men don't like to astound and exalt their fellows, and Americans, individually, are of all people the most anxious to please. That they talk over-much is often taken as a sign of self-satisfaction. It is merely a mannerism. Rhetoric is a thing inbred in them. They are quite unconscious of it. It is as natural to them as breathing. And while they talk on, they really do believe that they are a quick, business-like people, by whom things are "put through" with almost brutal abruptness. This notion of theirs is rather confusing to the patient English auditor.—MAX BEERBOHM, *Zuleika Dobson*.⁴

Frequently it is worth while to attempt to secure deliberately the tone of urbanity in writing. Urbanity may be defined as that attitude of mind *Urbanity* which gives the impression of poise and restraint, of deference to manners and form. It is at once suave and affable. Though many writers have achieved urbanity of tone, no one has been more successful than Henry James. In the following passage at arms, James imparts to his readers an aloofness and objective pleasure which is his own:

Madame Merle said nothing for some time. The Countess's manner was odious, was really low; but it was an old story, and with her eyes upon the violet slope of Monte Morello she gave herself up to reflexion. "My dear lady," she finally resumed, "I advise you not to agitate yourself. The matter you allude to concerns three persons much stronger of purpose than yourself."

"Three persons? You and Osmond of course. But is Miss Archer also very strong of purpose?"

"Quite as much so as we."

"Ah then," said the Countess radiantly, "if I convince her it's her interest to resist you she'll do so successfully!"

"Resist us? Why do you express yourself so coarsely? She's not exposed to compulsion or deception."

"I'm not sure of that. You're capable of anything, you and Osmond. I don't mean Osmond by himself, and I don't mean you by yourself. But together you're dangerous—like some chemical combination."

"You had better leave us alone then," smiled Madame Merle.

⁴ From *Zuleika Dobson* by Max Beerbohm, copyright by Dodd, Mead & Company.

"I don't mean to touch you—but I shall talk to that girl."

"My poor Amy," Madame Merle murmured, "I don't see what has got into your head."

"I take an interest in her—that's what has got into my head. I like her."

Madame Merle hesitated a moment. "I don't think she likes you."

The Countess's bright little eyes expanded and her face was set in a grimace. "Ah, you *are* dangerous—even by yourself!"—*The Portrait of a Lady*.⁵

Loftier than all other literary tones, yet rarely encountered today, is the sublime. Sublimity, as an attitude of mind, can come only from exaltation of the *Sublimity* spirit in contemplation of vastness, power, or magnificence. It is the natural reaction attendant upon the realization of the infinite by the finite. Coleridge chose as the sublimest of all passages the question in Ezekiel, "Son of man, can these dead bones live?" and the answer, "Lord God, Thou knowest." Although sublimity is peculiarly an attribute of the Semitic mind, it has been attained not infrequently by English writers. Bertrand Russell, in his essay, *A Free Man's Worship*, has reached heights where not many of his contemporaries will be able to follow him. Milton repeatedly achieved the sublime. If not the most transcendent use, the passage at the close of Raleigh's *History of the World* is certainly the most familiar:

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou has done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

Technical devices for securing style.

Once the writer has determined his attitude toward his material, his next concern is with the technical methods and devices for securing force and *Architectony* grace. Actual composition is now at hand. But before the theme can be unfolded, the writer needs must possess himself with a plan. He must consider the most forceful or graceful way of opening his subject, of developing it, and of bringing his treatment to a close. He must decide the relation and order of parts, as well as the distribution of emphasis in his theme. In a word, before he begins to write, he must become an architect and plan his structure. Streamlines in an automobile are fully as attractive to the buyer as is the use of chromium plating. He is indubitably a fool who would purchase a badly-built car because it has a pretty ammeter. No reader will long persist at a badly composed piece of writing, be the brilliant phrases ever so numerous.

⁵ Reprinted by permission from Henry James' *The Portrait of a Lady*, published and copyrighted by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Obviously, the theme must begin well.⁶ The writer's best foot should be put forward. There are two effective beginnings, the one productive *Beginnings* of power, the other of charm. We may call these respectively the direct, and the indirect, method. A direct beginning is one in which a plunge is made, without any prelude, into the heart of the matter. It is hard to surpass the beginning of *Alice in Wonderland* in this respect: Alice, who has been resting on a bank, sees a rabbit run down a hole; she gets up and follows it, and so begins her famous adventures. Short-story writers have become adepts at starting *in medias res*. With the memorable first sentence of Poe's *Cask of Amontillado*—"The thousand injuries of Fortunato I had borne as best I could; but when he ventured on insult, I vowed revenge"—we leap into the very heart of the story. But expository and argumentative writing may begin with as much celerity as narration. "He that hath wife and children, hath given hostages to fortune," announces Bacon in the opening sentence of the essay, *Of Marriage and Single Life*. "The refuge of the Puritans on this side of the ocean was not exactly a nest of singing birds," says Paul Elmer More at the outset of his article, *The Spirit and Poetry of Early New England*. Now although both these authors more or less reveal their positions in the initial sentence, they apparently do not repel readers by their tactics, but rather attract them. It must not be forgotten that there is a host of people to whom directness is especially pleasing.

On the other hand, after a bold and striking beginning, lack of vigor leads to almost immediate disaster. The very danger of the direct opening is that the writer will be unable to maintain the force with which he began. Consequently, many authors prefer the indirect, or circumlocutional, approach to the subject. The reader enjoys the very anticipation attendant to being held in abeyance just as the gourmand delights in the knowledge that the roast is being skillfully prepared. Here is a good example of the indirect approach:

We are told that Louis XIV once submitted a sonnet he had written to the judgement of Boileau, who said, after reading it, "Sire, nothing is impossible for your Majesty. You set out to write some bad verses and you have succeeded." The point of this story for the modern reader lies not so much in the courage of the critic as in the meekness of the king. With the progress of democracy one man's opinion in literature has come to be as good as another's,—a deal better, too, the Irishman would add—and such words as deference and humility are in a fair way to become obsolete. We can scarcely conceive to what an extent men once allowed their personal impressions to be overawed and held in check by a body of outer prescriptions. . . .—IRVING BABBITT, *The Masters of Modern French Criticism*.⁷

⁶ Cf. Chapter IV, pages 89-91.

⁷ Reprinted by permission from Irving Babbitt's *Masters of Modern French Criticism*, published and copyright by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

Although the writer has, from the standpoint of style, a choice of two ways in which to begin a composition, he has only one way to end it—*Endings* and that is as expeditiously as possible. He must not tremble out to a conclusion, with the appearance of faltering for breath. If possible, he should end with a stroke—a phrase or sentence which illuminates the whole work. It is forceful to stop in this fashion, and certainly it is graceful not to continue after the thesis has been thoroughly expounded. Therefore a good ending is one in which the writer finishes with dispatch, but without the semblance of abruptness. To achieve the first and avoid the second is the sum of art in endings. Offhand, it is difficult to think of a better ending than that supplied by the last sentence of Anatole France's *Procurator of Judea*. Pontius Pilate, now an old man, is living in retirement in Sicily, where, at the moment, he is entertaining one Laelius Lamia, an Epicurean whom he had met in Judea during his pontificate:

The man who had suffered exile under Tiberius was no longer listening to the venerable magistrate. Having tossed off his cup of Falernian, he was smiling at some image visible to his eye alone.

After a moment's silence he resumed in a very deep voice, which rose in pitch by little and little—

"With what languorous grace they dance, those Syrian women! I knew a Jewess at Jerusalem who used to dance in a poky little room, on a threadbare carpet, by the light of one smoky little lamp, waving her arms as she clanged her cymbals. Her loins arched, her head thrown back, and, as it were, dragged down by the weight of her heavy red hair, her eyes swimming with voluptuousness, eager, languishing, compliant, she would have made Cleopatra herself grow pale with envy. I was in love with her barbaric dances, her voice—a little raucous and yet so sweet—her atmosphere of incense, the semi-somnolent state in which she seemed to live. I followed her everywhere. I mixed with the vile rabble of soldiers, conjurers, and extortioners with which she was surrounded. One day, however, she disappeared, and I saw her no more. Long did I seek her in disreputable alleys and taverns. It was more difficult to learn to do without her than to lose the taste of Greek wine. Some months after I lost sight of her, I learned by chance that she had attached herself to a small company of men and women who were followers of a young Galilean thaumaturgist. His name was Jesus; he came from Nazareth, and he was crucified for some crime, I don't quite know what. Pontius, do you remember anything about the man?"

Pontius Pilate contracted his brows, and his hand rose to his forehead in the attitude of one who probes the depths of memory. Then after a silence of some seconds—

"Jesus?" he murmured, "Jesus—of Nazareth? I cannot call him to mind."⁸

Planning the composition consists of more than designing the whole: it includes the careful structure of the parts—the architecture of paragraphs

⁸ Reprinted by permission from Anatole France's *The Mother of Pearl*, published and copyrighted by Dodd, Mead and Company, New York.

and even sentences. The whole effect of a façade may be ruined by ill-chosen pilasters, while the pilaster in turn may be spoiled by the use of an in-
Variety harmonious frieze. Paragraphs and sentences are the pilasters and friezes of composition. Practice has taught the writer that attention must be given, first of all, to the proportions of his paragraphs. It will not do to have a theme made up of ten short paragraphs, concluded by a tremendously long paragraph of the type John Ruskin or Matthew Arnold used to make. It will not do to have the paragraphs all precisely the same size—as though they were a string of box-cars. In such a structure there lurks neither force nor grace. But generally, there should be a paragraph-plan several times approximated in the composition, but nearly as often broken by the use of shorter and longer units. The reader must have variety, or he will become fatigued.

The need for variety extends to the structure of the paragraph itself. Each sentence must vary slightly from its fellows for grace, or widely, for force. It is indeed permissible to employ any conceivable type of sentence which the writer feels serves his particular need. The sentence may be interrogative or exclamatory, balanced or complex, simple or periodic. (Cf. Chap. VII.) Yet somehow there must be a harmony maintained between sentences. It will not do to put an elephant in a pen of mice, neither should a lone mouse be loosed in a herd of elephants. The apprentice writer, anxious to attain felicity in paragraph and sentence structure, may well give considerable time to experimentation and imitation. Probably the best person in the world to imitate for structure, though he is admittedly rhetorical and at times even artificial, is Edward Gibbon. Let the student try to satisfy himself as to how Gibbon, in the following selection, achieves an almost startling variety without conspicuously revealing his machinery:

The renewal, or perhaps the improvement, of my English life was embittered by the alteration of my own feelings. At the age of twenty-one I was, in my proper station of a youth, delivered from the yoke of education, and delighted with the comparative state of liberty and affluence. My filial obedience was natural and easy; and in the gay prospect of futurity, my ambition did not extend beyond the enjoyment of my books, my leisure, and my patrimonial estate, undisturbed by the cares of a family and the duties of a profession. But in the militia I was armed with power; in my travels, I was exempt from control; and as I approached, as I gradually passed my thirtieth year, I began to feel the desire of being master in my own house. The most gentle authority will sometimes frown without reason, the most cheerful submission will sometimes murmur without cause; and such is the law of our imperfect nature, that we must either command or obey; that our personal liberty is supported by the obsequiousness of our own dependents. While so many of my acquaintance were married or in parliament, or advancing with rapid step in the various roads of honour and fortune, I stood alone, immovable and insignificant; for after the monthly meeting of 1770, I had even withdrawn myself from the militia, by the resignation

of an empty and barren commission. My temper is not susceptible of envy, and the view of successful merit has always excited my warmest applause. The miseries of a vacant life were never known to a man whose hours were insufficient for the inexhaustible pleasures of study. But I lamented that at the proper age I had not embraced the lucrative pursuits of the law or of trade, the chances of civil office or India adventure, or even the fat slumbers of the church; and my repentance became more lively as the loss of time was more irretrievable. Experience showed me the use of grafting my private consequence on the importance of a great professional body; the benefits of those firm connexions which are cemented by hope and interest, by gratitude and emulation, by the mutual exchange of services and favours. From the emoluments of a profession I might have derived an ample fortune, or a competent income, instead of being stinted to the same narrow allowance, to be increased only by an event which I sincerely deprecated. The progress and the knowledge of our domestic disorders aggravated my anxiety, and I began to apprehend that I might be left in my old age without the fruits either of industry or inheritance.—*Memoirs of My Life and Writings*.

One of the unifying elements in composition which make harmony possible in the midst of the greatest variety of structure is rhythm. Prose *Rhythm* rhythm is of two sorts: that which is called *cadence* and which consists of the balancing of phrase against phrase and clause against clause, and that which may be called *melody*, consisting of the rhythm of syllables, never quite approximating perfect versification. Cadence is easily discoverable in the passage just quoted from Gibbon. It is beautifully illustrated in the Twenty-fourth Psalm:

Lift up your heads, O ye gates: and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.

Who is this King of Glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle. . . .

Here, of course, it is an element of poetry.

Melody is discoverable in any great piece of English prose. Gibbon has employed a very unusual melody in the excerpt from his *Memoirs*, but the commonest English prose melody approximates iambic verse:

Fóurscóre ānd sévén yéars āgó ōur fáthērs brōught fóρθ ūpón thīs cōntīnēt ā nēw nātiōn, cōncēived īn líbērtý ānd dēdicātēd tó thē prōpōsitiōn thāt āll mēn āre crēātēd équāl. . . .

When style is mentioned in the hearing of the novice, it is a safe wager that he instantly thinks of that very cloying influence from which style at the present day is trying to escape. He thinks of figurative *Figurative language* language: similes, personification, metaphors, hyperbole, and irony. Modern stylists employ figurative language only when driven to it for the sake of variety or in order to illuminate a point. Indeed, it is hard to

see what other excuse there is for departing from the straight road of fact. What, for example, did John Macy (once thought infallible in matters of taste) gain by the use of personification in this sentence: "Merely to button-hole the Woman Movement for a moment and ask it a few questions is to bring down upon one's head a cataract of abusive and irrelevant retorts, to be accused of oldfogyism, of misogyny, of disappointment in love, of wearing the scars, or the bleeding wounds, of the pecking hen"? What, one might fairly ask, have cataracts, buttonholes, and hens to do with each other, or with the *Equality of Woman with Man*, which is Mr. Macy's subject?

A sparing use of figures, especially if those used are striking or novel, gives the impression of reserve and of force. Out of a score of pages in Conrad, the following figures were produced. Note that they are all fresh and strong:

Green islets scattered through the calm of noonday lie upon the level of a polished sea, like a handful of emeralds on a buckler of steel.

A hard sea, green like a furrowed slab of jade, streaked and splashed with frosted silver.

Above them the glittering confusion of the stars resembled a mad turmoil stilled by a gesture.

In the next excerpt, Benjamin De Casseres may plead with justice that he has an unusual effect to illuminate—the effect of Cabell's sentences upon a reader. He has the further excuse that this image is a novel and pleasing one:

Cabell hardly seems to write above a whisper. The footfall of his sentences hardly resounds at all in the corridors of my skull. He weaves with closed eyes. He talks with a closed mouth. He is like a man who seems to create while listening. He has never learned his art. It is the mood of his genius—cold, serene, aloof. His emotions are purely cerebral. I often think of him as the Spinoza of word-magic.—*Five Portraits on Galvanized Iron*.

But isn't it just about as effective to say of Cabell, as someone said of Pater, "He writes as though English were a dead language"? The figure should always be simple.

George Henry Lewes said so good a thing long ago in relation to style, that it can bear repetition here. It is advice to which the student can recur if he feels dubious about the æsthetic creed which he has formulated:

The slapdash insincerity of modern style sets at nought the first principle of writing, which is accuracy. The art of writing is not, as many seem to imagine, the art of bringing fine phrases into rhythmical order, but the art of placing before the reader intelligible symbols of the thoughts and feelings in the writer's mind. Endeavor to be faithful, and if there is any beauty in your thought, your style will be beautiful; if there is any real emotion to express, the expression will

be moving. Never rouge your style. Trust to your native pallor rather than to cosmetics. Try to make us see what you see and to feel what you feel, and banish from your mind whatever phrases others may have used to express what was in their thoughts, but is not in yours. Have you never observed what a slight impression writers have produced, in spite of a profusion of images, antitheses, witty epigrams, and rolling periods, whereas some simpler style, altogether wanting in such "brilliant passages," has gained the attention and respect of thousands? Whatever is stuck on as ornament affects us as ornament; we do not think an old hag young and handsome because the jewels flash from her brow and bosom; if we envy her wealth, we do not admire her beauty.—*The Principles of Success in Literature*.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Explain the meanings of "to write with style," "to write without style."
2. How may style be acquired by imitation? What are the defects of this method?
3. Name and defend some of the essential qualities of effective writing.
4. What is the relationship of the mental attitude of the writer to the stylistic tone of his work?
5. Comment on sincerity as a compositional quality.
6. Explain the effects of sentimentalism on composition; of a satirical attitude.
7. What is urbanity in composition?
8. Give some types of effective beginning.
9. In what ways may a literary composition be effectively brought to an end?
10. Explain how the principle of variety affects compositional style.
11. Comment on the qualities of rhythm and melody in writing.
12. Name five kinds of figurative language, and comment on the limitations of their effective use in writing.

Round Table

1. What are the faults from the standpoint of effectiveness in the following letters?⁹ Reword them, endeavoring to improve them in every way that you can.

A.

Bronx, New York City.
May 16, 1942.

My dear Professor Bell:

In the course of my scholastic career, the pressure of my financial affairs has reduced me to a state where I manifest uncertainties for the future. Pecuniary

⁹ Except for the proper names, these letters are reproduced without alteration from originals.

deprivations are surely incompatible with diligent pursuit of studies. In whatever manner my two years of college study have diffused my being, yet I would not be content to part with that education which has enabled my person, and which has begotten itself through exactions of health and happiness. Nevertheless I profess myself incomparable to Atlas of Graecian antiquity. I would support the pillars of my existence, but my feet totter, and my body shudders at the calamitous wants that the surcharge of my present state may bear upon my life. And so I petition your favor in order that you may mitigate this condition. To exact this stipend from the university does inflict a wound upon the treasury of the institution which would not suffer to see an aspiring student, whose scholastic attainments, the records of the university may bear testimony to, fall on the wayside. Would not the university extend succor to those who in future days may exalt the glory of Alma Mater and who shall repay that which the university has bestowed upon them in their time of need.

With the hope that my future condition may be realized, I am thankful.

Very respectfully yours,
A. B. Crawford

B.

THE KIWANIS CLUB
Littleford, Washington,
Saturday, 2/9/42.

Dear Public Speakers and
Fellow Enthusiasts:

Now is the time for every body, who believes in self improvement, and has the courage, stamina, and backbone, to get into the Public Speaking Class. It's not too late to join. Urge all your friends to get in. If you are sold on it and believe in it, give someone the inspiration, enthuse them—then have them here next Monday night.

Success comes from good strong backbones, not wish bones. Opportunity has knocked at the door, and we let him in, now let's make good. We're all agreed he's a bear—and Gosh! folks, you've gotta hand it to him, (Snead); he knows, and we know that he knows that we know, he knows.

So Long,
Off Agin' On Agin'

R. B. Adams,
Secretary Kiwanis.

P.S. The reason most people do not recognize an opportunity when they meet it, is because it usually goes around wearing over-alls and looking like "Hard Work."

C.

1584 Mountain Avenue,
Zanesville, Ohio.
May 8, 1942.

Mr. H. L. Burnside,
Chief Engineer,
Manhattan Telegraph Company,
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Your recent favor of May 4th at hand speaking in reference to my decision on employment and must say the following.

I have been holding forth in strong consideration the work in the engineering department of "the Manhattan Telegraph Co." as outlined to Mr. Graves until very recently when the "Western Telegraph Co." proposition and work became emphasized to me. Accordingly I must say that I have chosen the latter but am glad to say I enjoy the fact that these two concerns are very closely linked up with each and that services rendered may in a certain respect be regarded as mutual.

I must say that I sincerely appreciate the personal interest which you have shown me and I trust that it may not have been in vain. Please give my kind regards to Mr. Graves. I beg to remain,

Very respectfully yours,
Charles M. Ogden

2. The following prose passages have been admired for different reasons. First point out what is excellent in them, and then indicate what there is in them that a modern stylist might object to.

A. All the perceptions of the human mind resolve themselves into two distinct kinds, which I shall call *impressions* and *ideas*. The difference betwixt these consists in the degrees of force and liveliness with which they strike upon the mind, and make their way into our thought or consciousness. Those perceptions which enter with most force and violence, we may name *impressions*; and under this name I comprehend all our sensations, passions, and emotions, as they make their first appearance in the soul. By *ideas* I mean the faint images of these in thinking and reasoning; such as, for instance, are all the perceptions excited by the present discourse, excepting only those which arise from the sight and the touch, and excepting the immediate pleasure or uneasiness it may occasion. I believe it will not be very necessary to employ many words in explaining this distinction. Every one of himself will readily perceive the difference betwixt feeling and thinking. The common degrees of these are easily distinguished, tho' it is not impossible but in particular instances they may very nearly approach to each other. Thus in sleep, in a fever, in madness, or in any very violent emotions of the soul, our ideas may approach to our impressions: As on the other hand it sometimes happens that our impressions are so faint and low, that we cannot distinguish them from our ideas. But notwithstanding this near resem-

blance in a few instances, they are in general so very different, that no one can make a scruple to rank them under distinct heads, and assign to each a peculiar name to mark the difference.—HUME, *A Treatise of Human Nature*.

B. There is no law of Nature that I know of, no Heaven's Act of Parliament, whereby France, alone of terrestrial beings, shall not restore any portion of her plundered goods when the owners they were wrenched from have an opportunity upon them. To nobody, except to France herself for the moment, can it be credible that there is such a law of nature. Alsace and Lorraine were not got, either of them, in so divine a manner as to render that a probability. The cunning of Richelieu, the grandiose longsword of Louis XIV, these are the only titles of France to those German countries. Richelieu screwed them loose (and, by happy accident, there was a Turenne, as General, got screwed along with them;—Turenne, I think, was mainly German by blood and temper, had not Francis I egged on his ancestor, the little Duke of Bouillon, . . . and gradually made him French); Louis le Grand, with his Turenne as supreme of modern Generals, managed the rest of the operation,—except indeed, I should say, the burning of the Palatinate, from Heidelberg Palace downwards, into black ruin; which Turenne would not do sufficiently, and which Louis had to get done by another. There was also a good deal of extortionate law-practice, what we may fairly call violently sharp attorneyism, put in use. The great Louis's "*Chambres de Réunion*," Metz Chamber, Brissac Chamber, were once of high infamy, and much complained of, here in England, and everywhere else beyond the Rhine. The Grand Louis, except by sublime gesture, ironically polite, made no answer. He styled himself, on his coins (*écu*, of 1687, say the Medallists), *Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus*, but it is certain attorneyism of the worst sort was one of his instruments in this conquest of Alsace. Nay, as to Strasburg, it was not even attorneyism, much less a longsword, that did the feat; it was a housebreaker's *jemmy* on the part of the *Grand Monarque*. Strasburg was got in time of profound peace by bribing of the magistrates to do treason, on his part, and admit his garrison one night.—CARLYLE, *Letter to the "Times"*, Nov. 18, 1870.

C. King George's household was a model of an English gentleman's household. It was early; it was kindly; it was charitable; it was frugal; it was orderly; it must have been stupid to a degree which I shudder now to contemplate. No wonder all the Princes ran away from the lap of that dreary domestic virtue. It always rose, rode, dined at stated intervals. Day after day was the same. At the same hour at night the King kissed his daughters' jolly cheeks; the Princesses kissed their mother's hand; and Madame Thielke brought the Royal nightcap. At the same hour the equerries and women-in-waiting had their little dinner, and cackled over their tea. The King had his backgammon or his evening concert; the equerries yawned themselves to death in the anteroom; or the King and his family walked on Windsor slopes, the King holding his darling little Princess Amelia by the hand; and the people crowded around quite good-naturedly; and the Eton boys thrust their chubby cheeks under the crowd's elbows; and the concert over, the King never failed to take his enormous cocked hat off, and salute his band, and say, "Thank you, gentlemen."—THACKERAY, *The Four Georges*.

3. Discuss in class the style of the following story beginnings:

A. It was a fine morning in summer. The sun darted its bright beams through the window-curtains, and awoke the little Caroline. She jumped out of bed, dressed herself, combed her hair, and cleaned her teeth, (for she was a neat and orderly little girl,) and ran to her brother's room.

"Do you know, Arthur," cried she, "that the sun shines brightly in the blue sky—that the little birds are singing among the green boughs—and that Mamma told us we might go into the village and take your lettuces to old Nurse Meads, for her to eat with her breakfast. Come, come, dear Arthur."—*The Pearl Bracelet* (an early nineteenth century children's book).

B. "Here, Buck Bradford, black my boots, and be quick about it."

That was what Ham Fishley said to me.

"Black them yourself!"

That was what I said to Ham Fishley.

Neither of us was gentlemanly, or even civil. I shall not apologize for myself, and certainly not for Ham, though he inherited his mean, tyrannical disposition from both his father and his mother. Etc.—OLIVER OPTIC, *Down the River* (1868).

C. "Are we rising again?" "No. On the contrary." "Are we descending?" "Worse than that, captain! we are falling!" "For Heaven's sake heave out the ballast!" "There! the last sack is empty!" "Does the balloon rise?" "No!" "I hear a noise like the dashing of waves!" "The sea is below the car! It cannot be more than 500 feet from us!" "Overboard with every weight! . . . everything!"

Such were the loud and startling words which resounded through the air, above the vast watery desert of the Pacific, about four o'clock in the evening of the 23rd of March, 1865. Etc.—JULES VERNE, *The Mysterious Island*.

D. Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid) whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall be too late!" (when she thought it over afterward it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time all seemed quite natural); but when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.—LEWIS CARROLL, *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*.

Paper Work

1. Select a passage of prose of marked individuality of style; write a parody or burlesque of the passage and submit the model as well as your own work.
2. Using the King James Bible as a source-book, define and illustrate two or three of the following qualities of styles: (1) sublimity, (2) compression, (3) elevation, (4) simplicity, (5) economy, (6) rapidity in narration, (7) rhythm, (8) melody, (9) imagery, (10) philosophic depth.
3. In *The Reader's Digest* is a page entitled "Picturesque Speech and Patter." After studying the quotations on three or four of these pages, do one of the following assignments: (a) for five of the quotations substitute different but equally striking words which do not change the original ideas; (b) explain, with examples, the devices by which the pungency of these quotations is secured—puns, witty applications of words, warped proverbs, satire, hyperbole, etc.; (c) from your reading select five similar verbal tidbits for publication in *The Reader's Digest*; (d) make up five brief phrases or sentences of the "picturesque patter" type.
4. After a study of the "Post-script" page of *The Saturday Evening Post*, write a report on the language and style of that section of the magazine.
5. Write a comparative analysis of the stylistic characteristics of *The New Yorker* and of *Time*.
6. After reading one of the following essays, write a one-thousand-word paper on some one point more or less definitely related to literary style. Herbert Spencer, *The Philosophy of Style*; George Henry Lewes, *The Principles of Success in Literature*; Stevenson, *A Gossip on Romance*, and *On Some Technical Elements of Style in Literature*; Matthew Arnold, *The Study of Poetry*; Newman, "Literature" from *The Idea of a University*; Walter Pater, *Romanticism*.

Chapter X

NARRATION

"An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told."—Shakespeare: *Richard III*, iv, 4.

The forms of discourse.

THE SO-CALLED "forms of discourse" are little more than artificial divisions of writing devised for the purpose of studying and analyzing written composition. A real writer is like a normal, hungry child who eats what is set before him without concerning himself about the relationship of the various chemical processes involved in digestion. Primarily, of course, the rhetorician studies the successful writer, not the writer the rhetorician. Before considering in detail, therefore, the various principles underlying narration, description, exposition, and argumentation, we shall do well to regard writing as a whole in order that we may come to realize fully that the various forms of discourse arise solely out of the material with which the writer is dealing, out of his particular objectives, and out of the mood which he is employing. We shall do well to note also that, although it is possible for purposes of study to find "specimens" that illustrate one form or another, it is not always that any type appears in an absolutely isolated state; more frequently two or more types are mixed, and one can be separated for study only by focusing the attention, quite artificially, of course, upon it and ignoring the other forms with which it is immediately associated. Before examining in detail the first of these forms to be considered, narration, it will be well to survey the forms in general and to observe how closely they are related in ordinary composition.

The particular label which the rhetorician sticks upon a specimen of writing or upon any part of it is determined primarily by the material, the writer's objective, and the mood which he is trying to convey. A series of simple illustrations will make this statement clearer.

Let us suppose, for example, that you have wandered on a bright June morning down First Avenue south of Tenth Street in New York, and have
Description seen the rows of pushcarts almost concealed by the crowds of elbowing buyers, the half-naked youngsters splashing under a street spray, the rows of apartment windows, the store-signs, the bedding flapping from the fire-escapes. In addition you have heard the countless noises, smelled the various smells, and felt the sickish warmth of the place. Through all the channels of your five senses, indeed, this bit of city life has crowded upon

you, filling you with impressions to be recorded by brain and heart. Altogether you have received a moving picture—a talking picture, indeed—with other sense impressions thrown in for good measure. The chances are that you will never seek to transfer this physical and mental record of your experiences. If, however, you have a friend in a town in Iowa who asks you what the East Side is like, you may use your pen in an attempt to transfer to him not only what you saw but something of the total effect which has been made upon you in the assault on all your senses. Such a piece of writing would not be so effective as a motion-picture or even as a painting, but if you selected dominant details carefully and wrote vividly, and if your friend possessed some constructive imagination and could draw upon his experiences in a city other than New York, his impression would be fairly satisfactory, and the rhetorician might concede that you had been reasonably successful in writing *description*.

But supposing that you happen to know that your friend does not care for a list of details, however carefully chosen and skillfully arranged, of what *Narration* you saw, heard, and smelled—and there are plenty of persons who are bored by descriptions. Then you might, perhaps, tell him of something which you saw happen while you were near Second Street. A taxi swept around the corner from the Avenue, skidded on the wet asphalt, struck with its rear fender the gray-bearded pusher of a fruit-cart, knocked him to the pavement, and sent the bananas and oranges rolling over the sidewalk and into the gutter. The excited crowd milled around the broken cart and the taxi, pulled the driver from his seat, and were beginning to pummel him heartily when two bluecoats arrived and rescued him with some difficulty. An ambulance clanged into the side-street, and two white-coated internes helped the bleeding victim to a seat within. Ambulance and taxi drove off, the crowd dispersed to its own business, and only the broken cart in the gutter, and the unwonted supply of damaged fruit in the grimy paws of the youngsters remained to show that there had been a break in the round of life on the East Side. You have been the witness of an accident; you have seen something happen, something that focused your interest on an event. If you write to your Iowa friend, you may still describe the physical details of the street, but you will also tell him the story of what happened there so that he may see in a vivid succession of occurrences, first the feverish flow of routine life, then the swing and skid of the taxi, the crash, the throbbing ten-minute excitement, the bluecoats and internes in action, and finally the restoration of comparative quiet. You will write *narration*, narration with a descriptive background, to be sure, but narration, nevertheless, since your reader and you are concerned not with pictures but with events, not with physical details but with what happened.

It is probable that such accidents would happen less frequently if traffic were better controlled, if the population were less dense, if pushcarts were

kept off the streets. What are the facts that lie behind this teeming life? In this area what is the population per square mile? How many families are there, and what is the average number of members in each family? What is the average number of rooms to each family? How are these people occupied? What is their average income? Do such conditions make good citizens? How are the children taken care of in schools, in playgrounds, in religious institutions? As you reflect on these things, your interest moves from the physical and emotional into the intellectual. Dozens of such questions thrust themselves upon you because you have certain economic, sociological, educational, and religious interests which demand that you do not look at things and witness events without reflecting on their significance. You may get your answers to these questions, if you care to, by reading, by consulting social workers and other experts, or by investigating conditions yourself. Then you may write an article for your friend in Iowa and for others like him who are not acquainted with such social conditions, but who are eager to hear about them. In this article you may include facts and figures of various sorts; to these you may add expressions of your own opinions and theories. You may expound, in other words, and the rhetorician would say that you wrote explanation or *exposition*, which is based largely, it will be seen, on the answers to *How* and *Why*.

In the course of your own investigations it may happen that you learn that certain agencies are at work on the problem of the housing conditions in this district. A committee appointed by the mayor is making a study with the idea of recommending a program for bettering the situation, and another committee in the employ of a philanthropical institution is making a similar investigation. These two committees have covered much the same ground, and have arrived independently at some, but not all, of the same conclusions. Because of these variations the remedies which they propose differ in several essential respects, and since there seems to be no chance of combining the plans, one will have to be followed to the exclusion of the other. Out come the arguments for and against either set of proposals, arguments in committees, in assemblies, and in the press; oral arguments and written arguments. To enlighten the taxpayers it is necessary to describe the district, and to explain the conditions there. But the speakers and the writers are concerned primarily with persuasion; and if you were employed as a writer by either side, you would certainly be expected by your employers to use every trick of logic, appeal, and defense to convince your readers that the plans which you supported are the best. You would be writing what rhetoricians call *argumentation*.

Lack of division in practice.

It will be seen from the simple illustrations in the preceding paragraphs that the so-called forms of discourse arise out of an artificial classification

based on the purpose of the writer, his attitude toward his material and toward his reader, and the mood which he employs. The psychological basis of description and narration is usually emotional; that of exposition and argumentation is usually intellectual; the first two appeal generally to the heart, the second two to the head. But these distinctions are far from being universal, and moods and forms are frequently mixed because, as has been said before, the writer is concerned with his reader and his material and not with his label. So it is that the writer of a narrative is practically certain to use much incidental description. How, indeed, can his actors act without some stage for their performance? Again, the reader's understanding of the denouement of a thrilling detective story may depend on a very exact and careful piece of exposition. Finally, although argumentation makes its appeal largely to the understanding, the writer is frequently tempted to secure conviction by arousing the emotions; accordingly he stirs his reader's pity, civic pride, or patriotism by a bit of moving description or an anecdote to illustrate one of his points. So it is that the rhetorician who would find a simon-pure example of any one form of discourse has a hunt which ends often enough in his being satisfied with a specimen of composition in which one form seems to predominate strongly. As for the writer, he goes gaily about his business, quite properly using a bit of description here, a dab of narration there, then an explanation or even a bit of argumentation, satisfied only if he is transferring effectively to his reader the moods and the ideas which he wishes to transmit.

If we study the forms of discourse, therefore, we do so not because we wish to become describers, or narrators, or expositors, or debaters, but because in our writing, taken as a whole, we are likely to need all forms, sometimes with especial emphasis on some one but as often as not with a considerable mixture. If we write as we should write, we shall apply unconsciously the principles which we have learned as effective agencies in the different forms and shall not be concerned about the rhetorical divisions. And so with these general facts in mind, we turn to the first of the forms of discourse to be considered specifically—*narration*.

The essentials of narrative art.

Of all forms of discourse the most primitive and most natural is narration. Man, as Aristotle has said, is framed for action; it is his earliest interest and his chief delight. That form of writing, therefore, which presents human beings as "doing things" is the most entertaining of all and the one to which primitive people and children turn most instinctively. Hence in the history of literature epics, romances, and dramas appear earlier than essays; and "tell me a story" is the child's first request for literary satisfaction. Narration, moreover, is the easiest form of discourse to listen to. Its basis is in events, its plan is chronological, its elements are concrete. Whereas the task of following an exposi-

*Fundamental
appeal of
narration*

tion or even of visualizing the details of a description is often a strain, the anecdote or story slips easily into the consciousness of the listener. Preachers and college professors all know how the narrative bit will recall the wandering attention of an audience gone wool-gathering after too long a stretch of abstract exposition or involved argumentation, and how the difficult idea may be made easy by an anecdotal illustration. Both for its own sake, therefore, as a purveyor of pleasure, and as a valuable aid in expository writing, narration is worth studying. However, although most persons can learn to recount an anecdote reasonably well, many of the more complicated forms of story-telling are difficult to learn. The story-teller, like the poet, is born and not made, and a dull dog can hardly be made over into a brilliant raconteur by any system of lessons in narrative writing. Nevertheless, practice in writing and conscientious attention to a few simple principles will help to give some skill in simple narration. To point out some of these principles and to suggest a few effective devices for narrative writing is the primary objective of the present chapter. The first of the following paragraphs will be devoted to elementary, simple narrative, the later ones to the technique of the short story.

All narration, as has been pointed out, has its basis in events. "What happened?" and "How did it happen?" are the first questions that the listener asks. "Who did it?" and "Where was it done?" are likely to be the next. These questions suggest the essential elements in all narration—the incidents, the characters, the place or setting; and in this order they will be considered here, first for simple narration and then for the short story.

The simple narrative.

In simple narrative, or narrative without plot, as it is sometimes called, the emphasis is always on the events. Ordinarily these are recorded simply; they may or may not be climactic, but if they are, the climax is natural and not artificial, as it is in a carefully constructed short story. The emphasis on events for their own sake is especially apparent, of course, in that most familiar of simple narratives, the personal experience. Almost all persons like to talk about themselves and are like children in their desire to recount their own experiences. Such a desire is entirely natural and often results in the most vivid narratives because the events are presented by an actual participant in them and so may be fresh and warm with genuine emotion. Such narratives may be, on the other hand, exceedingly tedious and boring. A bore has been defined as a man who talks about himself while you want to talk about yourself. But the narrator of his own experiences need not be a bore; he can escape the accusation and provide good entertainment if he is, first of all, careful to select only the interesting incidents. The art of narration, like other arts, consists largely in the skillful elimination of the unessentials. Everything that a conceited narrator has done seems important to him, but much

*Emphasis
on events*

Compression

is boring to others. Narrative skill, therefore, appears best in restraint, in selecting only the most entertaining events and in omitting the dull and superfluous, and those, too, which the reader can readily supply from his own experience or assume to have happened. It is quite unnecessary, for example, to begin your story of a wild automobile ride with the details of your getting up, dressing, and eating breakfast. Such a beginning is stupid. Rhetorically, too, it is bad in unity, for such commonplace events have nothing to do with your story but are only careless padding. Horace's old rule for narration, "*in medias res*"—begin in the middle of the story—is still a good one. Thus in your narrative of the automobile accident, begin with yourself in your car, not in bed that morning; the reader can be trusted to assume that you got up, dressed, ate your breakfast, and started on your journey. Similarly, in the body of your narrative, it is exceedingly easy to be tricked into including non-essential or relatively unimportant events. These should be ruthlessly cut out. No narrator with a genuinely artistic conception of the necessity of including only the essential incidents need ever conclude his tale with the time-worn apology, "Well, to make a long story short. . . ." No story is too long if it is entertaining; a short one may be too long if it contains dull unessentials. The first law in writing simple narration, therefore, is the law of compression. Brevity is the soul of story-telling.

Because of the identity of narrator and leading character in the story, the personal narrative is more open to the dangers of rambling than are other forms of simple narrative. But lack of skill in selecting the episodes may be apparent also in stories in which the writer presents himself only as an eye-witness or is, perhaps, merely repeating a narrative which he has heard or imagined. In such forms the problem is to admit only the essential incidents; the dull, the uninteresting, the relatively unimportant should be left out. This principle of rejection does not mean that only thrilling incidents should be included—in some stories no events really *thrill*—but simply that all details seem fresh, entertaining, and *worth including*. If the story is filled with elements which the reader could just as well have supplied from his own experience or imagination, it has, obviously, little to contribute to his pleasure. The least that can be asked of a narrative is that the reader will get out of it something that will repay the effort of reading. Careful selection and compression of details are therefore required in all types of simple narration.

The characters.

In personal narratives the problem of making the leading character vivid is not serious, inasmuch as the narrator and his hero are identical. Other individuals who appear in the story, however, and all who figure in narratives in which the story-teller does not play a part must be carefully characterized. One of the principal weaknesses in bad narratives is often the fact that the

characters are pallid—mere dummies who act limply. The idea that only fictitious characters can be made vivid is quite false; the most flashing actors in modern fiction were copied from life. Copying a character from life does not mean photographing him; it requires the high art of selecting from his personality, habits, words, and actions those parts which are most vivid, and blending all skillfully and harmoniously together. To do this the writer must be something of an actor himself; before attempting to depict his characters he must be able, that is, to enter into them and thus to understand their type, temperament, manners, and language. Unless he can do this, his characters will be flat and uniform. A bad narrator makes his characters after his own image so that old men and women, princes and paupers, prohibitionists and propagandists all think, act, and talk substantially like Jonathan Smith, college freshman and theme writer. If Smith is to have a real picture gallery in his story, he must practice diligently and unendingly the difficult art of getting out of himself and into the skin of each character. He must also show that his characters are not the same person speaking under different labels; otherwise his narration, at least as far as his actors are concerned, will be quite flat and monotonous. And he must not forget, moreover, that description and exposition also enter into characterization that is complete and convincing.

Creating characters, even in simple narration, is after all a dramatic process. We do not care to have the writer explain that a man is sour and pugnacious; we want to see the gentleman put up his fists, snarl, and turn the air a bit blue. We prefer to have the writer *demonstrate* his characters; we want them to act and talk for themselves. Moreover, unless the writer is striving for burlesque effects, we expect to encounter a certain appropriateness in action and language. A thug will not speak like a member of an exclusive club nor a demi-rep like a lady at the opera. It is for this reason that the oral report to his chief of a steam riveter who was accused of profanity is so absurd. "Sir," said the riveter, "I have been misreported. Bill dropped a hot rivet on my neck, and all I said was 'Now, Bill, you really must be a bit more careful.'" Is it improbable that the air as well as the riveter's neck suffered from blisters? If in the account of your automobile collision, you tell how you have smashed into a truck, you need not have your irate truck driver address you with the restraint of a polished diplomat; if you do, you will be guilty of poor characterization. Such maladjustments are as lacking in art as those which come from making the characters mere puppets through whose lips you speak your own thoughts and language. Characters must be live actors—not wooden dummies.

The setting.

"Place where" is not, on the whole, as important in narration as are incidents and characters. There are, to be sure, some types of narrative which

Characterization: a dramatic process

seem to exist solely for the purpose of giving the narrator a chance to write description, but in these the story is only a framework. Sometimes, too, as will be pointed out in the chapter on description, the episodes can be understood only if the place of the action has been made very clear. Usually, however, the place provides the appropriate stage for the actors and harmonizes with the action. The mere place of action is the physical part of what the French call the *milieu*—the “setting,” environment, or sphere in which the actors live, move, and have their being. The writer must not neglect it, on the one hand, so that his characters seem to have no more place to put their feet than the quaint figures on a China tea-cup; nor must he so elaborate it as to give the impression that he is luxuriating in description for description’s sake. To avoid the first of these sins—that of omission—he need only see to it that the reader understands when and where the action took place. In a personal narrative this is not difficult; in a simple narrative of an action in which the writer did not participate, it requires a much more careful construction. In no type of simple narrative, however, is there likely to be need of an over-elaborate description. A few sentences, early in the story, are ordinarily sufficient to make it possible for the reader to get the where and the when of the action. Most of the details can be woven easily into the narrative parts or into the dialogue. Thus a “‘Quite Victorian,’ remarked my friend as we paused before a dingy, brown-stone front on Second Avenue, ‘and it certainly does need a scrubbing,’” gives a rapid dash of description without seeming to interrupt the action. By dozens of similar devices the place of the action may be suggested throughout the story. To gather all the details of the setting into a dreary expanse of formal description is to check the action and tire the reader. To weave them bit by bit and almost casually into the story is, on the other hand, to give the reader all of the background that he needs for visualizing the action and absorbing the atmosphere, while at the same time such a process does not check the flow of the narrative. A novelist may be pardoned for occasionally introducing a long description for its own sake. The writer of a brief narrative has no space, however, for such luxuriating; his background must be introduced easily, rapidly, and almost incidentally.

The plot.

In the simple narrative there is no closely knit plot. The events move in sequence toward a high point of interest, such as the collision in the narrative of the automobile accident, but their order is chronological rather than logical, sequential rather than consequential. No one of them, that is, is absolutely dependent upon any earlier one; the exclusion of one or two details or the admission of one or two more would not ordinarily affect the reader’s understanding of what happens. The structure is fairly loose and easy. The short story, however,

*Sequential
and conse-
quential
action*

has a much more exacting technique. In writing it the narrator can by no means swing easily aboard and ride to the end; he has the problem of articulating the parts very carefully. Any man who has had an interesting experience to tell can write a reasonably good simple narrative, but only a writer with good judgment, knowledge of life, and artistic restraint can produce a really good short story. It is for this reason, perhaps, that short stories written by amateurs are usually such sorry affairs. But in spite of their difficulty and the uncertainty of the results short story writing is worth attempting because of the training in plot construction, characterization, and dialogue-writing which such composition supplies. If the student writer is ready, therefore, to estimate his product at its true value and to practice short story writing solely for the experience and the fun it will bring him, he may enter safely upon some study of its technique. A few of the principles are here explained, offered with no guarantee whatever that putting them into practice will produce short story masterpieces.

The short story.

The novel has been aptly described as "a pocket stage," and the same figure may be employed in characterizing the short story. Although the analogy is not complete, it is nevertheless suggestive. Unlike the drama the story is acted only in the mind of the reader; the short-story-play is imaginary, not actual. Nevertheless, it is essentially dramatic. It has its basis in an action, called plot, which moves steadily forward to a highest point called the climax. This action must be carried on by actors, called characters, with whose personalities the action or plot is intimately connected. Finally, these actors must have, of course, some setting or stage whereon to act. With this brief analogy in mind, we are ready to examine some of the essential characteristics of the short story.

The units of which any narrative is built are events, as has been already pointed out. In writing a story it is not hard to string incidents together loosely, with no particular attention to their relationship and relative importance. Where the events were all in themselves fascinating, the story thus produced might be entertaining, but it would be at best a simple narrative of the type already discussed, and not a true short story. A true short story is a mosaic of events in which each detail has been selected with the utmost care and economy and so fitted into the whole that the result is perfect unity and harmony.

In a loose narrative the events are sequential and chronological; in a true short story they are consequential and logical, revealing due regard for cause and result. In defining plot Poe has gone so far, in fact, as to say that in a properly constructed short story the events should be so closely interwoven that not one can be removed without breaking the entire chain. Similarly, Stevenson has declared

*Economy
is art*

*Cause and
effect in
the short
story*

that the ending of a short story cannot be changed without changing the whole story. It would appear, therefore, that the short story writer must select his incidents with the utmost economy and so arrange them as to produce a definite totality of effect. As a result of this process we have in the short story a very high type of compression; compactness may, therefore, be listed as one of the most essential characteristics of this form of narrative prose.

Compactness is not to be secured either by the omission of necessary details of the story or by a reduction of the events to a mere summary. Compression is one element in a correctly constructed short story; another, however, is verisimilitude. This means that in rejecting some details and compressing others the writer must not allow his story to appear sketchy and hasty. He must *seem* to give ample expansion to his events even though he knows that he must be brief. For example, he must not omit all dialogue merely because dialogue takes up space; his characters must create the illusion of talking in a natural manner. Similarly he must add descriptive and other details which would give his story the appearance of reality. The short story writer, therefore, has the apparently paradoxical task of compressing his material while he appears to be handling it in an easy, leisurely manner and with an abundance of detail. It will be seen, therefore, that the short story is really a highly technical form of literature; we are well justified in calling it a *short story* and not simply a story that is short.

The element of the short story which distinguishes it from other forms of narrative prose, such as the story of personal experience, is its plot. The plot is more than the action; as has been already suggested, it really consists of the events considered not individually but as interlacing and combining in the creation of a unified effect and a single central episode, much as the strands of a cable are woven together. If an incident in the story has no connection with the central thread, it has no place in the short story. The economy of selection which has been already alluded to gives to the short story the impression that would be gained by reading the last act of a play. This does not mean that the outcome of the events, the climax, is thrust upon the reader. Pleasure in reading a short story comes partly, on the other hand, from that characteristic of plot known as suspense; the skillful narrator keeps his reader guessing as to the outcome and leads him this way and that until the time is ripe for the revelation. As the novelist Wilkie Collins says in his prescription for fiction-writing: "Make 'em laugh; make 'em cry; *make 'em wait.*" It is this waiting for the outcome, this guessing at the conclusion, this matching of brains with those of the story-teller that produces half the fun. The plot must progress, of course, but it must not move too fast nor disgust the reader by a weak and premature exposure of the climax.

The basis of all plot in the short story is struggle, and an analysis of a group of short stories will show that all are concerned with some contest or other. In fact, short stories may be classified in accordance with the contests presented. A few illustrations may suffice to make this clear. The struggle may be very elemental and physical, man against nature, against man, or against brute animal as, for example, in so many of Jack London's short stories. Not infrequently cunning is pitted against cunning, as in the detective story where the brains of sleuth and criminal are matched. The contests of man and society, conventions, business conditions, etc., appear frequently in the short story. Most of these stories might really be entitled *The Hero Arrives*, for the climax—unless it is tragic—comes with the success of the chief character in overcoming the odds against him. It is interesting to see how the type of contest reflects the philosophy and interests of the public addressed. The young salesman, for example, who becomes simultaneously junior partner and husband of his chief's rich and pretty daughter, is a character suggestive of Leigh Hunt's description of America as one gigantic retail-counter stretched along the Atlantic seaboard, behind which every American stands ready to wait on trade. Sometimes the contest is a moral struggle, as in Stevenson's *Markheim* and in almost all of Hawthorne's stories. Even the love story is a contest, a matrimonial obstacle race, the prize of which goes to the swift, or the clever, or the heroic—or the villainous—as the short story writer decrees. Here we have the familiar triangle plot; two men love one woman, or two women love one man. Most of the love stories deal with romantic pre-nuptial love; in many social stories, however, two or more of the principals are married, and into the narrative creep the problems of divorce, mismating, and other social questions. It will be noted that whatever the contest, the climax is essentially the same; the story "comes out" to some climax or conclusion in which the prize-winners are announced, the problems solved, the questions answered, and the disturbances stabilized.

The principles of condensation and unity of effect which govern the short story control characters as well as plot. Just as the story contains a single central episode, so also does the interest usually center in a single chief character, and the stage is never crowded with speaking actors. As in the drama, furthermore, the action grows ordinarily out of the personalities of the leading characters; otherwise they would act illogically and out of keeping with their characteristic impulses. The range of characters is, of course, as wide as life—or wider, for a short story may invade the realm of the supernatural. Usually the characters are not so highly individualized as to make it impossible for the reader to identify them with familiar types; often, however, their traits are exaggerated, for every copyist of life, by selecting, rejecting, and coloring the details of his subject becomes perforce an interpreter and something of a literary car-

*Individual
and typical
characters*

toonist. Though characters in a short story need not be unusual, they must be interesting either because of their own personalities or because the narrator puts them into unusual situations or into some fascinating contrasts. So we see in the story a bit of drama—to return to our initial analogy—with entertaining actors engaged in some contest the result of which we await with interest and expectation.

In recent short stories is evident the tendency in prose fiction to stress characters rather than plot and to emphasize the emotional reasons for action.

Character to the fore The characters, in other words, are stripped down to their motives, and the cunning springs of their beings are revealed to the reader by a writer less interested in the plot for itself than in the peculiar psychology of the actors. Current stories tend to a large extent to be intellectualized; their appeal is to philosophers and analysts rather than to readers who are seeking an emotional escape from the humdrum routine of life into a world of thrilling deeds.

The actors in a short story must have, as in the simple narrative, some setting or place in which to act. By setting, as was suggested in an earlier paragraph, is not meant the physical stage alone but in addition everything that is implied in the French word *milieu*, the times, occasion, environment, background, atmosphere in which the characters live and move. Sometimes this *location* is of relatively little effect upon the action; sometimes it is everything. In Poe's *The Cask of Amontillado* and his *The Fall of the House of Usher*, for example, the setting is of the utmost importance; it harmonizes with both plot and characters and gives the reader a fuller understanding of actors and action. So it is that certain actions demand romantic settings, certain others, realistic backgrounds.

Imagination in narrative writing.

If it is the chief function of the writer of narration to create in the reader's mind a phantom drama of events and actors, he must accomplish this miracle through the medium of words. A reader with a lively imagination and a mind pregnant with unborn images may bring to a story more than a sterile writer has to offer; on the contrary, an imaginative, vivid writer may fail to move a reader who is spiritually and intellectually anemic. The writer's responsibility, however, is to be as vivid as possible. Part of the vigor of a story comes from the stuff of which it is composed, but a large part comes also from the language in which the tale is framed. Pallid words, flat phrases cannot stir the reader's mind; sharp, concrete, pictographic language, on the other hand, cuts into the brain like acid. The wider and richer the vocabulary, the better the tool for moving the reader. In the descriptive parts of the narrative the most important parts of speech are probably the adjectives and the adverbs; in the narrative parts, the most important are the verbs. Throughout, the definite, exact word is to be preferred to the general.

Thus Stevenson in *A Lodging for the Night* does not say that Dom Nicolas, the Picardy monk, "stood before the fire"; he says, "So he *straddled*, *grumbling*, and *cut the room in half* with the shadow of his portly frame." Later, in the same story, three of the characters "peer covertly"—not "look"—"at the gamester." When the latter knifes his opponent in the card game, he did not "stand" to do it; he "leaped up, swift as an adder," and the dying man's heels "rattled on the floor." Movement, rapid, vivid, accurate, which flat words would have slowed down and dimmed. Thus do all good narrators use strong words. Without refusing entirely the good old verbs "said," "answered," "replied," to introduce the speaker, vivid narrators also employ others that suggest something of mood and attitude: "whispered," "leered," "muttered," "moaned," "laughed," "sneered," "wheezed," "added," "returned," "objected," "stammered," "shouted," "snarled," "cried," "interrupted," "began," "agreed," "cursed," "repeated," and a hundred more to fill the reader's mind with the mood of the speaker.

The word-hoard.

Paucity of one's word-hoard cannot be corrected overnight. Nevertheless, an English vocabulary can be built up just as certainly as can a foreign one. A diligent and habitual use of a good dictionary helps, and an occasional bath in a book of synonyms develops confidence and accuracy. A conscious effort to use vivid words may tend at first to stultify the style but is likely in the end to make the expression more easy and flexible. The greatest compression and the most accurate use of words and imagery appear in poetry, and the habit of reading good poetry is a great help to a writer. Finally, of course, the constant and penetrating reading of good stories increases not only the narrative vocabulary but familiarity with narrative technique. Such reading should not be restricted to short stories; informal narratives such as Stevenson's *The Amateur Emigrant* and *Travels with a Donkey* and such travel and exploration literature as Mr. Waldo Frank and Mr. William Beebe write provide better models in some respects than do the more sophisticated and technical short stories.

Stories from life.

Material for narrative "themes" is very easy to secure provided the writer has what journalists call "a nose for news" and enough imaginative penetration to sense a "story" beneath apparently commonplace occurrences. Ordinarily the student-writer has for his narratives a little bagful of his own experiences, for the most part pathetically flat episodes of his boyhood that have, perhaps, become a part of the oral literature which every family treasures but which bores outsiders. After he has "used up" these early experiences of how he lost his way and was brought home by a policeman, or was made sick by a stolen cigar, or was nearly drowned in the surf at Atlantic

City, his ammunition locker is empty, and he is at his wit's end for narrative material. Sometimes he has the erroneous idea that every narrative must be thrilling; accordingly he imitates the mood of Zane Grey and Rafael Sabatini and sets his story in the South Seas or in the Sahara Desert, with the inevitable result that his tale is absurd, flat, and amateurish. What he needs to realize is that narrative may be taken more directly from life than any other form of literature save drama, and that the seeds of countless stories are scattered under his very feet if he can only find them. The ability to see life and to treat imaginatively what he sees will give him ample material for all his narratives.

Two definite sources the story writer will always have at hand; first his own observations, and, second, the daily newspapers. A dozen stories are latent in every day's observations. The observer sees a withered *Treasure-trove* and tattered crone pick a decaying carnation from a garbage-pail and smell at it ravenously. Who was she? What motive prompted her act? A dozen questions will bring a hundred answers. A misplaced bus receipt, a lost pawn-ticket, a silk umbrella riddled by the wind—each may suggest a story if used as a starting point. Sometimes the incidents grow out of the character; sometimes the characters are fitted into the incidents; sometimes both are created to harmonize with a striking setting. If from his own observations the narrator can gather no ideas for a story—and such a failure seems almost inconceivable—he can still draw, as many great story-tellers have done, from that great magazine that records the observations of others—the daily newspaper. The newspaper presents life in the raw; it provides for this reason the stuff out of which countless stories may be created. The news columns are filled with suggestions, but other parts of the paper are rich in buried stories. What tragedies and comedies, for example, lie behind the “agony column” with its lists of unowned and unwanted wives, runaway boys, and over-burdened debtors. The “situation wanted” columns, too, are saturated in raw story-stuff. Even the advertisement pages, those photographs of human needs and human vanities, may be harvested for stories. When the personal experiences have all been used up, therefore, there is no need to throw down the pencil. Out of life itself and from the record of it in the newspapers may be gathered an abundant narrative harvest.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What are the so-called “forms of discourse”?
2. Explain the relationships and differences of the four forms of discourse.
3. How are the forms of discourse frequently combined in actual practice?
4. What is the fundamental appeal of narration?
5. What is “narrative without plot”?

6. Comment on the service of compression in narrative writing.
7. On what principles should narrative details be chosen?
8. How may characters be made convincing?
9. Explain the principle of economy in setting.
10. Define *plot* in the short story.
11. What is *suspense* and how is it developed in a story?
12. What is *climax*?
13. Comment on type and variety in plots; in characters.
14. What is the function of the vivid and concrete word in story writing?
15. What are some of the sources from which story plots may be obtained?

Round Table

1. Visit an aristocratic section of your college town, a slum district, a bohemian quarter, a river front, a community or social welfare center, a clinic, or some place from which you can get material for class papers. Make for class report and discussion a list of twelve subjects developed out of the same series of observations but illustrating how the same material may provide a basis for narration, description, exposition, and argumentation.
2. List ten incidents or episodes observed in one day which might be developed into stories. Discuss with the class how you would develop three of these ten items.
3. Discuss in class how the following newspaper clippings may be developed into short stories. (For economy in space, the items have been printed solid with headlines in italics.) (a) *Dies in Lonely Lighthouse. Canadian Keeper's Wife, 62, Could Not Be Taken to Hospital*; (b) *Missing Grl Student Back*. . . . Max, the collie dog, which disappeared with her . . . did not return with his mistress. (c) *Ladies*—Do you want to earn \$40 weekly? Pleasant outside work; we teach you and pay you while learning. (d) *Acme Auto Driving School*. . . . Lessons given on same street examinations are held; guaranteed to teach you to drive. (e) *Absolutely Biggest Pay Through Professor Donovan's America's Leading Beauty Schools*. . . . Grand \$150 course now special \$50. (f) *Lost: Dog: Doberman pinscher; black, brown point; missing since Tuesday. Reward*. (g) *Lost: Papers*— . . . citizen papers and marriage license. . . . Reward. (h) *Notice* is hereby given that after this day, February 13, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife Deborah Johnson. P. R. Johnson. (And, published immediately below, the following:) *To Whom It May Concern: Pat Johnson never gave me a cent, and I always paid my own bills. Deborah Johnson*. (i) *Beautiful two-room apartment furnishings for sale; Grand piano, radio, Victrola*.
4. Clip and paste on a sheet of theme paper a scrap from the news, advertising, personal, or public notice sections of a current daily. Then make

a prospectus of a short story developed out of your clipping. Avoid crime, suicide, and fatal accident items. Present your results to the class which shall act the part of "short-story clinic."

5. For class discussion: The technique of one of the following short-story types: (a) detective; (b) crime; (c) mystery; (d) ghost; (e) romantic love; (f) domestic complication; (g) social or class warfare; (h) industrial complication; (i) racial; (j) humorous; (k) burlesque.

Paper Work

1. From two copies of the same issue of a popular magazine cut and mount flat on theme paper an article which seems to you to contain at least three of the forms of discourse. In the right margins indicate where in the article the various forms appear. At the end write a brief paragraph in which you classify the article in accordance with its prevailing form and the evident mood and objective of the writer.
2. Write a paper in which you compare two of your college lecturers on the basis of their relative use of narration, description, exposition, and argumentation. Indicate the advantages of the occasional anecdote and descriptive bit in an exposition and the disadvantages of an excessively anecdotal or descriptive style.
3. Write a simple narrative of an episode in your childhood.
4. Write a one-thousand-word paper on one of the following topics: (a) How Scouting Taught Me to See; (b) How I Learned to Use My Eyes in the Biology Laboratory; (c) How to Hunt for Cocoons; (d) Spring Flowers and How to Find Them; (e) How I Got My "Driver's Eye"; (f) I Acquire a "Daily Theme Eye"; (g) I Develop a "Nose for News."
5. Write an account of how you were once brought face to face with some moral or emotional issue. A few suggested topics are: (a) I Learn that I Must Not Cheat; (b) I Learn the Value of a Dollar; (c) The Mantle of Responsibility Drops Heavily upon Me; (d) I Discover that I Have an Inborn Fear; (e) I am Forced to Conquer My Shyness.
6. Write a folk-tale either indigenous to the country or territory in which you were born or in which you lived, or handed down in your family.
7. Write an account of some stirring situation or episode with which you are familiar from your childhood memories or from the reports of your elders. Suggestions are: (a) A Mountain Feud; (b) Discovery of Oil or Ore; (c) Operations of a Notorious Robber; (d) A Pogrom, Riot, or Strike Agitation; (e) The Visit of a Famous Man; (f) An Episode Connected with the War.
8. Write a five-hundred-word "duologue" between any of the following couples. Give careful attention to the knowledge, language, and temper of the speakers and to all other elements which differentiate them. (a) A college-bred club woman directs an illiterate foreign gardener in the planting of some tulip bulbs; (b) a college dean explains to a foreign-born mother why her son is being dismissed for poor scholarship; (c) a senior

gives a freshman some pointers on the selection of a "snap" program; (d) a traffic officer holds a brisk dialogue with a truck driver who has turned into a residence street; (e) the new minister interviews a "tough guy" of ten on the advantages of church school attendance.

9. Choose from the history textbook which you are now using or which you used in preparatory school some historical episode which lends itself to narrative treatment. Rewrite the material as a simple story, employing setting, dialogue, characterization, suspense, and other narrative elements.
10. Read one of the following narratives from the King James Bible, and using the original as a basis, write a story in which setting, characters, and plot will be entirely modern: (a) Ruth (*Book of Ruth*); (b) Joseph and his Brethren (*Genesis* 37-47); (c) Jacob and Esau (*Genesis* 25-27); (d) Jacob Serves Laban (*Genesis* 29-31); (e) Samson and Delilah (*Judges* 16); (f) Jephthah's Daughter (*Judges* 11).
11. From one of the cheaper of the popular magazines select a short story that seems poor in vocabulary. Copy or paste an especially weak section and rewrite it with the object of substituting strong, vital, and specific words and images for the florid and stereotyped ones of the original.

Chapter XI

DESCRIPTION

"No human being ever spoke of scenery for above two minutes at a time, which makes me suspect we hear too much of it in literature."—STEVENSON.

The place and function of description.

THE EXTENT to which the so-called "forms of discourse" run together in actual practice has been pointed out at the beginning of the preceding chapter.

*The slave
of other
forms*

Of all the forms description is most likely to exist in combination, especially with narration and exposition. Seldom, indeed—outside of summer resort and railroad "literature" and early novels like those of Sir Walter Scott—is much description to be found that has been written for its own sake; usually it plays a secondary rôle in a story or explanation. In the present chapter it has been isolated for the purpose of presenting a study of its technique, and most of the examples used for illustration have been cut from longer pieces of which they are only an incidental part.

Even though description plays a comparatively minor rôle in literature, that rôle is important. Most people live in a world not of abstractions but of images; what they see, hear, taste, touch, and smell is infinitely more vivid to them than what they think. Even scholars who dwell habitually in a world of ideas are stirred by the forms, colors, sounds, and odors of the physical world and are moved by its patterns. All human minds respond to the concrete and the graphic. It is for this reason that the most effective speakers and writers—granted that they have something to say—are those who use the most vivid images and the most striking figures of speech. Even when they are not indulging in deliberate description, their style may still be descriptive, for every simile and metaphor, every concrete word, is essentially a bit of description which sparkles and flashes out of the gray waste of abstraction and catches the mind of the audience at once, just as a dancing electric sign would catch the eye. Mental riches, therefore, do not consist entirely of the x, y, and z's of life; they include also those psychic reconstructions of the physical world which, as Wordsworth has said, "flash upon the inward eye." A writer with a good descriptive style has, therefore, an instrument by which he can hold his reader as the ancient mariner held the wedding guest.

Expository and imaginative descriptions.

Not all description is aimed at the reader's emotions. There is a type designed solely to inform him. An engineer's description of a chemical laboratory, for example, is meant to enlighten the reader, not to move him. Similarly, the description of a cathedral or a bridge in a standard guide book, or in an encyclopedia, smacks not at all of literature with a capital "L," but is as clear and colorless as the line-drawing which often accompanies it. Such descriptions have a legitimate function, and they possess some of the technical elements of the more artistic types. But they are really expositions and may properly be called expository descriptions to distinguish them from the less humble sort. The distinction between the expository descriptions and the emotional, imaginative, or artistic ones may be seen readily from a comparison of the two following specimens. The first is a description of Durham Cathedral from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Eleventh Edition. The second is an emotionalized description of a typical English cathedral, like Durham, from John Ruskin's *Stones of Venice*, Volume II, Chapter 4. It should be observed that in the first the object is simply to inform, and that in the second the object is to stir the imagination.

The position of the cathedral of St. Cuthbert, its west end rising immediately from the steep wooded bank of the river, is surpassed in beauty by no other English cathedral. Its foundation arose from the fact that here, after wandering far over the north of England, the monks of Lindisfarne rested with the body of St. Cuthbert, which they had removed from its tomb in fear of Danish invaders. This was in 995. Soon afterwards a church was built by Bishop Ealdhune, and the see was removed hither from Lindisfarne. . . . In 1093 Ealdhune's church was rebuilt by Bishop Carilef, who changed the early establishment of married priests into a Benedictine abbey. The grand Norman building in which his designs were carried out remains with numerous additions. The stone vaulting is particularly noteworthy. The choir contains the earliest work, but Carilef's eastern apses made way for the exquisite chapel of the Nine Altars, with its rose windows and beautiful carving, of late Early English workmanship. The nave is massive Norman, with round pillars ornamented with surface carving of various patterns. The western towers are Norman with an Early English superstructure. The famous Galilee chapel, of the finest late Norman work, projects from the west end. The central tower is a lofty and graceful Perpendicular structure. Other details especially worthy of notice are the altar screen of c. 1380, and the curious semi-classical font-cover of the 17th century. There is a fine sanctuary-knocker on the north door. The cloisters are of the early part of the 15th century. The chapter-house is a modern restoration of the original Norman structure, a very fine example, which was destroyed by James Wyatt c. 1796, in the course of restoration of which much was ill-judged. . . . The total length of the cathedral within is 496½ ft., the greatest height within (except the lantern) 74½ ft., and the height of the central tower 218 ft. . . .

And now I wish that the reader, before I bring him into St. Mark's Place, would imagine himself for a little time in a quiet English cathedral town, and walk with me to the west front of its cathedral. Let us go together up the more retired street, at the end of which we can see the pinnacles of one of the towers, and then through the low gray gateway, with its battlemented top and small latticed window in the centre, into the inner private-looking road or close, where nothing goes in but the carts of the tradesmen who supply the bishop and the chapter, and where there are little shaven grass-plots, fenced in by neat rails, before old-fashioned groups of somewhat diminutive and excessively trim houses, with little oriel and bay windows jutting out here and there, and deep wooden cornices and eaves painted cream color and white, and small porches to their doors in the shape of cockle-shells, or little, crooked, thick, indescribable wooden gables warped a little on one side; and so forward till we come to larger houses, also old-fashioned, but of red brick, and with gardens behind them, and fruit walls, which show here and there, among the nectarines, the vestiges of an old cloister arch or shaft, and looking in front on the cathedral square itself, laid out in rigid divisions of smooth grass and gravel walk, yet not uncheerful, especially on the sunny side, where the canons' children are walking with their nursery maids. And so, taking care not to tread on the grass, we will go along the straight walk to the west front, and there stand for a time, looking up at its deep-pointed porches and the dark places between their pillars where there were statues once, and where the fragments, here and there, of a stately figure are still left, which has in it the likeness of a king, perhaps indeed a king on earth, perhaps a saintly king long ago in heaven; and so higher and higher up to the great mouldering wall of rugged sculpture and confused arcades, shattered, and gray, and grisly with heads of dragons and mocking fiends, worn by the rain and swirling winds into yet unseemlier shape, and colored on their stony scales by the deep russet-orange lichen, melancholy gold; and so, higher still, to the bleak towers, so far above that the eye loses itself among the bosses of their traceries, though they are rude and strong, and only sees like a drift of eddying black points, now closing, now scattering, and now settling suddenly into invisible places among the bosses and flowers, the crowd of restless birds that fill the whole square with that strange clangor of theirs, so harsh and yet so soothing, like the cries of birds on a solitary coast between the cliffs and sea.

Expository description appears often as the handmaid of narrative. In a detective story, for example, the "place where the crime was committed" is likely to be of supreme importance to an understanding of the plot. The writer ordinarily takes great pains, therefore, to give a clear, uncolored description of the scene of the murder. How this may be done is very well illustrated by S. S. Van Dine in *The "Canary" Murder Case*. Here the value of the diagram should be observed. In expository descriptions a sketch or diagram will often accomplish more than pages of words.

*Special uses
of expository
description*

It will be necessary to give a brief description of the house and its interior

arrangement, for the somewhat peculiar structure of the building played a vital part in the seemingly insoluble problem posed by the murder.

The house, which was a four-story stone structure originally built as a residence, had been remodelled, both inside and outside, to meet the requirements of an exclusive individual apartment dwelling. There were, I believe, three or four separate suites on each floor; but the quarters up-stairs need not concern us. The main floor was the scene of the crime, and here there were three apartments and a dentist's office.

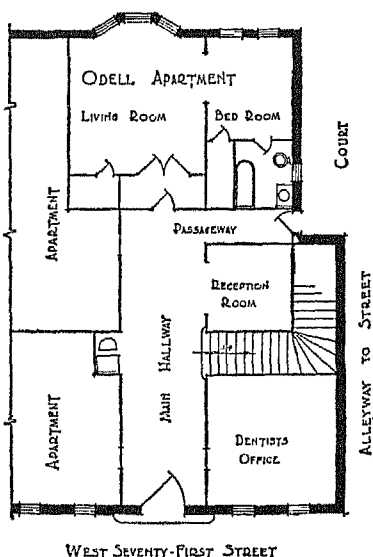
The main entrance to the building was directly on the street, and extending straight back from the front door was a wide hallway. Directly at the rear of this hallway, and facing the entrance, was the door to the Odell apartment, which bore the numeral "3." About half-way down the front hall, on the right-hand side, was the stairway leading to the floors above; and directly beyond the stairway, also on the right, was a small reception-room with a wide archway instead of a door. Directly opposite to the stairway, in a small recess, stood the telephone switchboard. There was no elevator in the house.

Another important feature of the ground-floor plan was a small passageway at the rear of the main hall and at right angles to it, which led past the front walls of the Odell apartment to a door opening on a court at the west side of the building. This court was connected with the street by an alley four feet wide.

In the accompanying diagram this arrangement of the ground floor can be easily visualized, and I suggest that the reader fix it in his mind; for I doubt if ever before so simple and obvious an architectural design played such an important part in a criminal mystery. By its very simplicity and almost conventional familiarity—indeed, by its total lack of any puzzling complications—it proved so baffling to the investigators that the case threatened, for many days, to remain forever insoluble.¹

The chief objective of a writer of expository description should be, of course, clearness; the reader should be given a clear visual image. In descriptions of this type flourishes and ornamentations designed to stir the reader's imagination are intrusions, since they blur the fundamental outline. The object presented in an expository description should be shown through plate glass—not

Clarity requisite in expository description



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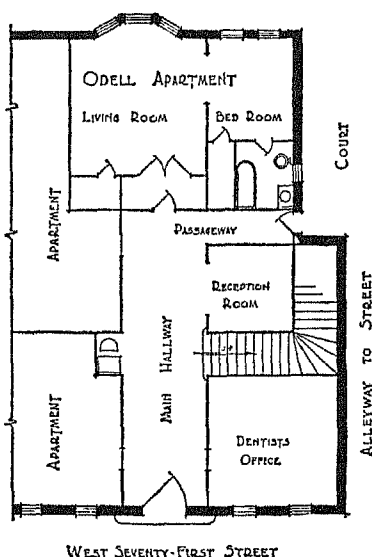
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In the accompanying diagram this arrangement of the ground floor can be easily visualized, and I suggest that the reader fix it in his mind; for I doubt if ever before so simple and obvious an architectural design played such an important part in a criminal mystery. By its very simplicity and almost conventional familiarity—indeed, by its total lack of any puzzling complications—it proved so baffling to the investigators that the case threatened, for many days, to remain forever insoluble.¹

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Clarity requisite in expository description



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stained glass. Certain devices for making the image clear, applicable to all types of description, will be explained later in the chapter.

An emotional or imaginative description is not one which is the product of the writer's imagination—like a scene from fairyland—but one which is imaginatively treated so that the reader secures from it not only a mental image of what has been described but an emotional reaction as well. In other words, in an imaginative description the writer attempts to present his object not only distinctly but to a certain extent colored by the emotions which he has experienced in seeing it. Such a description is, in a way, double; it presents the object and it also gives an impression of the state of mind of the writer during the period of his observation. Obviously description of this type is more difficult to write than the simpler, expository description. In studying its form and composition we shall first consider some general characteristics of the type and then some of the technical devices designed to make it effective.

"Artistic" is hardly a safe appellation for non-expository, emotional, or imaginative description, for it suggests that quality which is often the most serious defect in badly written descriptions, an obvious straining after effect. Description is too frequently sentimentalized and overloaded with words; it is that form of discourse which is most attractive to writers who like to use prose for lyric effects. As a result it is often charged with the real estate promotion mood or with that employed so freely and so stickily by the railroad advertiser of the line that "invades the haunts of the dusky red-man." Such descriptions are so insipid and overdone that they usually defeat their own object of arousing desire by merely creating suspicion and distaste. A reasonable restraint, a decent amount of compression, and a note of sincerity make much more effective description.

When a writer sees an object untruly because he permits his feelings to cloud his vision, he is guilty of what Ruskin calls "the pathetic fallacy."

On the basis of their ability to see things truly, Ruskin divides all men into four classes: "And thus, in full, there are four classes: the men who feel nothing, and therefore see truly; the men who feel strongly, think weakly, and see untruly (second order of poets); the men who feel strongly, think strongly, and see truly (first order of poets); and the men who, strong as human creatures can be, are yet submitted to influences stronger than they, and see in a sort untruly, because what they see is inconceivably above them. This last is the usual condition of prophetic inspiration." (*Modern Painters*, Vol. III, Ch. 12.) Were Ruskin living today, he might add to his groups the dithyrambic glorifiers who write our paid advertisements. These, Ruskin might say, see untruly and inaccurately, feel falsely, and report dishonestly and incorrectly. Their descriptions are but rainbow fabrications glittering with the tinsel of simulated emotion. Such descriptions are not artistic, for the basis of genuine art is truth.

*The function
of imagina-
tive descrip-
tion*

*Flourid types
to avoid*

*The pathetic
fallacy*

Characteristics of effective description.

Bad description tends to be overloaded not only with sentiment but with words. Every student of natural science knows how many details the human senses fail to record on the brain; certainly we miss in life more than we take in. Nevertheless, even the simplest object is made up of so many details that a complete catalogue of them would fill many pages. But to catalogue all of the details of the object is not properly to describe it; such a process would result only in giving the reader some of the raw materials from which to make his own description. Again, in every object there are certain details which need not be mentioned because the reader can himself supply them. Obvious details, therefore, should be omitted and only the individual and the significant included. For purposes of identification on an automobile license or a police record, a man may be described as five feet six inches tall and one hundred and fifty-six pounds in weight, and possessed of blue eyes, light hair, and a scar on the chin; but such a list of details is more expository than descriptive and scarce gives the reader an impression of the man as an individual. Provided that significant and characteristically individual details be chosen, however, even a list may provide a true description, as does Oliver Wendell Holmes' thumb-nail sketch of his landlady's daughter: "Tender-eyed blonde. Long ringlets. Cameo pin. Gold pencil-case on a chain. Locket. Bracelet. Album. Autograph book. Accordion. Reads Byron, Tupper, and Sylvanus Cobb, Junior, while her mother makes the puddings. Says 'Yes' when you tell her anything."

One general characteristic of good description has, therefore, been indicated. In good description obvious details are omitted and only the significant retained. In practice this principle frequently leads to very considerable compression in descriptions the effectiveness of which has been secured by impression rather than by multiplicity of details. In such descriptions the writer makes use of a very few carefully selected and highly significant details as the symbols of the whole subject; with these to guide him the reader fills in the entire picture. A conventional description of a worn-out automobile might allude to its asthmatic engine, its rusted hood, its shapeless fenders, its patched tires, and endless other details to suggest its general decrepitude. But every reader has seen such relics along the highway or retired to some motor graveyard, and if he be given a good start, he can be counted upon to "flash in" the details himself. So Harry Leon Wilson in *Lone Tree* makes short work of such a description, introducing it incidentally and rapidly but none the less effectively. "Outside, Miss Ellis was swept into resolute arms and deposited in perhaps the oldest motor car still going—a car that should even then have been advertising itself and its makers in a show window. It shivered abjectly at the initial agitation of its venerable engine, trembling pitifully with protest

when put under way. These details went unnoted by Miss Ellis, who would have taken oath in any court that she rode in a smoothly running sedan of the latest classy model." One principle in writing description is, therefore, not to overload with words and details, but to select only the characteristic and the significant.

Dominant tone.

Selecting the significant details is, of course, one way of securing descriptive unity, for it is a step in the direction of harmonizing the parts. There are, however, other methods of securing unity. One is to choose the mood or tone which seems to dominate the object described so that the reader may get the same total impression that the describer got. This device is sometimes called *dominant tone*. Thus a description of a hobo might begin, "He was the most tattered human wreck I ever encountered," and be filled in with details to establish the initial assertion. The dominant tone in the following description is that of *heat*, scorching and searching heat. The picture has plenty of details, but few that could be called obvious, and all emphasize the central characteristic, *heat*.

It was high noon, and the rays of the sun, that hung poised directly overhead in an intolerable white glory, fell straight as plummets upon the roofs and streets of Guadalajara. The adobe walls and sparse brick sidewalks of the drowsing town radiated the heat in an oily, quivering shimmer. The leaves of the eucalyptus trees around the Plaza drooped motionless, limp and relaxed under the scorching, searching blaze. The shadows of these trees had shrunk to their smallest circumference, contracting close about the trunks. The shade had dwindled to the breadth of a mere line. The sun was everywhere. The heat exhaling from brick and plaster and metal met the heat that steadily descended blanketwise and smothering, from the pale, scorched sky. Only the lizards—they lived in chinks of the crumbling adobe and in interstices of the sidewalk—remained without, motionless, as if stuffed, their eyes closed to mere slits, basking, stupefied with heat. At long intervals the prolonged drone of an insect developed out of the silence, vibrated a moment in a soothing, somnolent, long note, then trailed slowly into the quiet again. Somewhere in the interior of one of the 'dobe houses a guitar snored and hummed sleepily. On the roof of the hotel a group of pigeons cooed incessantly with subdued, liquid murmurs, very plaintive; a cat, perfectly white, with a pink nose and thin, pink lips, dozed complacently on a fence rail, full in the sun. In a corner of the Plaza three hens wallowed in the baking hot dust, their wings fluttering, clucking comfortably.—FRANK NORRIS, *The Octopus*.²

Point of view.

Dominant tone is the harmony of mood. Physical unity in description is secured by careful attention to the point of view and to the basic outline.

² Reprinted by permission of the publisher from Frank Norris' *The Octopus*, published and copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, N. Y.

The point of view has some connection, in one of its meanings, with descriptive moods, and it will be well to illustrate this meaning before turning to the physical aspects of description. A Christmas tree seen by Christopher Robin is quite a different object to the tired Santa Claus who has been up all night trimming it, and still another object to a sour and crabbed Scrooge. In descriptions that form an integral part of a narrative, therefore, it is essential for the writer to keep in mind throughout, the character of the person through whose senses the object is perceived. The rambling wreck of the tenth-hand automobile referred to above is still blessed with a multitude of virtues in the eyes of an owner who is trying to sell it for ten times what it is worth, and it is hardly good enough to pay for carting off in the eyes of a prospective buyer who wants it at a bargain. Harry Leon Wilson has room in the thumb-nail sketch to show his understanding of point of view in this sense. Miss Ellis, a highly susceptible nurse who has just fallen immediately and violently in love with the gigantic cowboy owner of the wreck, "would have taken oath in any court that she rode in a smoothly running sedan of the latest classy model." "It is all," as the old saying goes, "in the point of view." Unity of mood in description involves a careful indication of the emotional point of view and an equally careful adherence to it.

Maintaining the physical point of view is just as necessary as maintaining the emotional one. True reporting is one of the first principles of description. Truth is violated whenever the reporter, having indicated a position from which he is making his observations, ignores physical possibilities by describing things which he cannot possibly see from the place indicated. For example, a student watching a fire from a class-room window cannot see what is happening on the side of the burning building that does not face his window, nor can he see what is going on within the building, excepting, perhaps, for an occasional glance through the smoke-filled apertures. If, however, he represents himself as being down on the street and following the firemen in their work, he may shift his point of view in describing the fire and tell of details that have been thus brought under his actual observation. In Ruskin's description of the typical English cathedral, quoted above, the point of view has been shown with great care and maintained with an honest eye for truthful detail. From where the observer stands at the base of the west front the eye "loses itself among the bosses . . . and only sees like a drift of eddying black points . . . the crowd of restless birds." With reasonable care it is not difficult to maintain honest accuracy in description. But to do so the writer must select his coign of vantage carefully, indicate it clearly, and keep to it religiously. If he has occasion to shift his physical point of view, let him say so. But let him not run together from one point of view the details of the front of a church and the quite different details of the rear of the same structure.

*Shifting the
point of
view*

In Charles Kingsley's story, *The Water Babies*, is an admirably clear example of the use of point of view. In this bit little Tom, the chimney-sweep, looks down from a mountain deep into Harthover Fells and sees, in perfect perspective, the woods, the shining stream, a little cottage and garden—and a woman in a red petticoat.

And in a minute more, when he looked round, he stopped again, and said, "Why, what a big place the world is!"

And so it was; for, from the top of the mountain, he could see—what could he not see?

Behind him far below was Harthover, and the dark woods, and the shining salmon river; and on his left, far below, was the town and the smoking chimneys of the collieries; and far, far away, the river widened to the shining sea; and little white specks, which were ships, lay on its bosom. Before him lay, spread out like a map, great plains, and farms, and villages, amid dark knots of trees. They all seemed at his very feet; but he had sense to see that they were long miles away.

And to his right rose moor after moor, hill after hill, till they faded away, blue into blue sky. But between him and those moors, and really at his very feet, lay something, to which, as soon as Tom saw it, he determined to go, for that was the place for him.

A deep, deep green and rocky valley, very narrow, and filled with wood: but through the wood, hundreds of feet below him, he could see a clear stream glance. Oh, if he could but get down to that stream! Then, by the stream, he saw the roof of a little cottage, and a little garden, set out in squares and beds. And there was a tiny little red thing moving in the garden, no bigger than a fly. As Tom looked down, he saw that it was a woman in a red petticoat! Ah! perhaps she would give him something to eat. And there were the church bells ringing again. Surely there must be a village down there. Well, nobody would know him, or what had happened at the Place. The news could not have got there yet, even if Sir John had set all the policemen in the county after him; and he could get down there in five minutes.

Fundamental image.

Physical unity in a description is secured not only by establishing the point of view clearly but also by giving the reader a general outline of the object described before pressing details upon him. This general outline is called the *fundamental image*. How useful it is may be realized by trying to conceive of a map drawn by the process of putting in rivers, mountains, and cities without first indicating the boundaries or general outline. A "frame" is just as necessary for a description that is not merely impressionistic as it is for a map; without it the details cannot be seen in their proper relationship and perspective. Fundamental images are employed repeatedly in daily conversation. The carpenter refers to the L of the house he is building, the engineer to his T-square, the motorist to the S curve or the hairpin turn in the road. In using these familiar figures, what we do in effect is to suggest

a mental image, to use words much as we might draw a sketch. Of all such figures the most common, perhaps, are the geometrical ones; a room is oblong, or square, or round, or even cubical. Fundamental images may even be used in describing persons; thus a fat man is a tub, and a thin man a rail. It is apparent that fundamental images are most frequently created by using comparisons. It should also be apparent that to be effective the comparison must be a familiar one. To say that a piece of ground is oblong is to make its general shape entirely clear, but to say that it is rhomboidal would confuse the average reader. A simple use of the fundamental image appears in the following two descriptions. In these the extent to which each writer rides his figure should be observed; having selected and announced it, he carries it along as he fills in the details. In each description the writer has virtually drawn a ground map.

Those who wish to form a clear idea of the battle of Waterloo, need only imagine a capital A laid on the ground. The left stroke of the A is the Nivelles road, the right one the Genappe road, while the cross of the A is Mont Saint Jean; Wellington is there; the left-hand lower point is Hougomont; Reille is there with Jerome Bonaparte; the right-hand lower point is la Belle Alliance; Napoleon is there. A little below the point where the cross of the A meets the right stroke, is La Haye Sainte; in the centre of this cross is the precise point where the final battle-word was spoken. It is here that the lion is placed, the involuntary symbol of the supreme heroism of the Imperial Guard.

The triangle contained at the top of the A between the two strokes and the cross, is the plateau of Mont Saint Jean. The dispute for this plateau was the whole battle.—VICTOR HUGO, *Les Misérables*.

The Bay of Monterey has been compared by no less a person than General Sherman to a bent fishing-hook; and the comparison, if less important than the march through Georgia, still shows the eye of the soldier for topography. Santa Cruz sits exposed at the shank; the mouth of the Salinas river is at the middle of the bend; and Monterey itself is cosily ensconced beside the barb. Thus the ancient capital of California faces across the bay, while the Pacific Ocean, though hidden by low hills and forest, bombards her left flank and rear with never-dying surf. In front of the town, the long line of sea-beach trends north and northwest, and then westward to enclose the bay.—STEVENSON: *Across the Plains*.³

The appeal to the senses.

Richness and depth of description result usually from the ability of the writer to suggest all of the physical channels through which his own impressions have come. The eye is, of course, the most important organ in the gathering of impressions, and memories consist very largely of visual reproductions. Nevertheless, if a writer were to rely entirely upon details

³ Reprinted by permission of the publishers from Stevenson's *Across the Plains*, published and copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

of what he has seen—form, color, movement—he would suggest a world of shadows untrue to life. His own impressions are a complex of sights, sounds, smells, perhaps even touches and tastes, and to reproduce his impressions completely he must suggest all avenues through which he has gathered them. What an unreal conception, for example, a reader would get of Coney Island in July from a description devoid of reference to the blaring noisiness of the resort, the tang of salt in the air, the hot stickiness of the streets, the mixed odors of beach refuse, steaming human bodies, “hot dogs” sizzling in greasy pans, and perhaps even the setting of teeth and tongue into these holiday delights. Not all places, it is true, assail the senses at so many portals, but few reach brain and heart through the eyes alone. A realization of this fact led a clever play-producer recently to represent the haunted *Flying Dutchman* not only as an old brig visibly disintegrating, but as a worm-eaten ship filled with weird squeaks and ghostly noises and musty with an odorous decay. This last effect was secured by wafting the thin incense of smoldering joss-sticks into the darkened theatre so that the faint smell of rotting timbers seemed to emanate from the ship saved only by the curse of God from sinking into the deep. Similarly a writer of description may convey impressions by suggesting the sounds, smells, and perhaps touches and tastes that belong to his object. Without these he can hardly expect to give the full imprint which he has himself received.

All real observers make skillful use of these technical elements, and almost all good descriptions will show the writer's attempt to enter his reader's consciousness through the channels of every sense. Thus Stevenson assails the nose by writing of the whale's carcass that “poisoned the air” of a California port; Burroughs brings to the ear “the wild whinney of the loon, and the vulpine bark of the eagle”; Locke tempts the taste with the “peaches in purple ichor chastely clad in snow, melting on the palate”; and Mary Antin makes the mouth water by her allusion to “the immortal flavor of those thick cheese cakes we used to have on Saturday night.” Ordinarily, of course, these elements appear in combination with others. All add to the richness, depth, and perspective of the description.

Animating the description.

Every reader of a description imagines himself to experience personally the same contact with the object described which the writer has had or pretends to have had. He tries, in other words, to project himself into the picture, to stand in the place described, or to meet face to face the person presented. For this reason that description is best which contains some human figure with whom the reader may for the moment identify himself. This figure may be the writer himself, or an actor in the story, or even a hypothetical reader, as in Ruskin's description quoted above. But whoever he is, he becomes a convenient individual into whose skin the reader may slip and thus gain a personal touch with the object described which he

could not have if the imaginary stage were deserted. Animating a description, furthermore, not by injecting souls into inanimate objects like houses, trees, and ships at sea, but by enlivening the piece with human figures, improves the writing by dramatizing it to some extent. The reader's interest is increased when human agencies, contacts, and interests are suggested, when the animate world moves in the inanimate. To have people acting, thinking, feeling in a description is to give it a reality that brings it at once into the realm of human experience and that makes it vivid. Such animation relieves the description of possible deadness and cold flatness.

Words and their ways.

Inasmuch as the images and impressions packed into a piece of written description are conveyed to the reader solely by the use of word symbols, it should be at once obvious that the careful choice of words is of the highest importance. It is not only essential that the writer select the exact word; he must also choose the word which has the richest suggestion, and from which the reader may get the fullest impression. Words are tricky things; sometimes they may convey an impression quite different from that which the writer intended. "Arty" names for restaurants and other places of business, for example, designed to suggest refined elegance and to entice "the better class of patrons" (whoever they may be) usually deceive only the ignorant and the vulgar. "I have discovered," remarked one intelligent woman, "that if you wish to economize, it is better to trade at a *shop* and not a *shoppe*." The sign of *Ye Olde Ice Crème Shoppe* creates no flavor of the antique or the elegant; it is merely ridiculous, and, incidentally, illiterate. Occasionally, of course, a clever use may be made of words to give flavor. Thus an old mottled pot with a cracked bottom, for which nobody would give a warped dime, fetches a fancy price in the auction room when described as an "antique polychrome vase with pierced base." Nobody wants a mottled pot, but a "polychrome vase" (the auctioneer pronounces it *vahse*) is eagerly bid for, and even the broken bottom has an æsthetic value when elegantly represented as a "pierced base." Generally speaking, however, playing tricks with words is not always the safest method of securing descriptive effects. Quite often the best effects are secured by using the simplest words. There is a triumph of such restrained statement in Webster's allusion to the Pilgrims, "Let us consider *this interesting group*."

In the chapter on diction (pages 185-187) the advantage of concrete words over abstract ones is pointed out. In descriptive writing the abstract word is infinitely less effective than the concrete, for the graphic word is itself a little picture. The habit, therefore, of selecting instinctively and immediately the picture-giving word is one of the most valuable which the writer of description can acquire. Nouns, verbs, adjectives, and adverbs, well chosen for their vivid impressions, are the meat of descriptive writing; they should be alive and real, not pallid, dead

Concrete and
specific
words

things. In description "The man came" gives no picture; "The drunkard staggered" does. In *The History of Mr. Polly* by H. G. Wells, the hero's sweetheart does not give him "her hand" to kiss; she extends "a freckled, tennis-blistered little paw." "Hand" is not descriptive; "paw," with its suggestion of stubby fingers and puffy skin, is. In Stevenson's *A Lodging for the Night* Dom Nicolas *straddled*—not *stood*—before the fire, and "Villon and Guy Tabary were *huddled together* over a scrap of parchment." Pictures, both of them. William Dean Howells does not write of the *noise* of omnibuses and cabs in London streets; he calls the sound "the dull, tormented roar of the omnibuses and the incessant cloop-cloop of the cab-horses' hoofs." A *noise* is any sound; a *tormented roar* and a *cloop-cloop* are distinctive. So with all good descriptions: they are not vague and colorless, like negatives out of focus, but sharp, clear, and bristling with specific forms, colors, sounds, smells, and touches which etch the pictures into the reader's consciousness as with acid.

Finally, figures of speech—and especially, of course, metaphors and similes—vivify descriptions as abstract expressions never can. The fundamental images referred to above are created almost always by simple comparisons. "What is your object like?" asks the reader tacitly, and "It resembles this, that, or the other familiar thing," says the writer who would make his details clear and vivid. The liveliness and freshness of the comparison determine its success; the conventional figure which everybody uses is flat and lifeless and so fails to "register." Figures may often give atmosphere and flavor as well as conceptions of size, color, and other physical details. Thus the dining-room haunted with the spirit of old gentility which Galsworthy describes in *The Patricians* is characterized as "like a daisy in the old song, smell-less, and most quaint; or like the head of an old and well-bred dog who lies on a mat with his eyes moving quietly from side to side to follow the flight of swallows across a lawn." These similes give no idea of the physical proportions of the dining-room, but they do convey its atmosphere and so are highly artistic. Figures like these do not come to a hasty, careless writer. They are the work of a man who cares, and their impression is correspondingly fine and permanent. Similar figures and carefully selected words that live and breathe are the essence of good description.

*The right
figure of
speech*

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Explain the service of description to the other forms of discourse.
2. What is the difference between expository, or scientific, and imaginative, or artistic, descriptions?
3. Show the utility of expository description in certain kinds of explanation.

4. Define "the pathetic fallacy," and comment on the weaknesses of description that exhibits it.
5. How should details be chosen to secure effective description?
6. Comment on the principle of compression in descriptive writing.
7. Define and explain the use of "dominant tone."
8. How is physical unity in description secured by maintaining the "point of view"?
9. What is "fundamental image"? Illustrate its use in description.
10. Explain how sense images may be created in descriptive writing.
11. How may a description be "animated"?
12. Comment on the use of concrete and specific words and on figures of speech in description.

Round Table

1. Study the first chapter of any novel which has recently attained success. Make a careful scientific report on the exact amount of description in relation to the other forms of discourse (number of words, length of passages, etc.). Compare your report with those of other members of the class. What general conclusions do you reach?
2. Bring to class for discussion four examples of "florid" description, selected from any source whatsoever. Do not, however, select more than one specimen from the society columns of the local paper.
3. A "dossier" was originally a carefully itemized account of every detail which could possibly be of service to the police in identifying a man. Make what you would consider a good dossier of a member of the class. Have you listed between fifty and a hundred items, or more? Compare your list with those of your classmates.

Paper Work

1. Write a careful expository description of one of the following: (*a*) a playground for young children, (*b*) a municipal golf course, (*c*) a college gymnasium, (*d*) a summer camp, (*e*) a real-estate office, (*f*) a laboratory set up for an experiment, (*g*) a church-house, (*h*) the stage of a little theatre, (*i*) a women's club-house, (*j*) an electric refrigerator, (*k*) a "valve-in-head" motor. Submit with your description a plan or diagram of the place or thing described.
2. Make a diagram of "the scene of the crime" for a modern detective story which has no such illustration. Write a paragraph explaining the details of the diagram.
3. Make a street and house plan of some village visited on an automobile trip. Write an expository description of precisely what you saw there. Write an imaginative account of the same village.
4. Write a report, with examples, on "Description by Radio." Make a similar report on descriptions in travel, summer resort, boys' camp, or exclusive preparatory school "literature."

5. Study and report on the character drawings of one of the following cartoonists: Thurber, Arno, Webster, Williams, Hockins.
6. Write a report on the work of Hogarth in such series as *Industry and Idleness*, *The Rake's Progress*, *The Harlot's Progress*, and *Marriage à la Mode*.
7. Draw a literary caricature of some person in public life.
8. In less than twelve words describe effectively the following: (a) a favorite college rendezvous, (b) a college employee, (c) an old street car, (d) a "dog wagon," (e) a hotel lobby, (f) an old umbrella, (g) a ticket-seller at a motion-picture theatre, (h) an ash can, (i) a soda fountain, (j) an umpire at a baseball game.
9. Write two descriptions of a picturesque street, one, the street seen when the writer is dejected, and the weather is bad; the other, when the writer is elated, and the weather is good.
10. Write a description of a landscape or a city street in which you attempt to give an impression of the season of the year.
11. Write a description in which sound is a predominant element. Some suggested topics are: (a) Building a Skyscraper, (b) The Liner Leaves the Pier, (c) The Rival Gangs Play Ball, (d) The Traffic Signals Shift, (e) The Subway Goes Roaring By, (f) The Five-thirty Express Leaves the Station, (g) Pigs Become Pork, (h) Time to Change Classes, (i) A July Day at Coney Island, (j) The Rodeo Gets Going, (k) A Crash in Stocks, (l) Here Comes the Parade!
12. Write a description in which sensations of heat, cold, humidity, wetness, dryness, wind, etc., predominate.
13. Select an actual setting which depresses you because of its cheapness, filth, sordidness, or other unappetizing quality. Describe the place in such a way as to convey your mood to your reader.
14. Write a description of a complicated scene in which you maintain carefully an established point of view. Describe the same scene, employing this time a shifting point of view. Discuss the comparative advantages and disadvantages of the two methods.
15. Using Kingsley's description on p. 240 as an example, write a description of distant objects as seen from the top of a skyscraper, the window of an apartment house, the deck of a steamer, the crest of a cliff, or an airplane. Try to maintain the point of view and to give the effect of distance. If you wish, emphasize some prominent detail, as Kingsley has done.
16. Write a description which will reveal the state of your mind under conditions definitely outlined. Some suggested topics are: (a) I Awaken at Midnight on the Steamer (or on the Pullman); (b) I "Come To" During a Tiresome Lecture; (c) Smash Went My Car into the Post! (d) Oh, What a Party That Was Last Night! (e) The Dean Looked Up with a Cold Eye; (f) "Thought You'd Get Away with It, Eh?" said the Cop; (g) Suddenly I Was Aware That I Was Being Watched; (h) It Is a Terrible

Feeling to Be Alone in a Big House; (i) My Efforts to Swim Amused the Mermaids on the Beach; (j) In Jail! What a Sensation!

17. Write two descriptions of the same scene which are "animated" by altogether different personalities.
18. Describe a group of figures in a restaurant, hotel lobby, station concourse, or other public place in such a manner as to give the impression both of their individuality and their group activity.

Chapter XII

EXPOSITION

"The same Truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights."

—BACON, *Of Truth*.

Some problems of exposition.

THE TERM *exposition* embraces all writing which has as its purpose definition, explanation, or interpretation. Of the four forms of discourse—argumentation, description, narration, and exposition—it bulks the largest, for it includes most technical and scientific writing, most textbooks, biographical and historical writing, the majority of magazine articles, essays, and editorials, all book reviews, art, dramatic, and musical criticism. Furthermore, expository elements are found in the other forms of discourse. Thus if a novelist pauses, as does Albert Halper in *The Foundry*, to explain a certain process in some industry, he is treating us to exposition. Fond as John Burroughs was of describing flowers and insects, birds and beasts, more than half his work is exposition, a discussion of the habits, and the wherefore of the habits, of living things. Exposition, as we shall presently see, is a very necessary adjunct in argumentation, particularly in "the history of the question" and in the definition of terms. It is simpler, perhaps, to point out what exposition is not, than to indicate the range of exposition. Roughly, exposition is all writing which does not tell a story, maintain a position, or describe an object.

There is a growing agreement among critics that exposition is the most difficult form of writing. The reason for this is at once apparent. With the announced intention of conveying information to his reader, the expository writer commonly renounces or eschews the aids which carry other authors to their ends. He has not the aid of the chain of incidents which at once limits and directs the story-teller, he has not the pronounced convictions of the debater to unify and advance his work, nor the emotional thrill of the keen observer to enhance his product. More than all the others, he has to depend upon clarity and precision to make his effort prevail. While they are swept along by their material, he has to drive and guide his pen. Consequently, how rare is truly great work in exposition! Bacon made his reputation with ten short essays in 1597; the fame of Raleigh as a writer of prose rests largely upon the concluding passage in his history.

Poe is known as a philosophical critic chiefly because of the excellence of two articles, *The Poetic Principle* and *The Philosophy of Composition*. Slight, indeed, is the material upon which Emerson and Huxley have achieved immortality. When an expository writer fills a five-foot shelf, as did Ruskin, much of his stuff, in all likelihood, is in need of winnowing. He has repeated himself, he has padded, he has lapsed into poetry. Whoever, then, contemplates achieving any measure of success in the field of expository writing ought to be as well aware of the restrictions of the type as of his own limitations. If he is not, experience is likely to teach him to venerate, almost beyond the dramatist and the poet, the poor grubber in expository writing—the scholar, the scientist, the critic, and the philosopher.

Aids to interest.

Because the problem in exposition is primarily one of interest—the human mind having an infinite capacity to resist the inculcation of knowledge—the expository writer, more than all the others, is forced to be resourceful in achieving that end. First of all, his material must be interesting. It must be fresh itself or be looked at from a fresh point of view. Pretense here will get the beginner nowhere. Neither must he make the mistake of supposing that because for him the age-old subject is a recent discovery, it is equally new to the rest of the world. The beginner needs—how necessarily dismal is the advice—to acquire some acumen in these matters. What are the subjects which are agitating his day? What is the most recent source of intellectual irritation and eruption? We could inventory the present day, but a new account would have to be taken tomorrow. The student must make his own inventory. What are the most recent things in science, literature, art, historical interpretation, invention, economics, world politics? A frequent check-up under these heads, or similar ones of his own choosing, will inform the student whether he is abreast of his times. In expository writing there is a premium on new ideas; hence we may here well reiterate the need for wide reading. This is the Alaska Highway to fresh ideas.

Unless the new idea can be made his own, however, it is of slight value to the beginner. It is comparatively simple to do this without plagiarizing.

The discovery of theme subjects Let us suppose that a student has been stimulated by William James' essay, *The Moral Equivalent of War*. James, it will be remembered, argues not so much for the abolishing of war as for the salvaging of its virtues—its heroism and discipline—so that the national character may suffer no deterioration. James suggests the conscription of youth to fight against Nature, to campaign for human progress. Now let us further suppose that the student is tremendously interested in intercollegiate football, but that he deplors the professionalism and notoriety connected with it. Perhaps a substitute for intercollegiate football occurs to him, a substitute which will preserve its virtues while discarding its vices.

If he proceeds to write a paper on *The Emotional Equivalent of Football*, the source of his ideas will be at once apparent, yet his original application must be deemed almost as meritorious as if he were the originator of the James theory.

But to find the new subject is only a small part of the task of interesting the reader. The treatment of that subject must be equally fresh and stimulating. The writer may well avoid the method of straight exposition, so taxing to his reader, and introduce in his writing bits of narration and description. Nothing brightens like the well-told anecdote. Frequently the writer may appear argumentative or downright contentious (indeed, this is quite the fashion), when in reality he is only seeking to enliven his paper and he has no opponents save in his fancy. The trick of casting about for an opponent is a familiar and amusing subterfuge, yet it is nevertheless an effective and not-to-be-forgotten one. Stylistically the subject may be rendered appealing. Francis Bacon, obsessed as many Elizabethans were with the logic of Machiavelli, sought to interpret life from the point of view of *The Prince*. He chose as his vehicle the essay form, following the models supplied by Montaigne. But after the lapse of centuries the thing which is primarily appealing about Bacon's work is the epigrammatic quality of his style—his own contribution. The style may be further "dressed up" by many artifices—allusion, humor, satire. It makes for a new treatment of an old subject to adopt a new mood in which to approach it. Honest directness, cynical subtlety, cool brevity, flat contrariness are not to be despised as mere rhetorical tricks. They *do* help an exposition to succeed. Another means of arousing interest, and a most fetching means too, is the frank exploitation of the author's personality in his writing. The ability of some writers to put themselves into their work, their humor, their dejection, their enthusiasm, even their reckless and perverse limitations, is a vital factor in provoking interest. The clear perception which the general public has of such strong and vehement personalities as George Bernard Shaw, Henry Louis Mencken, and Westbrook Pegler is enough to prove the point. But in the end, the primary appeal of clarity and precision must not be forgotten. The more difficult the thing explained, the clearer and more exact should be the language. In expository writing lucidity is next to godliness.

Note the clarity and precision of language in the following extract—the well-known distinction of realism from romance made by Clayton Hamilton:

The distinction between inductive and deductive processes of thinking is very simple and is known to all: it is based upon the *direction* of the train of thought. When we think inductively, we reason from the particular to the general; and when we think deductively, the process proceeds in the reverse direction and we reason from the general to the particular. In our orderly conversation, we speak inductively when we first mention a number of specific facts and then

draw from them some general inference; and we speak deductively when we first express a general opinion and then elucidate it by adducing specific illustrations. That old dichotomy of the psychologists which divides all men, according to their habits of thought, into Platonists and Aristotelians (or, to substitute a modern nomenclature, into Cartesians and Baconians) is merely an assertion that every man, in the prevailing direction of his thinking, is either deductive or inductive. Most of the great ethical philosophers have had inductive minds; from the basis of admitted facts of experience they have reasoned out their laws of conduct. Most of the great religious teachers have had deductive minds: from the basis of certain sublime assumptions they have asserted their commandments. Most of the great scientists have thought inductively: they have reasoned from specific facts to general truths, as Newton reasoned from the fall of an apple to the law of gravitation. Most of the great poets have thought deductively: they have reasoned from general truths to specific facts, as Dante reasoned from a general moral conception of cosmogony to the particular appropriate details of every circle in hell and purgatory and paradise. Now is not the thesis tenable that it is in just this way that realism differs from romance? In their endeavor to exhibit certain truths of human life, do not the realists work inductively and the romantics deductively?

In order to bring to our knowledge the law of life which he wishes to make clear, the realist first leads us through a series of imagined facts as similar as possible to the details of actual life which he studied in order to arrive at his general conception. He elaborately imitates the facts of actual life, so that he may say to us finally, "This is the sort of thing that I have seen in the world, and from this I have learned the truth I have to tell you." . . . But the romantic novelist leads us in the contrary direction—namely, from the general to the particular. He does not attempt to show us how he arrived at his general conception. His only care is to convey his general idea effectively by giving it a specific illustrative embodiment. . . . "I have learned something in the world," he says to us: "Here is a fable that will make it clear to you."—*Manual of the Art of Fiction*.¹

Interest in a bit of expository writing may be aroused even before a sentence of the article itself has been read. Mencken complains that no one can remember the titles of Howells' novels: "*The Minister's Charge, An Imperative Duty, The Unexpected Guests, Out of the Question, No Love Lost*—these titles are already as meaningless as a roll of the Sumerian kings." Now if titles are important in fiction, how much more important are they in expository writing! Nine readers out of ten prefer to be beguiled rather than informed; hence every effort ought to be made to attract that hard-working tenth reader who elects knowledge before entertainment. He, too, can stand a little cajoling. And it may as well begin with the title. A stout heart is necessary to tackle articles entitled

¹ Reprinted by permission of the author and publisher from Clayton Hamilton's *Manual of the Art of Fiction* published and copyright by Doubleday, Doran and Company, Garden City, N. Y.

Science and Culture, Truth and Immortality, The Prospects of Popular Government, Law and Justice, The Future of Women, and The Duty of Educated Men in a Democracy. It is well to observe that there are fashions even in titles. The reigning fashion is humanistic and suggestive, rather than precise. Thus Stuart Chase titles a book on the waste of America's natural resources *Rich Land, Poor Land*, Frederick Lewis Allen's survey of the nineteen hundred and twenties becomes *Only Yesterday* and its sequel *Since Yesterday*, and John Dos Passos' study of liberal ideas is called *The Ground We Stand On*. Such titles as *Patterns for the Free, The Thin Red Line, The Literary Stretch-Out, Socrates Crosses the Delaware, and No More Excursions* (the article has nothing to do with what the Englishman calls "ripping") indicate the modern tendency better than they do the subject matter of the articles which they head. Of course, it is better to choose a simple and explicit title than to stretch so far after novelty as to become inane.

The plan in exposition.

A different approach, a predetermined appeal, and even a good title do not constitute all that there is to making an exposition attractive. In this, more than all the other forms of writing, attention must be given to the plan. The reader will not persist in his pursuit for information unless he is convinced that his author is really taking him somewhere. The structure should at all times be sufficiently perceptible that the reader may have the assurance of progression. Now structure is not obtainable in any form of writing, especially expository writing, without close attention to planning. The author must chart his course. For expository writing an outline or plan should be made, and the matters of unity, coherence, and emphasis (as treated in Chapter IV) should receive the closest attention in this plan. To concentrate wholly on the aids to interest and to ignore fundamental structure is fatal. This, however, it seems almost unnecessary to reiterate here.

The presentation of fact or truth, without analysis or interpretation, without comment or speculation, is the simplest form of exposition. The easiest approach, perhaps, to this form is afforded by the résumé.

Simple presentation: the résumé The résumé is a digest of a more extended piece of writing, which seeks by its very brevity to make the outline more perceptible and the chief facts more readily obtainable. It includes everything that is important and leaves out all unimportant things. *Tales from Shakespeare* by Charles and Mary Lamb are not, strictly speaking, done in the manner of the résumé. The *Tales* were written for children, and all that is unfit for children has been quietly deleted by the authors. Furthermore, they struck out important subplots because of their special interest in some of Shakespeare's heroes and heroines. The résumé, or digest, would not ignore these things for precisely these reasons. The determining factors

are the amount of space which the writer has at his command and the relative value of the different items.

For preliminary training, the novice may well begin, not with an expository exercise, but rather with the digestion of fiction. If he will take a novel of the old type and try first of all to outline the plot, he will create a backbone for his résumé. Then if he will turn to a modern "plotless" novel, in which chronology has been said to be the only unity, but in which in reality the *exposition* of a theme is the unifying force, he will make a change in the direction in which he wants to go. For his first attempt, he might well digest *Henry Esmond* or *Tom Jones*; ² for his second, John Steinbeck's *In Dubious Battle* or Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. This done, he may then turn to digesting pure expository writing, proceeding first to the essay, then to history, then to either philosophical interpretation or to pure philosophy. A good deal of this work, done on one's own initiative, will not only bring home the importance of planning, but will acquaint the novice with many varieties of structure and incidentally improve his own work. If the books are well chosen, the digests will form a valuable collection of notes. Here is a well-made résumé. It should be compared with the essay from which it is abridged:

Culture and Anarchy, an essay in social criticism by Matthew Arnold, first published in 1869. Its purpose is to define true culture and to show how it may overcome the unintelligent and anti-social tendencies of English life of the author's day. Culture he defines as a study of perfection, that is the harmonious expansion of all the powers of human nature. It is attained by a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world, by the free play of the mind over the facts of life, and by a sympathetic attitude towards all that is beautiful. For a further definition of culture Arnold borrows a phrase from Swift, "sweetness and light," the first word indicating the sense of beauty and the second the active intelligence. Against this ideal are arrayed all the undisciplined forces of the age—prejudice, narrowness, the worship of liberty for liberty's sake, faith in machinery whether governmental, economic, or religious—in short an unthinking individualism that leads to anarchy. English society may be divided into three classes—Barbarians, Philistines, and Populace. The Barbarians or aristocracy have a superficial sweetness and light but are too much concerned with the maintenance and enjoyment of their privileges to attain a true sense of beauty and a free mental activity. The Philistines or middle classes are devoted to money-making and a narrow form of religion and are indifferent or hostile to beauty. The Populace are violent in their prejudices and brutal in their pleasures. All are agreed that "doing as one likes" is the chief end of man and all are self-satisfied. In a further analysis of this English preference

² Good summaries of these are available so that, when he is done, the student may compare his digesting with that of professional digesters. See, for example, Helen Rex Keller, *The Reader's Digest of Books*.

Practical
advantages
in résumé
making

of doing to thinking Arnold distinguishes two forces which he names Hebraism and Hellenism. Hebraism is concerned with resolute action and strict obedience to conscience; Hellenism with clear thinking and spontaneity of consciousness. Harmoniously combined they lead to that perfect balance of our nature which is the end of culture. The excessive development of one of them results in imperfection. Hebraism with its insistence on conduct is the more essential and it triumphed in the form of Christianity; but the reaction from the pagan revival of the sixteenth century led to its over-development into Puritanism, a discipline intolerant of beauty and free intelligence. The English middle class is still dominated by Puritanism, despising art and mental cultivation as an end in itself and adhering to a narrow and unenlightened religious and ethical standard as "the one thing needful." By a revival of the best in Hellenism Arnold would bring sweetness and light into the English middle classes; and he would overcome the unthinking individualism of all classes by developing the idea of right reason embodied in the State.—H. R. KELLER, *Reader's Digest of Books*.³

The kinds of exposition.

From the résumé to the explanatory essay is but a small step. The only additional element involved is the elucidation of difficult stages. The simplest explanatory essay is one which deals with the exposition of a process. The student, instead of making a résumé of something already written, records the stages in the evolution of something while it is being made. Thus he follows a chip of spruce from the wood-chipper, through the digesters and beaters, through conveyers and rollers, until it becomes a finished sheet of paper. Again his outline and procedure is more or less predetermined for him. The process itself limits and directs him. His only task is elaboration where, because of obscurity or difficulty, elaboration seems necessary. But he has two chances of failure where the maker of the résumé had only one: he may be inaccurate or dull as a reporter. If his perceptual faculties are at all keen, there is no excuse for inaccuracy. Dullness, at first blush, may seem to be inherent in his task. Because the process appears to be automatic, the unresponsive novice is quite apt to be mechanical in his explanation of it. If he cannot respond genuinely to his task, he ought to simulate an interest in it. In direct proportion to whatever interest he can master will be the interest of his reader. Note how, in the following extract, a process is humanized:

Some friends of mine were inoculated with curiosity about insects by watching the transformation of the larvæ of one of the swallow-tailed butterflies, probably the *Papilio asterias*. As I was walking on their porch one morning in early October I chanced to see a black-and-green worm about two inches long posed in a meditative attitude upon the side of the house a foot or more above the floor.

³ Reprinted by permission of the author and publishers from H. R. Keller's *Reader's Digest of Books*, published and copyright by The Macmillan Company, New York.

The latter half of its body was attached to the board wall, and the fore part curved up from it with bowed head. The creature was motionless, and apparently absorbed in deep meditation. I stooped down and examined it more closely. I saw that it was on the eve of a great change. The surface of the board immediately under the forward part of the body had been silvered over with a very fine silken web that was almost like a wash, rather than something woven. Anchored to this on both sides, as if grown out of the web, ran a very fine thread or cord up over the caterpillar's back, which served to hold it in place; it could lean against the thread as a sailor leans against a rope thrown around him and tied to the mast. With bowed head the future butterfly hung there, and with bowed head I waited and watched. Presently convulsive movements began to traverse its body; through segment after segment a wave of effort seemed to pass. It was a beginning of the travail pains of transformation. Then in a twinkling a slight rent appeared in the skin on the curve of the back, revealing the new light-green surface underneath, the first glimpse of the chrysalis. The butterfly was being born. Slowly, as the labor continued, the split in the skin extended down the back and over toward the head till the outlines of the chrysalis became plainly visible. I was witnessing that marvelous transformation in nature of a worm into a creature of a much higher and more attractive order; the worm-mask was being stripped off, and an embryo butterfly revealed to view. In a few minutes the head and forward part of the body were free, and the latter half was fast becoming so.

The fine silken cord over the back served its purpose well, holding the creature in place while it literally wriggled out of its skin, and when this feat was accomplished, holding it in position for its long winter sleep. The skin behaved as if it was an interested party in the enterprise; much better, I am sure, than one's garments would if one were to try to wriggle out of them without using one's limbs. It folded back, it drew together, it finally became a little pellet or pack of cast-off linen that clung to the tail-end of the chrysalis. To effect the final detachment, and not lose the grip which this end seemed to have on the board beneath it, required a good deal of struggling, probably a full minute of convulsive effort before the little bundle of cast-off habiliments let go and dropped, a dark pellet the size of a small pea. Then our insect was at rest, and seemed slowly to contract and stiffen. It had woven itself the silken loop to hold it to its support, and it had struggled out of its old skin on its own initiative or without being mothered or helped, as so many new-born creatures are.—JOHN BURROUGHS, *Nature Lore*.⁴

Definition, as an expository process, is a bit more difficult than simple reporting. A satisfactory definition, from the standpoint of logic, is made *Definition* only by placing the term to be defined in a class or kind to which it belongs and then distinguishing the term from other members of the class or kind. Thus, a griffin (*the term*) is a fabulous monster (*the genus*), half lion and half eagle (*differentia*). Again, "A classic (*the term*)

⁴ Reprinted by permission from John Burroughs' *Nature Lore* in the *Century Magazine*.

is a work which gives pleasure (*the genus*) to the minority which is intensely and permanently interested in literature (*differentia*).” In actual practice expository definitions are made in a much less formal way. Stuart P. Sherman once wrote an essay attempting to define *A Puritan* without employing the logical method just indicated. Selecting certain historical Puritans, he examined these men for their outstanding characteristics, thus establishing a list of traits which the typical Puritan might be expected to exemplify. Later, finding these traits in Socrates, Plato, Zeno, Confucius, Buddha, and Jesus, he produced these men as illustrations of the Puritan in earlier ages. Now it is obvious that although Professor Sherman may have found the class to which the Puritan belongs, he certainly was not greatly concerned with the *differentia*. But his essay serves admirably to illustrate how informal expository definition may be. Good expository or descriptive definition may be made by (1) telling at length what a thing is not, (2) intimating what it is different from, (3) collecting numerous examples of the thing, or (4) telling how the thing works or how it is made. The following five paragraphs from an article defining the *Whistle-Punk* indicate how delightfully informal expository definition may be:

When I first went to work in a logging-camp in the Pacific Northwest and heard mention of “whistle-punks,” I thought the term had reference to some mythical animal like the swamp-wogglers and side-hill badgers of the East, or to some fabulous character of the Oregon timber. But I soon learned that whistle-punks were very real, and very, very hard-boiled.

In the West any boy is known as a “punk,” just why I haven’t learned. Whistle-punks are officially known on camp pay-rolls as signal boys. They are the youthful loggers who, with jerkwire or electric toots-ee, give the signals for starting and stopping to engineers of donkey-engines that yard the big Douglas fir timber, up and down the West Coast. They are automatons, standing throughout the day in one spot and yanking the whistle wire once, twice, or in combinations, in answer to the hook-tender’s orders. The hook-tender has a log ready. He shouts, “Hi!” The punk jerks his whistle-line and the whistle on the engine snorts. The engineer “opens her up,” and the log is brought in to the landing.

Despite his lowly job, which compares in dignity with that of the water-boy of construction gangs, the punk is a well-known character in the Northwest. In Tacoma, Washington, the “Lumber Capital of America,” a newspaper has a daily column headed “The Whistle-Punk.” I hold the punk to be well worth a column.

When placed alongside the average whistle-punk, the so-called tough kids of the Bowery and the gamins of Paris are like so many cherubim. Punks are the “hardest” kids ever; or, at least, they *want* to be. They are so tough they won’t even read the “Police Gazette.” To hear one talk you would suspect that he liked for breakfast nothing so much as a keg of iron bolts soaked in gasoline, wood-alcohol, and snuff.

The vizor of the punk's cap is worn smooth where it has rested over an ear. His best Sunday conversation sounds like extracts from Rabelais; and when he is going *good* he can outcurse any cockney that ever mentioned the King of England. When he spits, it is what learned men term a cosmic disturbance. . . . Yes the punk is *hard*.—STEWART H. HOLBROOK, *Whistle-Punks*.⁵

But even when necessity seems to demand that the definition be more formal, there are ways enough in which to avoid being stiff and prosy. It might be argued that Professor Fred Morrow Fling, writing for graduate students in history, had every right to be dull, yet his little book, *The Writing of History*, is throughout a brilliant demonstration that neither material nor occasion is any excuse for boring the reader. He chooses to define *history* by distinguishing it from sociology:

What is history? Unlike Bacon's "jesting Pilate," who asked, "What is truth?" and "would not stay for an answer," the historian must tarry and answer the question he has raised. Turning the pages of a history of the world, we note that it deals with all man's social activities, economic, political, educational, artistic, and religious. It describes them, however, not in a state of repose, but of movement and change. In this change, our attention is drawn, not to what repeats itself, but to what is new, to what has never happened before and what can never happen again in the same way. From all this it is evident that the historian is concerned with tracing *the unique evolution of man in his activities as a social being*, the unique life record of humanity. If this be history, then history cannot "repeat itself," there cannot be "historical laws," for law is a generalization and a generalization assumes repetition.

It is clear, then, that *history deals with past social facts*, but it is important to note that *all past social facts are not necessarily historical facts*. The terms *historical* and *social* are not synonymous. A past social fact becomes an historical fact when it has been made a part of an historical synthesis, for *historical*, when applied to human affairs, signifies nothing less than a certain logical way of looking at and organizing past social facts. When our attention is directed toward the *uniqueness*, the individuality of past social facts, when they interest because of their importance for the *unique evolution of man in his activities as a social being*, in selecting the facts and grouping them into a complex, evolving whole, we employ the historical method; the result of our work is history.

If, on the contrary, we are interested in *what past social facts have in common*, in the way in which *social facts repeat themselves*, if our purpose is to form *generalizations*, or *laws* concerning social activities, we employ another logical method, the method of the natural sciences. We select our facts not for their individuality or for the importance of their individuality for a complex whole, but for what each fact has in common with others and *the synthesis is not a complex, unique whole, but a generalization in which no trace of the individuality*

⁵ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from S. H. Holbrook's *Whistle-Punks* in the *Century Magazine* for August, 1927.

of the past social fact remains. The result of our work is sociology, not history. . . .

Sociology cannot, then, be the science of history; it is the natural science of society. Both the historian and the sociologist deal with past social facts, but not always with the same past social facts, nor in selecting and grouping the facts do they employ the same methods. Their methods are logically different, because their ends are different. This difference between the synthesis of history and that of sociology, or the natural science of society, may be crudely illustrated by a figure. Before us, upon a table, lie a large number of pieces of colored glass of different sizes, shapes, and colors. The problem is to form from these fragments a single sheet of glass the size of the table top. It may be solved in two ways. The pieces may be thrown into a melting pot and when completely fused the molten glass may be poured into a mould the size of the table top. When the glass has cooled, we shall have a single sheet of glass of uniform color. The individual pieces have, however, disappeared. In vain we look for that bit of orange or crimson of peculiar shape; it has lost its individuality in a composite whole. But there is another way of solving the problem of unity. Bit by bit the fragments might be fitted together until each piece had found its place and a complex whole, a stained-glass window, has been called into being. The pieces have not lost their individuality, but have retained it as parts of a larger, complex, unique whole. The first process is that of natural science, of sociology; the second, that of history.⁶

Why did Dr. Johnson hate Americans? Why did Charles I sacrifice his friend Strafford? Answers to these questions call for an analysis of the characters of lexicographer and king. They call further for an understanding of cause and effect, of motivation and accident, and of psychology. Finally, they call for a comprehension of the nature of evidence and the practice of argumentation. He who answers the question *Why?* always has a point to prove. He may do this by adducing reasons, testimony, and evidence. He has no choice but to arrange his proof in the most convincing fashion, and either draw his conclusion or leave it for the reader to infer. This is the only acceptable method in biography, history, or the social sciences. Such is the method followed by Harvey O'Higgins in his *Alias Walt Whitman* (*Harper's Magazine*, May, 1929) and by Joseph Wood Krutch in his biography of Poe. It must be admitted that there is a good deal of pseudo-science in modern practice, but the method is always clear enough. It can be observed in Van Wyck Brooks' *Ordeal of Mark Twain* as easily as in the two examples just noticed. Says Mr. Brooks: "Only in the light of this general subjugation of Mark Twain's character can we understand his literary subjugation. From the moment of his marriage his artistic integrity, already compromised, had, as a matter of fact,

⁶ Reprinted by permission of the author and the publisher from Fr  d Morrow Fling's *The Writing of History*, published and copyright by The Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn.

been irreparably destroyed: quite literally, as a man of letters, his honor rooted in dishonor stood and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true. . . . The artist in Mark Twain had fallen into a final trance: anyone could manipulate him now." And as part proof of this opinion, he produces the following evidence:

Fortunately, in a sense, for Mark Twain, he had, in Mr. Howells, a charitable sponsor, a charitable intermediary; but unfortunately for his genius Mr. Howells was no more independent than himself: Mr. Howells was almost as much the nervous and timid alien in Boston society as Mrs. Clemens, and as the latter's natural ally and supreme authority in the task of shaping her husband, instead of dissipating Mark Twain's fears he simply redoubled them. Together, like two tremulous maids dressing the plebeian daughter of some newly-rich manufacturer in order to make her presentable for a court ball, they worked over him, expurgated him, trimmed him—to his own everlasting gratitude. To Mr. Howells he wrote: "I owe as much to your training as the rude country job-printer owes to the city-boss who takes him in hand and teaches him the right way to handle his art"; and of his wife he said: "I was a mighty rough, coarse, unpromising subject when Livy took charge of me . . . and I *may* still be to the rest of the world, but not to her. She has made a very creditable job of me."⁷

Far more difficult than the study of another's motives is the analysis of one's own. It is to be regretted that Sidney's advice: "Fool, look in thy heart and write," has been so often misapplied by teachers and rhetoricians. The student who seeks to record his own deepest emotional experiences without first having learned to be wholly objective in regard to them is apt to be a failure as a writer. Furthermore, he is apt to be very sensitive about his failure because he has been taught to feel so intensely. He should first have learned to regard himself as a scientist does a cat in the dissecting room. There is no doubt among competent critics that Benjamin Franklin had acquired this attitude toward Franklin before he began his *Autobiography*. Charles Lamb is identified with Elia, to be sure, but Elia is different from Lamb in that his master has him on a stick and is turning him about to look at him, to weep over him and laugh at him. Elia is never quite identifiable with the irate gentleman who used to pitch books that he didn't like over his garden wall. That was Charles Lamb. Today the personal essay has not the vogue, save with schoolteachers, that it had in Lamb's day, and for a very good reason. Our age is more critical, less sentimental, less personal. There is indeed a tendency to satirize the personal essay, conspicuous in the work of Weare Holbrook and Robert Benchley, for example. Yet, although there are no great personal essayists today, some very good writing is being done in the

⁷ Taken by permission from Van Wyck Brooks' *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, published and copyright by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.

form. Here is an illustration from the work of H. M. Tomlinson. Note the tendency to sentimentalize, the bane, after all, of the personal essay:

The rain flashed across the midnight window with a myriad feet. There was a groan in outer darkness, the voice of all nameless dreads. The nervous candle-flame shuddered by my bedside. The groaning rose to a shriek, and the little flame jumped in a panic, and nearly left its white column. Out of the corners of the room swarmed the released shadows. Black specters danced in ecstasy over my bed. I love fresh air, but I cannot allow it to slay the shining and delicate body of my little friend the candle-flame, the comrade who ventures with me into the solitudes beyond midnight. I shut the window.

They talk of the candle-power of an electric bulb. What do they mean? It cannot have the faintest glimmer of the real power of my candle. It would be as right to express, in the same inverted and foolish comparison, the worth of "those delicate sisters, the Pleiades." That pinch of star dust, the Pleiades, exquisitely remote in deepest night, in the profound where light all but fails, has not the power of a sulphur match; yet, still apprehensive to the mind though tremulous on the limit of vision, and sometimes even vanishing, it brings into distinction those distant and difficult hints—hidden far behind all our verified thoughts—which we rarely properly view. I should like to know of any great arc-lamp which could do that. So the star-like candle for me. No other light follows so intimately an author's most ghostly suggestion. We sit, the candle and I, in the midst of the shades we are conquering, and sometimes look up from the lucent page to contemplate the dark hosts of the enemy with a smile before they overwhelm us; as they will, of course. Like me, the candle is mortal; it will burn out.—H. M. TOMLINSON, *Bed-books and Night-Lights*.⁸

The scope of exposition is so great that we obviously cannot examine all the varieties in this chapter. There is, however, one form of exposition, not yet considered, which is so valuable to the student that, even though he may never employ it in a written exercise, he should familiarize himself with its function and method. This is criticism, and for us primarily literary criticism. With regard to the word *criticism* there still persists a notorious misconception, which perhaps had its beginning with the critical reviewers of the early nineteenth century, for there are some who still hold the word synonymous with fault-finding. But the true function of criticism is interpretation. No one has stated this better than Mr. Mencken:

The word "creative" is a bit too flamboyant for the right sort of criticism. . . . In this emergency, I propose getting rid of the misleading label by pasting another over it. That is, I propose the substitution of "catalytic" for "creative," despite the fact that "catalytic" is an unfamiliar word, and suggests the dog-

⁸ Reprinted by permission of author and publisher from H. M. Tomlinson's *Old Junk*, published and copyright by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York.

Latin of the seminaries. I borrow it from chemistry, and its meaning is really quite simple. A catalyzer, in chemistry, is a substance that helps two other substances react. For example, consider the case of ordinary cane sugar and water. Dissolve the sugar in water and nothing happens. But add a few drops of acid and the sugar changes into glucose and fructose. Meanwhile the acid itself is absolutely unchanged. All it does is to stir up the reaction between the water and the sugar. The process is called catalysis. The acid is a catalyzer.

Well, this is almost exactly the function of a genuine critic of the arts. It is his business to provoke the reaction between the work of art and the spectator. The spectator, untutored, stands unmoved; he sees the work of art, but it fails to make any intelligible impression on him; if he were spontaneously sensitive to it, there would be no need for criticism. But now comes the critic with his catalysis. He makes the work of art live for the spectator; he makes the spectator live for the work of art. Out of the process comes understanding, appreciation, intelligent enjoyment—and that is precisely what the artist tried to produce.—*Criticism of Criticism of Criticism*.⁹

Now any device or method which will make the reader understand, appreciate, and enjoy the work of another writer should be regarded as legitimate. Consequently the modern quarrel between the historical and the subjective critics seems a little aside from the point. There is justification for the practice of both. For there is a large group of readers, familiar with the past and with what are regarded as the "classics" of literature. To compare a modern work with a classic is to tread on a common ground with these readers. It is to speak in a language with which they are familiar. Such is the justification for the "historical method." On the other hand, there is possibly an equally large group to whom individuality has an irresistible appeal. They demand a "personal introduction" to literature. They find their need fulfilled in subjective criticism and are content.

Of the two forms,¹⁰ historical criticism takes the longer training, but is probably more certain in its guarantee of success. There is undeniably a large element of chance in developing a personality which will be acceptable to any sort of a public. Yet there is a world of fun in trying. Wide reading is probably the best preparation for either method. In one case the student should familiarize himself with the recognized classics and with a decent amount of literary history; in the other, he should study as many practitioners as possible for their methods and to be doubly sure that his own method is novel. The two following extracts are examples of the two kinds of criticism:

⁹ Reprinted by permission of the author and publisher from H. L. Mencken's *Prejudices I*, published and copyright by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., New York.

¹⁰ The authors acknowledge this to be a very rudimentary distinction. No student will ultimately be satisfied with it: there are, of course, almost as many kinds of criticism as there are critics. An excellent initiation into contemporary criticism is provided by the anthology, *Literary Opinion in America* (1937), edited by Morton Dauwen Zabel.

1. *Historical criticism.*

But with the early seventies came the first stirrings of change. The gorgeous romantic soap-bubbles were bursting on every hand. Disillusioned farmers and dissatisfied proletarians were beginning to question the ways of capitalism, and from that questioning was to emerge a more realistic attitude toward life and letters. Realism in America, it would appear, rose out of the ashes of romantic faith. It sprang from social discontent, and it came to maturity when that discontent was clarified in the light of Old World thought. European science and European social philosophy, augmented by European literary technique, completed the realistic revolution begun by the first disillusionment with middle-class economics. There is suggestion in the fact that the progressive phases of realism in America have synchronized closely with the recurrent periods of economic depression that marked the development of an industrial order. The realism of Howells followed the panic of '73 and grew more serious with the labor disturbances of the late eighties; the realism of Garland emerged from the economic maladjustments that bred Populism; the realism of Crane and Norris came with the depression of the nineties; the realism of Herrick and Jack London coincided with the revolt of the Muckrakers that was strengthened by the depression of 1907; and the realism of Sinclair Lewis and Sherwood Anderson synchronized with the depression of post-war days. One must not make too much of such coincidences, yet it is clear at least that these successive probings of American life involved a criticism of the current romantic ideals, and of the plutocracy that had gathered the pots of gold all were chasing.—V. L. PARINGTON, *The Development of Realism*.¹¹

2. *Subjective criticism.*

Sitting in my garden amid the evening scent of roses, I have read through Walton's *Life of Hooker*; could any place and time have been more appropriate? Almost within sight is the tower of Heavitree church—Heavitree, which was Hooker's birthplace. In other parts of England he must often have thought of these meadows falling to the green valley of the Exe, and of the sun setting behind the pines of Haldon. Hooker loved the country. Delightful to me, and infinitely touching, is that request of his to be transferred from London to a rural living—"where I can see God's blessing spring out of the earth." And that glimpse of him where he was found tending sheep, with a Horace in his hand. It was in rural solitudes that he conceived the rhythm of mighty prose. What music of the spheres sang to that poor, vixen-haunted, pimply-faced man!

The last few pages I read by the light of the full moon, that of afterglow having till then sufficed me. Oh, why has it not been granted me in all my long years of pen-labour to write something small and perfect, even as one of these lives of honest Izaak! Here is literature, look you—not "literary work." Let me be thankful that I have the mind to enjoy it; not only to understand, but to

¹¹ Reprinted by permission of the publisher from Norman Foerster's *The Reinterpretation of American Literature*, published and copyright by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.

savour, its great goodness.—GEORGE GISSING, *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft*.¹²

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Define *exposition*.
2. How many different kinds of expository writing can you name?
3. What are the peculiar difficulties of expository writing?
4. Illustrate how new expository topics may be made from old ones.
5. What is meant by "effective attack"?
6. What is the difference between "a title" and "a tag"?
7. What may a résumé omit?
8. What may be learned from résumé-making?
9. What type of expository writing provides a natural pattern for an author to follow?
10. Define *term*, *genus*, and *differentia*.
11. What pronoun serves to test analytical exposition?
12. How can the two paragraphs on candle-light be considered as part of a personal essay?
13. What is the first function of criticism?
14. Why is the distinction of "subjective" and "historical" criticism inadequate?

Round Table

1. Make a list of all the reading you have done for the past month, noting, however, only those items in which you found fresh ideas—ideas which you judge to be novel, not to yourself, but to the decade. Discuss these ideas with your teacher and your classmates.
2. In one sentence for each field treated, sum up what you believe to be the present trends in any five fields of human endeavor. Compare your summary with those made by your classmates. Are you relatively well informed as to what is going on in the world?
3. Outline for class discussion what you consider to be an effective attack on each of three of the following topics: (a) The Hope for American Democracy Lies between the Allegheny and the Rocky Mountains, (b) The Burden of American Prosperity Is Borne by the Atlantic States and California, (c) A Certain Amount of Lobbying Is Necessary, (d) Lobbying Is a Direct Challenge to the Rights of the Consumer, (e) A National Police Is Necessary for the Adequate Protection of Property (f) We Are the Most Law-Ridden Nation in the World (g) A Strict Censorship of Books and Plays Protects the Morals of the Community, (h) Freedom of Speech Is Threatened by Any Censorship of Books and Plays, (i) The

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New Humanism Will Bring Idealism Back to America, (j) The New Humanism Is Imposed from Above and Cannot Succeed.

4. Discuss provocative and stimulating titles for the ten topics suggested in Exercise 3.

Paper Work

1. As suggested in this chapter, make first a résumé of either *Tom Jones* or *Henry Esmond* and then of either *In Dubious Battle* or *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Compare your digests with those made by another member of the class who chose the same books. What points has he emphasized that you have not? Can you in every case defend your choice?
2. Write a thousand-word explanatory theme on one of the following topics: (a) How Salt Hay Is Gathered, (b) How Newspapers (or Popular Magazines) Are Distributed in a Large City, (c) How Ice Cream Is Made, (d) How to Hook Rugs, (e) How the Christmas Mail Is Handled, (f) How the Bobolink Builds Its Nest, (g) How the Radio Works, (h) How Sulphuric Acid Is Made, (i) How to Play the Sun Field, (j) How to Pack a Picnic Lunch, (k) How an Oil Well Is Brought In, (l) How to Apply Stains in Wood-Finishing, (m) How to Adjust the Sights on a Rifle, (n) How Cricket Is Played, (o) How to Prepare a Window Box of Flowers, (p) How a City Ward Is Organized, (q) How Coal Smoke May Be Scrubbed, (r) How an Over-Stuffed Set Is Made, (s) How a Water Lock Operates, (t) How to Make Silhouettes, (u) How Cylinders Are Ground, (v) How to Make a Blue Print, (w) How to Conduct a Jazz Orchestra, (x) How to Throw the Discus, (y) How Fruit Is Canned, (z) How to Prepare for an Examination.
3. Write a thousand-word theme defining one of the following: (a) A Scab, (b) A Bohemian, (c) A Straw Boss, (d) A Bat Boy, (e) A Referee, (f) A Night Club, (g) A Fraternity House, (h) A Blonde, (i) A Grind, (j) A Soirée, (k) A Highbrow, (l) A Lecture, (m) Impressionism, (n) Agnosticism, (o) Humanism, (p) Neanderthal Man, (q) Colourama, (r) A Bibliomaniac, (s) Little Doggies, (t) An Apartment-House Superintendent, (u) A Radio Fan, (v) A Bell Hop, (w) A Life Guard, (x) Chiaroscuro, (y) Methodism, (z) Neoplatonism.
4. Write a thousand-word analytical theme on one of the following topics: (a) The American Farmer Is an Habitual Gambler in Politics, (b) Absentee Landlordism Threatens American Agriculture, (c) New York Has Nothing in Common with the Rest of America, (d) The Diction of New York Is Bad for the Theatre, (e) The Literary Interest in the American Negro Is Not Genuine, (f) The Novels of Sinclair Lewis Are Lacking in Structure, (g) The Metropolitan College Is Likely to Vie with the Country-Gentleman Type of School, (h) The Metropolitan College Is Blatantly Utilitarian, (i) The Student Gets More from His Extra-Curricula Activities than from His Classes, (j) Public Opinion Is a Myth, (k) There Is No Free Press in America, (l) Careful Newspaper Reading Over a Period of Four Years Would Be More Valuable than a Col-

lege Education, (m) The Club Idea Is Given Too Much Emphasis in America, (n) World Peace Is a Poor End if Patriotism Must Be Sacrificed for It, (o) Factory Evils in the South Have Been Exaggerated, (p) Real Wages in the United States Are Relatively Less Each Year, (q) Commercialism Has Taken Place Too Soon in Aviation, (r) The Average College Graduate Is Neither a Scholar Nor an Ignoramus, (s) Scientific Truth Is the Highest Thing in the World, (t) Caste Based on Economics Is More Vicious than Caste Based on Family, (u) The Radio Is the Greatest Menace to Music, (v) Thrift, in America, Is a Mere Catchword, (w) The Family Is Disintegrating, (x) The Individual Dwelling Ought to Be Abandoned for the Apartment, (y) The Lack of Civic Pride Is Conspicuous in American Towns and Cities, (z) Uplift Movements Never Bring Culture.

5. Write a familiar essay on one of the following subjects: (a) Good Fellows, (b) China Statuettes, (c) Sponge Cake, (d) Rich Uncles, (e) Tabloids, (f) A Hope Chest, (g) Serials, (h) Bridge Experts, (i) Old Flames, (j) Park Benches, (k) My First Smoke, (l) Sweet Adeline, (m) Dissecting, (n) Pavements, (o) Back Yards, (p) Too Earnest Friends, (q) Time-Saving Devices, (r) Frills, (s) Old Clothes, (t) Shopping, (u) Second-Hand Books, (v) Fire Escapes, (w) Duties, (x) The Dumb Waiter, (y) A Cobbler, (z) Quack Medicines.
6. Write a critical essay, making use of the "historical" method, on one of the following topics: (a) Millay Is as Great a Sonneteer as Milton, (b) Fielding Is the Greatest of the English Novelists, (c) *John Brown's Body* Deserves to Be Ranked with the Best American Poetry, (d) *Ulysses* Cannot Be Ranked with the Great Novels, (e) English Prose Style Has Improved Since the Eighteenth Century, (f) The Elegies of Whitman Are Purer than Those of Milton, Shelley, and Tennyson, (g) The Influence of Freud on Literature Has Been Evil, (h) Moral Values Are Neglected by the Modern Biographer, (i) The French Painter Millet Is a Romanticist, (j) The Work of Deems Taylor Compares Favorably with That of Any Early German or Italian Composer of Opera, (k) Epstein is Caricaturing the Work of Rodin.
7. Write a critical essay, making use of the "subjective" method, on one of the following topics: (a) Sherwood Anderson's Work Is Superior to That of D. H. Lawrence, (b) The "*Petite Poésies*" of Emily Dickinson Are the Best American Lyrics, (c) Qualities I Admire in Joyce, (d) Hemingway's Passion for Truth, (e) The Sentimentality of Dreiser, (f) Auden, Day Lewis, and Spender Are Today's Most Stimulating Poets, (g) George Bernard Shaw's Romanticism, (h) The Gusto of Modern Biography, (i) Daumier's Use of Form and Composition, (j) Spirituals, (k) Various "Lincoln" Sculptures.
8. Write a "process" theme on some manufacturing or domestic process with which you are thoroughly familiar.

Chapter XIII

ARGUMENTATION

"You will find that it is the modest, not the presumptuous inquirer, who makes real and safe progress in the discovery of divine truths."—BOLINGBROKE, *A Letter to Mr. Pope*.

The scope and purpose of argumentation.

IN HER very fine novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, Willa Cather has given us a memorable example of the virtues which lie in the gentle art of persuasion. Shrewd in many things, Father Vaillant has, however, been cheated by a Yankee trader in a horse-trade, and is sorrily equipped indeed for his future travels. But the good priest so prevails upon the Mexican rancher with whom he is staying that the latter not only supplies him with a choice mount but also gives him the mate of the beast as a present for the bishop. Best of all, the Mexican is flattered that the gift should have been expected of him. Father Vaillant's triumph lies in the fact that his host believes himself to have acted with free will in the matter. When a reasoner produces the same effect upon a skillful opponent that Father Vaillant achieves with his Mexican, that reasoner has scored the highest victory obtainable by the art of persuasion.

Since the purpose of argument is conviction, mere superiority in reasoning will rarely do. The old catch, "Convince me against my will, and I'll hold the same opinion still," is as true today as it ever was. The opponent must be won over, prevailed upon, allured, enticed. In a word, he must be *persuaded*. Brutally cudgeling him is bad tactics. How frequently this is forgotten today, an examination of almost any public issue will show. Because the ability to convince is of value in every field, in literature no less than in business or in law, we shall devote our attention in this chapter to some of the means for attaining it.

First of all, it must be understood that no clear line separates argumentation from exposition. It is only in extreme cases that exposition frees itself completely from argument. It would seem that an account describing the operation of a washing machine would belong only to exposition, but when that account is given by an expert salesman to a prospective customer, it becomes the most practical of arguments. It would appear also that a biography of Julius Cæsar belongs completely to the field of either expository or narrative writing, but

*Relation of
argumentation
to
exposition*

a glance at a recapitulation by Victor Thaddeus shows that even biography lends itself to argumentative handling:

For as an Egyptian he (Pothinus, captive to Cæsar) feels himself immeasurably superior to the Roman. Is the dirty, sprawling city of Rome to be compared with stately Alexandria with its great pharos, its splendid theatre, its large library? *Of what value, indeed, is this Roman civilization that is being forced upon the world?* Has Rome ever been a truly cosmopolitan metropolis as was Carthage, as now is Alexandria?

What industries has it developed, what large-scale commerce, other than the slave traffic, has it encouraged? What handicrafts can it show to be compared with those of the busy Phœnicians? What taste has it for art or science?

No, Rome has created nothing, but has always destroyed. It is the Romans, so quick to call foreigners Barbarians, who are themselves the Barbarians.

To the monstrous treachery and greed of the Republic have been sacrificed Carthage and Corinth. The isles of Greece are littered with the ruins of once prosperous and beautiful towns destroyed by these Italian vandals. And what Rome does not destroy it steals. Are not the palaces of the Roman millionaires adorned with columns plundered from the Grecian temples? Do not the writings of the great Greek philosophers lie buried in the private libraries of these vulgar collectors of antiquities, who themselves cannot read? Are not yearly more and more of the incomparable statuary of Praxiteles and Phidias dragged from Greece to swell the stolen glories of the robber city by the Tiber?

Do not the Romans still go to Rhodes to study oratory? Has there ever been a Roman scientist to be ranked with the great Archimedes, brutally hacked to pieces by a Roman legionary at the siege of Syracuse? Are not all the physicians in Rome Greek and Egyptian slaves? Where is the Roman astronomer to be mentioned in the same breath with the Egyptian, Sosenes?

And the grandeur of Rome as a great engineering nation, its pride in its military highway, bridges and aqueducts—Were not the first paved roads in Italy copied from those of Carthage? Was not the principle of the arch known to Greece before the Trojan War? Had it not been made use of in the tombs of the Pharaohs fifteen hundred years ago? Is there a city built by the Romans which possesses the intricate system of aqueducts by which Alexandria draws its water from the Nile?

In the art of ship-building it has been the same. Was not the first large Roman ship modelled on a Carthaginian vessel wrecked on the coast of Italy, which fell into the hands of the Romans?

For years the mailed fist of Rome has darkened the sky over Alexandria. Will it fall now and crush the Egyptian city as it crushed Carthage and Corinth? ¹

Although the scope of argumentation is thus great and it is sometimes difficult or impossible to distinguish it from exposition, for the practical pur-

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pose of examination and study we may define argumentation as that form of writing and discourse which devotes itself to topics over which there is a difference of opinion, a case being presented by the reasoner (writer or speaker) for his tenets or course of action. The end of argumentation is eminently practical: the reasoner seeks to persuade an opponent to accept his views or act upon his suggestion.

The temper of good argument.

To do this, the argument must be convincing. If men were not governed by emotion as well as by reason, a convincing argument would be one which examined all the facts, centered itself upon the main issues, and by sound logic forced the opponent to admit its truth. But practically, a convincing argument is quite another thing. It recognizes human limitations and makes allowance for them. It seeks first of all to be generous; it spares the opponent all it can. It concedes to him all but the main issue, ignoring the opportunity to punish the trivial fault. By magnanimity it succeeds, and the opponent is not only appeased but even pleased with himself. This was the case of the Mexican rancher in Willa Cather's story. A convincing argument, then, is a modest and unpretentious one.

The first effort of the reasoner should be to limit, qualify, and circumscribe his argument. For the moment, let it be no more than a trick in phrasing ^{*The qualify-*} that he must learn. It is downright expedient to say "it may ^{*ing phrase*} very well be," "it would appear," "it seems," "it is perhaps true that," rather than "it is." The benefits derived from cautious statement are twofold: (1) a guard is raised against attack, and (2) the appearance of modesty is given. Note how, in the following passage, the author first of all guards himself against mistake and against the discoveries of future historians of penology:

The man who *seems to have been* responsible for a great deal of the nonsense which has been written and talked under the name penology, was the Italian savant, Cesare Lombroso, who published his book *L'Uomo Delinquente* in 1876. In this work Lombroso set forth *what was claimed to be* a discovery, to use the words of Major Arthur Griffiths, of "a criminal type, the instinctive or born criminal. . . ."—THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE, *Society and Prisons*.

If statement is worth guarding in so trivial a matter as a point in history, on which the historians were agreed at the time when the author was writing, how much more desirable is it that the main points in any argument should be cautiously stated. This aside, this digression on phrasing, may save the student many a troubled moment later if he will only bear it in mind.

Argument is most immediately successful when the reasoner is keenly aware of the emotional and intellectual status of his audience. No writer

*The temper
of the
audience*

could hope to convince a group of modern scientists, for example, by using the logic of Thomas Jefferson: "We hold these Truths to be *self-evident, that all men are created equal* . . .

When a long Train of Abuses and Usurpations, pursuing invariably the same Object evinces a Design to reduce them under absolute Despotism, it is their Right, it is their Duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security." But this magnificent rhetoric was addressed to a people who had already pledged their hearts to Jefferson's proposed course of action. On the other hand, the cold logic of Darwin probably would have had little appeal in twelfth-century France. As in every other form of writing, so in argument the writer must determine in advance, if possible, the emotions, limitations, and susceptibilities of his audience. When these are specifically appealed to, the argument is convincing.

Analysis of the question.

But the reasoner should give as much forethought to *economy* as to victory. There is little point in arguing until one sees just what one is arguing

*1. Definition
of terms*

about. The question itself must be examined for its intention and its phrasing. For example, it is useless to discuss whether or not Whitman is a poet until one has determined just what is poetry. Technically, the process of determining the precise meaning in every word of a proposition before it is discussed is known as *defining the terms*. Careful definition of terms will have two very good effects: it will remove the danger of not meeting an opponent on common ground, and it will bring out clearly the ground of disagreement and contention.

If the question has been discussed before, the audience or the reader is entitled to some account of that discussion. This *history of the question*,

*2. History of
the question*

if impartially related, may throw a great deal of light on the question and is not infrequently an admirable and telling way in which to open a case. Thus if a person has long sought a hearing, and has been denied that hearing by some sort of blind prejudice, a clear relation of the facts (his history of the question) may have a decided effect in winning his audience. Again, a writer or speaker in showing that the side which he is taking has frequently had popular approval, gains a fair prejudice for his case. But chiefly, of course, the history of the question serves merely for the orientation of the reader or audience.

A good example of analysis of the question, combining both history and definition, is found at the beginning of Mr. John Rodker's brochure, *The Future of Futurism*:

Of Futurism so much has been said in the past fifteen years that, with a country very much divided on the subject of Mr. Epstein's Rima, some belated definition seems necessary.

But to call that work Futurist, as the Press does, rather than archaic, Negro, or South American, traces of all of which influences it may be seen to bear, is to say nothing; for the misleading word does not in this case deal with the Future, but much with the Past. Indeed, primitive and savage motifs are not least important in what we know as Futurism. Thus a first confusion arises in the popular mind; the menace of continuity implied by the word is a second.

In our generation Marinetti, an Italian, first perceived the arts to be undergoing some similar change, and with certain exaggerations the poets, the painters, and the musicians he grouped round him exemplified these changes. What excitement was provoked by his manifestoes and exhibitions proved that there was in most places a reaction from the Romanticism of the preceding generation; that a new Romanticism of machinery, towns, violence was taking its place. War seemed its logical outcome, and, as was to be expected, became its extinguisher. But war could not entirely put back the clock, as the academies had hoped; while in some ways, the revolutions accompanying war gave a wider tolerance. But Marinetti's first avatar left behind the generic term, and Futurism may now mean almost any unconventional activity in contemporary arts, whether Vorticist, Cubist, Symbolist, Vers Librist, etc. . . . *Generally, the word will include all those artistic activities called revolutionary by the academies, incomprehensible by the man in the street.*

Mr. Rodker has taken pains that his definition should be broad enough to include all the activities regarded as Futuristic. Had he narrowed his definition, he might later have been charged with neglecting certain expressions of Futurism which are deleterious to his theory of survival.

There is a most important third step in preparation to argument, in the analysis of a question. This is the determination of the main issues in the case. The ordinary way in which the reasoner finds out what these are is to make a list of all the points which he intends to raise and of all the points which can conceivably be raised against him. Where these two cases meet or *clash*, the direct disagreements may be counted as the principal issues. Lincoln must have followed this method prior to writing his famous letter to McClellan when they were at odds over a plan for the movement of the army of the Potomac:

Executive Mansion,
Washington.
Feb. 3, 1862.

Major-General McClellan.

My dear Sir:

You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the army of the Potomac—yours, to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, across land to the terminus of the railroad on the York River; mine, to move directly to a point southwest of Manassas.

If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions, I shall gladly yield my plan to yours.

First.—Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine?

Second.—Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than by mine?

Third.—Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than by mine?

Fourth.—In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of communications, while mine would?

Fifth.—In case of disaster, would not a retreat be more difficult by your plan than mine?

Yours truly,
Abraham Lincoln.

Here a clear statement of the issues was tantamount to victory.

Outlining the attack: the brief.

Once he has determined the issues, the points which he intends to press upon his opponent, the writer or speaker will attempt to arrange these points to his own advantage. That is, he will place in climactic or rhetorical order the points which he feels himself most capable of urging. Thus arranged, the issues constitute a sort of outline or plan of attack for his case. When this plan of attack is worked out more formally, with considerable detail, with set phrasing, and with some indication of the proof which is to be supplied, it becomes known as a brief.

Although briefing is a fine art in itself, its principles are no more profound than this simple statement has indicated. For example, let us suppose that a student wishes to show that fraternities in a certain college should be abolished. Carefully analyzing his question he will discover that there are two, if not more, main issues. Fraternities should be abolished, for (1) they are harmful to their members; (2) they are detrimental to the college. Let him choose to put this in outline form with an indication of his proof and he has the beginning of a brief:

Fraternities in this college should be abolished, *for*

- I. They are harmful to their members, *for*
 - A. They limit the circle of a man's acquaintances.
 - B. They impose social duties upon the student's time, etc.
- II. They are detrimental to this college, *for*
 - A. Athletics put their fraternity before their college, *for*
 - 1. Jones refused to give Brown the ball in the game with X, because Brown belonged to a different fraternity from Jones, etc., etc.

If the student will extend this method to cover all the issues and all the proof, taking care to phrase each item in the outline as a single complete statement, he can prepare as serviceable an outline for the average discussion as the well-trained maker of briefs. Those who desire more careful instruction should consult some book especially devoted to argumentation.

Proof.

The outline of his case determined, the writer or speaker needs to devote his entire effort to proving his contentions. Here necessity drives him down to bed-rock, to finding the facts in the case. The whole body of proof for any proposition is called *evidence*. Evidence is of two sorts: testimonial and circumstantial. The difference between the two has been set forth admirably by Professor Huxley:

Testimonial and circumstantial evidence

The evidence as to the occurrence of any event in past time may be ranged under two heads which, for convenience' sake, I will speak of as testimonial evidence and circumstantial evidence. By testimonial evidence I mean human testimony; and by circumstantial evidence I mean evidence which is not human testimony. Let me illustrate by a familiar example what I understand by these two kinds of evidence, and what is to be said respecting their value.

Suppose that a man tells you he saw a person strike another man and kill him; that is testimonial evidence of the fact of murder. But it is possible to have circumstantial evidence of the fact of murder; that is to say, you may find a man dying with a wound upon his head having exactly the form and character of a wound which is made by an axe, and, with due care in taking surrounding circumstances into account, you may conclude with the utmost certainty that the man has been murdered; that his death is the consequence of a blow inflicted by another man with that implement. We are very much in the habit of considering circumstantial evidence as of less value than testimonial evidence, and it may be that, where the circumstances are not perfectly clear and intelligible, it is a dangerous and unsafe kind of evidence; but it must not be forgotten that, in many cases, circumstantial is quite as conclusive as testimonial evidence, and that, not infrequently, it is a great deal weightier than testimonial evidence. For example, take the case to which I referred just now. The circumstantial evidence may be better and more convincing than the testimonial evidence; for it may be impossible, under the conditions that I have defined, to suppose that the man met his death from any cause but the violent blow of an axe wielded by another man. The circumstantial evidence in favor of a murder's having been committed, in that case, is as complete and as convincing as evidence can be. It is evidence which is open to no doubt and to no falsification. But the testimony of a witness is open to multitudinous doubts. He may have been mistaken. He may have been actuated by malice. It has constantly happened that even an accurate man has declared that a thing has happened in this, that, or the other way, when a careful analysis of the circumstantial evidence has shown that it did not happen in that way, but in some other way.—*American Addresses, Lecture I.*²

More compactly put, testimonial evidence consists of statements by witnesses and experts—actually heard or preserved in books, or of traditional and

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axiomatic beliefs. Circumstantial evidence is that of "mute" facts and circumstances.

Testimonial evidence, if it is to be accepted by any court or public, must be given by a witness whose fairness and credibility may not be impugned.

The examination of testimony If it can be shown, for example, that a witness has somewhat to gain by his evidence, the value of that evidence is relatively lessened. The best witness is one who stands wholly clear from the charge of partiality and compulsion. In the second place, the credibility of a witness rests somewhat upon his physical and mental competence. Thus a man with poor vision makes a dubious reporter of an automobile accident. Furthermore, it is ordinarily held that a witness whose moral character is shown to be bad may be challenged on the score of his veracity. Whether a man who steals will also lie is open to question, but in this suspicious world there is a strong prejudice against him. And there are special cases where the lack of training disqualifies a man as a witness. Whatever opinion we may hold of John Ruskin as an essayist, we must discredit him as a philologist in that he was absolutely untrained. Consequently his etymology which related "woman" and "weaver" will not do.

For the testimony of experts, the specialists in argumentation have a particular descriptive phrase. They call it *the argument from authority*.

Argument from authority And the argument from authority usually has to be answered in kind. That is, medical expert must be "squared off" against medical expert, and chemist against chemist. But the fact that these experts do frequently contradict each other should have a salutary effect upon the thinking of the average man. The student should carefully determine the field in which the expert is to be respected and the broader field in which his opinion is worth no more than that of Strube's Little Man. As Robert Ingersoll pointed out, servile respect for Authority is slavery:

The trouble with most people is, they bow to what is *called* authority; they have a certain reverence for the old because it is old. They think a man is better for being dead, especially if he has been dead a long time. They think the fathers of their nation were the greatest and best of mankind. All these things they implicitly believe because it is popular and patriotic, and because they were told so when they were very small, and remember distinctly hearing mother read it out of a book.—*Take a Road of Your Own.*

The processes of reasoning.

Circumstantial evidence is the evidence of facts, but it is the evidence of facts as interpreted by human reasoning. Huxley has made this plain to us in his explanation. Edgar Allan Poe makes it even clearer in his short story, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, for he permits us to see the mind of M. Dupin manœuvring the evidence:

"I proceeded to think thus—*a posteriori*. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened: the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must*, then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however still mysterious appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window."

Dupin's mind has been busy trying to discover an explanation for the facts which he notes, or, in the words of the logician, a cause for each effect. In this, the character reveals his dependence upon one of the fundamental tenets of all human thinking, namely, that nothing takes place without a cause, or that, prior to every effect, there must have operated a cause.³ If the mind seizes first upon an effect and moves backwards to determine the cause, it has been discovered to be liable to certain forms of error; if it works

³ John Stuart Mill first formulated a statement of the five types of causal relationship. Known as *Mill's Canons*, they are as follows:

1. *Agreement*

"If two or more instances of the phenomenon under investigation have only one circumstance in common, the circumstance in which alone all instances agree is the cause (or effect) of the given phenomenon."

2. *Difference*

"If an instance in which the phenomenon under investigation occurs and an instance in which it does not occur have every circumstance in common save one, the one occurring only in the former, the circumstance in which alone the two instances differ is the effect, or the cause, or an indispensable part of the cause, of the phenomenon."

3. *Agreement and Difference*

"If two or more instances in which the phenomenon occurs have only one circumstance in common, while two or more instances in which it does not occur have nothing in common save the absence of that circumstance, the circumstance in which alone the two sets of instances differ is the effect, or the cause, or an indispensable part of the cause, of the phenomenon."

4. *Concomitant Variations*

"Whatever phenomenon varies in any manner whenever another phenomenon varies in a particular manner is either a cause or an effect of that phenomenon or is connected with it through some fact of causation."

5. *Residues*

"Subduct from any phenomenon such part as is known by previous inductions to be the effect of certain antecedents, and the residue of the phenomenon is the effect of the remaining antecedents."

from certain causes to discover what the effects will be, it is subject to altogether different types of error. For our purposes, it is convenient to examine these processes separately.

In arguing from effect to cause, we try to show that a known result could only have come from a certain set of circumstances. Thus when we see smoke, we assume that it arises from fire. This necessity of
 1. *Effect* smoke, we assume that it arises from fire. This necessity of
 to cause determining the single cause helps us to pitch upon the tests for its actuality. Our first test is one for fitness: *Could the assumed cause have produced the effect?* In the case of smoke, we are readily satisfied that fire is altogether adequate. But it is not always so easy to produce the true cause of an effect. For thousands of years man was well satisfied with the Ptolemaic explanation of the universe. He saw the sun rise in the East and go down in the West; he saw the stars wheel about in the night in a similar fashion. The cause of this must necessarily be that these heavenly bodies followed a circular course which returned them every twenty-four hours approximately to the same point at which they were first perceived. This cause seemed adequate to produce the known result observed by the ancients, yet how little satisfied we are with that explanation today!

Not only must the cause be adequate, but it must also be the only likely one. The second question we should ask ourselves is this: *Is the assumed cause the only possible one?* Nothing is more interesting than the methodical manner in which a great legal mind first tries to find all the possible causes before selecting the most probable one. This is the procedure which the student should follow to protect himself from error. This, too, is the method adopted by medical men when they are analyzing a patient's symptoms. They do not disregard the teachings of their profession even when the patient has been dead two centuries and the temptation to romanticize is strong. In this thoroughgoing manner Doctor MacLaurin treats the case of Henry Fielding, the eighteenth-century novelist:

Although he has given us an excellent description of his symptoms, it is difficult to reduce it to terms of modern pathology and to name his actual sickness. I thought at first that he must have had cirrhosis of the liver, because it is well known to cause severe dropsy, wasting, haggard face, and despair. But after carefully reconsidering the symptoms I came to the conclusion that such an idea was untenable, for cirrhosis is not noted for its jaundice, and moreover it is caused by long and continuous drinking, whereas Fielding is known to have been a reasonably abstemious drinker. But there is an even more terrible disease which would even better than cirrhosis exactly suit the conditions of our problem, cancer. If we imagine Fielding to have suffered from an internal malignant tumor spreading to the peritoneum, all his symptoms would be at once explained, deep jaundice, dropsy, wasting and frightful appearance. I am assuming that Fielding's form of "dropsy" was what we now call "ascites," that is to say, an outpouring of serous fluid into the peritoneum. His so-called asthma

may possibly have been due to heart trouble owing to the strain on his heart caused by dropsy, and his "gout" to septic disease of his teeth, which would account for the toothless condition which so disfigured him towards the end of his life and prevented him from eating the ships' food.—*Mere Mortals*.⁴

If the investigator feels himself reasonably sure on two points, the argument from cause to effect is the safest known to the logician. The two tests are these: (1) *Is the cause adequate to produce the effect?* (2) *Are there no other causes likely to alter or nullify the expected result?* But unless the investigator is reasonably sure on these two points, his predictions are of no greater value than were those of the ancient witch man and magician.

With apparent "reasonable certainty" one may expect death to follow each of these actions: falling from a great height; discharging a bullet into the brain; swallowing strychnine. Yet there are known exceptions where these actions have not resulted in death. With about the same "reasonable certainty" an investor in real estate in New York City may expect a profit from his money, a card player with five honors in his hand may expect to take a counting trick in bridge, and a patient may hope to survive the removal of his tonsils by an expert surgeon. Yet the investor has lost millions, the card player has been "set," and the patient has died. In each case the result expected has not been attained either because the causes were inadequate or some other cause has interfered with their operation. Thus a particularly stalwart worker in Boston fell ten stories without injury. A cause ordinarily adequate to produce death was inadequate in his case. Thus strychnine has failed to produce death when an antidote was promptly given. Here another cause has interfered to prevent the ordinary result of an action. More often the investigator fails to anticipate the possible interference of another cause than to misjudge the adequacy of the cause which he has selected. Thus the investor in real estate has failed to estimate the effect of over-building, of a general business depression, of rival land booms. The card player loses because his opponent holds eight trumps. The patient dies because of infection.

Argument from analogy.

The second logical relationship which appeals strongly to the reason comes from the discovery of similarities in things. We say we argue from *analogy* when we infer that because two objects are similar in one or more points, they are similar in some further respect. Lincoln's reputed argument for re-election on the basis that "one shouldn't change horses in the middle of a stream" is built upon an analogy. Ordinarily we are more apt to argue

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from analogy than to use any other type of reasoning. It invariably intrigues us because of the opportunity to be picturesque. It affords a pleasant relief from the more abstract logical methods. Finally, it renders a positive service in reducing complex matters to simple terms:

OUR FOREIGN TRADE: IS IT BUSINESS?

Sam Witham, as everybody knows, has kept the corner store at Sandwich Center going on thirty years, and for the past ten years has been the safe and sound President of the Sandwich Center Bank. Everybody has not heard, however, the rumor about his strange and sudden attack of reckless liberality toward his debtors.

It is said that Joe Turner, who owed a balance of \$18 on a mowing machine, which debt it was clear enough he would never pay in cash, came into the store and offered to settle the account with eggs. "No," said Sam, "I can't accept your produce in payment; but don't let that bother you. Order whatever you like, and go ahead running up bills."

Then there was the case of the Something for Nothing Fur Company. They say that the company borrowed \$1,800 from the bank, with which to begin raising furs on Sandwich Island. Its only capital, apart from the borrowed money, was an idea. That idea, like all great ideas, was simple. The company proposed to produce furs at virtually no expense, by keeping cats and rats on the island: skinning the cats and feeding the bodies to the rats; skinning the rats and feeding the bodies to the cats; and so on, with endless profits.

As no profits were realized, however, the head of the company soon went to the bank for a new loan. "Let me explain," said he, "precisely how we shall earn the money with which to pay what we already owe you."

"Never mind that," answered Sam Witham. "We must not look too closely into that question. It is enough that you want another loan. Here is the money."

But why go on with such a fable? Everybody knows that Sam Witham—practical, thrifty, typical American business man that he is—would not for a minute have handled local financial affairs in that way. Indeed, if he had done so, his store and his bank would have soon been in the hands of a receiver, and he himself in the hands of a receiver, too, as soon as an asylum could be found to receive him.

The fact is, however incredible as it may seem, that Sam Witham, as a citizen of the United States, together with his fellow citizens, is conducting international finances substantially that way. To be sure, the debts in question, instead of being \$18, or even \$1,800, are \$18,000,000,000. It is true, moreover, that the foreign debtors are not all bankrupt, nor are they all using their loans in futile enterprises. In certain essentials, however, as we shall see, the two situations are similar.

These appear to be the facts: *first*, the foreign debtors of the United States cannot pay their debts to us except with goods; *second*, we have not made it possible for them to pay us with goods; *third*, we are constantly increasing their debts, by lending them more money, without having any idea how they will ever

be able to pay us what they already owe us.—W. T. FOSTER & WADILL CATCHINGS, *Business Without a Buyer*.⁵

But despite its utility, experienced debaters and writers use the argument from analogy with great caution. It does not appear to be used in a single instance in the works of Daniel Webster. The best practice *Testing the argument from analogy* is to employ it as an ornamental buttressing argument to a structure ordinarily strong enough to stand alone. The reason for this is that an opponent of even mediocre ability is capable of turning an analogy to his own advantage, sometimes destroying the effect completely, without even touching the essentials of the case. Thus a backwoods opponent might have replied to the Lincoln henchman, "Keep to your tired horse and drown; but as for me, I'll leap astride the first strong swimmer which can take me out of the current that is sweeping us all to destruction." But Lincoln stood for re-election on sounder grounds than the homely and humorous analogy supplied. It was on the basis of these that he was re-elected.

Yet if the student wishes to employ an analogy for purposes of simplification and illustration, he should first put it to certain tests in order to determine its desirability. *Are the points of similarity really the essential points?* According to Macaulay, Bishop Watson compared a geologist to a gnat mounted upon an elephant, and laying down theories as to the whole internal structure of the vast animal, from the phenomena of its hide. Amusing as this comparison is, it fails in that the epidermis of the pachyderm is less an index to his interior than are the exposed strata of the earth in "scarpéd cliff and quarried side." And only maliciousness identifies the geologist with the gnat.

Second, *despite all the resemblances between the things compared, are there still important differences between them?* John Ruskin's argument that mills and mansions should be of one architecture with churches and schools, because houses and places of business were formerly of the same architecture as the places of worship and study, is based upon the conviction that there is no fundamental difference between a mill in the town of Bradford and the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels. Over this resemblance it is conceivable that someone might have taken issue with him:

I notice that among all the new buildings which cover your once wild hills, churches and schools are mixed in due, that is to say, in large proportion, with your mills and mansions; and I notice also that the churches and schools are almost always Gothic, and the mansions and mills are never Gothic. Will you allow me to ask precisely the meaning of this? For, remember, it is peculiarly

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a modern phenomenon. When Gothic was invented, houses were Gothic as well as churches; and when the Italian style superseded the Gothic, churches were Italian as well as houses. If there is a Gothic spire to the Cathedral of Antwerp, there is a Gothic belfry to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels; if Inigo Jones builds an Italian Whitehall, Sir Christopher Wren builds an Italian St. Paul's. But now you live under one school of architecture and worship under another. What do you mean by doing this?—*Address at Bradford.*

Generalization.

Now nearly every one of us sympathizes with Ruskin's wish that business and manufacturing should not be so dismally housed. Would he not have been more successful with a different type of reasoning? When the mind discovers a law operating in several examples of a kind, it is apt to assume that the law operates in all the examples of that kind. That is, if five tubs of water freeze at 32° Fahrenheit, the scientist is apparently justified in assuming that the freezing point of water is 32° Fahrenheit. We say that the scientist has made a generalization, or that he has argued by generalizing, in forming his law. Of course, his generalization is a workable, rather than a strictly perfect one. A perfect generalization is based upon an observation of all the examples forming a particular class. But generalizations that are perfect are relatively few; the student will employ the serviceable generalization a thousand times for every occasion that he uses the perfect generalization once: it is his duty, then, to utilize tests which will make his generalization relatively secure. The questions he ought to ask himself are four: (1) *Is the relative number of observed instances, as compared to the unobserved, sufficiently large?* (2) *Are the observed instances fair examples?* (3) *Are there no invalidating exceptions?* (4) *Is there an initial probability that the generalization is true?* To illustrate: (1) Ought the farmer discard a bushel of seed corn because four kernels are wormy? (2) Are the German people martially inclined because they developed great war machines under Frederick the Great, Kaiser Wilhelm, and Adolf Hitler? (3) Ought we still assert that "oil and water will not mix" when a vast quantity of petroleum is in storage awaiting the discovery of some device or method which shall liberate the suspended globules of water in it and render it fit for consumption? (4) Even if we know that Theodore Roosevelt felt that Spain was decadent and that America should inherit her outposts, is it initially probable that he plotted the destruction of the battleship *Maine* in order to foment the Spanish-American War?

The making of generalizations is the purest form of induction. In different language, the argument from particular facts to a general law is induction.

*Relation of
induction to
deduction*

Although Francis Bacon is ordinarily given the credit for discovering inductive thinking, in reality he did nothing of the sort. Men had been making generalizations from the days of

the childhood of the race. It is true that for the ancients formal logic consisted of arguing from a general law to a particular case (deduction), but to have arrived at this general law they must have generalized from their observations. Indeed, it is not always clear at a glance whether one is making an induction or a deduction, whether one is arguing from the particular to the general or from the general to the particular. For example, in the following selection is Charles Darwin formulating a general law or is he citing examples of that law?

Changed habits produce an inherited effect, as in the period of the flowering of plants when transported from one climate to another. With animals the increased use or disuse of parts has had a more marked influence; thus I find in the domestic duck that the bones of the wing weigh less and the bones of the leg more, in proportion to the whole skeleton, than do the same bones in the wild duck; and this change may be safely attributed to the domestic duck flying much less, and walking more, than its wild parents. The great and inherited development of the udders in cows and goats in countries where they are habitually milked, in comparison with these organs in other countries, is probably another instance of the effects of use. Not one of our domestic animals can be named which has not in some country drooping ears; and the view which has been suggested that the drooping is due to disuse of the muscles of the ear, from the animals being seldom alarmed, seems probable.—*The Origin of Species*.

It at once appears that if Darwin is arguing deductively here, contrary to his usual method, he must sometime have made an inductive argument which led him to the conclusion, *Changed habits produce an inherited effect*. This suggests that if we have to do with deductive thinking, it is important that we should first of all test the induction upon which it rests. Thus the argument—

All men are liars.
Jones is a man.
Therefore, Jones is a liar.

—is absolutely irrefutable if we accept the statement that “all men are liars.” But we should first ask ourselves if the person who made that statement based it upon acquaintance with a sufficient number of representative men, and if he weighed sufficiently the possibility of there being a single exception to his rule. Once he changes it to “most men are liars,” he can prove nothing conclusively about Jones. Hence the first tests for any deduction are those which we have enumerated for a generalization; these should be applied to the general law, or major premise, as it is called.

Once we are satisfied with our general law in deduction, the other tests are of a mechanical nature. They consist of finding errors in the statement of the deduction. This statement is known as a *sylogism* and is made up of three parts. The parts consist of three propositions, of which one is the

general law, another is a specific illustration of the thing to which the law applies, and the third is an inference derived from the first and second. In this order they are named the *major premise*, the *minor premise*, and the *conclusion*. All deductive argument is reducible to this form:

All animals are mortal (*major premise*).
The hare is an animal (*minor premise*).
Therefore, the hare is mortal (*conclusion*).

The particular advantage in reducing deductive argument to this form is that it may be tested more readily. There are certain rules which the syllogism must obey in order to have any value whatsoever. One can test a syllogism by observing whether or not it conforms to these rules:

- a. Every syllogism has three, and only three, terms.
- b. Every syllogism contains three, and only three, propositions.
- c. The middle term must be distributed [that is, universally applied], once at least, and must not be ambiguous.
- d. No term must be distributed in the conclusion which was not distributed in one of the premises.
- e. From negative premises nothing can be inferred.
- f. If one premise be negative, the conclusion must be negative; and *vice versa*, to prove a negative conclusion one of the premises must be negative.
- g. From two particular premises no conclusion can be drawn.
- h. If one premise be particular, the conclusion must be particular.⁶

—JEVONS, *Lessons in Logic*.

Fallacies.

This stiff and formal testing of the syllogism is but a type of "trial by water"—to adopt a medieval figure—to which all deductive argument may be put. All reasoning, however, should be subjected to "trial by fire" as well. Here it is better that the reasoner should apply his own torch than that his enemy incinerate his argument by application of the *Flammenwerfer*. Two faults if they exist in one's argument, are almost instantly spotted and made use of by an adroit opponent. These are the fallacies of *ignoring the question* and of *begging the question*.

The phrase *ignoring the question* is self-explanatory. A writer or speaker ignores the question by substituting a proposition which appears to be more or less related to the one under discussion. The real issue is side-stepped in a number of ways. One of the devices most

Ignoring the question

⁶ Explanation of the reasons for these rules may be found in any book on logic. Inasmuch as deductive thinking is of less importance in this inductive age, it did not appear to the writers of this text at all wise to give this matter more elaborate treatment than is found here. They are much convinced of the artificiality of syllogistic logic. Who in his wits, for example, would ever go to the torturous extreme of proving (as above) that hares are mortal? To serious students is recommended the reading of John Dewey's *Logic: The Theory of Inquiry* (1938).

frequently resorted to is that of arguing against the man rather than against his cause. This type of attack appears logical to a mind which identifies the man and the cause. Every great and independent thinker has had to face attacks on his character which originated in the fact that his enemies hated his philosophy. Rousseau was more embarrassed on this score than on any other, according to Lord Morley. Nearly every warm controversy provides, however, illustrations of the fallacy; for example, note the error in the following selection:

Professor Fisher's efforts to prove that the abstainer lives longer than the moderate drinker are rather amusing, if one has a sense of humor. To him they are doubtless serious. Of course, they do not specially interest us, *although they give real evidence against Prof. Fisher.*

It is entirely possible that the total abstainers are people so void of emotions, so lacking in the spirit of adventure, so regular in their habits, such moderate eaters, such early-to-bedders and early-to-risers, that all their actions are timed by the watch. They probably walk on a very smooth road at a moderate pace, and their thermometer would never render any extreme degrees of heat and cold, especially heat. All this might contribute to a long life, if such a vegetative existence could be called life.—CLARENCE DARROW & VICTOR S. YARROS, *The Prohibition Mania*.

It is worth while pointing out that a man with the legalistic training of one of the authors of the above selection hardly committed this fallacy innocently. He is, of course, deliberately trying to prejudice his audience against his opponent. Perhaps he has deliberately sinned to advantage. But the student should be aware that his argument gathers no real strength from these tactics and, consequently, he should be cautious about employing them.

By *begging the question* the reasoner assumes as true the thing which he is trying to prove. There is a minor kind of begging the question and a major fault: the first fallacy is committed by the use of question-begging words, the second, by arguing in a circle. Thus the assertion that "the useless requirements for the certificate of a doctor of dentistry make it necessary for a good mechanic to take a college liberal arts course, much of which is wasted on him" contains not only two propositions but a number of words prejudicial to a fair consideration of the question. Let us consider the situation: A student who is genuinely interested in practicing dentistry is disturbed because he has to study English Composition—a course in which he perhaps has shown no great efficiency. How should he word his objection so that both he and those who made the requirements shall have no quarrel over the terms? Why not this: Is English Composition a fair requirement for the prospective dentist?

The man of strong literary bent is more apt, perhaps, to beg the question by prejudicial epithets than is the person who has no aptitude for letters.

Has not his craft taught him to color his statements in this very fashion? Even the great are culpable, and the student may get some satisfaction from the fact. In attacking the realist, Goethe commits this error on occasion, as witness the following dogmatic assertion: "The genuine law-giving artist strives for the truth of art, the lawless artist who follows a blind impulse strives for the reality of Nature; through the former, art reaches its highest summit, through the latter its lowest stage." The point is that the "smearing" epithet, if used, must be consciously applied, with the dangers in mind, and not innocently attached to the proposition.

One argues in a circle by assuming as true a part, or the whole, of the proposition which he is trying to prove. Matthew Arnold, by committing this fallacy, raises a stumbling block in the way of every original thinker. He holds that a prevalent opinion is a wise opinion because it is endorsed by the mass of the people. He begs the question by assuming that the people are in every way equipped to decide all issues:

No sensible man will lightly go counter to an opinion firmly held by the body of his countrymen. He will take for granted, that for any opinion which has struck deep root among a people so powerful, so successful, and so well worthy of respect as the people of this country, there certainly either are, or have been, good and sound reasons. He will venture to impugn such an opinion with real hesitation, and only when he thinks that he perceives that the reasons which once supported it exist no longer, or at any rate seem about to disappear very soon.—*Democracy.*

Refutation.

The constructive argument is only about two-thirds of any case; indeed, there are occasions when the constructive argument is worth even less than this. The destruction of the opponent's case is not infrequently tantamount to victory. This, perhaps, should be regretted, inasmuch as it often brings to the fore a contentionist who has nothing really solid to offer for that which he has destroyed. But the student should not deplore the facts of life when he can make good use of them. He ought to give the utmost care to his opponent's argument, seeking to meet the main points, branding as trivial that which is trivial, waiving what is of little consequence. His refutation, preferably, should be scattered throughout his case. The massing of objections is usually regarded as mechanical, whereas the scattering of destructive criticism throughout the argument gives the whole case a brilliant edge. If possible, the writer or speaker must be charitable to his opponent. The tone of fairness has the greatest appeal to unpledged hearts.

I shall grant Lisideius, without much dispute, a great part of what he has urged against us; for I acknowledge that the French contrive their plots more regularly, and observe the laws of comedy, and decorum of the stage (to speak generally), with more exactness than the English. Farther, I deny not but he has taxed

us justly in some irregularities of ours which he has mentioned; yet after all, I am of the opinion, that neither our faults, nor their virtues, are considerable enough to place them above us.

For the lively imitation of nature being in the definition of a play, those who best fulfil that law ought to be esteemed superior to the others. . . . I grant the French have performed what was possible on the ground-work of the Spanish plays; what was pleasant before, they have made regular: but there is not above one good play to be writ on these plots; they are too much alike to please often, which we need not the experience of our stage to justify. . . . —JOHN DRYDEN, *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*.

Style in argumentation.

There are students who labor under the misapprehension that all writing or speaking which may be described as argumentative partakes in style of the rostrum. We have tried by illustration and counsel to dismiss that notion. Burke and Webster catered to a taste which demanded architectonics and histrionics in oratory. They have unfortunately been too often cited as examples of what was perfection in the argumentative mode. Today their styles are beyond all question obsolete. A writer or speaker should no more think of imitating them than of imitating Sir Thomas Browne. It ought to be impossible to distinguish a good argumentative style from a good expository or narrative style. Whatever the person affects in one he should affect in the other. The reason for this lies in the fact—and this final admonition should not be forgotten—that in practice there is no such thing as argumentation. Argumentation, like exposition and description, is a rhetorician's phrase. Note the style in the following bit of refutation taken from an outstanding book on painting:

According to Mr. Berenson, the essentially important qualities of paintings are four—tactile values, movement, space-composition, and color, though the last is the least important. He says that the purpose of art is life-enhancement, that tactile values, that is, modelling which gives the effect of solidity, stimulate our conviction of reality by vividly suggesting the actual feelings of an object, and thus enhance our sense of life. He maintains that the representation of movement causes us to rehearse in ourselves the muscular sensations which would be involved in performing the act or assuming the posture which the picture presents to us. Hence by the successful rendering of movement, or of a posture which invites us to a reposeful muscular state, our vital energies are stimulated. Space-composition, in giving us a vivid sense of the extensity of the world about us, enlarges our personality and makes us feel that we are living more abundantly. In his earlier work, Mr. Berenson dismisses color almost entirely, but in the final summary of his æsthetic theory, at the end of his volume on the North Italian Painters, he admits having underestimated the value of color, but still allows it only a secondary importance. He writes: "Color is less essential (than tactile values, movement, and space-composition) in all that distinguishes a master-painting from a Persian rug." From all this it follows that painting is at its best

when it renders the human figure, and the additional reason by which this conclusion is confirmed is interesting. He says that all appreciation of art, all perception of natural objects, involves a projection of our feelings into the things we see, but in figure-painting alone is this not illusion, since feelings akin to our own do animate other human beings, but they do not animate trees, rocks, and mountains. In short, his conceptions are based upon the always untenable, and now obsolete theory of "Einfühlung." No sound psychology has ever maintained that in perceiving an object we necessarily go through a process of internal mimicry of it, and find it agreeable or disagreeable according as the movements involved are or are not congenial to our muscles. Concerning the theory of *Einfühlung*, Bosanquet writes: "It has been supposed that when we take pleasure in a graceful curve, our eye is executing this same curve, that we feel pleasure in this movement, or in the ease of it, and turn this pleasure into a quality of the object whose outlines we follow." Well, it simply is not so—the eye in following a curve moves in jerks and in straight lines. "The muscles are mere scene-shifters." (*Three Lectures on Aesthetics*.)

If the theory offered by Mr. Berenson were true, any distortion of the human figure would invite us to attempt to make movements or to put ourselves in postures which our bodies could not possibly accomplish, and the effect would be objectionable to us. We would scarcely find pleasant our attempts to mimic the uncomfortable position of the nude in Manet's "Olympia," or the contortions depicted in the best work in El Greco. His theory rests on a misconception that art is essentially photography, and in this case, a kind of muscular photography. . . .—ALBERT C. BARNES, *The Art in Painting*.⁷

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WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is the chief purpose of argumentation?
2. Describe the ways in which argumentation is related in practice to the other forms of discourse.
3. What is the temper of good argumentation?
4. How does the prospective audience govern the character of debate?
5. What is meant by "defining the terms"? By the "history of the question"?
6. How may the "history of the question" be employed advantageously?
7. How are the principal issues best determined in debate?
8. The use of what preposition in briefing makes imperative the citation of evidence or proof?
9. Define and distinguish testimonial and circumstantial evidence.
10. How may the "argument from authority" be tested?
11. Name two tests of the validity of the argument from cause to effect.
12. Name two tests of the validity of the argument from effect to cause.

13. Give an example of argument from analogy.
14. How would you test an argument from analogy?
15. Name the four tests of a generalization.
16. What is the difference between induction and deduction?
17. What is a syllogism?
18. What is a fallacy?
19. Distinguish between "ignoring the question" and "begging the question."
20. Give an example of "arguing in a circle."
21. What are the best tactics in refutation?

Round Table

1. By merely qualifying the meaning of any of the following statements, can you alter them to such an extent that they will be true?
 (a) It is not wrong to steal from one who has secured his wealth dishonestly.
 (b) It is more honorable to have charge of an office than to work at a trade. (c) Stupidity is more sinful than deceit. (d) Unnecessarily failing to meet an appointment on time is not immoral and unchristian. (e) It is true that our duty is greater to secure justice for the people of our own race and religion than for others. (f) Cheating a railroad is not so much a sin as cheating a person. (g) It is not the pupil's duty to call attention to the fact that a teacher has given him too high marks. (h) It is true that if a storekeeper gives you too much money, it is all right to keep it, because he would probably do the same if you paid him too much.

2. What issues have been neglected in the following editorial?

PROFITS OF PARENTHOOD

A generation sophisticated, civilized, and whatever are the other past participial adjectives, will welcome the latest application of the debunking process to the greatly overrated industry of parenthood.

What would be the present market price of a non-interest-bearing bond maturing in 18 years and at the end of that time worth nothing? Yet that, according to official figures, is the sort of investing the American people are practicing on a huge scale.

A baby is born to a family enjoying, more or less, an income of \$2,500 a year. At the age of 18 years that baby will represent a parental expenditure of \$10,000, not including the valuable but unpaid services of the mother. At 18 that baby will be worth \$29,000, this being its future net earnings during life expectancy. Of this net profit the return to the investing parent is precisely zero. From the age of 18 to 24 the "investment" will spend his earnings on life and haberdashery. About the age of 24 he will put on his hat and say, "So long, Ma and Pop; I've found a girl."

Once upon a time the farmer could depend upon his multitudinous brood to supply his farm hands and run the farm for him when he became too old to plow. Now his children spend their youth in school and leave the old farm

for the city immediately upon graduation. And urban children, instead of supporting their parents in their old age, acquire a family of their own and seek their fortunes in parts too remote to remember their debt to their parents.

3. Is the evidence in the following editorial paragraph circumstantial or testimonial? Does the editor prove conclusively that justice is generally lax in Transylvania? Is that his purpose?

A year ago February 10 Frank Bulinski, iron miner, died of injuries sustained following his arrest by three coal-and-iron policemen employed by the Acme Iron Company. When Bulinski was brought to the hospital in which he died, Dr. Martin J. Mott examined him. This is his report:

He was in a very critical condition, pulseless and unconscious. His left lung was perforated, several ribs were fractured, and he had a possible skull fracture. He was covered with bruises and bleeding from numerous cuts. He was bleeding at the mouth, his eyes were glassy, there was a depression in his head, and the left side of his chest was crushed in. His left lung had evidently collapsed. He was suffering from extreme shock and was on the verge of death, with heart action failing. There was also an injury to the abdomen, accompanied by paralysis of the intestinal tract.

A few months later the company "settled" with Mrs. Bulinski for \$11,650. Last fall the three policemen were acquitted of second-degree murder in connection with Bulinski's death. Two of these men, John L. Martin and James P. Rudd, have now been convicted of involuntary manslaughter, though Rudd admitted that he had struck Bulinski "more than twenty times" on the head. The third policeman, Bruce Morphiski, was acquitted on the same charge. "Involuntary manslaughter!" One hesitates to think what might, in Transylvania, constitute murder in the first degree.

4. Find in a current magazine an example of "argument from authority" which seems to you to be justifiable. Defend your selection before the class.

5. Carefully define all the terms in the following propositions:

(a) World peace is dependent upon the abolition of all armaments. (b) Competitive athletics is better than gymnastics for the development of girls. (c) The public interest in debate is dead. (d) Child labor should be under the control of the national government. (e) The magistrates' courts in our large cities are generally corrupt. (f) Attendance at ball games is governed fully, as much by the personalities of the players as by their skill. (g) Government construction projects should keep pace with the amount of unemployment in this country.

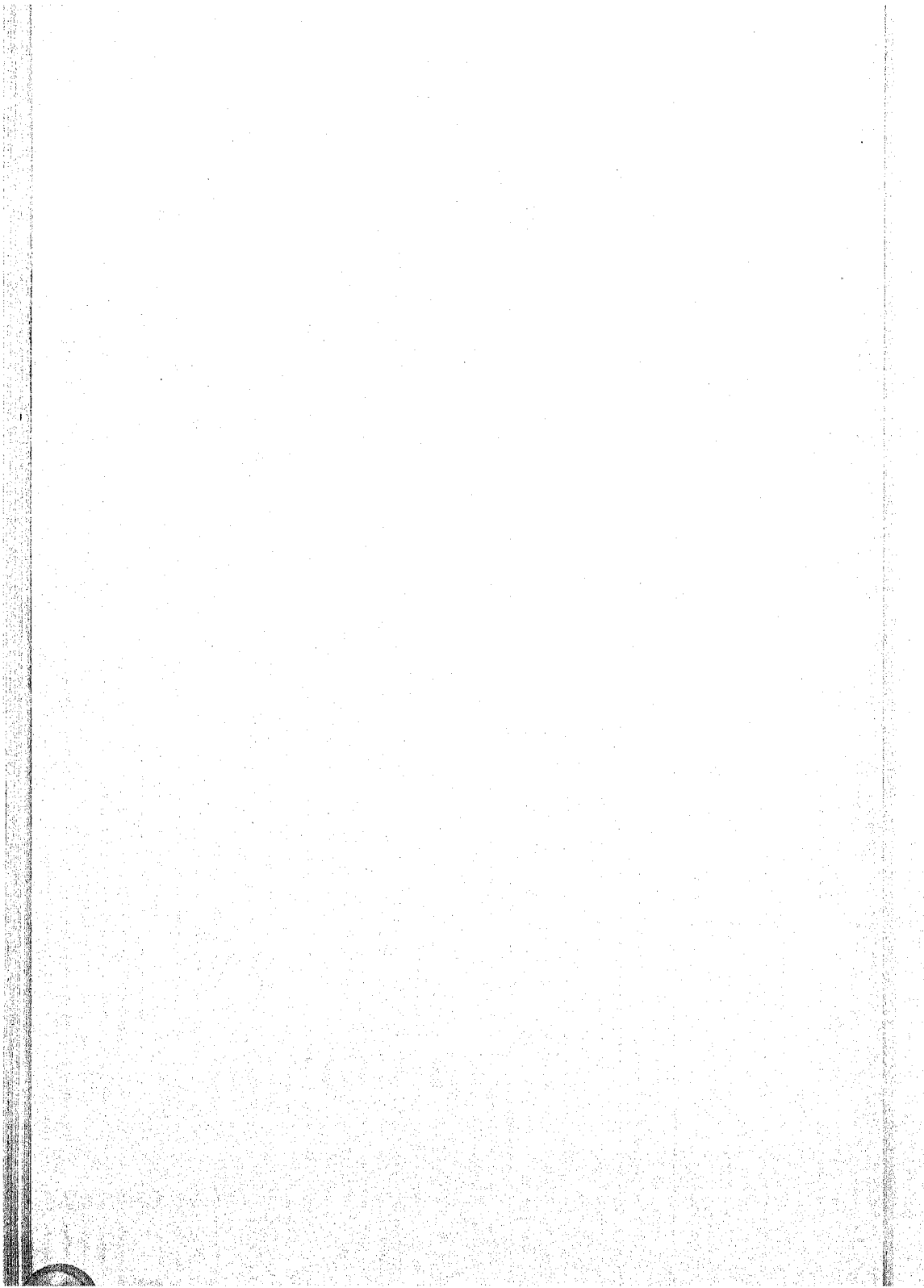
6. Is this a fair generalization?—A teacher asked a freshman composition class to indicate whether it would elect a course in philosophy for the following year if it were given the opportunity. Every member of the class signified a desire to do so. But not a member of the class could tell what philosophy is. The teacher argued that the elective system should be abolished *since students make a selection of courses without any knowledge of the content of the courses.*

7. Point out the flaws in the following arguments:
 - (a) All followers of Roosevelt are idealists.
This man is an idealist.
Therefore, this man is a follower of Roosevelt.
 - (b) Every rule has exceptions.
This is a rule.
Therefore, this has exceptions.
 - (c) Studies should have a practical end.
Greek is a study.
Greek will not be used after one graduates from college.
Therefore, Greek ought not be taught in the colleges.
 - (d) The gods are immortal.
Lincoln is not a god.
Therefore, Lincoln is not immortal.
 - (e) This is the best university in the country.
My class is the best in this university.
I am the best student in my class.
Therefore, I am the best student in the country.

Paper Work

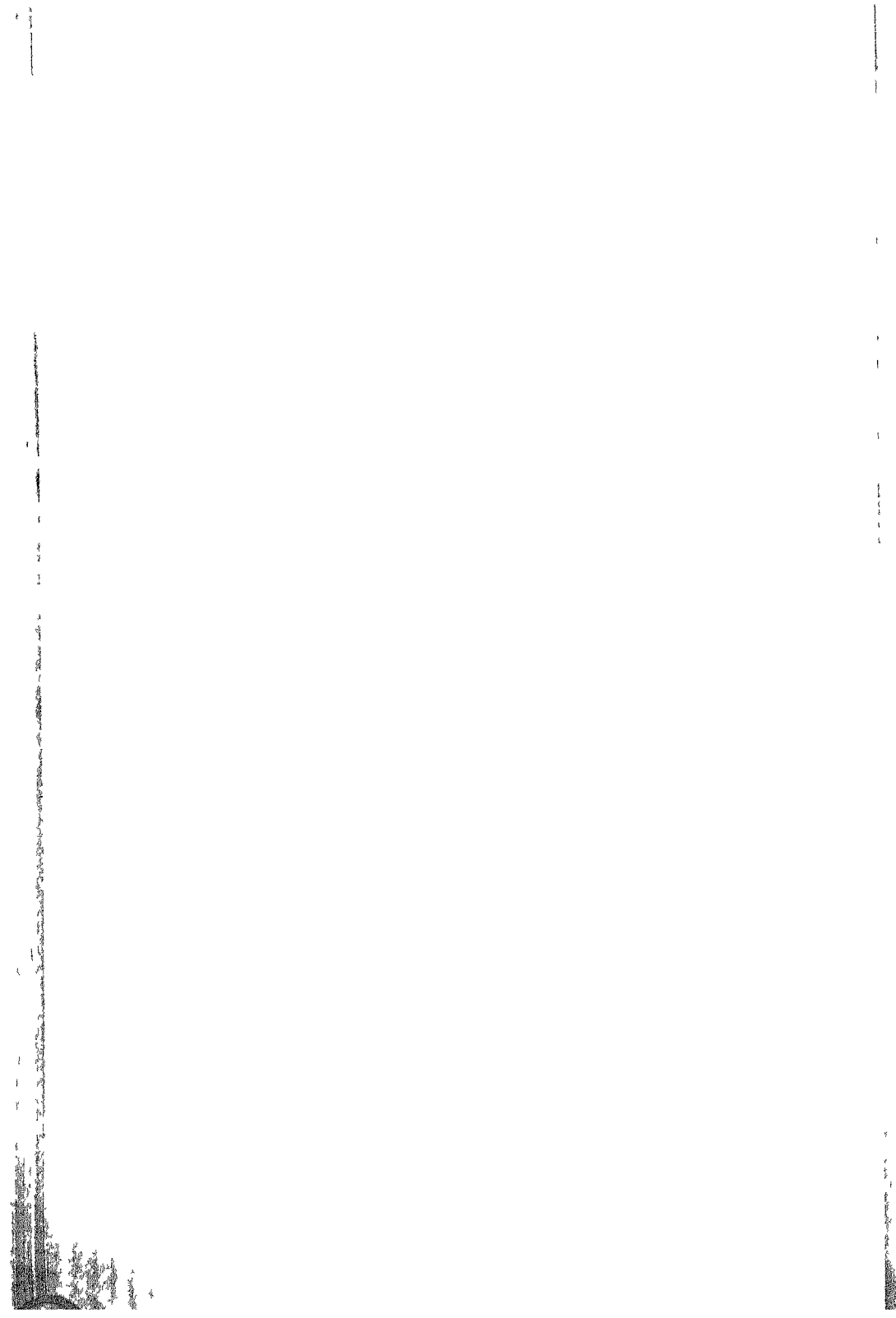
1. In an essay of about a thousand words describe an occasion when a speaker used a strong argument without persuasive effect. Characterize the speaker himself and his audience. Indicate what you think were the causes for his failure.
2. Criticize the "temper" of a political essay from *The Forum*.
3. What can you discover of the history of the following questions?
 - (a) Book and play censorship in Massachusetts should be more limited than it is at present.
 - (b) Lobbying is a menace to our national security.
 - (c) The penal problem is greatly neglected in the United States.
4. Make out a complete brief, indicating also the nature of the evidence you propose to employ, on a question of strong interest to you.
5. Produce a short essay in which you try to prove some point by analogy.
6. Write a *persuasive* essay on one of the following topics:
 - (a) The Elective System for College Courses Is an Evil. (b) The Execution of John Brown Was Justified. (c) The Sale of Firearms to Laymen Should Be Prohibited. (d) Athletic Coaches Should Be Members of the Faculty. (e) All Church Property Should Be Taxed. (f) Save in Cases Where First Degree Murder Is Charged, Trial by Jury Should Be Abolished. (g) Women in Politics Are Justly the Subject of Ridicule. (h) Iago Is a Properly Motivated Character. (i) Realism Is Not Simply a Portrayal of What Is Sordid. (j) All Religions Are in a State of Decline. (k) "Bigger" Men Are in Business than Are in Politics. (l) Financial Prosperity Has Brought America More Harm than Good. (m) Airplanes Are Safer than Automobiles. (n) Nebraska Com-

mitted a Blunder in Repudiating Norris. (o) A High Tariff Means More to the East than to the Middle West. (p) All "Bucket Shops" Should Be Closed. (q) Buying on a Margin Should Be Made Illegal. (r) The Questioning of Suspected Criminals Should Be Done Only by the District Attorney and Not by the Police. (s) Spanish Design Ought Not Be Applied to the Skyscraper. (t) The Boxing Commission Should Be Abolished. (u) The Psychological Novelist Generally Does Not Understand Psychology. (v) Mark Hanna Was More Capable than Any American President Elected between 1865 and 1900. (w) The Bulk of Wordsworth's Writing Is Not Poetry. (x) "Majoring" Makes a Technical School out of a Liberal College. (y) European Culture Has Spent Its Force. (z) Tennis Is the Best Game for Both Sexes.



Part II

THE READER



SIMPLE NARRATIVES

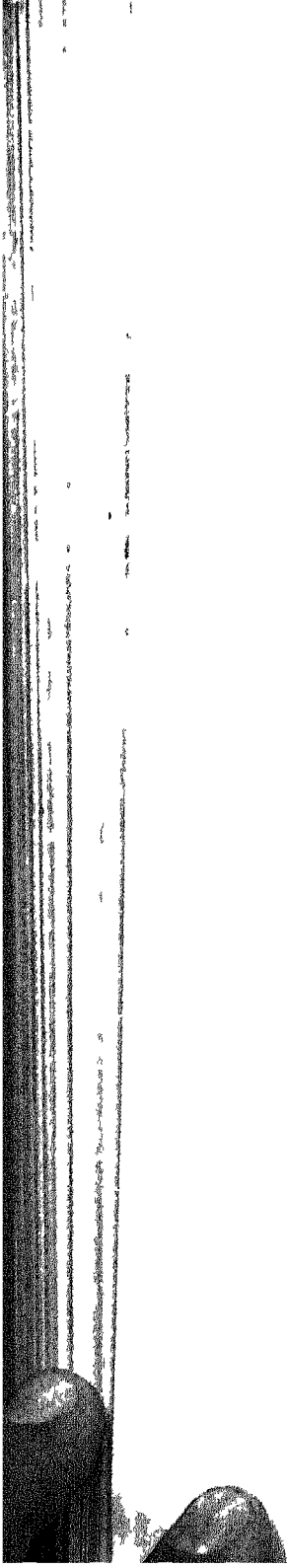
JAMES (GROVER) THURBER (1894—) *interprets the absurdities of homo sapiens with his drawing pencil as well as with his pen, and his morons and imbeciles are the same whether he draws or writes. He has a gusty, robustious manner, with plenty of wit and with little restraint. His men and women, bulbous in body and in brain, find themselves in completely outlandish situations but are unmoved by their difficulties into any but the most vacuous dead-pan expressions. Thurber is a journalist and satirist with flavor that has no acidity. He was born in Columbus, Ohio, and was educated at the state university there. He has been a journalist since 1920, reporting for the Columbus Dispatch, the Paris edition of the Chicago Tribune, the New York Evening Post, and finally for The New Yorker, where most of his delightful asininites of pen and pencil first saw the light. Even his titles reveal his whimsical vein of humor. The Owl in the Attic and Other Perplexities (1931), My Life and Hard Times (1933), and The Middle-Aged Man on the Flying Trapeze (1935) will serve as examples. In these and other volumes he seasons society by laughing at his fellow-mortals—and at himself just as often.*

UNIVERSITY DAYS *

JAMES THURBER

I PASSED all the other courses that I took at my University, but I could never pass botany. This was because all botany students had to spend several hours a week in a laboratory looking through a microscope at plant cells, and I could never see through a microscope. I never once saw a cell through a microscope. This used to enrage my instructor. He would wander around the laboratory pleased with the progress all the students were making in drawing the involved and, so I am told, interesting structure of flower cells, until he came to me. I would just be standing there. "I can't see anything," I would say. He would begin patiently enough, explaining how anybody can see through a microscope, but he would always end up in a fury, claiming that I could *too* see through a microscope but just pretended that I couldn't. "It takes away from the beauty of flowers anyway," I used to tell him. "We are not concerned with beauty in this course," he would say. "We are concerned solely with what I may call the *mechanics* of flars." "Well," I'd say, "I can't see anything." "Try it just once again," he'd say, and I would put my eye to the microscope and see nothing at all, except now and again a nebulous milky substance—a phenomenon of maladjustment. You were supposed to see a vivid,

* From *My Life and Hard Times*, by James Thurber, reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.



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restless clockwork of sharply defined plant cells. "I see what looks like a lot of milk," I would tell him. This, he claimed, was the result of my not having adjusted the microscope properly, so he would readjust it for me, or rather, for himself. And I would look again and see milk.

I finally took a deferred pass, as they called it, and waited a year and tried again. (You had to pass one of the biological sciences or you couldn't graduate.) The professor had come back from vacation brown as a berry, bright-eyed, and eager to explain cell-structure again to his classes. "Well," he said to me, cheerily, when we met in the first laboratory hour of the semester, "we're going to see cells this time, aren't we?" "Yes, sir," I said. Students to right of me and to left of me and in front of me were seeing cells; what's more, they were quietly drawing pictures of them in their notebooks. Of course, I didn't see anything.

"We'll try it," the professor said to me, grimly, "with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. As God is my witness, I'll arrange this glass so that you see cells through it or I'll give up teaching. In twenty-two years of botany, I—" He cut off abruptly for he was beginning to quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore, and he genuinely wished to hold onto his temper; his scenes with me had taken a great deal out of him.

So we tried it with every adjustment of the microscope known to man. With only one of them did I see anything but blackness or the familiar lacteal opacity, and that time I saw, to my pleasure and amazement, a variegated constellation of flecks, specks, and dots. These I hastily drew. The instructor, noting my activity, came back from an adjoining desk, a smile on his lips and his eyebrows high in hope. He looked at my cell drawing. "What's that?" he demanded, with a hint of a squeal in his voice. "That's what I saw," I said. "You didn't, you didn't, you *didn't*!" he screamed, losing control of his temper instantly, and he bent over and squinted into the microscope. His head snapped up. "That's your eye!" he shouted. "You've fixed the lens so that it reflects! You've drawn your eye!"

Another course that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics. I went to that class straight from the botany class, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject. I used to get them mixed up. But not as mixed up as another student in my economics class who came there direct from a physics laboratory. He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciewicz. At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciewicz was one of its outstanding stars. In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter. Most of his professors were lenient and helped him along. None gave him more hints, in answering questions, or asked him simpler ones than the economics professor, a thin, timid man named Bassum. One day when we were on the subject of transportation and distribution, it came Bolenciewicz's turn to answer a question. "Name one means of transportation," the professor said to him. No light came into the big tackle's eyes. "Just any means of transportation," said the professor. Bolenciewicz sat staring at him. "That is," pursued the professor, "any medium, agency, or method of going from one

place to another." Bolenciewicz had the look of a man who is being led into a trap. "You may choose among steam, horse-drawn, or electrically propelled vehicles," said the instructor. "I might suggest the one which we commonly take in making long journeys across land." There was a profound silence in which everybody stirred uneasily, including Bolenciewicz and Mr. Bassum. Mr. Bassum abruptly broke this silence in an amazing manner. "Choo-choo-choo," he said, in a low voice, and turned instantly scarlet. He glanced appealingly around the room. All of us, of course, shared Mr. Bassum's desire that Bolenciewicz should stay abreast of the class in economics, for the Illinois game, one of the hardest and most important of the season, was only a week off. "Toot, toot, too-tooooooot!" some student with a deep voice moaned, and we all looked encouragingly at Bolenciewicz. Somebody else gave a fine imitation of a locomotive letting off steam. Mr. Bassum himself rounded off the little show. "Ding, dong, ding, dong," he said, hopefully. Bolenciewicz was staring at the floor now, trying to think, his great brow furrowed, his huge hands rubbing together, his face red.

"How did you come to college this year, Mr. Bolenciewicz?" asked the professor. "*Chuffa chuffa, chuffa chuffa.*"

"M'father sent me," said the football player.

"What on?" asked Bassum.

"I git an 'lowance," said the tackle, in a low, husky voice, obviously embarrassed.

"No, no," said Bassum. "Name a means of transportation. What did you *ride* here on?"

"Train," said Bolenciewicz.

"Quite right," said the professor. "Now, Mr. Nugent, will you tell us—"

If I went through anguish in botany and economics—for different reasons—gymnasium work was even worse. I don't even like to think about it. They wouldn't let you play games or join in the exercises with your glasses on and I couldn't see with mine off. I bumped into professors, horizontal bars, agricultural students, and swinging iron rings. Not being able to see, I could take it but I couldn't dish it out. Also, in order to pass gymnasium (and you had to pass it to graduate) you had to learn to swim if you didn't know how. I didn't like the swimming pool, I didn't like swimming, and I didn't like the swimming instructor, and after all these years I still don't. I never swam but I passed my gym work anyway, by having another student give my gymnasium number (978) and swim across the pool in my place. He was a quiet, amiable blond youth, number 473, and he would have seen through a microscope for me if we could have got away with it, but we couldn't get away with it. Another thing I didn't like about gymnasium work was that they made you strip the day you registered. It is impossible for me to be happy when I am stripped and being asked a lot of questions. Still, I did better than a lanky agricultural student who was cross-examined just before I was. They asked each student what college he was in—that is, whether Arts, Engineering, Commerce, or Agriculture. "What college are you in?" the instructor snapped at the youth in front of me. "Ohio State University," he said promptly.

It wasn't that agricultural student but it was another a whole lot like him who decided to take up journalism, possibly on the ground that when farming

went to hell he could fall back on newspaper work. He didn't realize, of course, that that would be very much like falling back full-length on a kit of carpenter's tools. Haskins didn't seem cut out for journalism, being too embarrassed to talk to anybody and unable to use a typewriter, but the editor of the college paper assigned him to the cow barns, the sheep house, the horse pavilion, and the animal husbandry department generally. This was a genuinely big "beat," for it took up five times as much ground and got ten times as great a legislative appropriation as the College of Liberal Arts. The agricultural student knew animals, but nevertheless his stories were dull and colorlessly written. He took all afternoon on each of them, on account of having to hunt for each letter on the typewriter. Once in a while he had to ask somebody to help him hunt. "C" and "L," in particular, were hard letters for him to find. His editor finally got pretty much annoyed at the farmer-journalist because his pieces were so uninteresting. "See here, Haskins," he snapped at him one day, "Why is it we never have anything hot from you on the horse pavilion? Here we have two hundred head of horses on this campus—more than any other university in the Western Conference except Purdue—and yet you never get any real low-down on them. Now shoot over to the horse barns and dig up something lively." Haskins shambled out and came back in about an hour; he said he had something. "Well, start it off snappily," said the editor. "Something people will read." Haskins set to work and in a couple of hours brought a sheet of typewritten paper to the desk; it was a two-hundred word story about some disease that had broken out among the horses. Its opening sentence was simple but arresting. It read: "Who has noticed the sores on the tops of the horses in the animal husbandry building?"

Ohio State was a land grant university and therefore two years of military drill was compulsory. We drilled with old Springfield rifles and studied the tactics of the Civil War even though the World War was going on at the time. At 11 o'clock each morning thousands of freshmen and sophomores used to deploy over the campus, moodily creeping up on the old chemistry building. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh, but it had no connection with what was going on in Europe. Some people used to think there was German money behind it, but they didn't dare say so or they would have been thrown in jail as German spies. It was a period of muddy thought and marked, I believe, the decline of higher education in the Middle West.

As a soldier I was never any good at all. Most of the cadets were glumly indifferent soldiers, but I was no good at all. Once General Littlefield, who was commandant of the cadet corps, popped up in front of me during regimental drill and snapped, "You are the main trouble with this university!" I think he meant that my type was the main trouble with the university but he may have meant me individually. I was mediocre at drill, certainly—that is, until my senior year. By that time I had drilled longer than anybody else in the Western Conference, having failed at military at the end of each preceding year so that I had to do it all over again. I was the only senior still in uniform. The uniform which, when new, had made me look like an interurban railway conductor, now that it had become faded and too tight made me look like Bert Williams in his

bellboy act. This had a definitely bad effect on my morale. Even so, I had become by sheer practise little short of wonderful at squad manoeuvres.

One day General Littlefield picked our company out of the whole regiment and tried to get it mixed up by putting it through one movement after another as fast as we could execute them: squads right, squads left, squads on right into line, squads right about, squads left front into line, etc. In about three minutes one hundred and nine men were marching in one direction and I was marching away from them at an angle of forty degrees, all alone. "Company, halt!" shouted General Littlefield, "That man is the only man who has it right!" I was made a corporal for my achievement.

The next day General Littlefield summoned me to his office. He was swatting flies when I went in. I was silent and he was silent too, for a long time. I don't think he remembered me or why he had sent for me, but he didn't want to admit it. He swatted some more flies, keeping his eyes on them narrowly before he let go with the swatter. "Button up your coat!" he snapped. Looking back on it now I can see that he meant me although he was looking at a fly, but I just stood there. Another fly came to rest on a paper in front of the general and began rubbing its hind legs together. The general lifted the swatter cautiously. I moved restlessly and the fly flew away. "You startled him!" barked General Littlefield, looking at me severely. I said I was sorry. "That won't help the situation!" snapped the General, with cold military logic. I didn't see what I could do except offer to chase some more flies toward his desk, but I didn't say anything. He stared out the window at the faraway figures of co-eds crossing the campus toward the library. Finally, he told me I could go. So I went. He either didn't know which cadet I was or else he forgot what he wanted to see me about. It may have been that he wished to apologize for having called me the main trouble with the university; or maybe he had decided to compliment me on my brilliant drilling of the day before and then at the last minute decided not to. I don't know. I don't think about it much any more.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Explain Thurber's difficulties in studying botany.
2. Recount Bolenciewicz's trouble with economics.
3. Why was Bolenciewicz embarrassed at reporting that he came to college on an allowance?
4. Enumerate the author's objections to gymnasium work.
5. Recount the difficulties of making a college journalist out of Haskins.
6. What is meant by "Ohio State was a land grant university"?
7. Explain: "the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh."
8. What were the author's troubles with military drill?
9. Explain: "like Bert Williams in his bell-boy act."
10. How did Thurber earn his corporal's stripes?
11. Recount the story of Thurber's interview with the general.

12. Define or explain: *nebulous*, "quiver all over, like Lionel Barrymore," *lacteal opacity*, *shambled*.
13. What famous phrase may have led Thurber to write "students to right of me and to left of me"?

Round Table

TOPICS FOR DEBATE:

1. State universities like Ohio State are superior to privately operated institutions.
2. Students should not be required to take courses for which they have no aptitude and in which they have no interest.
3. College athletes should not be required to maintain the same scholastic standards as non-athletes.
4. Military drill should be required of all male university students.
5. An exact science provides better scholastic training than does a social science.

Paper Work

THLME TOPICS:

1. I Wristle with a Microscope (or a Dissecting Set, Drafting Board, etc.).
2. Frankly, I Never Did Like Economics (Botany, English, German, History, or other subject).
3. In the R.O.T.C. I Made a Very Poor Soldier.
4. I Do Not Like to Remember My Encounter with Professor Blank.
5. Teachers Should Be More Patient in Their Relations with Students.
6. Not all Students Should Be Forced to Take Gym (or Military Drill).

Forced to leave college in his senior year because of the death of his mother, (JAMES) VINCENT SHEEAN became a reporter extraordinary. Brief disciplinary periods were spent on the Chicago Daily News and the New York Daily News before he became, in 1922, European correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. Wherever history was being made for the next two decades Sheean was to be found. He saw the Fascists march on Rome, he attended the Lausanne Conference; he witnessed the rise of Primo de Rivera. An American Among the Rif (1926) puts in permanent form his dispatches from North Africa when the tribesmen were struggling against then Spanish and French masters. But Personal History (1935) and Not Peace But a Sword (1939) reveal the ardent liberal convictions of the man—convictions formed after experiencing revolution in China, studying revolutionary government in Russia, and witnessing the way of dictators in Spain and Czechoslovakia.

THE MODERN GOTHIC *

VINCENT SHEEAN

THE ARMISTICE came when I was eighteen. What it meant to the war generation I can only imagine from the stories they tell, to me it meant that we in the University of Chicago, that mountain range of twentieth-century Gothic near the shores of Lake Michigan, went out of uniform and into civilian clothes.

The world has changed so much that it seems downright indecent to tell the truth: I was sorry when the war ended. I fumed with disappointment on the night of the false armistice—the celebrated night when the American newspapers reported the end of the war some days before it happened. We were all patriots then. We knew nothing about that horror and degradation which our elders who had been through the war were to put before us so unremittingly for the next fifteen years. There were millions of us, young Americans between the ages of fifteen or sixteen and eighteen or nineteen, who cursed freely all through the middle weeks of November. We felt cheated. We had been put into uniform with the definite promise that we were to be trained as officers and sent to France. In my case, as in many others, this meant growing up in a hurry, sharing the terrors and excitements of a life so various, free and exalted that it was worth even such hardships as studying trigonometry. So we went into uniform and marched about the place from class to class like students in a military academy; listened to learned professors lecturing about something called “War Aims”; lived in “barracks”; did rifle drill. The rifles were dummies, and the “barracks” were only the old dormitories rechristened, but such details made little difference. We played at being soldiers for a few months with tremendous seriousness, and then the glorious uproar to which we had been preparing our approach suddenly died down. Our part of the war had been a prelude to something that did not take place.

And when demobilization came at last the prospect of returning to the regular life of the University had become repellent to me. I had nobody to

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persuade but my mother, who was still too thankful for the Armistice to make many objections. Consequently I went job hunting and spent three months as secretary to a millionaire builder and real estate operator in the Chicago financial district. It was there, hanging out a window above the crevasse of LaSalle Street, that I watched the Black Hawk Division come home. Waving flags and the thump of a military march were enough to stir me to any extravagance; we all shouted and waved and winked back the hysterical tears. Those were patriotic days.

My employer was an odious little man who had quarreled with his wife and disinherited his son because the latter wanted to go on the stage. He was a brilliant entrepreneur, the little man: he used to point with pride to the ceilings of the skyscraper in which he had his office, saying, "That ceiling is a good six inches shallower than the law allows. You can always arrange things if you know how. I got eight extra storeys into this building by that little detail." When I inquired if the building was likely to fall down he sniffed contemptuously. "Buildings don't fall down," he said. The building did start to fall down some years later, was condemned and demolished. By an unfortunate accident, its builder was not buried under the ruins.

He sent me on one occasion to collect rents from the impoverished tenants of a village he owned in Indiana. It was a horrible experience from which I escaped as quickly as I could, but the thought of it came back to me for years. The tenants of the wretched little Indiana town worked in a coal mine belonging to my employer when they worked at all, but they had not worked for many months. They lived in houses belonging to him (if you could call such hovels houses) and bought their food from stores belonging to him. I was to collect what I could of the back rent owed on the disgraceful shacks in which they were obliged to live. I was a failure at the job, for the sight of the life into which children were there being born disorganized whatever efficiency I possessed as a secretary. That day in the little mining town was my introduction to capitalism at work, and it filled me, even then, with disgust. I blamed the busy little entrepreneur as well as the system of which he was a part, and it was not long before the idea of continuing to work for him became insupportable. "Business" (if this was business) bored, irked and revolted me, and I determined to do whatever I could to avoid being involved in it again.

In the spring of 1919, therefore, I went back to the University and stayed on throughout the summer to make up for lost time. My education up to then had been a sorry failure. I had never made any headway with science, mathematics or the classical languages. Of the first two I remembered nothing; of the second I remembered just one Greek sentence, *enteuthen exelaunei* ("and the next day he marched onward")—this not because it had any stirring significance for me, but because it marked the welcome end of nearly every chapter in the Anabasis.

I had derived, it was true, considerable pleasure of a low order from some other academic pursuits in my first two years of college. I had come to the University knowing some Italian, German, and French (particularly French), and could easily make a better showing in these subjects than my contemporaries. My favourite trick had been to register for courses in which I was unlikely to

encounter anything I did not already know. Such conduct was lazy and dishonest, but you could make out a good case for the theory that young people were all lazy and dishonest when they could be. Certainly what the undergraduates called "snaps" (i.e., courses easy to get through without undue effort) were always crowded in my day at the University. The football players, the social lights, the pretty co-eds, and all the other students who regarded study as an inconvenient detail in college life, rushed to inscribe themselves for "snap" courses. I was in a more advantageous position than some of my fellows for wasting time, since more courses were "snaps" for me. I could go to a series of lectures on Victorian Prose, for example, and be confident of hearing nothing new; similarly, in French, with the novels of Victor Hugo or the plays of Molière. I had read altogether too much in the two languages, thanks to a bookish childhood. There was thus a group of studies open to me at the University in which I could, without working or learning, impress my instructors sufficiently to make a good record.

More than two years of my three and a half at the University of Chicago had already been wasted in this way. It was a kind of confidence game of which the victim was, of course, myself. I did well enough in the subjects I already knew to make up for my failures in the subjects I did not know and was too lazy to study. I was too undisciplined, too indolent, and too dishonest to force myself to learn what did not interest me. And it was not until that summer of 1919 that I began to realize the silliness of such an approach to what ought to be one of the great experiences of a life. The University of Chicago in summer was invaded by hordes of earnest men and women from the smaller colleges and schools of the Middle West, working towards their master's or their doctor's degree. These thin, spectacled myrmidons, humpbacked from carrying armfuls of books up and down academic steps for many years, filled the cool gray corridors and covered the green lawns I had always thought reserved for pretty girls and long-legged youths. The summer school, I discovered, was an altogether different affair from the ordinary academic year. If you tried to talk to a summer student during a lecture, a cold glance through glittering spectacles was the only reply. The brilliant hot sun of a Chicago July threw into merciless relief all the unloveliness of these dank visitors from the provincial colleges of Indiana, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, and Minnesota. Their presence was somehow unbecoming, both to their surroundings and to the general fitness of things. I resented them for two or three weeks, and on the few occasions when I saw my vacationing friends, the undergraduates who had finished their college year in June, we were exceedingly witty about the looks, manners, lives, and minds of the pitiable summer students. There were probably not half a dozen of these bookworms, we calculated, who could dance the fox trot decently.

But as the summer study advanced I became more and more uncomfortable about them. They were not beautiful, but neither were they ignorant. They were always putting me to shame, somehow or other. I was not to remember much about most of the studies of that summer; only one was vivid in retrospect. It was a fairly advanced course in French—the poetry of Victor Hugo, all of it, including every pitiless line of *La Légende des Siècles*. The instructor was a visiting bigwig from one of the Eastern universities, a Frenchman with a German

name. He used to conduct the course in an informal fashion, lecturing some of the time, reading occasionally, and starting discussions whenever the spirit moved him. It was assumed that students in such a course as this would be mature and educated enough to know something besides the actual subject matter itself. Comparisons were always popping up, were constantly invited. Most of the students—there may have been twelve or fifteen, men and women—were well past thirty, and probably all of them taught French literature somewhere or other. In that company, through July and August, I first began to be ashamed of my civil ways, and no amount of smug scorn for the bookworms could disguise the fact.

"Vous trouverez ici sans doute que Hugo a beaucoup emprunté à Chateaubriand; n'est-ce pas, Mademoiselle?" the professor would inquire innocently, smiling across his desk at an eager spinster from Indiana. And then off she would go, talking about Hugo and Chateaubriand in a French accent that would have been incomprehensible to either of those gentlemen—but talking, just the same, with information and intelligence. The professor would argue with her; others would join in; and it appalled me that I could not even follow their battle from afar. I had never read a word of Chateaubriand; my interest in Christianity was almost nonexistent; I had no real idea why it had ever seemed intellectually important to Victor Hugo or to anybody else. And I looked at the summer students in amazement. Their excitement over such subjects actually brought colour to their wan faces; they could smile, make jokes, go through all the movements of living organisms when their attention was aroused.

My salvation was that the instructor was a Frenchman. If he had been an American or an Englishman he would have seen at once that my glibness in French was a sheer accident, and that I actually understood nothing of the turmoil through which Victor Hugo had lived and written. But, being French, the professor had a natural prejudice in favour of hearing his language pronounced correctly. In spite of all their knowledge and interest, most of the students in this course had abominable accents; it seemed to be a rule among American school teachers. I had learned French so young that all the laziness in the world could never rob me of a fairly good pronunciation. Consequently, when I had occasion to read some of Victor Hugo's detested verses aloud, the professor would lean back in his chair with satisfaction. Thus, combined with a prudent silence when the discussions were out of my depth, gave the good man the idea that I really knew something of the subject, and I finished the course with an unjustifiably handsome record.

But something important happened to me during the summer of 1919, thanks chiefly to the Hugo poems. I had been realizing with increasing clarity, week after week, the superficial character of my own mind. I was nineteen, and I knew nothing. The fact that I could speak a sort of French had nothing to do with me; what credit there might be for that should have gone to the devout and kindly Irish priest who had tutored me in it for years. Of the actual meaning of French literature I knew far less than the scrubbiest high-school teacher from Iowa. The struggles of men's minds—whether of contemporary minds or of those like Chateaubriand's and Hugo's, long gone to dust—meant nothing to me at all. I had existed without realizing that it seriously mattered to any-

body what men believed, or under what form of government, in what structure of society, they lived. The summer's study gave me no love for the poetry of Victor Hugo: on the contrary, the mere thought of *La Légende des Siècles* made me feel slightly uneasy for years to come. But I did derive from it some idea of what the process of literature could be—some hint of the stormy sincerity in which minds like Hugo's sought for the truth. The suggestion, however dim, was sufficient reward for the boredom of reading what then seemed to me an intolerable quantity of pompous, overstuffed verse.

My ideas of what I might get out of the University thereafter submitted to rearrangement. Words could no longer suffice: I understood Hugo's words well enough, the upholstery of his mind, but it was the mind itself that escaped me. If a mind of Hugo's quality was incomprehensible, how could I expect to know anything about the rarer minds that did (even then) seem to me most worth the effort of comprehension: Molière, Racine, Shakespeare? And, even in a world I found tiresome beyond my powers of resistance, the world of the "Victorian Prose Writers," what could I hope to understand by words alone? It was clear, after the Hugo experience, that literature involved something at once more complex and more ordinary, more closely related to the whole life of mankind, than the science of stringing words together in desirable sequences, however fascinating the contemplation of such patterns might seem to a bookish and word-conscious nature.

Nothing could be learned about literature by studying literature: that was what it came to. Courses in literature seldom took on the vitality of that special Hugo course with its special participants. In general, they were either arranged to suit average students with no interest in the subject, or specialists with an interest so minute that it was (in my view) equivalent to no interest at all. I had no desire to count the feminine endings in the lines of the *Canterbury Tales*. What I wanted to know—in so far as I really wanted to know anything about them—was why the *Canterbury Tales* were written; what mysterious springs existed in the mind and heart of a man named Geoffrey Chaucer to bring forth such a particular stream of articulated language; what the world was like for which he wrote, in which he lived, and what was his particular struggle with it. Professors did sometimes try to convey this sort of information; but it was obvious that they had obtained it elsewhere and were passing it on in capsule form. Where had they obtained it?

History, perhaps, was the answer; philosophy might be part of it.

That autumn, when the regular academic year began, I switched from the faculties of English literature and Romance languages to those of history and philosophy. And perhaps if this had been the arrangement two years before I might not have wasted quite so much time.

I am not suggesting that I became a model of industry and scholarship promptly at nine o'clock on the morning of registration day in October, 1919. I still frittered away a good three-quarters or four-fifths of my time, still registered for an occasional course of lectures that could be treated cavalierly as a "snap" (History of Venetian Art, for instance). But at least I was not behaving altogether as if the University were a country club. Both in history and in philosophy I learned something—not much, but something. There was a course in Plato

that conveyed meaning to me; another, on the German idealists, I found as exciting as a romantic novel. But perhaps the most interesting of all—the one to be recalled most often in subsequent life—was a term of lectures and reading on the Decline of the Ottoman Empire.

This—an “advanced,” and therefore a rather small, class—was in charge of an inspired teacher. I never knew what made the difference between a good and a bad teacher, but I did know that Ferdinand Schevill was a superlatively good one. He was a German, short and rather formidable in appearance, with eyeglasses and a neatly trimmed Vandyke beard. His university was Heidelberg or Bonn, I believe, and yet he had none of that pedantry which is supposed to be the vice of German scholarship. When he led us through the immense and complicated story of the decay that fell upon Sulciman’s empire after the seventeenth century he did not try to treat it microscopically as an isolated phenomenon. He talked about the Arabs, the Turks, the Balkan peoples, as if they were alive; and they soon began to come to life for me. Schevill’s system was to allow his students to read at will through the whole literature of the subject, and therefrom to choose, halfway through the course, a particular aspect for further reading and a final paper. I began to read everything I could find about the Asiatic empire of the Turks. Almost from the first day that side of the Bosphorus seemed to me of greater interest than this. I extended my researches to the files of newspapers and magazines, and when it came time to choose, I took for my term paper the history of the Wahabite movement.

An odder choice for a nineteen-year-old undergraduate at the University of Chicago would be hard to imagine. Ibn es-Sa’ud was then almost unknown to the Western world, and the literature on the Wahabi was scarce indeed. I read everything I could find in English, French, or German, and performed the best piece of honest work I had ever done. For a few weeks, while I was reading in the library, I nearly persuaded myself that I was living in Arabia, and sometimes the vast cloaks and camel turbans of the Bedawin seemed more real than the swishing skirts of the co-eds going by. Later on I obtained permission to go down into the stacks of that huge library—steel stacks with glass floors running among them, layer upon layer. The world’s knowledge lay there like a sunken continent swimming in subaqueous light, and through its fields I ranged more or less at will. My interest in Islam, such as it was, began that year, and what I learned in Schevill’s course was never wholly forgotten. If other teachers had been like him, other subjects as vivid to me as the disintegration of Turkey became, I might have learned more in my long sojourn under the sham-Gothic towers.

But the social system of the undergraduate world in which I lived was the villain of the piece. No teacher could have compelled full attention from a mind preoccupied with elaborate details of social relationship. The University of Chicago, one of the largest and richest institutions of learning in the world, was partly inhabited by a couple of thousand young nincompoops whose ambition in life was to get into the right fraternity or club, go to the right parties, and get elected to something or other. The frivolous two thousand—the undergraduate body, the “campus”—may have been a minority, for the University contained a great many solitary workers in both the undergraduate and graduate fields;

but the minority thought itself a majority, thought itself, in fact, the whole of the University. And it was to the frivolous two thousand that I belonged.

Chicago was by no means the worst American university in this respect—it was supposed, on the contrary, to be one of the best; but even at Chicago “campus activities” were the most serious part of life. Freshmen chose, on the advice of their elders, which of these “activities” to pursue throughout the four years. Some “went out for the *Maroon*” (i.e., worked for the college’s daily newspaper), some “for the team” (i.e., football), some for other organized athletics, and some for “class politics.” Rare and wonderful freshmen “went out for” everything at once.

There were hierarchies in the *Daily Maroon*, in the Dramatic Club, which made productions every two or three months and in the Blackfriars. This last was an association of undergraduates interested in producing an operetta (original, more or less) in the spring of every year with men in all the parts. Freshmen were graduated through the successive steps in all these organizations until the survivors, by natural selection and incredibly hard work, stood out in their senior year, immortal: the editor of the *Maroon*, the president of the Dramatic Club, the abbot (and other officials) of Blackfriars. Football and track athletics had their four-year plans as well, but they were not my line of country, and I knew little about them.

Organized “activities,” as occupation for the energies of youth, could have done no harm if they had not been supplemented, and to some extent even controlled, by a social life of singular ferocity. The women undergraduates had a number of clubs to which all the “nice” girls were supposed to belong. Four or five of these clubs were “good” and the rest “bad.” Their goodness and badness were absolute, past, present and future, and could not be called into question. They had no houses or rooms of their own, but they maintained a rigid solidarity and succeeded in imposing upon the undergraduate society a tone of intricate, overweening snobbery.

The men were grouped in Greek-letter fraternities with houses for residence. Half a dozen of these were “good” and the rest “bad”; but their goodness and badness were not quite so irremediable as the similar qualifications among the women’s clubs. The fraternities were national organizations, with chapters in most of the American universities, and it was well known that the same fraternity might be “good” at the University of California and “bad” at Yale. The salutary effect of this consideration was supported by the fact that the men did not seem to have the same high degree of social cruelty as the women. Men often joined a fraternity because their brothers or fathers had belonged to it, because they had friends in it, because they liked some one person in it, or even because its house or its food or its heating system appealed to them. Such homely, sensible reasons weighed little with the women. All of them, true to the great tradition of American womanhood, took the very “best” club to which they could possibly be elected, and the logic of their behaviour kept their club system rigid throughout my four years at the University.

My experience with the fraternity system was a weird one. It was in no way typical, but it exhibited some of the cannibalistic character of the institution and the intensity with which its importance was felt among the undergraduates. I en-

tered the University ignorant of even the names of the Greek-letter societies. On my first or second day I was asked to lunch at a fraternity house and went. On the next day I discovered that that godlike creature, the editor of the *Maroon*, was a member of this very fraternity. When, on about the fourth day, I was asked to pledge myself to join it, I accepted at once.

Followed what has since appeared to be a grand tragicomic episode. I moved into the fraternity house, where lived the friends, ready-made, among whom I was supposed to pass four years. My roommate was Alan Le May, a dour, dark and silent freshman with a sharp intelligence. He afterwards took to making vast sums of money by writing about the wild and woolly West, but at the time he was more concerned with such effete Eastern matters as French composition and English literature. There were a number of other brothers-in-the-bond who loomed particularly large. Above them all, in a kind of hazy splendour like that which crowns a high mountain in the sun, there dwelt the supreme god, A.B., the editor of the *Maroon*. He was kind to me, suggested books to read, talked to me about the scraps of verse I used to write. I never saw anybody afterwards who possessed quite his Olympian quality, and two or three kings, with a pope and a president thrown in, could not possibly have awed me so much in later days as he awed me then. In all, I was happy in that life; but it was not prolonged.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What was "the false armistice"? When was the real armistice? How old was Sheean?
2. Why was Sheean disappointed at the end of the war?
3. Who was Sheean's employer? Describe Sheean's duties.
4. What is the *Anabasis*?
5. What made it possible on his return to college for Sheean to loaf with greater ease than could some of his colleagues?
6. Identify Victor Hugo, Molière, and Chateaubriand.
7. How did summer school at the University of Chicago differ from the regular session?
8. How did Sheean acquire fluency in French?
9. What is meant by "the feminine endings in the lines of the Canterbury Tales"?
10. Why did Sheean change courses of study? To what did he transfer?
11. Who taught the course on the Decline of the Ottoman Empire? What do you understand the Ottoman Empire to have been?
12. What was the Wahabite movement?
13. What prevented Sheean from following out the course begun on the history of Turkey?
14. What were the worst aspects of undergraduate life encountered by Sheean?

Round Table

1. Is there a cult of snobbery that makes ignorance a virtue in American colleges?
2. Are fraternities a spur or deterrent to intellectual growth?
3. Is Sheean's raillery at "sham Gothic" justified?

Paper Work

1. Write a paper on the intellectual climate of your college.
2. Write a paper on "Envy Activates the Anti-Fraternity Man" or on "Fraternities Cultivate Snobbishness."
3. Write a paper on "I Nearly Became a Student."
4. Make a research report on the days of the S.A.T.C. in the American colleges.

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER (1841-1906), the distinguished pupil of a distinguished scientist, was born in Kentucky and educated at Harvard, where for three years he studied geology and zoology under Louis Agassiz. After two years as a captain in the Union Army, he returned to Harvard as assistant to Agassiz and in 1869 became professor of paleontology (later geology) there. From 1891 until his death he served also as Dean of Lawrence Scientific School. For many years he was State Geologist of Kentucky and director of the Atlantic Coast Division of the United States Geological Survey. He is the author of many technical and popular books.

Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz (1807-1873), Shaler's revered master, was born in Switzerland and was educated in Germany. After having become widely known in Europe for his classifications of fossil fishes and his studies of the laws of glacial movements, he came to the United States and in 1848 was appointed professor of zoology at the Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard. Among other notable contributions to science in his adopted country, he established the first American biological stations. As a teacher he was famous.

A LESSON FROM AGASSIZ *

NATHANIEL SOUTHGATE SHALER

AGASSIZ's laboratory was then in a rather small two-storied building looking much like a square dwelling house, which stood where the College Gymnasium now stands. . . . Agassiz had recently moved into it from a shed on the marsh near Brighton Bridge, the original tenants, the engineers, having come to riches in the shape of the brick structure now known as the Lawrence Building. In this primitive establishment Agassiz's laboratory, as distinguished from the storerooms where the collections were crammed, occupied one room about thirty feet long and fifteen feet wide—what is now the west room on the lower floor of the edifice. In this place, already packed, I had assigned to me a small pine table with a rusty tin pan upon it. . . .

When I sat me down before my tin pan, Agassiz brought me a small fish, placing it before me with the rather stern requirement that I should study it, but should on no account talk to any one concerning it, nor read anything relating to fishes, until I had his permission to do so. To my inquiry, "What shall I do?" he said in effect: "Find out what you can without damaging the specimen: when I think that you have done the work, I will question you." In the course of an hour I thought I had compassed that fish; it was rather an unsavory object, giving forth the stench of old alcohol, then loathsome to me, though in time I came to like it. Many of the scales were loosened so that they fell off. It appeared to me to be a case for a summary report, which I was anxious to make and get on to the next stage of the business. But Agassiz, though always within call, concerned himself no further with me that day, nor the next, nor for a week. At first, this neglect was distressing; but I saw that it was a game, for he was, as I discerned rather than saw, covertly watching me. So I set my wits

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to work upon the thing, and in the course of a hundred hours or so thought I had done much—a hundred times as much as seemed possible at the start. I got interested in finding out how the scales went in series, their shape, the form and placement of the teeth, etc. Finally, I felt full of the subject, and probably expressed it in my bearing; as for words about it, then, there were none from my master except his cheery “Good morning.” At length, on the seventh day, came the question, “Well?” and my disgorge of learning to him as he sat on the edge of my table, puffing his cigar. At the end of the hour’s telling, he swung off and away, saying: “That is not right.” Here I began to think that, after all, perhaps the rules for scanning Latin verse were not the worst infliction in the world. Moreover, it was clear that he was playing a game with me to find if I were capable of doing hard, continuous work without the support of a teacher, and this stimulated me to labor. I went at the task anew, discarded my first notes, and in another week of ten hours a day labor I had results which astonished myself, and satisfied him. Still there was no trace of praise in word or manner. He signified that it would do by placing before me about a half a peck of bones, telling me to see what I could make of them, with no further directions to guide me. I soon found that they were the skeletons of half a dozen fishes of different species—the jaws told me so much at a first inspection. The task evidently was to fit the separate bones together in their proper order. Two months or more went to this task, with no other help than an occasional looking over my grouping, with the stereotyped remark: “That is not right.” Finally, the task was done, and I was again set upon alcoholic specimens—this time a remarkable lot of specimens, representing perhaps twenty species of the side-swimmers or *Pleuronectidæ*.

I shall never forget the sense of power in dealing with things which I felt in beginning the more extended work on a group of animals. I had learned the art of comparing objects, which is the basis of the naturalist’s work. At this stage I was allowed to read and to discuss my work with others about me. I did both eagerly, and acquired a considerable knowledge of the literature of ichthyology, becoming especially interested in the system of classification, then most imperfect. I tried to follow Agassiz’s scheme of division into the order of ctenoids and ganoids, with the result that I found one of my species of side-swimmers had cycloid scales on one side and ctenoid on the other. This not only shocked my sense of the value of classification in a way that permitted of no full recovery of my original respect for the process, but for a time shook my confidence in my master’s knowledge. At the same time I had a malicious pleasure in exhibiting my *find* to him, expecting to repay in part the humiliation which he had evidently tried to inflict on my conceit. To my question as to how the nondescript should be classified, he said: “My boy, there are now two of us who know that.”

This incident of the fish made an end of my novitiate. After that, with a suddenness of transition which puzzled me, Agassiz became very communicative; we passed, indeed, into the relation of friends of like age and purpose, and he actually consulted me as to what I should like to take up as a field of study. Finding that I wished to devote myself to geology, he set me to work on the *Brachiopoda* as the best group of fossils to serve as data in determining the

Palæozoic horizons. So far as his rather limited knowledge of the matter went, he guided me in the field about Cambridge, in my reading, and to acquaintances of his who were concerned with earth structures.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Substitute other words for the following ones in the selection: *primitive, specimen, loathsome, summary, distressing, covertly, disgorge, infliction, stereotyped, ichthyology, nondescript.*
2. What are the *Brachiopoda*? What is meant by "Palæozoic horizons"?
3. What is the distinction between ctenoids and ganoids?
4. What was the site of Agassiz's laboratory?
5. What is the significance of Agassiz's remark, "My boy, there are now two of us who know that"?

Round Table

1. How could Shaler have learned all that he did with less effort?
2. Had Shaler any scientific experience, do you think, before Agassiz set him to work?
3. Was Agassiz's method of teaching pedagogically sound?

Paper Work

1. Write an account of your first laboratory experience.
2. Write a character sketch or "profile" of Agassiz, using not only this sketch but any other source you can discover. See "At the Saturday Club" by Oliver Wendell Holmes.
3. Write an imaginary interview with Agassiz.

MARK TWAIN is the pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), typesetter, columnist, river pilot, Confederate soldier, prospector, reporter, lecturer, traveler, entertainer, publisher, speculator, international celebrity, "Belle of New York," and favorite interlocutor of the American people. Besides writing *The Gilded Age*, *Tom Sawyer*, *Huckleberry Finn*, and numerous other books popular in his lifetime, Twain left in manuscript a considerable amount of miscellaneous stuff which Bernard De Voto, critic, and agent of the Mark Twain estate, is gradually editing. Two volumes have appeared—*Mark Twain in Eruption* (1942) and *Mark Twain at Work* (1942); of these the second is chiefly editorial criticism.

JIM WOLF AND THE WASPS *

MARK TWAIN

UNCLE REMUS still lives and must be over a thousand years old. Indeed I know that this must be so, because I have seen a new photograph of him in the public prints within the last month or so, and in that picture his aspects are distinctly and strikingly geological, and one can see that he is thinking about the mastodons and the plesiosaurians that he used to play with when he was young.

It is just a quarter of a century since I have seen Uncle Remus. He visited us in our home in Hartford and was reverently devoured by the big eyes of Susy and Clara, for I made a deep and awful impression upon the little creatures—who knew his book by heart through my nightly declamation of its tales to them—by revealing to them privately that he was the real Uncle Remus whitewashed so that he could come into people's houses the front way.

He was the bashfullest grown person I have ever met. When there were people about he stayed silent and seemed to suffer until they were gone. But he was lovely, nevertheless, for the sweetness and benignity of the immortal Remus looked out from his eyes, and the graces and sincerities of his character shone in his face.

It may be that Jim Wolf was as bashful as Harris. It hardly seems possible, yet as I look back fifty-six years and consider Jim Wolf, I am almost persuaded that he was. He was our long slim apprentice in my brother's printing office in Hannibal. However, in an earlier chapter I have already introduced him. He was the lad whom I assisted with uninvited advice and sympathy the night he had the memorable adventure with the cats. He was seventeen and yet he was as much as four times as bashful as I was, though I was only fourteen. He boarded and slept in the house but he was always tongue-tied in the presence of my sister, and when even my gentle mother spoke to him he could not answer save in frightened monosyllables. He would not enter a room where a girl was; nothing could persuade him to do such a thing.

Once when he was in our small parlor alone, two majestic old maids entered and seated themselves in such a way that Jim could not escape without passing

* From *Mark Twain in Eruption*, edited by Bernard De Voto, reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

by them. He would as soon have thought of passing by one of Harris's plesiosaurs, ninety feet long. I came in presently, was charmed with the situation, and sat down in a corner to watch Jim suffer and to enjoy it. My mother followed, a minute later, and sat down with the visitors and began to talk. Jim sat upright in his chair and during a quarter of an hour he did not change his position by a shade—neither General Grant nor a bronze image could have maintained that immovable pose more successfully. I mean as to body and limbs; with the face there was a difference. By fleeting revealments of the face I saw that something was happening—something out of the common. There would be a sudden twitch of the muscles of the face, an instant distortion which in the next instant had passed and left no trace. These twitches gradually grew in frequency but no muscle outside of the face lost any of its rigidity, or betrayed any interest in what was happening to Jim. I mean if something *was* happening to him, and I knew perfectly well that that was the case. At last a pair of tears began to swim slowly down his cheeks amongst the twitchings, but Jim sat still and let them run; then I saw his right hand steal along his thigh until halfway to his knee, then take a vigorous grip upon the cloth.

That was a wasp that he was grabbing. A colony of them were climbing up his legs and prospecting around, and every time he winced they stabbed him to the hilt—so for a quarter of an hour one group of excursionists after another climbed up Jim's legs and resented even the slightest wince or squirm that he indulged himself with in his misery. When the entertainment had become nearly unbearable, he conceived the idea of gripping them between his fingers and putting them out of commission. He succeeded with many of them but at great cost, for as he couldn't see the wasp he was as likely to take hold of the wrong end of him as he was the right; then the dying wasp gave him a punch to remember the incident by.

If those ladies had stayed all day and if all the wasps in Missouri had come and climbed up Jim's legs, nobody there would ever have known it but Jim and the wasps and me. There he would have sat until the ladies left. When they were gone we went upstairs and he took his clothes off, and his legs were a picture to look at. They looked as if they were mailed all over with shirt buttons, each with a single red hole in the center. The pain was intolerable—no, would have been intolerable, but the pain of the presence of those ladies had been so much harder to bear that the pain of the wasps' stings was quite pleasant and enjoyable by comparison.

Jim never could enjoy wasps. I remember once—

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Why does Twain report Uncle Remus to be "over a thousand years old"?
2. Who is Harris? How is a transition affected from Harris to Jim Wolf?
3. Why did Twain report Uncle Remus to be "whitewashed"? What is "whitewash"?
4. Why is General Grant chosen as a symbol of immobility?
5. What does Twain mean by "*mailed* all over with shirt buttons"?

Round Table

1. What are the relative advantages and disadvantages of beginning "off-center" as Twain does? What can you discover about his theories of autobiographical writing?
2. Is this a naïve sketch?
3. Why does the author let the boy in immediately on the secret of Jim Wolf's pain?
4. Could this anecdote be narrated more effectively?

Paper Work

1. Tell a similar anecdote in which most of the characters are unaware of what is going on.
2. Write a paper on "One Experience with Pests."
3. Write a paper on "Man and Insect," in which you attempt to draw diverting comparisons.
4. Write a solemn theme on bashfulness.
5. Compare Twain's method of story-telling with that of a popular radio raconteur.

*A fiction writer who lives the life of a wanderer is much more romantic than one who scribbles in his scholar's cell. So it is that the stories and travel tales of ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894) are all seasoned with his experiences as a traveler by land and sea. He was born in Edinburgh, the son of a lighthouse engineer. At the University of Edinburgh he set out on his father's career but ultimately completed his work in law. He gave up both engineering and legal practice, however, in order that he might devote himself to writing. A natural restlessness of spirit coupled with very bad lungs drove him far afield from his native city. His first book, *Inland Voyage* (1878), is a lively account of a canoe trip through Belgium and France; his second one, *Travels with a Donkey* (1879), recounts a twelve-day walking trip through the Cévennes mountains in Southern France. The year in which this book appeared saw him in California, where he married Mrs. Osborne, an American nurse. In 1888 he settled in Samoa, in the South Seas, on a plantation high in the hills that overlooked the water. Here he died, literally pen in hand, in 1894, leaving unfinished two novels, the last of an amazing series of romances of adventure, of which *Treasure Island* (1883), *Kidnapped* (1886), and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1886) are probably the best known. In addition to writing novels and stories, Stevenson turned his hand to essays, *Virginibus Pucisque* (1881), and to extraordinarily charming verses for children, *A Child's Garden of Verse* (1885). As frail as he was physically, his zest for living and scribbling drove him to prodigious literary labors. The selections that follow from *Travels with a Donkey* reveal his romantic spirit, his clever sense of phrasing, and his keen humor. They deal with his attempts to subdue a diminutive but opinionated she-ass who was the companion of his walking trip through the French mountains.*

THE GREEN DONKEY-DRIVER*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THERE DWELT an old man in Monastier, of rather unsound intellect according to some, much followed by street-boys, and known to fame as Father Adam. Father Adam had a cart, and to draw the cart a diminutive she-ass, not much bigger than a dog, the colour of a mouse, with a kindly eye and a determined under-jaw. There was something neat and high-bred, a quakerish elegance, about the rogue that hit my fancy on the spot. Our first interview was in Monastier market-place. To prove her good temper, one child after another was set upon her back to ride, and one after another went head over heels into the air; until a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms, and the experiment was discontinued from a dearth of subjects. I was already backed by a deputation of my friends; but as if this were not enough, all the buyers and sellers came round and helped me in the bargain; and the ass and I and Father Adam were the centre of a hubbub for near half an hour. At length she passed into my service for the consideration of sixty-five francs and a glass of brandy. The sack had already cost eighty francs and two glasses of beer; so that Modestine, as I instantly baptised her, was upon all accounts the cheaper article. Indeed,

* From *Travels with a Donkey*, by Robert Louis Stevenson, reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

that was as it should be; for she was only an appurtenance of my mattress, or self-acting bedstead on four castors.

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The bell of Monastier was just striking nine as I got quit of these preliminary troubles and descended the hill through the common. As long as I was within sight of the windows, a secret shame and the fear of some laughable defeat withheld me from tampering with Modestine. She tripped along upon her four small hoofs with a sober daintiness of gait; from time to time she shook her ears or her tail; and she looked so small under the bundle that my mind misgave me. We got across the ford without difficulty—there was no doubt about the matter, she was docility itself—and once on the other bank, where the road begins to mount through pinewoods, I took in my right hand the unhallowed staff, and with a quaking spirit applied it to the donkey. Modestine brisked up her pace for perhaps three steps, and then relapsed into her former minuet. Another application had the same effect, and so with the third. I am worthy the name of an Englishman, and it goes against my conscience to lay my hand rudely on a female. I desisted, and looked her all over from head to foot; the poor brute's knees were trembling and her breathing was distressed; it was plain that she could go no faster on a hill. God forbid, thought I, that I should brutalise this innocent creature; let her go at her own pace, and let me patiently follow.

What that pace was, there is no word mean enough to describe; it was something as much slower than a walk as a walk is slower than a run; it kept me hanging on each foot for an incredible length of time; in five minutes it exhausted the spirit and set up a fever in all the muscles of the leg. And yet I had to keep close at hand and measure my advance exactly upon hers; for if I dropped a few yards into the rear, or went on a few yards ahead, Modestine came instantly to a halt and began to browse. The thought that this was to last from here to Alais nearly broke my heart. Of all conceivable journeys, this promised to be the most tedious. I tried to tell myself it was a lovely day; I tried to charm my foreboding spirit with tobacco; but I had a vision ever present to me of the long, long roads, up hill and down dale, and a pair of figures ever infinitesimally moving, foot by foot, a yard to the minute, and, like things enchanted in a nightmare, approaching no nearer to the goal.

In the meantime there came up behind us a tall peasant, perhaps forty years of age, of an ironical snuffy countenance, and arrayed in the green tailcoat of the country. He overtook us hand over hand, and stopped to consider our pitiful advance.

"Your donkey," says he, "is very old?"

I told him, I believed not.

Then, he supposed, we had come far.

I told him, we had but newly left Monastier.

"*Et vous marchez comme ça!*" cried he; and, throwing back his head, he laughed long and heartily. I watched him, half prepared to feel offended, until he had satisfied his mirth; and then, "You must have no pity on these animals," said he; and, plucking a switch out of a thicket, he began to lace Modestine

about the stern-works, uttering a cry. The rogue pricked up her ears and broke into a good round pace, which she kept up without flagging, and without exhibiting the least symptom of distress, as long as the peasant kept beside us.

Her former panting and shaking had been, I regret to say, a piece of comedy.

My *deus ex machina*, before he left me, supplied some excellent, if inhumane, advice; presented me with the switch, which he declared she would feel more tenderly than my cane; and finally taught me the true cry or masonic word of donkey-drivers, "Proot!" All the time, he regarded me with a comical incredulous air, which was embarrassing to confront; and smiled over my donkey-driving, as I might have smiled over his orthography, or his green tail-coat. But it was not my turn for the moment.

I was proud of my new lore, and thought I had learned the art to perfection. And certainly Modestine did wonder for the rest of the forenoon, and I had a breathing space to look about me. It was Sabbath; the mountain-fields were all vacant in the sunshine; and as we came down through St. Martin de Frugères, the church was crowded to the door, there were people kneeling without upon the steps, and the sound of the priest's chanting came forth out of the dim interior. It gave me a home feeling on the spot; for I am a countryman of the Sabbath, so to speak, and all Sabbath observances, like a Scotch accent, strike in me mixed feelings, grateful and the reverse. It is only a traveller, hurrying by like a person from another planet, who can rightly enjoy the peace and beauty of the great ascetic feast. The sight of the resting country does his spirit good. There is something better than music in the wide unusual silence; and it disposes him to amiable thoughts, like the sound of a little river or the warmth of sunlight.

In this pleasant humour I came down the hill to where Goudet stands in the green end of a valley, with Château Beaufort opposite upon a rocky steep, and the stream, as clear as crystal, lying in a deep pool between them. Above and below, you may hear it wimpling over the stones, an amiable stripling of a river, which it seems absurd to call the Loire. On all sides, Goudet is shut in by mountains; rocky foot-paths, practicable at best for donkeys, join it to the outer world of France; and the men and women drink and swear, in their green corner, or look up at the snow-clad peaks in winter from the threshold of their homes, in an isolation, you would think, like that of Homer's Cyclops. But it is not so; the postman reaches Goudet with the letter-bag; the aspiring youth of Goudet are within a day's walk of the railway at Le Puy; and here in the inn you may find an engraved portrait of the host's nephew, Régis Senac, "Professor of Fencing and Champion of the two Americas," a distinction gained by him, along with the sum of five hundred dollars, at Tammany Hall, New York, on the 10th April, 1876.

I hurried over my midday meal, and was early forth again. But, alas, as we climbed the interminable hill upon the other side, "Proot!" seemed to have lost its virtue. I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove; but Modestine would be neither softened nor intimidated. She held doggedly to her pace; nothing but a blow would move her, and that only for a second. I must follow at her heels, incessantly belabouring. A moment's pause in this ignoble toil, and she relapsed into her own private gait. I think I never heard

of any one in as mean a situation. I must reach the lake of Bouchet, where I meant to camp, before sundown, and, to have even a hope of this, I must instantly maltreat this uncomplaining animal. The sound of my own blows sickened me. Once, when I looked at her, she had a faint resemblance to a lady of my acquaintance who formerly loaded me with kindness; and this increased my horror of my cruelty.

To make matters worse, we encountered another donkey, ranging at will upon the roadside; and this other donkey chanced to be a gentleman. He and Modestine met nickering for joy, and I had to separate the pair and beat down their young romance with a renewed and feverish bastinado. If the other donkey had had the heart of a male under his hide, he would have fallen upon me tooth and hoof; and this was a kind of consolation—he was plainly unworthy of Modestine's affection. But the incident saddened me, as did everything that spoke of my donkey's sex.

It was blazing hot up the valley, windless, with vehement sun upon my shoulders; and I had to labour so consistently with my stick that the sweat ran into my eyes. Every five minutes, too, the pack, the basket, and the pilot-coat would take an ugly slew to one side or the other; and I had to stop Modestine, just when I had got her to a tolerable pace of about two miles an hour, to tug, push, shoulder, and readjust the load. And at last, in the village of Ussel, saddle and all, the whole hypothec turned round and grovelled in the dust below the donkey's belly. She, none better pleased, incontinently drew up and seemed to smile; and a party of one man, two women, and two children came up, and, standing round me in a half-circle, encouraged her by their example.

I had the devil's own trouble to get the thing righted; and the instant I had done so, without hesitation, it toppled and fell down upon the other side. Judge if I was hot! And yet not a hand was offered to assist me. The man, indeed, told me I ought to have a package of a different shape. I suggested, if he knew nothing better to the point in my predicament, he might hold his tongue. And the good-natured dog agreed with me smilingly. It was the most despicable fix. I must plainly content myself with the pack for Modestine, and take the following items for my own share of the portage: a cane, a quart flask, a pilot-jacket heavily weighted in the pockets, two pounds of black bread, and an open basket full of meats and bottles. I believe I may say I am not devoid of greatness of soul; for I did not recoil from this infamous burthen. I disposed it, Heaven knows how, so as to be mildly portable, and then proceeded to steer Modestine through the village. She tried, as was indeed her invariable habit, to enter every house and every courtyard in the whole length; and, encumbered as I was, without a hand to help myself, no words can render an idea of my difficulties. A priest, with six or seven others, was examining a church in process of repair, and he and his acolytes laughed loudly as they saw my plight. I remembered having laughed myself when I had seen good men struggling with adversity in the person of a jackass, and the recollection filled me with penitence. That was in my old light days, before this trouble came upon me. God knows at least that I shall never laugh again, thought I. But O, what a cruel thing is a farce to those engaged in it!

A little out of the village, Modestine, filled with the demon, set her heart upon a by-road, and positively refused to leave it. I dropped all my bundles, and, I am ashamed to say, struck the poor sinner twice across the face. It was pitiful to see her lift up her head with shut eyes, as if waiting for another blow. I came very near crying; but I did a wiser thing than that, and sat squarely down by the roadside to consider my situation under the cheerful influence of tobacco and a nip of brandy. Modestine, in the meanwhile, munched some black bread with a contrite hypocritical air. It was plain that I must make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck. I threw away the empty bottle destined to carry milk; I threw away my own white bread, and, disdaining to act by general average, kept the black bread for Modestine; lastly, I threw away the cold leg of mutton and the egg-whisk, although this last was dear to my heart. Thus I found room for everything in the basket, and even stowed the boating-coat on the top. By means of an end of cord I slung it under one arm; and although the cord cut my shoulder, and the jacket hung almost to the ground, it was with a heart greatly lightened that I set forth again.

I had now an arm free to thrash Modestine, and cruelly I chastised her. If I were to reach the lakeside before dark, she must bestir her little shanks to some tune. Already the sun had gone down into a windy-looking mist; and although there were still a few streaks of gold far off to the east on the hills and the black fir-woods, all was cold and grey about our onward path. An infinity of little country by-roads led hither and thither among the fields. It was the most pointless labyrinth. I could see my destination overhead, or rather the peak that dominates it; but choose as I pleased, the roads always ended by turning away from it, and sneaking back towards the valley, or northward along the margin of the hills. The failing light, the waning colour, the naked, unhomely, stony country through which I was travelling, threw me into some despondency. I promise you, the stick was not idle; I think every decent step that Modestine took must have cost me at least two emphatic blows. There was not another sound in the neighbourhood but that of my unwearying bastinado.

Suddenly, in the midst of my toils, the load once more bit the dust, and, as by enchantment, all the cords were simultaneously loosened, and the road scattered with my dear possessions. The packing was to begin again from the beginning; and as I had to invent a new and better system, I do not doubt but I lost half an hour. It began to be dusk in earnest as I reached a wilderness of turf and stones. It had the air of being a road which should lead everywhere at the same time; and I was falling into something not unlike despair when I saw two figures stalking towards me over the stones. They walked one behind the other like tramps, but their pace was remarkable. The son led the way, a tall, ill-made, sombre, Scotch-looking man; the mother followed, all in her Sunday's best, with an elegantly-embroidered ribbon to her cap, and a new felt hat atop, and proffering, as she strode along with kilted petticoats, a string of obscene and blasphemous oaths.

I hailed the son and asked him my direction. He pointed loosely west and north-west, muttered an inaudible comment, and, without slacking his pace for an instant, stalked on, as he was going, right athwart my path. The mother followed without so much as raising her head. I shouted and shouted after

them, but they continued to scale the hillside, and turned a deaf ear to my outcries. At last, leaving Modestine by herself, I was constrained to run after them, hailing the while. They stopped as I drew near, the mother still cursing; and I could see she was a handsome, motherly, respectable-looking woman. The son once more answered me roughly and inaudibly, and was for setting out again. But this time I simply collared the mother, who was nearest me, and, apologising for my violence, declared that I could not let them go until they had put me on my road. They were neither of them offended—rather mollified than otherwise; told me I had only to follow them; and then the mother asked me what I wanted by the lake at such an hour. I replied, in the Scotch manner, by inquiring if she had far to go herself. She told me, with another oath, that she had an hour and a half's road before her. And then, without salutation, the pair strode forward again up the hillside in the gathering dusk.

I returned for Modestine, pushed her briskly forward, and, after a sharp ascent of twenty minutes, reached the edge of a plateau. The view, looking back on my day's journey, was both wild and sad. Mount Mézenc and the peaks beyond St. Julien stood out in trenchant gloom against a cold glitter in the east; and the intervening field of hills had fallen together into one broad wash of shadow, except here and there the outline of a wooded sugar-loaf in black, here and there a white irregular patch to represent a cultivated farm, and here and there a blot where the Loire, the Gazeille, or the Lausanne wandered in a gorge.

Soon we were on a highroad, and surprise seized on my mind as I beheld a village of some magnitude close at hand; for I had been told that the neighbourhood of the lake was uninhabited except by trout. The road smoked in the twilight with children driving home cattle from the fields; and a pair of mounted stride-legged women, hat and cap and all, dashed past me at a hammering trot from the canton where they had been to church and market. I asked one of the children where I was. At Bouchet St. Nicolas, he told me. Thither, about a mile south of my destination, and on the other side of a respectable summit, had these confused roads and treacherous peasantry conducted me. My shoulder was cut, so that it hurt sharply; my arm ached like toothache from perpetual beating; I gave up the lake and my design to camp, and asked for the *auberge*.

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When I came back to the inn for a bit of breakfast, the landlady was in the kitchen combing out her daughter's hair; and I made her my compliments upon its beauty.

"O no," said the mother; "it is not so beautiful as it ought to be. Look, it is too fine."

Thus does a wise peasantry console itself under adverse physical circumstances, and, by a startling democratic process, the defects of the majority decide the type of beauty.

"And where," said I, "is monsieur?"

"The master of the house is up-stairs," she answered, "making you a goad,"

Blessed be the man who invented goads! Blessed the innkeeper of Bouchet

St. Nicolas, who introduced me to their use! This plain wand, with an eighth of an inch of pin, was indeed a sceptre when he put it in my hands. Thenceforward Modestine was my slave. A prick, and she passed the most inviting stable-door. A prick, and she broke forth into a gallant little trotlet that devoured the miles. It was not a remarkable speed, when all was said; and we took four hours to cover ten miles at the best of it. But what a heavenly change since yesterday! No more wielding of the ugly cudgel; no more flailing with an aching arm; no more broadsword exercise, but a discreet and gentlemanly fence. And what although now and then a drop of blood should appear on Modestine's mouse-coloured wedge-like rump? I should have preferred it otherwise, indeed; but yesterday's exploits had purged my heart of all humanity. The perverse little devil, since she would not be taken with kindness, must even go with pricking.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What sort of person was Father Adam?
2. Where is Monastier? Alais?
3. Describe Modestine. Why did Stevenson give her that name?
4. What was the comparative value of the donkey and the sack, or travel-pack, which she was to carry?
5. Describe Modestine's original gait. What was its effect upon Stevenson?
6. Translate the phrase: "Et vous marchez comme ça!" Why did the author introduce this bit of French?
7. How did the peasant persuade Modestine to quicken her pace?
8. What is the "Masonic word of donkey-drivers"? Why does the author call the word "masonic"?
9. What does Stevenson mean by "I am a countryman of the Sabbath"?
10. Where is the Loire? the Gazeille? the Lausanne? Goudet? Le Puy? Bouchet? Ussel? Mount Mézenc?
11. Explain: "in an isolation . . . like that of Homer's Cyclops." Where may one read the original story of the Cyclops?
12. Explain: "a distinction gained by him . . . at Tammany Hall, New York, on the 10th of April, 1876."
13. What is Stevenson's probable source for "I prooted like a lion, I prooted mellifluously like a sucking-dove"? What does *mellifluously* mean?
14. What does the author mean by "make a sacrifice to the gods of shipwreck"? What sacrifice does he make?
15. How did the author treat the surly mother and son whom he encountered?
16. Explain: "the defects of the majority decide the type of beauty."
17. With what instrument did the author ultimately conquer Modestine?
18. Explain: "no more broadsword exercise, but a discreet and gentlemanly fence,"

19. Define: *appurtenance*, *common*, *ford*, *minuet*, *browse*, *deus ex machina*, *ascetic*, *wimpling*, *nickering*, *bastinado*, *pilot-coat*, *slew*, *hypothec*, *portage*, *acolyte*, *penitence*, *egg-whisk*, *labyrinth*, *mollified*, *sugar-loaf*, *canton*, *auberge*.

Round Table

1. Discuss the merits of Stevenson's style in terms of the following figures and phrases: "much followed by street-boys," "a quakcrish elegance," "a want of confidence began to reign in youthful bosoms," "self-acting bedstead on four castors," "like things enchanted in a nightmare," "an ironical snuffy countenance," "he began to lace Modestine about the stern-works," "an amiable stripling of a river."
2. Which author reveals the greater sense of humor, Stevenson in *Travels with a Donkey* or Steinbeck in *The Sea-Cow* (p. 322)? Defend your choice by actual evidence.
3. Personal experiences make as entertaining material for narratives as do fictional ones. Argue pro or con.

Paper Work

THEME SUBJECTS:

1. Stevenson as a humorist.
2. A book review of Stevenson's *An Inland Voyage*, *An Amateur Emigrant*, or *Across the Plains*.
3. A Day's Hike into the Country.
4. Some Stubborn Animals I Have Known.
5. My Dog (or Cat) and I: Two Personalities Meet.

JOHN STEINBECK has a marvelous facility with his pen, as all can testify who have read his short stories and novels, which run the gamut from fantasy to stark realism. Yet who among his followers would have prognosticated the writing of *Sea of Cortez*? This is an account of a scientific expedition to the Gulf of California which Steinbeck made with the Director of the Pacific Biological Laboratories. It attempts not merely to record the adventures of the scientists but also to report the appearance of living things in that Gulf—a different zoological record, so Mr. Steinbeck maintains, from that compiled from a study of specimens in formaldehyde. The following selection is representative of the lively quality of the narrative. A review of the book by Stanley Edgar Hyman is reprinted in this reader.

Steinbeck is a native of Salinas, California, where he was born on February 27, 1902. He did much ordinary labor while getting his education (he left Stanford in 1925 without taking a degree), and he knocked around a bit before he became famous. *Tortilla Flat* (1935) won him his first audience, though it was his fourth novel; it is not, however, so well known as his later social and political novels, *Of Mice and Men* (1937), *The Grapes of Wrath* (1939), and *The Moon Is Down* (1942). All four of these stories have been filmed.

THE SEA-COW *

JOHN STEINBECK

AND

EDWARD F. RICKETTS

WE'LL COME now to a piece of equipment which still brings anger to our hearts and, we hope, some venom to our pen. Perhaps in self-defense against suit, we should say, "The outboard motor mentioned in this book is purely fictitious and any resemblance to outboard motors living or dead is coincidental." We shall call this contraption, for the sake of secrecy, a Hansen Sea-Cow—a dazzling little piece of machinery, all aluminum paint and touched here and there with spots of red. The Sea-Cow was built to sell, to dazzle the eyes, to splutter its way into the unwary heart. We took it along for the skiff. It was intended that it should push us ashore and back, should drive our boat into estuaries and along the borders of little coves. But we had not reckoned with one thing. Recently, industrial civilization has reached its peak of reality and has lunged forward into something that approaches mysticism. In the Sea-Cow factory where steel fingers tighten screws, bend and mold, measure and divide, some curious mathematick has occurred. And that secret so long sought has accidentally been found. Life has been created. The machine is at last stirred. A soul and a malignant mind have been born. Our Hansen Sea-Cow was not only a living thing but a mean, irritable, contemptible, vengeful, mischievous, hateful living thing. In the six weeks of our association we observed it, at first mechanically and then, as its living reactions became more and more apparent, psychologically. And we determined one thing to our satisfaction. When and if these ghoulisn little motors learn to reproduce themselves the

* From *Sea of Cortez*, by John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts, copyright, 1941, by John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts. By permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

human species is doomed. For their hatred of us is so great that they will wait and plan and organize and one night, in a roar of little exhausts, they will wipe us out. We do not think that Mr. Hansen, inventor of the Sea-Cow, father of the outboard motor, knew what he was doing. We think the monster he created was as accidental and arbitrary as the beginning of any other life. Only one thing differentiates the Sea-Cow from the life that we know. Whereas the forms that are familiar to us are the results of billions of years of mutation and complication, life and intelligence emerged simultaneously in the Sea-Cow. It is more than a species. It is a whole new re-definition of life. We observed the following traits in it and we were able to check them again and again:

1. Incredibly lazy, the Sea-Cow loved to ride on the back of a boat, trailing its propeller daintily in the water while we rowed.

2. It required the same amount of gasoline whether it ran or not, apparently being able to absorb this fluid through its body walls without recourse to explosion. It had always to be filled at the beginning of every trip.

3. It had apparently some clairvoyant powers, and was able to read our minds, particularly when they were inflamed with emotion. Thus, on every occasion when we were driven to the point of destroying it, it started and ran with a great noise and excitement. This served the double purpose of saving its life and of resurrecting in our minds a false confidence in it.

4. It had many cleavage points, and when attacked with a screwdriver, fell apart in simulated death, a trait it had in common with opossums, armadillos, and several members of the sloth family, which also fall apart in simulated death when attacked with a screwdriver.

5. It hated Tex, sensing perhaps that his knowledge of mechanics was capable of diagnosing its shortcomings.

6. It completely refused to run: (a) when the waves were high, (b) when the wind blew, (c) at night, early morning, and evening, (d) in rain, dew, or fog, (e) when the distance to be covered was more than two hundred yards. But on warm, sunny days when the weather was calm and the white beach close by—in a word, on days when it would have been a pleasure to row—the Sea-Cow started at a touch and would not stop.

7. It loved no one, trusted no one. It had no friends.

Perhaps toward the end, our observations were a little warped by emotion. Time and again as it sat on the stern with its pretty little propeller lying idly in the water, it was very close to death. And in the end, even we were infected with its malignancy and its dishonesty. We should have destroyed it, but we did not. Arriving home, we gave it a new coat of aluminum paint, spotted it at points with new red enamel, and sold it. And we might have rid the world of this mechanical cancer!

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Why does Steinbeck give a fictitious name to his outboard motor?
2. How is the word *mathematick* used?

3. Use the following words in sentences: *unwary, estuaries, coves, ghoulish, arbitrary, mutation, clairvoyant, cleavage, simulated, malignancy.*
4. Elucidate: "... industrial civilization has reached its peak of reality and has lunged forward into something that approaches mysticism."

Round Table

1. Is it stiff and formal to introduce enumeration and tabulation here?
2. Is there any advantage in piling up adjectives, as in "a mean, irritable, contemptible, vengeful, mischievous, hateful living thing"?
3. What points of resemblance are there between "The Sea-Cow" and Munro Leaf's "Ferdinand, the Bull"?
4. Are most mechanical "conveniences" over-touted?

Paper Work

1. Using this sketch as a model, write a sketch of any mechanical appliance which repeatedly failed to function.
2. After reading Stevenson's account of Modestine (pages 314 ff.), write either (a) a familiar essay on brute and mechanical obstinacy, or (b) a light critical essay on the devices used by Steinbeck and Stevenson to divert the reader.
3. Write an essay defending outboard motors.

*Kipling's Kim is less astonishing in fiction than is YOUNGHILL KANG in fact. Chung-Pa Han—as he was named first—was born under a grass roof in a peaceful village of Korea, Land of the Morning Calm, just at the turn of the century. He was barely ten when Japan treacherously and forcibly annexed his country to provide for Nippon a buffer province against Russia and a springboard for attacks against China. The boy's dreams of a life of scholarship and poetry-writing were cruelly disturbed, but his spirit was unbroken. His eagerness to learn took him on foot over the rugged mountains to Seoul, the cultural capital of Korea, and thence to Tokyo, where he encountered the Japanese brand of western culture. When he was just under eighteen, he escaped to the new world through the good offices of an American missionary, and continued his studies in Canada and in Boston before going ultimately to New York. penniless but unafraid, he spent his second night in the metropolis sleeping under a newspaper against a university building in which he now conducts classes as assistant professor of oriental culture. Younghill Kang, scholar, poet, professor, and above all patriot, has retained the best of old Korea at the same time that he has acquired the best of New America. He is indefatigably eager and industrious. He has poured his experiences—and his soul—into two amazing books, *The Grass Roof* (1931), the epic of his early life in Korea, and *East Goes West* (1937), the tale of the Oriental become Yankee.*

DOOMSDAY*

YOUNGHILL KANG

Then a great cry, as of one who suddenly sees a black phantom, rang out loud in the room, jarring my brain with the madness of its terror, and striking as with a hundred passionate hands on all the hidden harps in wall and roof;

And the troubled sounds came back to me, now loud and now low, burdened with an infinite anguish and despair, as of voices of innumerable multitudes wandering in the sunless desolations of space, every voice reverberating anguish and despair;

And the successive reverberations lifted me like waves and dropped me again, and the waves grew less and the sounds fainter, then fainter still, and died in everlasting silence.

—*A Crystal Age*: W. H. HUDSON.

IN THE LATE Spring when I was almost ten I came home from the village school, sick, and under that pretense, I refused to go there any longer. My grandmother was worried about my stomach-ache. She called in a witch. Ordinarily my grandmother seemed to be a Confucian, and had raised her children by the ethical codes of that sage. Temperamentally, of course, she was a Buddhist, loving to meditate to herself, or to tell the stories of Buddha and its legends. Also she had her idea of God as the supreme ruler of the Universe: she was a monotheist like many Koreans. But when somebody was sick or anything went wrong in her life which required some practical measure, she called in a fortune-teller.

This witch, or fortune-teller, was an old woman of the lowest class, bent over, dressed in dirty mud-colored clothes, and walking by a wrinkled cane. I have always thought that when a woman is very very old, she must be very beautiful, for there is the record of many true and sincere moments on her face. On the

* From *The Grass Roof*, by Younghill Kang, reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

other hand, if she has spent her life in ugliness and tricky ways, there are few objects more vile to see than the furrows telling of her past. I always thought the women I saw in Song-Dunc-Chi had good-looking faces, even my fat aunt, until I saw this woman, who pretended to be friends with the spirits of sickness and ill-will and destruction; she bargained to put them favorable to you, if you gave her something for the service.

She often came around our house, for two reasons. If my grandmother accepted her, the other women in the village would too, for my grandmother was a criterion. Then my grandmother was so emotional that she almost lost her mind when anyone she loved was endangered. This time the fortune-teller advised that the shoes, socks, coats and trousers I had worn when I got sick, be given away at once; and then she took them home with her for her own son.

Yes, she was always very shrewd. She was careful to speak with my grandmother alone, when nobody else was near, for my grandmother was the only one she could deceive. None of the men in our house believed in these spirits, but they did not contradict my grandmother any more than a gentleman in the West contradicts his mother when she wants to believe in the Fundamental Doctrine. If she desired to send up a wish to the village ghosts, my crazy-poet uncle would write it for her in elegant verses, but with no enthusiasm; and all he would say was once in a while, "O Sug!"—inside. Now my grandmother was not exactly superstitious, and seemed to have plenty of commonsense when nobody was sick, or needed anything badly. Still, it is a fact, she always listened to the fortune-teller, and when told to destroy my clothes, she reasoned: "It couldn't do any harm to Chung-Pa's stomach-ache. It couldn't possibly make him any sicker. So why not do it and feel more comfortable? If he grew worse, and I had not done everything possible, how bad I should feel!"

But my stomach-ache did not go away, because I did not intend to return to Co-Mool's school. So the old witch came back. I saw her come in at the bamboo gate, and enter the kitchen door. I was very angry, because she had taken my clothes. I went running into the kitchen to show I was not sick, just as she was trying to make my grandmother give my best long ribbon over to her. She said the evil spirits wanted that, in addition to the rest.

"Get out!" I cried. "Get out! You dirty Devil-woman. I am not sick. Where do you get your stuff? Go to hell, you fake!"

She seemed to be really frightened, and cleared out, not saying a word. But she came back one day when I had gone fishing. She told my grandmother that I would surely bring the ruin on my family, if I were not sent off to study the doctrines of Buddha at once. This seemed to my grandmother a very good idea. My father, though he had no affiliations with the Buddha, did not object. Buddhism when compared with Western civilization was at least honored and ancient. Besides, though my father was the theoretical boss, my grandmother, in matters like this, was the practical boss.

The week on which we set out to make our Pilgrimage had been very hot and still, in our village, as if in the heat of Summer. No one felt like doing any work. Everybody sat in chronological groups, discussing the political situation. All this discussion just made my father angry, and he alone kept right on

working. My crazy-poet uncle sat under the broad-leaved Odong tree, and drank wine, and looked worried, but said, "No—O no! Japan will not take Korea. In spite of all her new ways, she respects the ancient culture too much, and besides she has promised not to."

Before setting out, my grandmother and I had each a complete baptism in the bathtub. This was a round wooden tub, painted bright red, a nice place to sit, but sometimes too hot on these occasions. Our complete cleansing of every hair was symbolic, and the water was boiled first, to make it holy and pure. We started, before the sun got up, for the journey was thirty miles and we must walk steadily all day in order to do that amount on foot. The air was sweet and hushed and ghost-colored, so that it too seemed purified for the journey. My grandmother's eyes were shining; she was very happy to be going away, leaving all family and national troubles behind, for a while. Her mood was that of the old Korean poem:

I take up my green budding rod,
I turn up the rocky path-way,
To three or four heavenly vales
With halos of clouds.
I shake off the world's dust to-day,
To gather the pine's scarlet cones.

(The pine to the oriental is the symbol of immortality.)

My grandmother had her cane, and I my little bundle of clothes with paper and pens. Behind us my grandmother's servant followed with the food. This was a little girl of fourteen or fifteen who was named Keum-Soon, or child-of-gold, the daughter of a poor widow. There was not much to do in her house, so she came to us for food and clothes and to help my grandmother and her daughters do all the work of washing and of sweeping and of ironing clothes with the laundry stick. That old woman who owned the apricot tree and thought that the best thing in life was a good chicken was an excellent helper at an ancestor festival, or for any feast of food, but was not much good for every-day at our house.

The morning grew only more calm. Ten miles below the monastery we entered no-man's land. Here was no house, nor any human. No horse could be used here. We travelled along a narrow walk of stone-slabs, with silent greenery on every side, stretching for miles, always upward. Some of the stone slabs were carved with Chinese characters and my grandmother and I read them aloud to each other. Once in a while we saw a squirrel being caught by an eagle, or a big bird having a bath in the stream. Late in the afternoon a monk parted some bushes and passed us on his way to the heights. He took no notice of us, but walked in silence like the monk in the poem about:

A shadow is made in the water.
On the bridge a monk is passing.
Stop . . . O monk, talk with me,
Which is your way?
But his hand points to the white clouds . . .
He goes stilly by. . . .

All the way up, my grandmother talked of Buddha.

"You know," she said to me, "Buddha was a very very great man. You should do what he says, and follow in his footsteps."

"Why, Grandmother?"

"A great man always does what he says he will do. When he makes a resolution, he follows it to the straight, through floods, fires, mountains and every danger."

She told me a tale about Buddha. She believed it was actually a fact.

"Buddha was born a great prince, in an aristocratic family, where he had honor and servants and wealth. But he was not satisfied, because he wanted to understand about life. One day he heard a baby crying and he asked his guardian:

"Guardian, why is that baby crying?"

"Why, Master, it is being born, and that is the beginning of sorrow."

"And Buddha thought, 'This is strange. Why is the baby crying? Where did he come from?'"

"He went under a willow tree, and he saw an old man, gray-headed and wrinkled and ghost-like. He asked his guardian:

"Guardian, why is the old man ugly like that?"

"All men, Master, must grow old, in this life. It is the way of sorrow."

"And Buddha thought, 'I wouldn't like to be old like him. That would be Hell.' (This is the nearest translation to my grandmother's and the Buddha's expression.)

"Then Buddha came on a man who was groaning with pain. And Buddha asked his guardian:

"Guardian, what is the matter with that man?"

"Master, he is in pain. Every man must know pain at some time or other in this life. There is much much sorrow here."

"Then Buddha thought, 'I want to avoid *that*!'"

"Presently he found people crying in front of a house.

"Guardian, why do the people cry?"

"Master, there is a man dead in there. At last he has gone away from this earth for good. It is the end."

"And Buddha thought: 'Where did he go to? Why did this man die?'"

"So Buddha thought and thought: 'What is it all about?' and all he wanted was to solve the problem. Finally he gave up his beautiful wife, his beautiful baby, his beautiful home, and he went up to the great Snow Mountain, still trying to solve the problem. After many many years he was enlightened. He saw how every living creature was making a pilgrimage to reach the no-life again and every soul that did wrong had to go back and begin all over again. After Buddha had solved the problem, he resolved never to do two things: He would not tell a lie, and he would kill no living thing, for everything, he saw, was his brother.—This," said my grandmother, "is why the good monk, Kim, never eats chicken when he comes to our house, you know."

"But the monk, Pak, did, Grandmother."

"Well, there are true monks, and false monks," explained my grandmother, "like everything else in this world."—And she went on with the story.

"And you know when you decide to be a great man, God always sends you a messenger to examine you. So after Buddha came down from the mountain and had made his two vows, God sent his messenger to examine Buddha, and his messenger was a deer.

"As Buddha was walking along, the deer ran out of the forest, and he cried to Buddha:

"O save me, save me, Buddha! A hunter is trying to kill me!"

"So Buddha thought, 'If I am to keep my resolution, I must save this deer.' He dug a hole in the ground and put the deer down there and covered it with oak leaves and told it to lie still.

"By and by a hunter came along.

"Tell me, did you see a deer? Where did he go? I am going to kill that deer right now."

"What was Buddha to do? If he said no, he would be telling a lie, if he said yes, he would betray the deer, and the murder would be upon his soul. So he said nothing.

"The hunter kicked him on this side, then kicked him on that. But Buddha stood very firm on his rocky foundation. The hunter cut off his right arm and then his left. Still, Buddha said nothing. Then the hunter fell down and worshipped Buddha.

"Ah! Here is a great man!" he cried.

"And he became Buddha's convert, because Buddha had met the test and stuck to the resolution."

So the time passed delightfully with my grandmother until the sun went down and the mountains became soft and shadowy, with white mist here and there, like the Bodhisattvas, or future Buddhas, waiting to receive us. We did not reach the monastery until almost dark; so it was generally with pilgrims, for the monasteries were far away from the villages and had little to do with them.

It is a beautiful experience to come upon an old Buddhist monastery by twilight. There are many poems in the native literature of my country about this.

From the boom of the drums that temple
Must be close though they say it is far—
Far over the green mountains,
Away at the foot of the clouds. . . .
But I cannot see;
Thick mists obscure the way. . . .

At one time many centuries ago, they were a very powerful factor in the state, and even the king was compelled to put on monk's dress, as a sign that he was only an official of abbots. But by and by the country became corrupt under the rule of the abbots. A certain platform on which pretty young women worshipped would fall through the floor by a miracle. Far down underground these women got betrayed by monks. At last the monasteries were exiled to remote mountain sites where they could not work any more miracles. But those whose mystical natures could not be satisfied by the practical ethics of Con-

fucius, like my grandmother, still made pilgrimage once or twice a year, and confided their prayers to the monks.

Up here in the Yellow Dusk the antique monastery seemed to melt into the summit of the green mountain, bounded everywhere with stone tigers and marble lions, singing streams and holy groves. These statues of fantastic shapes had been fashioned I suppose by the hand of man, but nothing here looked artificial; it seemed as if all must have sprung out of the ground. The rich dim colors of the shrines bathing in sun and rain, wind and storm of the mountain for countless centuries—all natural, natural the gray of the steps, natural the deep red of the pillars, all in tune with the natural rocks and natural trees, bound together it seemed, by invisible, indivisible unity. The song of the evening bird grew imperceptibly out of the sound of the running brook, and vanished again in the long sobbing of the pines. But somehow it was all ethereal and unreal like a mystic's dream.

In a series of cloud-like pictures, I recall my three months' sojourn at this monastery which belonged to the Meditation School of the Buddha—the darkness of the mountain hollows by dawn and by twilight, the hushed, almost buried stillness of everything by day, the mysterious greeting which the monks all gave one another, and which I soon learned to say: "Nam moo ah mi to pool" (I honor you and resort to you, Amitabha), or the prayer "Po che choong saing" (for the salvation of all living things), the cool silent ghost-chamber where I studied, with walls gorgeously painted with the heroes and sages who had lived in the past, the Buddhistic scriptures of the library in which I read and read, and the gray abbot, my teacher, in his mournful, mud-colored robes, and his transparent face free from all worldly care or desires.

He tried to teach me the way of Nirvana, which means a "blowing out," like a candle. We sat in his large empty room with pillars which held the engravings:

Make no evil deed,
All good obediently do.
Purge the mind of self,
This is all Buddha's teaching.

When I went out in the beautiful gardens I was rebuked for slapping the gnat to death which landed on my ear or my nose.

"Even gnats," said the monk, Kim, "may have within them Buddha. They too may attain to Nirvana, and the state of never being born again. Endeavor to be more calm, do not become the evil fate of any living thing."

So I was taught how Buddhists kill neither mouse, louse, nor cows.

When I returned to my home during the last week in August, I found a shocking contrast to the mystic world I had just left. . . .

It may seem strange to the reader unfamiliar with Far-Eastern politics that Korea, an independent nation for over forty-two centuries, should have been so helpless those first ten years of the twentieth century before the stealthy but persistent encroaching of New Japan. But Japan's strength in the East is due to rapid Westernization, especially in regard to armament. That alone, perhaps, she thoroughly learned, since the time of Perry's entrance, and is thoroughly

competent to proselyte. With the vigor of a younger nation, engaged already in enormous changing, inherently imitative, it is easy for her to slough one borrowed culture and to absorb another in its place. Yes, comparatively easy, as it was not for the older nations, China and Korea. Clinging closely to the old Confucian culture, and each in an exhausted era of their history, they were truly stunned for those first decades of world-wide intercourse.

That little Japan won over the million millions of wise deep China, first. After her victory, she began to make her demands upon Korea, during the Russo-Japanese war. She must be allowed passage for her troops through Korea, and she signed a treaty stating that she had no designs upon the Korean state as a whole. These troops were never withdrawn. They remained to shelter the swarms of low-class Japanese adventurers who followed, and to uphold them in all they mis-did. Japan moved deliberately step by step. She first seized the silent control of the incompetent and bewildered government at Seoul, in 1907: hemmed in by spies and Japanese generals, the old emperor was made to abdicate to a minor son; then at last Japan spoke plainly, the 29th of August, 1910, when all treaties were annulled and Korea was publicly declared annexed. . . .

When the news reached the grass roof in Song-Dune-Chi, my father turned a dark red, and could not even open his mouth. My uncle *paḵ-sa* became suddenly very old, and he shrivelled and fainted in his own room. My crazy-poet uncle sat staring straight ahead of him until far into the night. My first thought was a selfish and immature one.

"Now I cannot be a *paḵ-sa* or the prime minister of Korea."

I burst into tears. But my elders did not cry, not yet. So I ran crying out of the house. I looked up at the sky, to see if there were really a black doom up there. Were a final thunderstorm and a flood about to come which would wipe us all out? But the sky was blue and serene, and the river had only a sunny crystal foam as it whirled past. Children were standing around with scared blank faces. The village was quiet. Nobody spoke. Later on, in the afternoon, there was a general weeping, everywhere the sound of mourning, as if each house in the village were waiting for somebody dead. Some men began to drink and drink, shouting:

"The doomsday has come! We have all gone to the Hell!"

My father lurched out of the house, although he had had nothing to drink, and nothing to eat since morning.

"My poor poor children!" he cried out, and tears now streamed from his eyes. He held out his hands to us, as if we were all his eldest sons. "Now all are going to die in the ruined starvation. The time of the unending famine has come down upon us. Who knows when we may be happy again?"

And with tears running over his face, and mingling with his beard, he put up the Korean flag over our gateway and bowed down to it.

There was no supper that night. My grandmother sat up by candle-light, in the same dress she had worn in the morning. Again and again she took a cup of rice tea to my father, but he lay heavily on the mats, and he would not accept it.

In the morning, it was found that several of the young men who had been among those drunk the night before had committed suicide. Their bodies lay along the banks of the stream where the women usually did washing on this day.

A Japanese policeman came to our village, at the head of a band of pale-blue-coated Japanese, each armed with a long sword. Of course they knocked at our gate, and asked why we did not have the sun flag of Japan instead of the red and white flag of Korea betokening the male and female realm, and in accordance with the Confucian philosophy of the Book of Changes, sun and moon and all the elements used in geomancy. My father shrugged his shoulders and pretended not to understand. The small Jap policeman then flew at my father, kicking and striking him, with menace of the sword. My grandmother saw from the window, and ran out, without even stopping to put her coat over her head and screen her face from vulgar eyes.

"Don't you touch my son!" she screamed, stepping between, "because he has had nothing to eat for these two days and doesn't know what he is doing."

As soon as she came between them the policeman knocked her down. He kicked her fiercely with his Western boot. Her sons seeing it, gasped. In the eyes of Koreans to touch an old woman, the mother of sons, was a crime punishable by death. Even criminals were safe behind her skirts. My father would have strangled him, but saw that my grandmother had fainted with pain. He at once lifted her on his back and started off toward the market-place where there was a fairly good doctor. But her ankle was broken and she was sick for many weeks.

That night I went into my crazy-poet uncle's studio and lay down on the mat, crying miserably. By and by I heard the crazy-poet walking around and muttering in the next room. With my wet finger I made a hole in the paper door and looked through. He stood at the outer door and just shook his fist in the face of the sky.

"Oh, stars and moon, how have you the heart to shine? Why not drop down by thunderstorm and cover all things up? And mountains, with your soul shining and rustling in the green leaves and trees and grass, can't you understand that it is over now? This national career of the people who have lived with you all these many ages, who have slept in your bosoms, whose blood you have drunk, whose muse you have been for the countless years? You spirits of water, you ghosts of the hollows, don't you see how death has just come to this people established among you for the 4,000 years since the first king Tan-Koon appeared on the white-headed mountain by the side of the Sacred Tree? Don't you know the soul of Korea is gone, is passing away this night, and has left us behind like the old clothes?"

I knew that my crazy-poet uncle was as if saying good-by to a ghost, just as the tall doctor had given the farewell to my grandfather's spirit on top the grass roof. . . . Was Korea ended then? A pristine country, contemporary of Homeric times and of the Golden Ages—far, far removed from the spirit of the Roman Empire and all later modernity until this day. . . . I cried and cried myself to sleep. Outside all night I heard an unnatural day-sound—the jingle-jangle of cows which had not been put up for the night, and their astonished moos.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Who is W. H. Hudson?
2. What is a Confucian? a Buddhist?
3. How was the boy treated for stomach-ache?
4. What was the boy's idea of the relationship of old age and beauty? Why did he have this conception?
5. Where is Song-Dune-Chi? What does the name mean? (Consult Chapter One of *The Grass Roof*.)
6. What was the grandmother's attitude toward the witch-doctor? That of Chung-Pa?
7. What incident resulted in Chung-Pa's being sent away to school?
8. What promises of Japan are alluded to by Chung-Pa's uncle?
9. Recount the details of Chung-Pa's bath.
10. What does the author mean by "the air was . . . ghost-colored"?
11. Tell the story of Chung-Pa's journey to school.
12. What was grandmother's opinion of Buddha? Retell her tale of Buddha.
13. Describe the "Buddhist monastery by twilight."
14. How long did Chung-Pa remain in the monastery? Recount his experience there.
15. What does the author mean by the "transparent face" of the gray abbot?
16. What did Chung-Pa learn as the essence of Buddha's teaching?
17. What is the Buddhist attitude toward killing?
18. Explain: "since the time of Perry's entrance."
19. How does the author explain the ease with which Japan seized Korea?
20. By what steps did Japan advance to her annexation of Korea?
21. What was the effect of Japan's seizure of Korea on the members of Chung-Pa's family?
22. Explain the significance of "My grandmother sat up by candle-light, *in the same dress she had worn in the morning.*"
23. What is the symbolism of the Korean flag?
24. How did the Japanese policeman treat Chung-Pa's father and grandmother? Why did this abuse of the grandmother shock the Koreans?
25. How did the crazy-poet uncle bid good-bye to the soul of Korea?
26. Define: *monotheist, criterion, Fundamental Doctrine, chronological group, no-man's land, Bodhisattvas, Nirvana, proselyte, pak-sa, geomancy, pristine.*
27. Does Professor Kang make any unusual use of the words just listed?

Round Table

1. Explain how the author's initial quotation from W. H. Hudson's *A Crystal Age* forms a suitable prelude for *Doomsday*.

2. Professor Kang is a poet. Demonstrate the truth of this statement by an analysis of the lyrical elements in the present selection.
3. For debate: A country that is scientific and advanced is justified in its conquest of an unprogressive nation.
4. Comment on the effectiveness with which in this chapter the author contrasts the spirit of "the land of the morning calm" and that of "the land of the rising sun."
5. Debate: American life is preferable to that of Korea in 1910.

Paper Work

1. Write a research report on one of the following topics: Japan's Conquest of Korea; The Russo-Japanese War; Western Civilization in Japan.
2. Write a book review of Kang's *The Grass Roof* or *East Goes West*.
3. Write a paper on: The Symbolism of the Flags of Japan, China, and Korea.
4. Make a comparative analysis of the racial characteristics of the Japanese and the Chinese or the Koreans.
5. Write a short theme on one of the following topics: A Japanese Merchant of My Acquaintance; My Chinese Friend; I Know a Korean Student; Village Life in Korea at the Beginning of the Present Century.

One of the most valuable of our naturalized citizens, LUDWIG BEMELMANS, author and illustrator, was born at Meran, Tyrol, April 27, 1898. He attended the *Königliche Realschule* at Regensburg and Rothenburg, Bavaria, and emigrated to the United States in 1914. His earliest books were for children. *My War with the U.S.A.* (1937) won him an adult audience which was sustained by *Life* Class (1938). *Travels through Ecuador, a land which seemed to him to epitomize South America*, led to *The Donkey Inside* (1941), from which "Prison Visit" is taken. Drawings by Bemelmans may be found in *Vogue*, *Town and Country*, *The New Yorker*, and other magazines.

PRISON VISIT *

LUDWIG BEMELMANS

ATOP ONE of the foothills of Pichincha, high above the city of Quito, bathed in sunlight, stands a white building with a cupola. It is the Panóptico, and it has an evil name. Don Juan Palacios in Guayaquil had recited its horrors to me, and wherever I asked permission to visit the prison I was told with politeness and much regret that this one wish could not be granted. Diplomats in cautious conversation told me again that its cells were subterranean and wet, that the prisoners were chained to the walls, underfed, without proper clothing. Bony, feverish victims of political miscalculation, who died slowly, without consolation, and stank to high heaven. Lucky were they who were sent to exile in the Galápagos Islands or marched into the jungles of the Oriente; there death was quick and in the daylight.

The magnificent name of the prison and its story drew me up the hill, which I climbed in short stages of thirty paces at a time. For a while, when you return from the low lands, it is difficult to breathe in Quito, and you proceed by resting on a streetcorner, advancing thirty paces, leaning against a house and then a tree. Thus I arrived at the Panóptico.

Outside, propped against the building, were two sentries in khaki uniforms, with legs crossed, resting their hands on the barrels of their guns. They were talking and laughing; one turned, when the other pointed at me, and raised his eyebrows.

"I would like to see the Director of the prison."

Ah, he said, but that was not so easy; there had to be arrangements made for this ahead of time, a letter, an introduction, a pass, or else one had to arrive in the company of an official of the Government, or at least of a policeman.

I told him that I knew all that, but that my visit was an exception, that I was a prison official myself, from the United States of North America, that I was the secretary of the warden of a prison.

The soldier's eyes grew respectful and obedient, he leaned away from the building, saluted, and dragging his gun behind him he almost ran up the portico to the door, where he told the story to the man who sat on guard there. The

*From *The Donkey Inside*, by Ludwig Bemelmans, copyright 1937, 1938, 1940, 1941 by Ludwig Bemelmans. By permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

guard stood up and said, "But certainly, come in, come in, the Director will be happy to see you."

Door after door opened. By the time I arrived in the reception room of the Director's apartment I had shaken hands with several officials and rapidly answered questions.

What prison?

A prison in the State of New York.

Ahhh!

A man motioned to a red leather couch in the comfortably furnished room. There were white curtains, a few cages with birds singing in them, and under my feet a green carpet. Much light came in at a high window.

A small man entered. He wore a long, tightly buttoned black coat. One of his hands was in a black glove; he held this hand in back of him. He had a small white spade beard, a distinguished face. He stood away about ten feet from me, and bowed. I got up.

He said, "Sing Sing?" I answered, "Sing Sing." The door opened again and a young man was shown in. The little old man turned to him and said with raised eyebrows, "Warden Lawes, Sing Sing."

The Director bowed deeply. He was followed by a retinue of secretaries and assistants and guards. As he sat down on the couch beside me and pumped my hand, he repeated "Sing Sing" as if it were the name of his first love. He picked a stray hair off the collar of my coat, and then, standing up, I was introduced to the staff, and someone was quickly sent for something to drink. An order was given for luncheon, and then from a drawer of his desk the Director slipped a worn Colt .25 into his pocket and said, "Permit me," and went ahead.

"I will go ahead," he said. "You do not know the way."

He was athletic, of good bearing; I think partly Indian. His clothes were simple; he used his chest and lips at times as Mussolini does, the body swaying with both hands at the hips, the lower lip rolled out as in pouting.

We passed two heavy gates, went through a long tunnel, turned to the right, and entered one of the cellblocks in the star-shaped building.

"Our population in this prison is five hundred and five men, and twenty-four women. Most of them are here for crimes of passion. The population of Ecuador is about three million."

"Where does the music come from?"

"From the political prisoners. We have three of them. They are not forced to work, so they sing and play guitars; here they are."

Without stopping their song, the three young men nodded to the Warden. They were in a cell with flowers at the window and a small parrot in a cage; two sat on the bed, the third on a three-legged stool.

"Now we go to the shops." We crossed a wide square and entered a house filled with the noises of hammering, sawing, the smell of wood and leather, and above that the smell of lilies from the prison yard. The prisoners sang here also; the windows were high and without bars. They stood up as the Warden came in; their faces remained at ease. Shoes were made here and some furniture, small trunks lined with paper on which flower designs were printed. In

another part of the room men were carving small skulls out of ivory nuts, and one was arranging a miniature of the Crucifixion scene inside a small bottle. Some of the men smoked, some rested, all smiled as the Warden spoke to them. They all very proudly showed their work. The Warden told them all, "Warden Lawes—Sing Sing," and in a few words described my famous prison to them. He stopped and spoke to several men and told me what crimes they had committed. Some of the men asked him questions, and he answered with interest, thinking awhile before he spoke. He usually touched the men or held them by the arm; he bowed and smiled when he had finished with them, and he told his assistant to note several things the men requested.

From this room we climbed the stone steps up to the roof of the prison. Lilies were blooming in the gardens below; on the south side there was a swimming pool into which a stream of water poured from the mouth of a stone lion. A sentry lay on the roof. He got up and kicked the magazine under his pill-box and reached for the rifle which lay on the blanket on which he had been reading; he pulled down his coat and started pacing up and down, the gun over his shoulder.

"Does anyone ever escape from here?"

"Yes, sometimes," said the Warden. "Here, right here, is where they escape." He pointed to the roof of the cellblock that was nearest to the mountain. To clear a wall that is eighteen feet high, a man had to run and then jump out and down a distance of some thirty-four feet; he landed in a thicket of candelabra cacti on the other side of the fence. I asked the Warden how they punished the men when they caught them. "If he jumps well," said the Warden, "he's gone. It's not easy; he must want to be free very badly, and I would not like to risk it, would you? His friends will hide him and we have one less prisoner. If he jumps badly, he falls down into the yard here and is perhaps dead—at least he will break both his legs. He will never jump again; the pain, that is enough punishment. And you, Señor; in Sing Sing, what you do?"

"Oh, we lock them up in a dungeon, with bread and water and no light, for a week, two weeks, a month."

"I do not believe in that," he said with the Mussolini gesture. "I do not believe in vengeance. Look here, down over the edge; this man is a bad fellow, I had to do something. I have put him alone by himself on half-rations. But I gave him the dog and cats and I come to see him and talk to him. I am troubled with his stupidity."

I crept to the edge of the roof and looked down. In a court by himself sat a young, wild-haired fellow. His half-ration consisted of a big bowl of soup, a small pail half full of rice, and a loaf of black bread. The dog and cats were sitting close to him waiting for the remnants of his meal.

"You know," continued the Warden, "he is my only problem prisoner; before, it was full of them. The military ran this institution; the military mind is stupid—boom, huuumpp, march, one, two, three, four, eyes right—shouting, marching is all they know. I am an advocate; I try to be humanitarian; not soft, please do not mistake me, I mean economic with life; that is my idea. I look at my prisoner when he comes in, I have studied the science of criminology, I have a knowledge of the system Bertillon. I am sorry when a man is brought

in and I can see by his nose, his eyes, his jaw, and his skull, that he is a bad fellow for whom I can do nothing. That one I send away, to the Galápagos. It's not bad for them there; they can sleep and fish. Here he would do terrible damage.

"Here I keep the men and women who have perhaps even killed somebody, who have done something in one moment of their life that was wrong; they know it, I know it, we're both sorry; let us make the best of it. First of all I tell them to forget it and work. I know each man here. I hope they all like me as much as I like them.

"We have no death penalty here in Ecuador. The maximum sentence is for sixteen years; that is for cold murder.

"All prisoners receive wages, the current wages that would be paid if the man worked outside. The wages are divided in three parts. One-third goes to the prison, and by this the institution supports itself; one-third goes to the man for pocket money; and one-third is saved for him, with interest, for the day when he is freed. If he has a family, the pocket money and the savings account are split according to the needs of his wife and children, but he must receive some money for himself and a small sum for his freedom; he may not want to go back to his family. Any of them can go out, if I say yes. A prisoner's wife can visit him; she can go out into the garden with him, and bring his children. He can sometimes go home with her. And I like it when they paint. Here, look into this cell."

We had come down from the roof. Almost every cell had pictures in water-colors or crayons—simple pictures of landscapes, saints, animals, in flat poster effects; some in brilliant colors, some uncertain and shaky. They were painted on the walls of the cells and sometimes along the corridors.

The Warden knew all the rare ones. He showed them to me with pride, and particular pride at the absence of pornographic ones.

"I would let them alone if there were any," he said. "A man's cell is his private room here. He can do what he wants. I am just glad I have never found any.

"Now let us go to the women."

The twenty-four women live in a prison within the prison. Here there are more flowers, three tangerine trees, and clouds of linen hanging over them.

These women have stabbed cheating lovers; one of them did away with her baby. They spend their days washing and ironing the drawers, undershirts, and socks of the cadets at the military academy. Their children are with them. Little boys and girls run and sing in the yard. They go out to school and come back to eat with Mama. The little houses, of one room each, are orderly, and all the women were smiling. One was nursing her baby.

"Born here," said the Warden with pride, and pinched its cheeks.

We said our good-bys and walked back to the reception room. While we waited for luncheon he pouted again in the Mussolini manner, crossed his legs, and looked out of the window over Quito. He turned abruptly to pose a question which apparently had difficulty in forming itself into words.

"Señor Lawes," he blurted, "I have heard so much of you. I have read so much in magazines. Your stories are published in our Spanish journals very

often. I have seen a moving picture that you have written. You are such an intelligent man and so—what is the word?—efficient, and also—what is it?—versatile. How you do it? Here I have a little prison with five hundred people. I am busy all day and half the night and every Sunday—I have not had a vacation for a year. How can you do it? I think it's wonderful."

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What country is the scene of this story? Locate it. Where is Quito?
2. Locate the Galápagos Islands. Where are "the jungles of the Oriente"?
3. What subterfuge does Bemelmans adopt to gain admission to the prison? What do you know about Warden Lawes?
4. What are political prisoners? Have we ever had any in the U. S. who could be termed such? Who was Clement L. Vallandigham? What famous story was based on his experience?
5. What is the significance of the clause, "their faces remained at ease"?
6. How did prisoners escape?
7. What would be the shape of "candelabra cacti"?
8. Who was Bertillon, and what was his work?
9. What are some of the interesting features of the prison system?

Round Table

1. Is Bemelmans' approach to his subject better than a direct comparison of Panóptico and Sing Sing?
2. Does hemisphere leadership in all things reside in the United States?
3. Is there a criminal type?

Paper Work

1. Read the chapter on Mexico in John Gunther's *Inside Latin America* and make a critical comparison of some of our institutions and those of Mexico. For further study, see H. B. Parkes' *Mexico*.
2. Write a brief critical comparison of Alexander Woollcott and Ludwig Bemelmans as entertainers, based on the specimens in this book.
3. Write an account of a visit to some North American institution, using "Prison Visit" as a model.

The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, brought the Hawaiian Islands to the serious attention of Americans who had thought of them before as only playgrounds. One of the first to write an account of the attack was a young assistant professor at the University of Hawaii at Honolulu. BLAKE CLARK's record of what he saw and heard appeared in Remember Pearl Harbor (1942). But he had already written about Hawaii in quieter days, Omai (1940) is an account of the first Polynesian ambassador to England, and Paradise Limited (1941) is the collected series of essays from which the present one was taken. Besides having taught for several years in the English Department at Hawaii, Dr. Clark has traveled extensively in the Far East and has spent a year of research at the University of London and the British Museum.

THE QUEEN WHO WEIGHED A TON*

BLAKE CLARK

CAPTAIN OTTO VON KOTZEBUE, on a sunny day in February, 1825, was on his way to pay his respects to Queen Nama-hana. Resplendent in gold braid, he sat in the stern of a small boat and looked out across the calm harbor at the little village of Honolulu toward which two Russian sailors were rowing him. It was a dusty little town of perhaps four hundred dwellings, most of them grass huts, that the Captain saw before him. It looked like a village of hayricks, over which flew clouds of dust blown up by a strong wind from the mountains behind. Captain Kotzebue anticipated his visit to Honolulu's leading personage with mixed emotions. The son of a famous playwright, he took a rather literary delight in character, and he very well knew that the chances were good that today he would meet in Queen Nama-hana an unusual personality as every Hawaiian chief or chiefess was. But as commander of Tzar Alexander's expedition to carry supplies to the Russian colonists in Kamchatka, he had little inclination just now to think of his own pleasure. He was desperately in need of provisions.

On shore the Captain was greeted by the Spaniard, Marin, who the day before had advised him to take his problem to Queen Nama-hana. Now, acting in his official role as court interpreter, the little Spaniard wore a plumed hat which he waved to the ground in an effusive welcome. As the couple walked down the road which led to the Queen's house, Kotzebue said, "I hope Queen Nama-hana is the best possible person for me to see. I don't recall even hearing of her when I was here five years ago."

"It is important in this island kingdom to know who has titles and who has power with the people as well," Marin replied in his slow, good-humored way. "Ordinarily you would see King Liholiho, the Broad-backed, as he is called; but he is visiting in London. Next, you would see Queen Ka-ahu-manu, whose name means 'Beautiful-Feather-Cloak,' he added, but she and her prime minister are away on another island."

"Yes, yes," Kotzebue said impatiently.

"The Governor of the island is Kinau," the Spaniard continued in his annoy-

*From *Paradise Limited*, by Blake Clark, reprinted by permission of the author and Modern Age Books, Inc., publishers.

ingly calm way, "and a fine fellow he is too. But the person to hear your suit is Queen Nama-hana. She's your woman. If she says you need provisions, every native on the island will stop his fishing or taro-planting to get them for you."

"What does the Queen look like?" the Captain asked.

"Why, she's a tiny little thing," Marin replied. "You'll soon see for yourself. Here is her residence."

They stood before a two-storey white-frame dwelling, set in a large grassless yard surrounded by a fence made of white coral stone. Leading the way, Marin opened the iron gate and took the Captain down the coral path. It led, not to the downstairs door, but to the foot of a broad outside stairway which ran diagonally across one end of the house.

On the stair he was received by Kinau, the Governor of Oahu. The large native made a dignified appearance in spite of the fact that he could hardly walk. He had forced shoes on feet that obviously were not meant to be confined by leather. He wore no stockings or trousers, only the *malo*, or loincloth, and a brilliant red waistcoat too small for his colossal brown front. "*Aloha! Aloha nui!*" ("Welcome! A hearty welcome!") Kinau exclaimed several times.

The stairs on which he stood were littered from top to bottom with children and grown people. Marin explained that it was quite the fashion to come and study under her Majesty's own superintendence. The scholars were reading from spelling books and copying from them on small slates, which set up a great squeaking as the pencils scraped over them. Kotzebue noticed that several of the elder ones who affected to be extremely diligent were holding their books upside down.

Kinau led the way to the top of the stair, which ended in a pretty little balcony newly painted. From it opened the doors to the Queen's apartment. The Governor stood in the doorway and announced, "The Captain of the newly arrived Russian frigate!"

Marin and Kotzebue stepped into a bright, spacious room occupying the entire upper portion of the house. The floor was laid with finely woven mats which glistened and shone in the light streaming through the open doors and the large windows. At regularly spaced intervals round the edges of the mat-covered floor were placed highly polished heavy black mahogany chairs from China. No one used them. There in the middle of the room, stretched out at full length on her stomach on the floor, lay Queen Nama-hana. Her head facing the door, her arms comfortably supported by a large silken pillow, she was reading a psalm book. By her side, two young girls in light calico dresses sat crosslegged, waving the flies away from their Queen with bunches of feathers.

The Captain regarded with astonishment this woman whom Marin had prepared him to think of as "tiny." Nama-hana, one of the widows of the great warrior king, Ka-meha-meha, had been considered a beauty by her mighty husband, whose taste in women was for *la belle* rather than *la petite*. Hardly one of his twenty-odd wives had weighed less than two hundred and fifty or three hundred pounds. Nama-hana, six feet two inches tall, or, in her present position, long, was a woman of majestic proportions indeed, weighing well over

three hundred and boasting a waistline of ninety-two inches. She was a widely envied woman!

Ordinarily when Nama-hana dressed she selected a roll of Chinese silk, sixty or seventy yards of which two attendants would stretch out on the floor. The Queen would then lie down at one end of this silken carpet and, with the aid of a couple of strong men, roll herself up in the bright material. Under the influence of the missionaries, however, she was adopting European dress, and this day wore a Mother Hubbard of blue silk. Her coal-black hair was neatly plaited at the top of her round head, and, as he looked at her, the Captain told himself that she really was quite a handsome person, albeit in the grand style, and that her countenance was "both prepossessing and agreeable."

At the Captain's bow the Queen put aside her psalm book, and, with the help of her two attendants, turned over and rose to a sitting position. She held out her hand to her guest in a friendly gesture, and saying "*Aloha! Aloha Kukkini*, (Russian) *Aloha!*" several times, cordially motioned him to take a chair by her side.

With the aid of Marin the two conversed. Not wishing to broach the subject of provisions at this time, Kotzebue asked why she was reading the psalm book.

"I am now a Christian!" she announced proudly.

"Why did you accept this new religion?"

"Binamu (Bingham, the mission leader), who knows how to read and write very well, assured us that Christianity was best. If, however, we find it unsuited to our people, we will reject it and adopt another.

"Since I am a Christian," the Queen continued with satisfaction, "I can now eat as much pork as I please. We women are no longer restricted to dogmeat as we were before."

Mention of the old days flooded her mind with memories of her husband, Ka-meha-meha, and she exclaimed with a deep sigh, "What would Ka-meha-meha say if he could behold the changes which have taken place here! No more wooden gods, no more *morais* (temples)—all are destroyed! It was not so in his time. We shall never have another such king!" And while tears rolled down her round cheeks, she bared her arm, revealing an inscription tattooed on it in the Hawaiian language, "Our good King Ka-meha-meha died on the 8th of May, 1819."

"Kinau's tongue is tattooed," she said, and the Governor showed Kotzebue the same words tattooed on his tongue. The operation was most painful, he admitted, and his tongue swelled so that he could not eat for three days. But there had never been such a king as Ka-meha-meha! On the first anniversary of the king's death, he said, every person in the kingdom expressed his grief by knocking out a front tooth.

Nama-hana turned to the subject of writing, of which she spoke with uncommon enthusiasm. "Formerly I could talk only with persons who were present," she said, "but now, let them be ever so far distant, I can whisper my thoughts softly to them alone." She would write a letter to Kotzebue before he left, she promised, "in order that you may prove to everyone in Russia that Nama-hana can write!"

Their conversation, which the Captain was finding truly delightful, was sud-

denly interrupted by a great rattling of wheels and the sound of many voices. He looked from the window and saw coming to a halt in the road outside the stone fence a little two-wheeled wooden cart to which ten or twelve vigorous young Hawaiian men had hitched themselves. They stood proudly waiting amid an admiring throng. Marin explained that to these complacent fellows belonged the honor of driving the Queen to church. Nama-hana interrupted to do the Captain the honor of inviting him to accompany her to church. He hesitated. He saw that if he accepted he would be drawn in as a party to a very absurd spectacle. On the other hand, if he refused, he might hurt the Queen's feelings, and he had not yet broached the important subject which had brought him to her. Furthermore, the son of the playwright had a sense of humor, and with a quiet smile at himself for the ridiculous picture he feared he would make, he accepted her Majesty's gracious offer.

Evidently pleased, Nama-hana put on a white calico hat decorated with Chinese flowers, took up a large Chinese fan, completed her toilet by drawing on a pair of clumsy-looking sailor's boots, and led the way to the balcony. In order to descend the stair, she announced with a wave of her hand that school was over, and the happy scholars joined the crowd assembled about the gate of the stone fence. Nama-hana walked out to the road on the arm of the Captain. The young men harnessed to the cart were in high spirits, shouting for joy, and impatiently waiting the signal to serve their beloved Queen. To Kotzebue the little cart seemed perilously small indeed for its present task, and he wondered where to sit. Nama-hana completely filled the seat, so that he was forced to perch himself on the very edge, with a good chance of losing his balance. Her Majesty, foreseeing this danger, encircled his waist with her stout and powerful arm, and thus secured him to his seat. Now Governor Kinau came out, having topped his costume of boots, *malo*, and red vest with a round hat. He mounted a meager steed, which he rode bareback, and away they all raced, the men in harness trying desperately to keep pace with the Governor on horseback.

As they flew along Honolulu's dusty main road, Hawaiians came running out from grass huts. Some joined the pursuing crowd, while others helped speed the cart along by pushing from behind. All were crying, "*Aloha! Aloha mai-tail!*" ("Hail, hail! A hearty greeting!") For them it was plainly a grand occasion. By way of contrast, as Kotzebue had feared, the white traders were standing in the doorways of their grass trading posts, pipes in hand, laughing at the spectacle. Twice the Captain flew by groups of seamen from his boat, who stopped in amazement at this shouting caravan and the enormous lady who was taking such infinite pains to avoid losing their respected Captain, and they too burst out in great laughter. Down the length of King Street the Queen and her escort were sped for fully a quarter of an hour, arriving finally amid shouts and clouds of dust at Mr. Bingham's church.

When the sermon was over they made the return trip in the same style, and the Captain helped her Majesty alight at the iron gate. Counting his ribs and deciding that he had suffered in silence long enough, he broached the subject of provisions. A few hogs, he hoped, some of the fine sweet potatoes for which the island was noted, some . . .

"Oh, you good man!" the Queen interrupted. "Surely you may have every-

thing—all that we have is yours! Our people love the Russians! We are glad of a chance to show our love!" Turning toward one of her attendants, she clapped her hands and cried, "*Wiki-wiki!*" ("Quick-quick!") "Tell Kinau that we are making love-gifts to our dear Russian friends! Our hearts are filled with *aloha* for our friends so far from home! *Wiki-wiki!*"

II

In the days following the Captain and his man had ample evidence that the Queen's word was good, for she overwhelmed them with presents of fat hogs and the finest fish. They enthusiastically agreed that Nama-hana was not only the cleverest and most learned woman on the island, but also the best, as everyone, natives and settlers alike, had told them. "If Nama-hana likes you the island is yours!" they said. And only the mean in spirit remained outside the great circle of her love. In return, Nama-hana was loved by her people as few persons have ever been loved. With these expressions of affection Kotzebue found himself in perfect agreement. Now that his official business was settled he visited the Queen regularly in order to enjoy her conversation. The urbane Captain found her delightfully naïve in her adoption of European ways, but mentally alert and stimulating and entirely lacking in simulation.

The Captain declared that he could bear testimony to another qualification than these, and one equally important in Nama-hana's estimation. She had the biggest appetite that ever came under his observation. He had heard of it, but not being able to give credence to the scale of operations reported, he resolved to see for himself.

His habit had been to visit the Queen in the morning, when he usually found her lying on the floor, laboriously employed in writing the letter which she had promised him. Once, however, he arranged to arrive just at her dinner hour, and this visit he never forgot. When he was shown into the large dining room the Captain discovered his benefactress, as usual, on her prodigious stomach in the middle of the floor. Placed in a semi-circle round her were numerous deep porcelain bowls filled with island delicacies: pork, chicken, sweet potatoes, the pasty poi, taro, baked fish, seaweed, and coconut. Three attendants were busy refilling the dishes and passing them to Nama-hana, who helped herself with her fingers in Hawaiian style and ate voraciously. Two boys flapped away the flies with bunches of feathers.

The Queen did not permit the Captain's appearance to interrupt the serious business at hand. She merely greeted him with her mouth full and motioned him to a seat by her side. He claimed that he witnessed there the most extraordinary meal on record. How much passed the royal mouth before his entrance he said he would not undertake to affirm, but that it took in enough in his presence to have satisfied six men!

As he sat and watched the quantities of food consumed by the Queen his wonder and admiration were great, but at the scene which followed they increased. Her appetite seemingly satisfied, she drew her breath two or three times with difficulty and exclaimed, "I have eaten famously!" a fact which Kotzebue could not deny. Then, with the aid of her two attendants, she rolled over on her

back and motioned to a tall, athletic Hawaiian, who greatly surprised the visitor by springing upon the Queen's body and kneading her as unmercifully with his knees and fists as if she had been a trough of dough. This was the Captain's first view of the famous Hawaiian practice of *lomi-lomi*, or massage, the purpose of which was to relax the muscles and improve digestion. Her Majesty, after groaning quietly for a few recuperative moments, ordered her royal person to be turned again to its former posture, from which she began her meal all over again!

The Queen was proud of her enormous appetite. It enabled her to keep beautiful, according to the standards of beauty prevalent among the people of chieftain rank in Hawaii. Kotzebue thought, "Such are ideas of beauty! In the Sandwich Islands a female figure a fathom long and of immeasurable circumference is charming; while the European lady laces tightly enough to cause her to faint, and even drinks vinegar in order to touch our hearts by her slender and delicate symmetry!"

On this visit also the young Captain saw Nama-hana's pet hog, which was one of the greatest curiosities of the island. He was the Queen's darling and she fed him almost to death. He was six feet long, black, and of such extraordinary size and fatness that he also had two attendants to help him turn and rise; he could hardly move without their aid.

One of the officers obtained the Queen's permission to draw her picture. Since few Hawaiians had ever seen an artist at work, quite a gallery of chiefs and chiefesses gathered and watched the proceedings with intense interest. As each feature appeared on the paper they could not contain their admiration. The nose appeared first. "Now Nama-hana can smell!" they exclaimed. When the eyes were finished, "Now she can see!" The sight of the mouth was particularly gratifying, for it would enable Nama-hana to eat! Here the Queen herself showed interest and insisted upon seeing the picture. "Oh, the mouth is too small!" she exclaimed, "I'd starve with it!" Even after alterations were made she was not entirely pleased with her likeness. Looking at it, she said, somewhat peevishly, "Surely I am handsomer than that!"

III

Meanwhile, Nama-hana had been continuing with her letter, on which she made some slight progress every day. Lying on her stomach, her paper on the floor in front of her, she worked on it laboriously, chewing her pen and sweating. It caused her many a headache.

One day a messenger came to Kotzebue's ship. Although his only clothing was a shirt, he assumed a very important and mysterious air. By signs he indicated that the Queen wished to pay a visit to the Russian frigate that afternoon and desired Captain Kotzebue to send his small boat to bring her. Then, repeating importantly several times the word "*pala-pala*" (writing), he drew from his shirt a roll of tapa cloth. Unfolding it, the Captain found the letter, a labor of love from Nama-hana. He hurried the messenger away with the assurance that the boat would be ready, and sent immediately for Don Marin to translate his letter.

The writing was in a very neat, firm hand, the letters large and well formed, and quite legible. Translated, it read:

"I salute thee, Russian! I love thee with my whole heart, and more than myself. I feel, therefore, on seeing thee again in my country, a joy which our poor language is unequal to express. Thou wilt find all here much changed. While Ka-meha-meha lived the country flourished; but since his death all has gone to ruin. The young King is in London. Kare-maku (the prime minister) and Ka-ahu-manu (the supreme woman regent) are absent; and Kinau, who fills their place, has too little power over the people to receive thee as becomes thy rank. He cannot procure for thee as many hogs and sweet potatoes, and as much taro as thou hast need of. How sincerely do I regret that my great possessions lie upon the island of Maui, so far away across the sea! Were they nearer, thou shouldst daily be surrounded by hogs. As soon as Kare-maku and Ka-ahu-manu return, all thy wants shall be provided for. The King's brother comes with them; but he is yet only an inexperienced boy and does not know how to distinguish good from evil.

"I beg thee to embrace thine Emperor in my name. Tell him that I would willingly do so myself, but for the wide sea that lies between us. Do not forget to carry my salutations to thy whole nation. Since I am a Christian, and that thou art also such, thou wilt excuse my indifferent writing. Hunger compels me to close my letter. I wish that thou also mayst eat thy hog's head with appetite and pleasure.

"I am,

With royal constancy, and endless love, thine,
Nama-hana."

Late that afternoon Nama-hana arrived with the Captain's envoy in the small boat. The problem of how best to get the Queen from the boat to the ship had been hastily decided at lunch. The ordinary rope ladder was out of the question. It was suggested that they hoist her aboard with the ship's block and tackle, as one of the mate's "wives" was brought on each day; but this means was rejected. Instead, the ship's carpenter worked hastily all afternoon constructing a strong wooden ladder, and this it was that the sailors lowered for Nama-hana to ascend. Assisted by the envoy and two sailors from below and by two sailors leaning from above, she reached the top step with difficulty. Achieving it, and facing the handsomely dressed Captain and his row of splendid officers waiting to receive her, the Queen thought to make an appropriate gesture and attempted a curtsy. Winded from her exhausting pull up the steep ladder, she lost her balance and would certainly have fallen backward had not the four strong Russian sailors standing by leaped to catch her in the nick of time.

Nama-hana was elegantly attired in a peach-colored dress of reed silk and a broad rainbow sash with a large bow in front, dividing her figure into two immense halves. She wore a lei of splendid red and yellow feathers and a finely woven *lau-hala* hat decorated with artificial flowers from Canton. Her chin was lying modestly hidden behind a whole bed of flowers which bloomed on

her mountainous bosom. The details of her Majesty's costume which caught the Captain's attention, however, were her stout, ill-shaped bare legs and her shoes. The Hawaiians had not felt the need of shoes before the white man's coming, so that this part of a well-dressed chief's apparel had to be imported from Europe or America. But, since neither of these continents could boast a pair of feet the size of the Queen's, it would be futile to try to force them into any shoes made. For footwear, then, she had drawn on a floppy pair of sailor's galoshes. The Captain could tell by her complacent contemplation of her dress that the Queen was well satisfied with her appearance.

Nama-hana was enchanted with the ship—its cleanliness and order, its shining rails, and especially the coziness of the Captain's cabin, where she chose to spend most of her time. The sofa there "paid dearly for the honor of her approbation—she sat upon it and broke it down." The portrait of the Emperor Alexander attracted her particular attention; she sat down opposite to it upon the floor, where she could cause no further destruction, and said, after gazing upon it for some minutes with much interest, "The great Governor of the Russians is beautiful!"

The Queen considered herself well informed about Russia because of reports brought back by a Hawaiian lad named Lauri, who had gone there on the ship of Captain Golovnin a few years previously. Was it true, she asked, that the cold changed the water into a solid substance like glass? And was this substance so strong that it was used for a highway over which people passed in huge chests drawn by horses without breaking it? Were the houses actually as high as mountains and so huge that one could wander about in them for three days without coming to the end? "If I lived in St. Petersburg," she said, "I would not venture outside at all in cold weather, but would stay at home and drive about the house in my carriage!"

The Captain made replies in which, as he put it, he tried to accommodate his answers to her powers of comprehension; but it was a somewhat trying task, especially as the Queen's active curiosity increased with every reply. She shot questions thick and fast, some of them not easy.

"How can it be so warm at one season and so cold at another?" she asked.

"How much wood must be burnt every year to warm all the countries of the earth?"

"Might not enough rain fall sometime to put out all the fires in the world? And, if so, might Honolulu not become as cold as St. Petersburg?"

The Captain, harassed by this barrage of questions, which continued for two hours, finally diverted her Majesty by offering her some wine. She found it so much to her taste that he had a bottle brought up for her to take home.

Preparing to leave, Nama-hana said, "If I have wine, I must have glasses, or how can I drink it," and, putting the bottle under one arm, with the other she swept up all the glasses on the table and proceeded to the deck.

Kotzebue concluded his journal that evening by writing, "Thus ended this condescending visit, with the royal appropriation of my wine glasses. Nama-hana had, however, been so liberal with us that she had a right to suppose that she would be welcome to them."

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What was Captain Kotzebue's parentage?
2. Describe Honolulu in 1825.
3. What was Marin's little jest about Nama-hana's size?
4. Describe the Queen's residence.
5. Describe the Queen's appearance and character.
6. What is the source of the quotation "both prepossessing and agreeable"?
7. How did the Queen and the governor commemorate King Ka-meha-meha? What did the King's subjects do on the first anniversary of his death?
8. How did Kotzebue and the Queen attend church services?
9. How did the Queen provision the Russian ship?
10. Describe the Queen's letter to Kotzebue.
11. Recount the Queen's visit to the Russian ship. Describe her dress on that occasion.

Round Table

FOR DISCUSSION:

1. History should be presented in the animated form of narrative rather than in cold technical form.
2. Missionaries benefit those who come under their influence.
3. Aesthetic ideals have no world-wide standard.

Paper Work

1. Write a research paper on "The History of Hawaii."
2. Write an account of Queen Liliuokalani, last reigning queen of the Hawaiian Islands.
3. Write an account of the character of the Hawaiians (or of their music and dance arts).
4. Review Professor Clark's *Omai*, *Paradise Limited*, or *Remember Pearl Harbor*.
5. Write a critical comment on the author's narrative style.

Prime dabbler of our time, a pooh-bah among the sophisticates, and "one of the most sentimental men alive," ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT was uniformly successful at everything he undertook—whether it was news-reporting, dramatic criticism, soldiering, playwriting, broadcasting, or acting. Any record of his activities is necessarily selective, for he abandoned more "going" enterprises than any other competent journalist. Perhaps it is sufficient to record that Woolcott was born in Phalanx, N. J., on January 19, 1887; that he was connected in various capacities with two Philadelphia papers and with four in Manhattan; that he served on the Stars and Stripes and The New Yorker; that he "wowed" both radio and theatrical audiences; and that he was, before his death in 1943, leading contender to the title surrendered by Mark Twain—"the belle of New York."

THE VANISHING LADY*

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

The adventure in Paris of a frightened girl whose traveling companion, together with the baseless fabric of her habitation, dissolves into thin air and leaves not a rack behind.

THEN THERE was the story—told me some years ago as a true copy of a leaf from the dread secret archives of the Paris police—of the woman who disappeared during the World Exposition as suddenly, as completely, and as inexplicably as did Dorothy Arnold ten years later from the sidewalks of New York.

As I first heard the story, it began with the arrival from Marseilles of an English-woman and her young, inexperienced daughter, a girl of seventeen or thereabouts. The mother was the frail, pretty widow of an English officer who had been stationed in India, and the two had just come from Bombay, bound for home. In the knowledge that, after reaching there, she would soon have to cross to Paris to sign some papers affecting her husband's estate, she decided at the last minute to shift her passage to a Marseilles steamer, and, by going direct to Paris, look up the lawyers there and finish her business before crossing the Channel to settle forever and a day in the Warwickshire village where she was born.

Paris was so tumultuously crowded for the Exposition that they counted themselves fortunate when the *cocher* deposited them at the Crillon, and they learned that their precautionary telegram from Marseilles had miraculously caught a room on the wing—a double room with a fine, spacious sitting-room looking out on the Place de la Concorde. I could wish that they had wired one of those less magnificent caravansaries, if only that I might revel again in such a name as the Hotel of Jacob and of England, or, better still, the Hotel of the Universe and of Portugal. But, as the story reached me, it was to the Crillon that they went.

The long windows of their sitting-room gave on a narrow, stone-railed balcony and were half-shrouded in heavy curtains of plum-colored velvet. As again and again the girl later on had occasion to describe the look of that room when first

* From *While Rome Burns*, by Alexander Woolcott, copyright, 1934, by Alexander Woolcott. By permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

she saw it, the walls were papered in old rose. A high-backed sofa, an oval satin-wood table, a mantel with an ormolu clock that had run down—these also she recalled.

The girl was the more relieved that there would be no need of a house-to-house search for rooms, for the mother had seemed unendurably exhausted from the long train ride, and was now of such a color that the girl's first idea was to call the house physician, hoping fervently that he spoke English, for neither she nor her mother spoke any French at all.

The doctor, when he came—a dusty, smelly little man with a wrinkled face lost in a thicket of whiskers, and a reassuring Legion of Honor ribbon in the buttonhole of his lapel—did speak a little English. After a long, grave look and a few questions put to the tired woman on the bed in the shaded room, he called the girl into the sitting-room and told her frankly that her mother's condition was serious; that it was out of the question for them to think of going on to England next day; that on the morrow she might better be moved to a hospital, etc., etc.

All these things he would attend to. In the meantime he wanted the girl to go at once to his home and fetch him a medicine that his wife would give her. It could not be as quickly prepared in any chemist's. Unfortunately, he lived on the other side of Paris and had no telephone, and with all Paris *en fête* it would be perilous to rely on any messenger. Indeed, it would be a saving of time and worry if she could go, armed with a note to his wife he was even then scribbling in French at a desk in the sitting-room. In the lobby below, the manager of the hotel, after an excited colloquy with the doctor, took charge of her most sympathetically, himself putting her into a *sapin* and, as far as she could judge, volubly directing the driver how to reach a certain house in the Rue Val du Grâce, near the Observatoire.

It was then that the girl's agony began, for the ramshackle victoria crawled through the festive streets and, as she afterwards realized, more often than not crawled in the wrong direction. The house in the Rue Val du Grâce seemed to stand at the other end of the world, when the carriage came at last to a halt in front of it. The girl grew old in the time which passed before any answer came to her ring at the bell. The doctor's wife, when finally she appeared, read his note again and again, then with much muttering and rattling of keys stationed the girl in an airless waiting room and left her there so long that she was weeping for very desperation, before the medicine was found, wrapped, and turned over to her.

A hundred times during that wait she rose and started for the door, determined to stay no longer but to run back empty-handed through the streets to her mother's bedside. A thousand times in the wretched weeks that followed she loathed herself for not having obeyed that impulse. But always there was the feeling that having come so far and having waited so long, she must not leave without the medicine just for lack of the strength of will to stick it out a little longer—perhaps only a few minutes longer.

Then the snail's pace trip back to the Right Bank was another nightmare, and it ended only when, at the *cocher's* mulish determination to deliver her to some hotel in the Place Vendôme, she leaped to the street and in sheer terror appealed

for help to a passing young man whose alien tweeds and boots told her he was a compatriot of hers.

He was still standing guard beside her five minutes later when, at long last, she arrived at the desk of the Crillon and called for her key, only to have the very clerk who had handed her a pen to register with that morning look at her without recognition and blandly ask, "Whom does Mademoiselle wish to see?" At that a cold fear clutched her heart, a sudden surrender to a panic that she had fought back as preposterous when first it visited her as she sat and twisted her handkerchief in the waiting room of the doctor's office on the Left Bank; a panic born when, after the doctor had casually told her he had no telephone, she heard the fretful ringing of its bell on the other side of his walnut door.

This then was the predicament of the young English girl as she stood there at the desk of the hotel in Paris—a stranger in the city and a stranger to its bewildering tongue. She had arrived that morning from India and had left her ailing mother in charge of the house physician while she went out in quest of medicine for her—a quest in which, through a malignant conspiracy between perverse circumstances and apparently motiveless passers-by, she had lost four hours.

But now with the bottle of medicine clutched in her hand, she reached the hotel at last, only to be stared down by the clerk at the desk, only to have the very man who had shown them their rooms with such a flourish that morning now gaze at her opaquely as though she were some slightly demented creature demanding admission to someone else's apartment.

But, no, Mam'zelle must be mistaken. Was it not at some other hotel she was descended? Two more clerks came fluttering into the conference, They all eyed her without a flicker of recognition. Did Mam'zelle say her room was No. 342? Ah, but 342 was occupied by M. Quelquechose. Yes, a French client of long standing. He had been occupying it these past two weeks and more. Ah, no, it would be impossible to disturb him. All this while the lobby, full of hurrying, polyglot strangers, reeled around her.

She demanded the registration slips only to find in that day's docket no sign of the one she herself had filled out that morning on their arrival, the while her tired mother leaned against the desk and told her how. And even as the clerk now shuffled the papers before her eyes, the stupefying bloodstone, which she had noticed on his ring-finger when he handed her the pen five hours before, winked at her in confirmation.

From then on she came only upon closed doors. The same house physician who had hustled her off on her tragic wild-geese chase across Paris protested now with all the shrugs and gestures of his people that he had dispatched her on no such errand, that he had never been summoned to attend her mother, that he had never seen her before in all his life. The same hotel manager who had so sympathetically helped her into the carriage when she set forth on her fruitless mission denied her now as flatly and somehow managed to do it with the same sympathetic solicitude, suggesting that Mam'zelle must be tired, that she should let them provide another chamber where she might repose herself until such time as she could recollect at what hotel she really belonged or until some inquiries should bring in news of where her mother and her luggage were, if—

For always there was in his ever polite voice the unspoken reservation that the whole mystery might be a thing of her own disordered invention. Then, and in the destroying days that followed, she was only too keenly aware that these evasive people—the personnel of the hotel, the attachés of the embassy, the reporters of the Paris *Herald*, the officials at the Sûreté—were each and every one behaving as if she had lost her wits. Indeed there were times when she felt that all Paris was rolling its eyes behind her back and significantly tapping its forehead.

Her only aid and comfort was the aforesaid Englishman who, because a lovely lady in distress had come up to him in the street and implored his help, elected thereafter to believe her against all the evidence which so impressed the rest of Paris. He proved a pillar of stubborn strength because he was some sort of well-born junior secretary at the British Embassy with influence enough to keep her agony from gathering dust in the official pigeonholes.

His faith in her needed to be unreasoning because there slowly formed in his mind a suspicion that for some unimaginable reason all these people—the hotel attendants and even the police—were part of a plot to conceal the means whereby the missing woman's disappearance had been effected. This suspicion deepened when, after a day's delay, he succeeded in forcing an inspection of Room 342 and found that there was no detail of its furnishing which had not been altered from the one etched into the girl's memory.

It remained for him to prove the mechanism of that plot and to guess at its invisible motive—a motive strong enough to enlist all Paris in the silent obliteration of a woman of no importance, moreover a woman who, as far as her daughter knew, had not an enemy in the world. It was the purchased confession of one of the paperhangers, who had worked all night in the hurried transformation of Room 342, that started the unraveling of the mystery.

By the time the story reached me, it had lost all its content of grief and become as unemotional as an anagram. Indeed, a few years ago it was a kind of circulating parlor game and one was challenged to guess what had happened to the vanished lady. Perhaps you yourself have already surmised that the doctor had recognized the woman's ailment as a case of the black plague smuggled in from India; that his first instinctive step, designed only to give time for spiriting her out of the threatened hotel, had, when she died that afternoon, widened into a conspiracy on the part of the police to suppress, at all costs to this one girl, an obituary notice which, had it ever leaked out, would have emptied Paris overnight and spread ruin across a city that had gambled heavily on the great Exposition for which its gates were even then thrown wide.

The story of this girl's ordeal long seemed to me one of the great nightmares of real life and I was, therefore, the more taken aback one day to have its historicity faintly impaired by my discovering its essence in a novel called *The End of Her Honeymoon* which the incomparable Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes wrote as long ago as 1913. Then I find myself wondering if she unearthed it in the archives of the Paris police or whether she spun its mystery out of her own macabre fancy, making from whole cloth a tale of such felicitous invention that, like Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger* or Anatole France's *The Procurator of Judea*, it had moved from land to land with the seven-league boots of folk-music and so been told

and retold at hearths the world around by people who had never read it anywhere.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. To what hotel in Paris did mother and daughter go? What is the repute of this hotel?
2. Enumerate some of the details which reveal the luxury of the accommodations.
3. Why is it important that it should be the house physician who is summoned?
4. What situation made it unwise to rely on a messenger to get the medicine?
5. How is the girl delayed on her errand?
6. What clue does the telephone supply?
7. What detail helps the girl to identify mentally the desk clerk at the hotel?
8. Who is her friend in need?
9. What is the alleged motivation in the spiriting away of the mother?
10. What is the essence of the footnote at the end of the tale?

Round Table

1. What is your theory of the origin of this tale?
2. Are ballads of "folk" origin? What must be the nature of the proof? How does "Lord Randall" compare with this story?
3. What are the implausible elements in this tale?

FOOTNOTE: The story of "The Vanishing Lady" is a fair specimen of folklore in the making. For such a story to travel round the world by word of mouth, it is necessary that each teller of it must believe it true, and it is a common practice for the artless teller to seek to impart that belief to his listeners by affecting kinship, or at least a lifelong intimacy, with the protagonist of the adventure related. In my entertaining, desultory, and (with one exception) fruitless researches into the origin of twenty such world-girdling tales, I have often challenged one of these straw-man authorities, only to have it vanish as utterly as did the ailing lady from the Place de la Concorde. In the case of this story, which was used not only by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes but by Lawrence Rising in a later novel called *She Who Was Helena Cass*, I can report that it is a favorite, seemingly, with old ladies on shipboard, those rootless widows who wear buttoned shoes with cloth tops and whose families, with ill-concealed delight, persuade them to do a good deal of traveling. The story will be whispered as gospel truth from steamer-chair to steamer-chair, with such shakings of the head and such Lord-have-mercy casting up of pious glances that it seems ever new, and, with that air about it, gets submitted so regularly to the fiction magazines that it has threaded many an editorial head with untimely silver. One day I received word of its having been published as a news story in the *London Daily Mail* as early as 1911, the bare facts substantiated by affidavits from attachés of the British Embassy in Paris. Here, I said with relief, is the end of my quest, only to have Richard Henry Little point out in the *Chicago Tribune* that the entire story had been dashed off by Karl Harriman one hot summer night in 1889 to fill a vacant column in the next morning's issue of the *Detroit Free Press*. Closing in on my quarry, I called upon the blushing Harriman to tell me whether he had invented the story or, like the rest of us, heard it somewhere in his travels. He said he could not remember. Thereupon I felt free to consider the question still open, for, without wishing to reflect on the fecundity of his imagination, I beg leave to doubt if any man could invent a tale like "The Vanishing Lady" and thereafter forget that he had done so.

Paper Work

1. Write an essay on "The Rumor I Started."
2. Write an essay on "Spiking a Rumor."
3. Read Chapters XXVIII-XXX in Sinclair Lewis' *Work of Art*; then write a critical essay on the motivation of both narratives.
4. Recount a contemporary folk tale that you have heard or read.

SHORT STORIES

MARY LISPENARD COOPER first attracted attention as a short-story writer in 1926 when she was a senior at Vassar College. Competing with the representatives of more than eighty other American colleges and universities in a contest sponsored by Harper's Magazine, she won second prize for a story entitled "Moth-Mullein." Since graduating from college and going to Baltimore to teach, she has written many other finely constructed stories, including "Green Shutters" (Harper's, July, 1927), "The Punch and Judy Show" (Harper's, February, 1928), and "Vestal" (Harper's, September, 1928). Her sense of narrative economy is admirably illustrated in the simple tale that is reprinted here.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW*

MARY LISPENARD COOPER

MAMMA HAD said to go to sleep at once, because they were taking a train at five the next morning; but the room was too strange and hot. The little girl kicked off first the blanket and then the sheet. Now she would go to sleep. She shut her eyes very tight and pressed her hands against the mattress, lying so flat. But all the day ran dreadful and tangled through her mind: prickly cloth of the seats in the train; the cross people who shouted in the next compartment; food with a queer strong taste, allowed because mamma "didn't trust the milk"; the rocking smelly cab that brought them from the station; the porter of their *pension*, with his blue-black chin; his wife looking out from the shadows; the Punch and Judy Show in the court that afternoon.

At first she had been afraid. "Isn't Punch hurting Judy?"

Papa had picked her up and kissed her. "No, dearest, they're only pretending."

After that it was fun. Punch had such a great red nose and such a high voice. Judy was strong. Sometimes she almost knocked Punch down. The little girl laughed and clapped with the crowd—the dark short people with great white teeth. The crowd laughed louder and louder. Cecily saw mamma look at papa with the little shake of the head that means "This is enough for Cecily." Papa nodded and took the little girl's hand. She didn't want to go but she saw mamma's lovely kissing mouth straighten, and she swallowed a small sob. They had gone off, papa and mamma, looking so tall and beautiful in their white clothes.

But what was the rest of the play? Did Punch or Judy win? Her eyes flew

* Reprinted by permission of the author and the publishers from *Harper's Magazine* for February, 1928

open. She felt cross and hot. It wasn't any use trying to sleep. She jumped out of bed. She would pin up her hair. Her curls clung to her neck and ears when it was sultry (mamma's word), but there was a hairpin on the bureau to keep them up. They were very slippery and didn't stay for her fingers as for mamma's long ones. Besides, there wasn't any light.

Now—perhaps it would be cooler by the window. She could lean out over the court where Punch and Judy had been. She went carefully across the room. There were so many corners to hurt you. The carpet tickled her feet.

It *was* cooler there. There was such a wide sill she could sit with her feet on the outside edge. It was really quite bad of her, first to get out of bed and second to sit in the window, but mamma would understand how hot she had been. The coolness was damp and dark like a cellar; there was a smell like the smell on the streets at home after the sprinkler had passed.

Cecily wanted to go home. The roofs around the court were too close and steep. The sky was clear dark blue.

Then what she saw made her clap her hands and almost fall from the window. There was a Punch and Judy Show going on in the room on the other side of the court. Only the shadows on the shade showed, but now she might see how it would end. It did look as if Punch were hurting Judy. He hit with long hard blows, but she always got up and fought again. She clawed at his eyes with her fingers. How could it be only pretending? But she had papa's word for it.

Now Judy was getting tired. Punch picked up something that looked like a long stick and brought it down on Judy's head. She fell, but it seemed Punch was sorry now. He lifted her and took her to the window. The shade slid to the top. Perhaps he thought the air would make her feel better. He leaned over her a minute. His hands covered his eyes and then dropped. With a queer jerk he picked up Judy again and let her fall headlong into the court. Then the light went out. So that was how Punch and Judy ended. She couldn't help feeling a little sorry for Judy.

There was nothing more to see now and Cecily was quite cool. She went back to her bed and beat the great pillow cool, as she had seen the maid do. Before she thought to close her eyes or lie quietly she was asleep.

Mamma came in at four, when it was not quite light yet, to wake her for the early train; and Cecily told her the whole story of the Punch and Judy Show. Mamma laughed and pulled the hairpin out of the little girl's hair so that it fell down about her ears again.

"Silly darling! You were dreaming!"

Cecily knew it had been real.

"No—*no*, mamma."

She must make her mother understand. She clung to the collar of mamma's pretty blue dress.

"It's the window across from here. You can *see* the window—with the shade up to the top."

Cecily was begging.

Mamma laughed a little but she went to look. Then Cecily saw her back

straighten and stiffen, her fingers curl tight and hard. Was she thinking angrily that Cecily hadn't told the truth?

"Didn't I say so, mamma? Wasn't the shade up?"

Her mother pulled down the blind of Cecily's room and picked up the little girl, for all she was more than five. Mamma hid her eyes in Cecily's curls. Then—

"No, dear; there wasn't a Punch and Judy Show. The hot night made you dream."

Mamma was carrying her quickly into papa's room. He was shaving; there was a lovely smell of soap and lavender-water. Mamma sat down shaking and white at the edge of the bed.

Cecily asked, "Are you going to cry, mamma?"

"Mother is tired this morning, Cecily."

Papa turned away from the mirror. "'Lo, Cecily," he said.

Then he looked at mamma.

"Good Lord, darling—" said papa.

The little girl's mother shook her head as she had the day before, in the way that meant "This is enough for Cecily."

"I am glad we are leaving at once," she said. "This place gives Cecily bad dreams."

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. List some of the sense impressions that Cecily got on her day's journey to the pension; in her bedroom at the inn.
2. What scene from the puppet show did Cecily witness? Did her parents permit her to see the climax?
3. What circumstances gave Cecily a "balcony seat" for the shadow play in the room opposite her own?
4. What did Mamma see when she looked from the window? Does the author use visual details or effects on the witness?
5. How old was Cecily at the time of her experience?
6. How long did Cecily's parents remain at the pension after the child's experience?

Round Table

1. Discuss the technique by which the little girl's point of view has been kept.
2. Study the vocabulary. Does the author step beyond the normal word range of a pre-school child?
3. Comment on the narrative technique of the story—compression, economy, suspense, climax, impressionism. Study particularly the effectiveness of the beginning and the end.
4. Comment on the restraint of the story. Which is more effective in a tale of crime, suggestion or undiluted details?

Paper Work

1. In granting the privilege of reprinting *The Punch and Judy Show*, its author wrote: "I don't know whether it would interest you to know that it is one of those rare things—a usable true story told by a friend in the hope that it could be written." Explain the author's phrase "one of those rare things." Do you know any other short stories developed out of a "true" story? Invent a hypothetical "original narrative"—in the form of the friend's letter if you wish—from which this story might have been developed.
2. Write a simple account of an unusual episode which you witnessed as a young child. Be careful to maintain the child's point of view.
3. On the basis of hints given in *The Punch and Judy Show*, write a descriptive analysis of the country, the people, the immediate locale, and the season of the year that form the background of the story.
4. Write a brief research paper on "The Development of Punch and Judy."
5. Recount your experience as a child at a Punch and Judy show which you saw. How did it compare with the one that Cecily saw?
6. Write a book review of the edition of *Punch and Judy* illustrated by George Cruikshank. If this is not available, use some other edition of the puppet-play.

Shambling and awkward in appearance, but fluent in talk, LORD DUNSANY has been as much of a sportsman as he is a writer. He was born in 1878, attended Cheam School and Eton, fought in the Boer War and in World War I (he was wounded because, as he says, the trenches were only six feet deep while he is six foot four), and achieved literary fame first as a dramatist. William Butler Yeats produced Dunsany's The Glittering Gate (1909)—a fantastic one-act play—at the Abbey Theater, and between 1914 and 1917 its author was regarded as one of the leading experimentalists in the new Irish Theater movement. Later he achieved enduring fame in the short story, where he has successfully experimented with fantasy and allegory.

THE HIGHWAYMAN*

LORD DUNSANY

TOM O' THE ROADS had ridden his last ride, and was now alone in the night. From where he was, a man might see the white, recumbent sheep and the black outline of lonely downs, and the grey line of the farther and lonelier downs beyond them; or in the hollows far below him, out of the pitiless wind, he might see the grey smoke of hamlets arising from black valleys. But all alike was black to the eyes of Tom, and all the sounds were silence in his ears; only his soul struggled to slip from the iron chains and to pass southwards into Paradise. And the wind blew and blew.

For Tom to-night had nought but the wind to ride; they had taken his true black horse on the day when they took from him the green fields and the sky, men's voices and the laughter of women, and had left him alone with chains about his neck to swing in the wind for ever. And the wind blew and blew.

But the soul of Tom o' the Roads was nipped by the cruel chains, and whenever it struggled to escape it was beaten backwards into the iron collar by the wind that blows from Paradise from the south. And swinging there by the neck, there fell away old sneers from off his lips, and scoffs that he had long since scoffed at God fell from his tongue, and there rotted old bad lusts out of his heart, and from his fingers the stains of deeds that were evil; and they all fell to the ground and grew there in pallid rings and clusters. And when these ill things had all fallen away, Tom's soul was clean again, as his early love had found it, a long while since in spring; and it swung up there in the wind with the bones of Tom, and with his old torn coat and rusty chains.

And the wind blew and blew.

And ever anon the soul of the sepulchred, coming from consecrated acres, would go by beating up the wind to Paradise past the Gallows Tree and past the soul of Tom, that might not go free.

Night after night Tom watched the sheep upon the downs with empty hollow sockets, till his dead hair grew and covered his poor dead face, and hid the shame of it from the sheep. And the wind blew and blew.

* Reprinted by permission of Lord Dunsany, through courtesy of his agent, the Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights, and Composers, London, England.

Sometimes on gusts of the wind came some one's tears, and beat and beat against the iron chains, but could not rust them through. And the wind blew and blew.

And every evening all the thoughts that Tom had ever uttered came flocking in from doing their work in the world, the work that may not cease, and sat along the gallows branches and chirrurred to the soul of Tom, the soul that might not go free. All the thoughts that he had ever uttered! And the evil thoughts rebuked the soul that bore them because they might not die. And all those he had uttered the most furtively, chirrurred the loudest and the shrillest in the branches all the night.

And all the thoughts that Tom had ever thought about himself now pointed at the wet bones and mocked at the old torn coat. But the thoughts that he had had of others were the only companions that his soul had to soothe it in the night as it swung to and fro. And they twittered to the soul and cheered the poor dumb thing that could have dreams no more, till there came a murderous thought and drove them all away.

And the wind blew and blew.

Paul, Archbishop of Alois and Vayence, lay in his white sepulchre of marble, facing full to the southwards towards Paradise. And over his tomb was sculptured the Cross of Christ that his soul might have repose. No wind howled here as it howled in the lonely tree-tops up upon the downs, but came with gentle breezes, orchard scented, over the low lands from Paradise from the southwards, and played about forget-me-nots and grasses in the consecrated land where lay the Reposeful round the sepulchre of Paul, Archbishop of Alois and Vayence. Easy it was for a man's soul to pass from such a sepulchre, and, flitting low over remembered fields, to come upon the garden lands of Paradise and find eternal ease.

And the wind blew and blew.

In a tavern of foul repute three men were lapping gin. Their names were Joe and Will and the gypsy Puglioni; no other names had they, for of whom their fathers were they had no knowledge, but only dark suspicions.

Sin had caressed and stroked their faces often with its paws, but the face of Puglioni Sin had kissed all over the mouth and chin. Their food was robbery and their pastime murder. All of them had incurred the sorrow of God and the enmity of man. They sat at a table with a pack of cards before them, all greasy with the marks of cheating thumbs. And they whispered to one another over their gin, but so low that the landlord of the tavern at the other end of the room could hear only muffled oaths, and knew not by Whom they swore or what they said.

These three were the staunchest friends that ever God had given unto man. And he to whom their friendship had been given had nothing else besides, saving some bones that swung in the wind and rain, and an old torn coat and iron chains, and a soul that might not go free.

But as the night wore on, the three friends left their gin and stole away, and crept down to that graveyard where rested in his sepulchre Paul, Archbishop of Alois and Vayence. At the edge of the graveyard, but outside the consecrated ground, they dug a hasty grave, two digging while one watched in the wind

and rain. And the worms that crept in the unhallowed ground wondered and waited.

And the terrible hour of midnight came upon them with its fears, and found them still beside the place of tombs. And the three friends trembled at the horror of such an hour in such a place, and shivered in the wind and drenching rain, but still worked on. And the wind blew and blew.

Soon they had finished. And at once they left the hungry grave with all its worms unfed, and went away over the wet fields stealthily but in haste, leaving the place of tombs behind them in the midnight. And as they went they shivered, and each man as he shivered cursed the rain aloud. And so they came to the spot where they had hidden a ladder and a lantern. There they held a long debate whether they should light the lantern, or whether they should go without it for fear of the King's men. But in the end it seemed better to them that they should have the light of the lantern, and risk being taken by the King's men and hanged, than that they should come suddenly face to face in the darkness with whatever one might come face to face with a little after midnight about the Gallows Tree.

On three roads in England whereon it was not the wont of folks to go their ways in safety, travellers to-night went unmolested. But the three friends walking several paces wide of the King's highway, approached the Gallows Tree, and Will carried the lantern and Joe the ladder, but Puglioni carried a great sword wherewith to do the work which must be done. When they came close, they saw how bad was the case with Tom, for little remained of that fine figure of a man and nothing at all of his great resolute spirit, only as they came they thought they heard a whimpering cry like the sound of a thing that was caged and unfree.

To and fro, to and fro in the wind swung the bones and soul of Tom, for the sins he had sinned on the King's highway against the laws of the King; and with shadows and a lantern through the darkness, at the peril of their lives, came the three friends that his soul had won before it swung in chains. Thus the seeds of Tom's own soul that he had sown all his life had grown into a Gallows Tree that bore in season iron chains in clusters; while the careless seeds that he had strewn here and there, a kindly jest and a few merry words, had grown into the triple friendship that would not desert his bones.

Then the three set the ladder against the tree, and Puglioni went up with his sword in his right hand, and at the top of it he reached up and began to hack at the neck below the iron collar. Presently, the bones and the old coat and the soul of Tom fell down with a rattle, and a moment afterwards his head that had watched so long alone swung clear from the swinging chain. These things Will and Joe gathered up, and Puglioni came running down his ladder, and they heaped upon its rungs the terrible remains of their friend, and hastened away wet through with the rain, with the fear of phantoms in their hearts and horror lying before them on the ladder. By two o'clock they were down again in the valley out of the bitter wind, but they went on past the open grave into the graveyard all among the tombs, with their lantern and their ladder and the terrible thing upon it, which kept their friendship still. Then these three, that had robbed the Law of its due and proper victim, still sinned on for what was still

their friend, and levered out the marble slabs from the sacred sepulchre of Paul, Archbishop of Alois and Vayence. And from it they took the very bones of the Archbishop, himself, and carried them away to the eager grave that they had left, and put them in and shoveled back the earth. But all that lay upon the ladder they placed, with a few tears, within the great white sepulchre under the Cross of Christ, and put back the marble slabs.

Thence the soul of Tom, arising hallowed out of sacred ground, went at dawn down the valley, and, lingering a little about his mother's cottage and old haunts of childhood, passed on and came to the wide lands beyond the clustered homesteads. There, there met with it all the kindly thoughts that the soul of Tom had ever had, and they flew and sang beside it all the way southwards, until at last, with singing all about it, it came to Paradise.

But Will and Joe and the gypsy Puglioni went back to their gin, and robbed and cheated again in the tavern of foul repute, and knew not in their sinful lives they had sinned one sin at which the Angels smiled.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Name the friends of Tom o' the Roads.
2. What refrain is used in the story?
3. When is the refrain dropped and why?
4. What color adjective is subtly associated with Tom? What with Paul, the archbishop?
5. What vowel sound predominates in the story?
6. Why had there been debate over the lantern?
7. Why could not the soul of Tom attain paradise?
8. What elements give the story suspense?

Round Table

1. Has this story any value beyond "mere entertainment"?
2. Is the story "irreverent"?
3. Is the story "sentimental"?
4. Which is the better piece of writing, Dunsany's "The Highwayman" or Alfred Noyes' "The Highwayman"?

Paper Work

1. Write a paper on the use of rhythm by Eudora Welty (see pages 480 ff.) and by Lord Dunsany.
2. Write a paper on the lyrical qualities of "The Highwayman"; write another paper on the Biblical qualities of the story.
3. Write a critical essay pointing out the merits and the defects of the story.

Sports writing is usually thought of as ephemeral and sub-literary. It is extraordinary, therefore, that one of the foremost American sports writers, RING LARDNER, should have become recognized as a literary figure. This happened when, in 1924, he published How to Write Short Stories, a series of his own tales. Then his humor, his pungency, and his keen characterizations became apparent to literary critics. Ring Lardner (1885-1933) was born in Michigan and educated at the Armour Institute of Technology. He soon became a newspaperman, however, and a specialist in sports reporting. As a sports writer he wrote for the Boston American, the Chicago American, and the Bell Syndicate, working steadily until his death in 1933. He became known first for his lively sketches of baseball life, You Know Me, Al. He wrote a novel, The Big Town, and, with George S. Kaufman, a highly successful Broadway comedy entitled June Moon (1929-30). His stories he gathered into several collections including The Love Nest and Other Stories (1926) and Round Up (1929), from which the following tale has been reprinted.

CHAMPION *

RING LARDNER

MIDGE KELLY scored his first knockout when he was seventeen. The knocker was his brother Connie, three years his junior and a cripple. The purse was a half dollar given to the younger Kelly by a lady whose electric had just missed bumping his soul from his frail little body.

Connie did not know Midge was in the house, else he never would have risked laying the prize on the arm of the least comfortable chair in the room, the better to observe its shining beauty. As Midge entered from the kitchen, the crippled boy covered the coin with his hand, but the movement lacked the speed requisite to escape his brother's quick eye.

"Watcha got there?" demanded Midge.

"Nothin'," said Connie.

"You're a one legged liar!" said Midge.

He strode over to his brother's chair and grasped the hand that concealed the coin.

"Let loose!" he ordered.

Connie began to cry.

"Let loose and shut up your noise," said the elder, and jerked his brother's hand from the chair arm.

The coin fell onto the bare floor. Midge pounced on it. His weak mouth widened in a triumphant smile.

"Nothin', huh?" he said. "All right, if it's nothin' you don't want it."

"Give that back," sobbed the younger.

"I'll give you a red nose, you little sneak! Where'd you steal it?"

"I didn't steal it. It's mine. A lady give it to me after she pretty near hit me with a car."

* From *Round Up*, by Ring Lardner, reprinted by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons, publishers.

"It's a crime she missed you," said Midge.

Midge started for the front door. The cripple picked up his crutch, rose from his chair with difficulty, and, still sobbing, came toward Midge. The latter heard him and stopped.

"You better stay where you're at," he said.

"I want my money," cried the boy.

"I know what you want," said Midge.

Doubling up the fist that held the half dollar, he landed with all his strength on his brother's mouth. Connie fell to the floor with a thud, the crutch tumbling on top of him. Midge stood beside the prostrate form.

"Is that enough?" he said. "Or do you want this, too?"

And he kicked him in the crippled leg.

"I guess that'll hold you," he said.

There was no response from the boy on the floor. Midge looked at him a moment, then at the coin in his hand, and then went out into the street, whistling.

An hour later, when Mrs. Kelly came home from her day's work at Faulkner's Steam Laundry, she found Connie on the floor, moaning. Dropping on her knees beside him, she called him by name a score of times. Then she got up and, pale as a ghost, dashed from the house. Dr. Ryan left the Kelly abode about dusk and walked toward Halsted Street. Mrs. Dorgan spied him as he passed her gate.

"Who's sick, Doctor?" she called.

"Poor little Connie," he replied. "He had a bad fall."

"How did it happen?"

"I can't say for sure, Margaret, but I'd almost bet he was knocked down."

"Knocked down!" exclaimed Mrs. Dorgan.

"Why, who—?"

"Have you seen the other one lately?"

"Michael? No, not since mornin'. You can't be thinkin'—"

"I wouldn't put it past him, Margaret," said the doctor gravely. "The lad's mouth is swollen and cut, and his poor, skinny little leg is bruised. He surely didn't do it to himself and I think Helen suspects the other one."

"Lord save us!" said Mrs. Dorgan. "I'll run over and see if I can help."

"That's a good woman," said Doctor Ryan, and went on down the street.

Near midnight, when Midge came home, his mother was sitting at Connie's bedside. She did not look up.

"Well," said Midge, "what's the matter?"

She remained silent. Midge repeated his question.

"Michael, you know what's the matter," she said at length.

"I don't know nothin'," said Midge.

"Don't lie to me, Michael. What did you do to your brother?"

"Nothin'."

"You hit him."

"Well, then, I hit him. What of it? It ain't the first time."

Her lips pressed tightly together, her face like chalk, Ellen Kelly rose from her chair and made straight for him. Midge backed against the door.

"Lay off'n me, Ma. I don't want to fight no woman."

Still she came on breathing heavily.

"Stop where you're at, Ma," he warned.

There was a brief struggle and Midge's mother lay on the floor before him.

"You ain't hurt, Ma. You're lucky I didn't land good. And I told you to lay off'n me."

"God forgive you, Michael!"

Midge found Hap Collins in the showdown game at the Royal.

"Come on out a minute," he said.

Hap followed him out on the walk.

"I'm leavin' town for a w'ile," said Midge.

"What for?"

"Well, we had a little run-in up to the house. The kid stole a half buck off'n me, and when I went after it he cracked me with his crutch. So I nailed him. And the old lady came at me with a chair and I took it off'n her and she fell down."

"How is Connie hurt?"

"Not bad."

"What are you runnin' away for?"

"Who the hell said I was runnin' away? I'm sick and tired o' gettin' picked on; that's all. So I'm leavin' for a w'ile and I want a piece o' money."

"I ain't only got six bits," said Happy.

"You're in bad shape, ain't you? Well, come through with it." Happy came through.

"You oughtn't to hit the kid," he said.

"I ain't astin' you who can I hit," snarled Midge. "You try to put somethin' over on me and you'll get the same dose. I'm goin' now."

"Go as far as you like," said Happy, but not until he was sure that Kelly was out of hearing.

Early the following morning, Midge boarded a train for Milwaukee. He had no ticket, but no one knew the difference. The conductor remained in the caboose.

On a night six months later, Midge hurried out of the "stage door" of the Star Boxing Club and made for Duane's saloon, two blocks away. In his pocket were twelve dollars, his reward for having battered up one Demon Dempsey through the six rounds of the first preliminary.

It was Midge's first professional engagement in the manly art. Also it was the first time in weeks that he had earned twelve dollars.

On the way to Duane's he had to pass Niemann's. He pulled his cap over his eyes and increased his pace until he had gone by. Inside Niemann's stood a trusting bartender, who for ten days had staked Midge to drinks and allowed him to ravage the lunch on a promise to come in and settle the moment he was paid for the "prelim."

Midge strode into Duane's and aroused the napping bartender by slapping a silver dollar on the festive board.

"Gimme a shot," said Midge.

The shooting continued until the wind-up at the Star was over and part of the fight crowd joined Midge in front of Duane's bar. A youth in the early twenties

standing next to young Kelly, finally summoned sufficient courage to address him.

"Wasn't you in the first bout?" he ventured.

"Yeh," Midge replied.

"My name's Hersch," said the other.

Midge received the startling information in silence.

"I don't want to butt in," continued Mr. Hersch, "but I'd like to buy you a drink."

"All right," said Midge, "but don't overstrain yourself."

Mr. Hersch laughed uproariously and beckoned to the bartender.

"You certainly gave that wop a trimmin' tonight," said the buyer of the drink, when they had been served. "I thought you'd kill him."

"I would if I hadn't let up," Midge replied. "I'll kill 'em all."

"You got the wallop all right," the other said admiringly.

"Have I got the wallop?" said Midge. "Say, I can kick like a mule. Did you notice them muscles in my shoulders?"

"Notice 'em? I couldn't help from noticin' 'em," said Hersch. "I says to the fella settin' alongside o' me, I says: 'Look at them shoulders! No wonder he can hit,' I says to him."

"Just let me land and it's good-by, baby," said Midge. "I'll kill 'em all."

The oral manslaughter continued until Duane's closed for the night. At parting, Midge and his new friend shook hands and arranged for a meeting the following evening.

For nearly a week the two were together almost constantly. It was Hersch's pleasant rôle to listen to Midge's modest revelations concerning himself, and to buy every time Midge's glass was empty. But there came an evening when Hersch regretfully announced that he must go home to supper.

"I got a date for eight bells," he confided. "I could stick till then, only I must clean up and put on the Sunday clo'es, 'cause she's the prettiest little thing in Milwaukee."

"Can't you fix it for two?" asked Midge.

"I don't know who to get," Hersch replied. "Wait, though. I got a sister and if she ain't busy, it'll be O. K. She's no bum for looks herself."

So it came about that Midge and Emma Hersch and Emma's brother and the prettiest little thing in Milwaukee foregathered at Wall's and danced half the night away. And Midge and Emma danced every dance together, for though every little onestep seemed to induce a new thirst of its own, Lou Hersch stayed too sober to dance with his own sister.

The next day, penniless at last in spite of his phenomenal ability to make someone else settle, Midge Kelly sought out Doc Hammond, matchmaker for the Star, and asked to be booked for the next show.

"I could put you on with Tracy for the next bout," said Doc.

"What's they in it?" asked Midge.

"Twenty if you cop," Doc told him.

"Have a heart," protested Midge. "Didn't I look good the other night?"

"You looked all right. But you aren't Freddie Welsh yet by a consid'able margin."

"I ain't scared of Freddie Welsh or none of 'em," said Midge.

"Well, we don't pay our boxers by the size of their chests," Doc said. "I'm offerin' you this Tracy bout. Take it or leave it."

"All right; I'm on," said Midge, and he passed a pleasant afternoon at Duane's on the strength of his booking.

Young Tracy's manager came to Midge the night before the show.

"How do you feel about this go?" he asked.

"Me?" said Midge, "I feel all right. What do you mean, how do I feel?"

"I mean," said Tracy's manager, "that we're mighty anxious to win, 'cause the boy's got a chanct in Philly if he cops this one."

"What's your proposition?" asked Midge.

"Fifty bucks," said Tracy's manager.

"What do you think I am, a crook? Me lay down for fifty bucks. Not me!"

"Seventy-five, then," said Tracy's manager.

The market closed on eighty and the details were agreed on in short order. And the next night Midge was stopped in the second round by a terrific slap on the forearm.

This time Midge passed up both Niemann's and Duane's, having a sizable account at each place, and sought his refreshment at Stein's farther down the street.

When the profits of his deal with Tracy were gone, he learned, by first-hand information from Doc Hammond and the matchmakers at the other "clubs," that he was no longer desired for even the cheapest of preliminaries. There was no danger of his starving or dying of thirst while Emma and Lou Hersch lived. But he made up his mind, four months after his defeat by Young Tracy, that Milwaukee was not the ideal place for him to live.

"I can lick the best of 'em," he reasoned, "but there ain't no more chanct for me here. I can maybe go east and get on somewheres. And besides—"

But just after Midge had purchased a ticket to Chicago with the money he had "borrowed" from Emma Hersch "to buy shoes," a heavy hand was laid on his shoulders and he turned to face two strangers.

"Where are you goin', Kelly?" inquired the owner of the heavy hand.

"Nowheres," said Midge. "What the hell do you care?"

The other stranger spoke:

"Kelly, I'm employed by Emma Hersch's mother to see that you do right by her. And we want you to stay here till you've done it."

"You won't get nothin' but the worst of it, monkeying with me," said Midge.

Nevertheless, he did not depart for Chicago that night. Two days later, Emma Hersch became Mrs. Kelly, and the gift of the groom, when once they were alone, was a crushing blow on the bride's pale cheek.

Next morning, Midge left Milwaukee as he had entered it—by fast freight.

"They's no use kiddin' ourself any more," said Tommy Haley. "He might get down to thirty-seven in a pinch, but if he done below that a mouse could stop him. He's a welter; that's what he is and he knows it as well as I do. He's growed like a weed in the last six mont's. I told him, I says, 'If you don't quit growin'

they won't be nobody for you to box, only Willard and them.' He says, 'Well, I wouldn't run away from Willard if I weighed twenty pounds more.'"

"He must hate himself," said Tommy's brother.

"I never seen a good one that didn't," said Tommy. "And Midge is a good one; don't make no mistake about that. I wisht we could of got Welsh before the kid growed so big. But it's too late now. I won't make no holler, though, if we can match him up with the Dutchman."

"Who do you mean?"

"Young Goetz, the welter champ. We mightn't not get so much dough for the bout itself, but it'd roll in afterward. What a drawin' card we'd be, 'cause the people pays their money to see the fella with the wallop, and that's Midge. And we'd keep the title just as long as Midge could make the weight."

"Can't you land no match with Goetz?"

"Sure, 'cause he needs the money. But I've went careful with the kid so far and look at the results I got! So what's the use of takin' a chanct? The kid's comin' every minute and Goetz is goin' back faster'n big Johnson did. I think we could lick him now; I'd bet my life on it. But six mont's from now they won't be no risk. He'll of licked hisself before that time. Then all as we'll have to do is sign up with him and wait for the referee to stop it. But Midge is so crazy to get at him now that I can't hardly hold him back."

The brothers Haley were lunching in a Boston hotel. Dan had come down from Holyoke to visit with Tommy and to watch the latter's protégé go twelve rounds, or less, with Bud Cross. The bout promised little in the way of a contest, for Midge had twice stopped the Baltimore youth and Bud's reputation for game-ness was all that had earned him the date. The fans were willing to pay the price to see Midge's hay-making left, but they wanted to see it used on an opponent who would not jump out of the ring the first time he felt its crushing force. But Cross was such an opponent, and his willingness to stop boxing-gloves with his eyes, ears, nose and throat had long enabled him to escape the horrors of honest labor. A game boy was Bud, and he showed it in his battered, swollen, discolored face.

"I should think," said Dan Haley, "that the kid'd do whatever you tell him after all you done for him."

"Well," said Tommy, "he's took my dope pretty straight so far, but he's so sure of hisself that he can't see no reason for waitin'. He'll do what I say, though; he'd be a sucker not to."

"You got a contrac' with him?"

"No, I don't need no contrac'. He knows it was me that drug him out o' the gutter and he ain't goin' to turn me down now, when he's got the dough and bound to get more. Where'd he of been at if I hadn't listened to him when he first come to me? That's pretty near two years ago now, but it seems like last week. I was settin' in the s'loon acrost from the Pleasant Club in Philly, waitin' for McCann to count the dough and come over, when this little bum blowed in and tried to stand the house off for a drink. They told him nothin' doin' and to beat it out o' there, and then he seen me and come over to where I was settin' and ast me wasn't I a boxin' man and I told him who I was. Then he ast me for money to buy a shot and I told him to set down and I'd buy it for him.

"Then we got talkin' things over and he told me his name and told me about fightin' a couple o' prelims out to Milwaukee. So I says, 'Well, boy, I don't know how good or how rotten you are, but you won't never get nowheres trainin' on that stuff.' So he says he'd cut it out if he could get on in a bout and I says I would give him a chanct if he played square with me and didn't touch no more to drink. So we shook hands and I took him up to the hotel with me and give him a bath and the next day I bought him some clo'es. And I staked him to eats and sleeps for over six weeks. He had a hard time breakin' away from the polish, but finally I thought he was fit and I give him his chanct. He went on with Smiley Sayer and stopped him so quick that Smiley thought sure he was poisoned.

"Well, you know what he's did since. The only beatin' in his record was by Tracy in Milwaukee before I got hold of him, and he's licked Tracy three times in the last year.

"I've gave him all the best of it in a money way and he's got seven thousand bucks in cold storage. How's that for a kid that was in the gutter two years ago? And he'd have still more yet if he wasn't so nuts over clo'es and got to stop at the good hotels and so forth."

"Where's his home at?"

"Well, he ain't really got no home. He came from Chicago and his mother canned him out o' the house for bein' no good. She give him a raw deal, I guess, and he says he won't have nothin' to do with her unles she comes to him first. She's got a pile o' money, he says, so he ain't worryin' about her."

The gentleman under discussion entered the café and swaggered to Tommy's table, while the whole room turned to look.

Midge was the picture of health despite a slightly colored eye and an ear that seemed to have no opening. But perhaps it was not his healthiness that drew all eyes. His diamond horse-shoe tie pin, his purple cross-striped shirt, his orange shoes and his light blue suit fairly screamed for attention.

"Where you been?" he asked Tommy. "I been lookin' all over for you."

"Set down," said his manager.

"No time," said Midge. "I'm goin' down to the w'arf and see 'em unload the fish."

"Shake hands with my brother Dan," said Tommy.

Midge shook with the Holyoke Haley.

"If you're Tommy's brother, you're O. K. with me," said Midge, and the brothers beamed with pleasure.

Dan moistened his lips and murmured an embarrassed reply, but it was lost on the young gladiator.

"Leave me take twenty, Midge was saying. "I prob'ly won't need it, but I don't like to be caught short."

Tommy parted with a twenty dollar bill and recorded the transaction in a small black book the insurance company had given him for Christmas.

"But," he said, "it won't cost you no twenty to look at them fish. Want me to go along?"

"No," said Midge hastily. "You and your brother here prob'ly got a lot to say to each other."

"Well," said Tommy, "don't take no bad money and don't get lost. And you better be back at four o'clock and lay down a w'ile."

"I don't need no rest to beat this guy," said Midge. "He'll do enough layin' down for the both of us."

And laughing even more than the jest called for, he strode out through the fire of admiring and startled glances.

The corner of Boylston and Tremont was the nearest Midge got to the wharf, but the lady awaiting him was doubtless a more dazzling sight than the catch of the luckiest Massachusetts fisherman. She could talk, too—probably better than the fish.

"O you Kid!" she said, flashing a few silver teeth among the gold. "O you fighting man!"

Midge smiled up at her,

"We'll go somewheres and get a drink," he said. "One won't hurt."

In New Orleans, five months after he had rearranged the map of Bud Cross for the third time, Midge finished training for his championship bout with the Dutchman.

Back in his hotel after the final workout, Midge stopped to chat with some of the boys from up north, who had made the long trip to see a champion dethroned, for the result of this bout was so nearly a foregone conclusion that even the experts had guessed it.

Tommy Haley secured the key and the mail and ascended to the Kelly suite. He was bathing when Midge came in, half an hour later.

"Any mail?" asked Midge.

"There on the bed," replied Tommy from the tub.

Midge picked up the stack of letters and postcards and glanced them over. From the pile he sorted out three letters and laid them on the table. The rest he tossed into the waste-basket. Then he picked up the three and sat for a few moments holding them, while his eyes gazed off into space. At length he looked again at the three unopened letters in his hand; then he put one in his pocket and tossed the other two at the basket. They missed their target and fell on the floor.

"Hell!" said Midge, and stooping over picked them up.

He opened one postmarked Milwaukee and read:

Dear Husband:

I have wrote to you so manny times and got no anser and I dont know if you ever got them, so I am writeing again in the hopes you will get this letter and anser. I dont like to bother you with my trubles and I would not only for the baby and I am not asking you should write to me but only send a little money and I am not asking for myself but the baby has not been well a day sence last Aug. and the dr. told me she cant live much longer unless I give her better food and thats impossible the way things aie. Lou has not been working for a year and what I make dont hardley pay for the rent. I am not asking for you to give me any money, but only you should send what I loaned when convenient and I think it amts. to about \$36.00. Please try and send that amt. and it will help me, but if you cant send the whole amt. try and send me somethine.

Your wife,

Emma.

Midge tore the letter into a hundred pieces and scattered them over the floor.

"Money, money, money!" he said. "They must think I'm made o' money. I s'pose the old woman's after it too."

He opened his mother's letter:

dear Michael Connie wonted me to rite and say you must bect the dutchman and he is sur you will and wonted me to say we wont you to rite and tell us about it, but I gess you havent no time to rite or we herd from you long beffore this but I wish you would rite jest a line or 2 boy becaus it wuld be better for Connie then a barl of medisn. It wuld help me to keep things going if you send me money now and then when you can spair it but if you cant send no money try and fine time to rite a letter onley a few lines and it will please Connie, jest think boy he hasent got out of bed in over 3 yrs. Connie says good luck.

Your Mother,

Ellen F. Kelly.

"I thought so," said Midge. "They're all alike."

The third letter was from New York. It read:

Hon.—This is the last letter you will get from me before your champ, but I will send you a telegram Saturday, but I can't say as much in a telegram as in a letter and I am writeing this to let you know I am thinking of you and praying for good luck.

Lick him good hon and don't wait no longer than you have to and don't forget to wire me as soon as its over. Give him that little old left of yours on the nose hon and don't be afraid of spoiling his good looks because he couldn't be no homlier than he is. But don't let him spoil my baby's pretty face. You won't will you hon.

Well hon I would give anything to be there and see it, but I guess you love Haley better than me or you wouldn't let him keep me away. But when your champ hon we can do as we please and tell Haley to go to the devil.

Well hon I will send you a telegram Saturday and I almost forgot to tell you I will need some more money, a couple hundred say and you will have to wire it to me as soon as you get this. You will won't you hon.

I will send you a telegram Saturday and remember hon I am pulling for you.

Well good-by sweetheart and good luck.

Grace.

"They're all alike," said Midge. "Money, money, money."

Tommy Haley, shining from his ablutions, came in from the adjoining room.

"Thought you'd be layin' down," he said.

"I'm goin' to," said Midge, unbuttoning his orange shoes.

"I'll call you at six and you can eat up here without no bugs to pester you. I got to go down and give them birds their tickets."

"Did you hear from Goldberg?" asked Midge.

"Didn't I tell you? Sure; fifteen weeks at five hundred, if we win. And we can get a guarantee o' twelve thousand, with privileges either in New York or Milwaukee."

"Who with?"

"Anybody that'll stand up in front of you. You don't care who it is, do you?"

"Not me. I'll make 'em all look like a monkey."

"Well you better lay down aw'ile."

"Oh, say, wire two hundred to Grace for me, will you? Right away; the New York address."

"Two hundred! You just sent her three hundred last Sunday."

"Well, what the hell do you care?"

"All right, all right. Don't get sore about it. Anything else?"

"That's all," said Midge, and dropped onto the bed.

"And I want the deed done before I come back," said Grace as she rose from the table. "You won't fall down on me, will you, hon?"

"Leave it to me," said Midge. "And don't spend no more than you have to."

Grace smiled a farewell and left the café. Midge continued to sip his coffee and read his paper.

They were in Chicago and they were in the middle of Midge's first week in vaudeville. He had come straight north to reap the rewards of his glorious victory over the broken down Dutchman. A fortnight had been spent in learning his act, which consisted of a gymnastic exhibition and a ten minutes' monologue on the various excellences of Midge Kelly. And now he was twice daily turning 'em away from the Madison Theater.

His breakfast over and his paper read, Midge sauntered into the lobby and asked for his key. He then beckoned to a bell-boy, who had been hoping for that very honor.

"Find Haley, Tommy Haley," said Midge. "Tell him to come up to my room."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Kelly," said the boy, and proceeded to break all his former records for diligence.

Midge was looking out of his seventh-story window when Tommy answered the summons.

"What'll it be?" inquired his manager.

There was a pause before Midge replied.

"Haley," he said, "twenty-five per cent's a whole lot o' money."

"I guess I got it comin', ain't I?" said Tommy.

"I don't see how you figger it. I don't see where you're worth it to me."

"Well," said Tommy, "I didn't expect nothin' like this. I thought you was satisfied with the bargain. I don't want to beat nobody out o' nothin', but I don't see where you could have got anybody else that would of did all I done for you."

"Sure, that's all right," said the champion. "You done a lot for me in Philly. And you got good money for it, didn't you?"

"I ain't makin' no holler. Still and all, the big money's still ahead of us yet. And if it hadn't of been for me, you wouldn't of never got within grabbin' distance."

"Oh, I guess I could of went along all right," said Midge. "Who was it that hung that left on the Dutchman's jaw, me or you?"

"Yes, but you wouldn't been in the ring with the Dutchman if it wasn't for how I handled you."

"Well, this won't get us nowheres. The idear is that you ain't worth no twenty-five per cent now and it don't make no difference what come off a year or two ago."

"Don't it?" said Tommy. "I'd say it made a whole lot of difference."

"Well, I say it don't and I guess that settles it."

"Look here, Midge," Tommy said, "I thought I was fair with you, but if you don't think so, I'm willin' to hear what you think is fair. I don't want nobody callin' me a Sherlock. Let's go down to business and sign up a contrac'. What's your figger?"

"I ain't namin' no figger," Midge replied. "I'm sayin' that twenty-five's too much. Now what are you willin' to take?"

"How about twenty?"

"Twenty's too much," said Kelly.

"What ain't too much?" asked Tommy.

"Well, Haley, I might as well give it to you straight. They ain't nothin' that ain't too much."

"You mean you don't want me at no figger?"

"That's the idear."

There was a minute's silence. Then Tommy Haley walked toward the door.

"Midge," he said, in a choking voice, "you're makin' a big mistake, boy. You can't throw down your best friends and get away with it. That damn woman will ruin you."

Midge sprang from his seat.

"You shut your mouth!" he stormed. "Get out o' here before they have to carry you out. You been spongin' off o' me long enough. Say one more word about the girl or about anything else and you'll get what the Dutchman got. Now get out!"

And Tommy Haley, having a very vivid memory of the Dutchman's face as he fell, got out.

Grace came in later, dropped her numerous bundles on the lounge and perched herself on the arm of Midge's chair.

"Well?" she said.

"Well," said Midge, "I got rid of him."

"Good boy!" said Grace. "And now I think you might give me that twenty-five per cent."

"Besides the seventy-five you're already gettin'?" said Midge.

"Don't be no grouch, hon. You don't look pretty when you're grouchy."

"It ain't my business to look pretty," Midge replied.

"Wait till you see how I look with the stuff I bought this mornin'!"

Midge glanced at the bundles on the lounge.

"There's Haley's twenty-five per cent," he said, "and then some."

The champion did not remain long without a manager. Haley's successor was none other than Jerome Harris, who saw in Midge a better meal ticket than his popular-priced musical show had been.

The contract, giving Mr. Harris twenty-five per cent of Midge's earnings, was signed in Detroit the week after Tommy Haley had heard his dismissal read. It had taken Midge just six days to learn that a popular actor cannot get on without the ministrations of a man who thinks, talks and means business. At first Grace objected to the new member of the firm, but when Mr. Harris had demanded and secured from the vaudeville people a one-hundred dollar increase

in Midge's weekly stipend, she was convinced that the champion had acted for the best.

"You and my missus will have some great old times," Harris told Grace. "I'd of wired her to join us here, only I seen the Kid's bookin' takes us to Milwaukee next week, and that's where she is."

But when they were introduced in the Milwaukee hotel, Grace admitted to herself that her feeling for Mrs. Harris could hardly be called love at first sight. Midge, on the contrary, gave his new manager's wife the many times over and seemed loath to end the feast of his eyes.

"Some doll," he said to Grace when they were alone.

"Doll is right," the lady replied, "and sawdust where her brains ought to be."

"I'm li'ble to steal that baby," said Midge, and he smiled as he noted the effect of his words on his audience's face.

On Tuesday of the Milwaukee week the champion successfully defended his title in a bout that the newspapers never reported. Midge was alone in his room that morning when a visitor entered without knocking. The visitor was Lou Hersch.

Midge turned white at sight of him.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I guess you know," said Lou Hersch. "Your wife's starvin' to death and your baby's starvin' to death and I'm starvin' to death. And you're dirty with money."

"Listen," said Midge, "if it wasn't for you, I wouldn't never saw your sister. And, if you ain't man enough to hold a job, what's that to me? The best thing you can do is keep away from me."

"You give me a piece o' money and I'll go."

Midge's reply to the ultimatum was a straight right to his brother-in-law's narrow chest.

"Take that home to your sister."

And after Lou Hersch had picked himself up and slunk away, Midge thought: "It's lucky I didn't give him my left or I'd of croaked him. And if I'd hit him in the stomach, I'd of broke his spine."

There was a party after each evening performance during the Milwaukee engagement. The wine flowed freely and Midge had more of it than Tommy Haley ever would have permitted him. Mr. Harris offered no objection, which was possibly just as well for his own physical comfort.

In the dancing between drinks, Midge had his new manager's wife for a partner as often as Grace. The latter's face as she floundered round in the arms of the portly Harris, belied her frequent protestations that she was having the time of her life.

Several times that week, Midge thought Grace was on the point of starting the quarrel he hoped to have. But it was not until Friday night that she accommodated. He and Mrs. Harris had disappeared after the matinee and when Grace saw him again at the close of the night show, she came to the point at once.

"What are you tryin' to pull off?" she demanded.

"It's none o' your business, is it?" said Midge.

"You bet it's my business; mine and Harris's. You cut it short or you'll find out."

"Listen," said Midge, "have you got a mortgage on me or somethin'? You talk like we was married."

"We're goin' to be, too. And to-morrow's as good a time as any."

"Just about," Midge said. "You got as much chanct o' marryin' me to-morrow as the next day or next year and that ain't no chanct at all."

"We'll find out," said Grace.

"You're the one that's got somethin' to find out."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm married already."

"You lie!"

"You think so, do you? Well, s'pose you go to this here address and get acquainted with my missus."

Midge scrawled a number on a piece of paper and handed it to her. She stared at it unseeingly.

"Well," said Midge, "I ain't kiddin' you. You go there and ask for Mrs. Michael Kelly, and if you don't find her, I'll marry you to-morrow before breakfast."

Still Grace stared at the scrap of paper. To Midge it seemed an age before she spoke again.

"You lied to me all this w'ile."

"You never ast me was I married. What's more, what the hell diff'rence did it make to you? You got a split, didn't you? Better'n fifty-fifty."

He started away.

"Where you goin'?"

"I'm goin' to meet Harris and his wife."

"I'm goin' with you. You're not goin' to shake me now."

"Yes, I am, too," said Midge quietly. "When I leave town to-morrow night, you're going to stay here. And if I see where you're going to make a fuss, I'll put you in a hospital where they'll keep you quiet. You can get your stuff to-morrow mornin' and I'll slip you a hundred bucks. And then I don't want to see no more o' you. And don't try and tag along now or I'll have to add another K. O. to the old record."

When Grace returned to the hotel that night, she discovered that Midge and the Harrises had moved to another. And when Midge left town the following night, he was again without a manager, and Mr. Harris was without a wife.

Three days prior to Midge Kelly's ten-round bout with Young Milton in New York City, the sporting editor of *The News* assigned Joe Morgan to write two or three thousand words about the champion to run with a picture lay-out for Sunday.

Joe Morgan dropped in at Midge's training quarters Friday afternoon. Midge, he learned, was doing road work, but Midge's manager, Wallie Adams, stood ready and willing to supply reams of dope about the greatest fighter of the age.

"Let's hear what you've got," said Joe, "and then I'll try to fix up something."

So Wallie stepped on the accelerator of his imagination and shot away.

"Just a kid; that's all he is; a regular boy. Get what I mean? Don't know the meanin' o' bad habits. Never tasted liquor in his life and would prob'ly get sick if he smelled it. Clean livin' put him up where he's at. Get what I mean? And modest and unassumin' as a school girl. He's so quiet you wouldn't never know he was round. And he'd go to jail before he'd talk about himself.

"No job at all to get him in shape, 'cause he's always that way. The only trouble we have with him is gettin' him to light into these poor bums they match him up with. He's scared he'll hurt somebody. Get what I mean? He's tickled to death over this match with Milton, 'cause everybody says Milton can stand the gaff. Midge'll maybe be able to cut loose a little this time. But the last two bouts he had, the guys hadn't no business in the ring with him, and he was holdin' back all the w'ile for the 'fear he'd kill somebody. Get what I mean?"

"Is he married?" inquired Joe.

"Say, you'd think he was married to hear him rave about them kiddies he's got. His fam'ly's up in Canada to their summer home and Midge is wild to get up there with 'em. He thinks more o' that wife and them kiddies than all the money in the world. Get what I mean?"

"How many children has he?"

"I don't know, four or five, I guess. All boys and every one of 'em a dead ringer for their dad."

"Is his father living?"

"No, the old man died when he was a kid. But he's got a grand old mother and a kid brother out in Chi. They're the first ones he thinks about after a match, them and his wife and kiddies. And he don't forget to send the old woman a thousand bucks after every bout. He's goin' to buy her a new home as soon as they pay him off for this match."

"How about his brother? Is he going to tackle the game?"

"Sure, and Midge says he'll be a champion before he's twenty years old. They're a fightin' fam'ly and all of 'em honest and straight as a die. Get what I mean? A fella that I can't tell you his name come to Midge in Milwaukee onct and wanted him to throw a fight and Midge give him such a trimmin' in the street that he couldn't go on that night. That's the kind he is. Get what I mean?"

Joe Morgan hung around the camp until Midge and his trainers returned.

"One o' the boys from *The News*," said Wallie by way of introduction. "I been givin' him your fam'ly hist'ry."

"Did he give you good dope?" he inquired.

"He's some historian," said Joe.

"Don't call me no names," said Wallie smiling. "Call us up if they's anything more you want. And keep your eyes on us Monday night. Get what I mean?"

The story in Sunday's *News* was read by thousands of lovers of the manly art. It was well written and full of human interest. Its slight inaccuracies went unchallenged, though three readers, besides Wallie Adams and Midge Kelly,

saw and recognized them. The three were Grace, Tommy Haley and Jerome Harris and the comments they made were not for publication.

Neither the Mrs. Kelly in Chicago nor the Mrs. Kelly in Milwaukee knew that there was such a paper as the *New York News*. And even if they had known of it and that it contained two columns of reading matter about Midge, neither mother nor wife could have bought it. For *The News* on Sunday is a nickel a copy.

Joe Morgan could have written more accurately, no doubt, if instead of Wallie Adams, he had interviewed Ellen Kelly and Connie Kelly and Emma Kelly and Lou Hersch and Grace and Jerome Harris and Tommy Haley and Hap Collins and two or three Milwaukee bartenders.

But a story built on their evidence would never have passed the sporting editor. "Suppose you can prove it," that gentleman would have said. "It wouldn't get us anything but abuse to print it. The people don't want to see him knocked. He's champion."

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Tell the story of Midge Kelly's "first knockout." What initial impression does it give of the "champion"?
2. How did Midge beat his way to Milwaukee?
3. Recount the relationship of Midge and Lou Hersch.
4. How did Midge treat Emma Hersch?
5. Tell the story of Midge's sell-out to Tracy's manager. How did this episode appear later in Wallie Adams' account of Midge?
6. Who were Welsh, Willard, Dempsey, "big Johnson"?
7. What experiences did Midge have with the Haley brothers?
8. Describe the "fish" that Midge met at Boylston and Tremont.
9. Give an account of Midge's letters and of his treatment of them.
10. Comment on Midge's taste in clothes.
11. What experiences did Midge have in vaudeville?
12. What experience did Midge have with Jerome Harris?
13. How did Midge treat Grace?
14. What "slight inaccuracies" appeared in Wallie Adams' account of "the champ"?
15. Define the following words as Ring Lardner has used them: *caboose*, *shot*, *wallop*, *wop*, *cop* (verb), *fast freight*, *welter champ*, *stop*, *dough*, *beat it*, *prelim*, *polish*, *can out*, *hon*, *crook*, *dope*, *picture lay out*, *some doll*, *baby*, *knocked*.
16. Explain the following phrases: "rearranged the map of Bud Cross," "gave his new manager's wife the many times over," "hung that left on the Dutchman's jaw," "silver teeth among the gold." What sentimental song suggested this last phrase to the author?

Round Table

1. Slang is justifiable in such fiction as Ring Lardner's.
2. H. L. Mencken's defense of Lardner's diction and style (in *The American Language*, rev. ed., 1936) is sound.
3. A sports writer should not attack prize fighting management as Lardner has done in this story.
4. Boxing is the best of the popular sports in America.

Paper Work

1. Write a report on Lardner's diction.
2. Discuss Lardner's dialogue.
3. Write a theme on one of the following topics: (a) The Sporting World of Ring Lardner's Stories; (b) Ring Lardner as a Satirist; (c) A Full-length Portrait of the Champion; (d) Portrait of a Champion I Have Known.
4. Write a comparative study of Lardner's "Champion" and Thomas Burke's "The Chink and the Child" (in *Limehouse Nights*).
5. Describe a prize fight which you have seen.

Regional historians who cannot entertain as well as inform their readers are usually bores. But WALTER D. EDMONDS does both. He was born in Boonville, New York, in 1903, and most of his novels and short stories are lively reconstructions of pioneer days in the central and western parts of the state—notably along the Mohawk river and the course of the early canals. Even while he was an undergraduate at Harvard he was writing for the magazines, and he has continued to be successfully productive ever since. He is the author of Rome Haul (1929), Erie Water (1933), Mostly Canallers (1934), Drums along the Mohawk (1936), and Chad Hanna (1940). His notable skill in writing historical tales for children has been recognized by the Children's Librarians section of the American Library Association, which awarded the John Newbery Medal to his The Matchlock Gun as the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children in 1941. "Death of Red Peril" is in the best tradition of American humor—a mock-serious epic delivered with the dead-pan solemnity of Mark Twain's famous yarn, The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County.

DEATH OF RED PERIL *

WALTER D. EDMONDS

JOHN BROUGHT his off eye to bear on me:—
What do them old coots down to the store do? Why, one of 'em will think up a horse that's been dead forty year and then they'll set around remembering this and that about that horse until they've made a resurrection of him. You'd think he was a regular Grattan Bars, the way they talk, telling one thing and another, when a man knows if that horse hadn't 've had a breeching to keep his tail end off the ground he could hardly have walked from here to Boonville.

A horse race is a handsome thing to watch if a man has his money on a sure proposition. My pa was always a great hand at a horse race. But when he took to a boat and my mother he didn't have no more time for it. So he got interested in another sport.

Did you ever hear of racing caterpillars? No? Well, it used to be a great thing on the canawl. My pa used to have a lot of them insects on hand every fall, and the way he could get them to run would make a man have his eyes examined.

The way we raced caterpillars was to set them in a napkin ring on a table, one facing one way and one the other. Outside the napkin ring was drawed a circle in chalk three feet across. Then a man lifted the ring and the handlers was allowed one jab with a darning needle to get their caterpillars started. The one that got outside the chalk circle the first was the one that won the race.

I remember my pa tried out a lot of breeds, and he got hold of some pretty fast steppers. But there wasn't one of them could equal Red Peril. To see him you wouldn't believe he could run. He was all red and kind of stubby, and he had a sort of a wart behind that you'd think would get in his way. There

* From *Mostly Canallers*, by Walter D. Edmonds. By permission of Little, Brown & Company and the Atlantic Monthly Press.

wasn't anything fancy in his looks. He'd just set still studying the ground and make you think he was dreaming about last year's oats; but when you set him in the starting ring he'd hitch himself up behind like a man lifting on his galuses, and then he'd light out for glory.

Pa come acrost Red Peril down in Westernville. Ma's relatives resided there, and it being Sunday we'd all gone in to church. We was riding back in a hired rig with a dandy trotter, and Pa was pushing her right along and Ma was talking sermon and clothes, and me and my sister was setting on the back seat playing poke your nose, when all of a sudden Pa hollers, "Whoa!" and set the horse right down on the breeching. Ma let out a holler and come to rest on the dashboard with her head under the horse. "My gracious land!" she says. "What's happened?" Pa was out on the other side of the road right down in the mud in his Sunday pants, a-wropping up something in his yellor handkerchief. Ma begun to get riled. "What you doing, Pa?" she says. "What you got there?" Pa was putting his handkerchief back into his inside pocket. Then he come back over the wheel and got him a chew. "Leeza," he says, "I got the fastest caterpillar in seven counties. It's an act of Providence I seen him, the way he jumped the ruts." "It's an act of God I ain't laying dead under the back end of that horse," says Ma. "I've gone and spoilt my Sunday hat." "Never mind," says Pa; "Red Peril will earn you a new one." Just like that he named him. He was the fastest caterpillar in seven counties.

When we got back onto the boat, while Ma was turning up the supper, Pa set him down to the table under the lamp and pulled out the handkerchief. "You two devils stand there and there," he says to me and my sister, "and if you let him get by I'll leather the soap out of you."

So we stood there and he undid the handkerchief, and out walked one of them red, long-haired caterpillars. He walked right to the middle of the table, and then he took a short turn and put his nose in his tail and went to sleep.

"Who'd think that insect could make such a break for freedom as I seen him make?" says Pa, and he got out a empty Brandreth box and filled it up with some towel and put the caterpillar inside. "He needs a rest," says Pa. "He needs to get used to his stall. When he limbers up I'll commence training him. Now then," he says, putting the box on the shelf back of the stove, "don't none of you say a word about him."

He got out a pipe and set there smoking and figuring, and we could see he was studying out just how he'd make a world-beater out of that bug. "What you going to feed him?" asks Ma. "If I wasn't afraid of constipating him," Pa says, "I'd try him out with milkweed."

Next day we hauled up the Lansing Kill Gorge. Ned Kilbourne, Pa's driver, come aboard in the morning, and he took a look at that caterpillar. He took him out of the box and felt his legs and laid him down on the table and went clean over him. "Well," he says, "he don't look like a great lot, but I've knowed some of that red variety could chug along pretty smart." Then he touched him with a pin. It was a sudden sight.

It looked like the rear end of that caterpillar was racing the front end, but it couldn't never quite get by. Afore either Ned or Pa could get a move Red

Peril had made a turn around the sugar bowl and run solid aground in the butter dish.

Pa let out a loud swear. "Look out he don't pull a tendon," he says. "Butter's a bad thing. A man has to be careful. Jeepers," he says, picking him up and taking him over to the stove to dry, "I'll handle him myself. I don't want no rum-soaked bezabors dishing my beans."

"I didn't mean harm, Will," says Ned. "I was just curious."

There was something extraordinary about that caterpillar. He was intelligent. It seemed he just couldn't abide the feel of sharp iron. It got so that if Pa reached for the lapel of his coat Red Peril would light out. It must have been he was tender. I said he had a sort of a wart behind, and I guess he liked to find it a place of safety.

We was all terrible proud of that bird. Pa took to timing him on the track. He beat all known time holler. He got to know that as soon as he crossed the chalk he would get back safe in his quarters. Only when we tried sprinting him across the supper table, if he saw a piece of butter he'd pull up short and bolt back where he come from. He had a mortal fear of butter.

Well, Pa trained him three nights. It was a sight to see him there at the table, a big man with a needle in his hand, moving the lamp around and studying out the identical spot that caterpillar wanted most to get out of the needle's way. Pretty soon he found it, and then he says to Ned, "I'll race him agin all comers at all odds." "Well, Will," says Ned, "I guess it's a safe proposition."

II

We hauled up the feeder to Forestport and got us a load of potatoes. We raced him there against Charley Mack, the bank-walker's, Leopard Pillar, one of them tufted breeds with a row of black buttons down the back. The Leopard was well liked and had won several races that season, and there was quite a few boaters around that fancied him. Pa argued for favorable odds, saying he was racing a maiden caterpillar; and there was a lot of money laid out, and Pa and Ned managed to cover the most of it. As for the race, there wasn't anything to it. While we was putting him in the ring—one of them birchbark and sweet grass ones Indians make—Red Peril didn't act very good. I guess the smell and the crowd kind of upset him. He was nervous and kept fidgiting with his front feet; but they hadn't more'n lifted the ring than he lit out under the edge as tight as he could make it, and Pa touched him with the needle just as he lepped the line. Me and my sister was supposed to be in bed, but Ma had gone visiting in Forestport and we'd snuck in and was under the table, which had a red cloth onto it, and I can tell you there was some shouting. There was some couldn't believe that insect had been inside the ring at all; and there was some said he must be a cross with a dragon fly or a side-hill gouger; but old Charley Mack, that'd worked in the camps, said he guessed Red Peril must be descended from the caterpillars Paul Bunyan used to race. He said you could tell by the bump on his tail, which Paul used to put on all his caterpillars, seeing as how the smallest pointed object he could hold in his hand was a peavy.

Well, Pa raced him a couple of more times and he won just as easy, and Pa cleared up close to a hundred dollars in three races. That caterpillar was a mammoth wonder, and word of him got going and people commenced talking him up everywhere, so it was hard to race him around these parts.

But about that time the lock keeper of Number One on the feeder come across a pretty swift article that the people round Rome thought high of. And as our boat was headed down the gorge, word got ahead about Red Peril, and people began to look out for the race.

We come into Number One about four o'clock, and Pa tied up right there and went on shore with his box in his pocket and Red Peril inside the box. There must have been ten men crowded into the shanty, and as many more again outside looking in the windows and door. The lock tender was a skinny bezabor from Stittville, who thought he knew a lot about racing caterpillars; and, come to think of it, maybe he did. His name was Henry Buscerck, and he had a bad tooth in front he used to suck at a lot.

Well, him and Pa set their caterpillars on the table for the crowd to see, and I must say Buscerck's caterpillar was as handsome a brute as you could wish to look at, bright bay with black points and a short fine coat. He had a way of looking right and left, too, that made him handsome. But Pa didn't bother to look at him. Red Peril was a natural marvel, and he knew it.

Buscerck was a sly, twirpish man, and he must've heard about Red Peril—right from the beginning, as it turned out; for he laid out the course in yeller chalk. They used Pa's ring, a big silver one he'd bought secondhand just for Red Peril. They laid out a lot of money, and Dennison Smith lifted the ring. The way Red Peril histed himself out from under would raise a man's blood pressure twenty notches. I swear you could see the hair lay down on his back. Why, that black-pointed bay was left nowhere! It didn't seem like he moved. But Red Peril was just gathering himself for a fast finish over the line when he seen it was yeller. He reared right up; he must've thought it was butter, by Jeepers, the way he whirled on his hind legs and went the way he'd come. Pa begun to get scared, and he shook his needle behind Red Peril, but that caterpillar was more scared of butter than he ever was of cold steel. He passed the other insect afore he'd got halfway to the line. By Cripus, you'd ought to 've heard the cheering from the Forestport crews. The Rome men was green. But when he got to the line, danged if that caterpillar didn't shy agin and run around the circle twicet, and then it seemed like his heart had gone in on him, and he crept right back to the middle of the circle and lay there hiding his head. It was the pitifullest sight a man ever looked at. You could almost hear him moaning, and he shook all over.

I've never seen a man so riled as Pa was. The water was running right out of his eyes. He picked up Red Peril and he says, "This here's no race." He picked up his money and he says, "The course was illegal, with that yeller chalk." Then he squashed the other caterpillar, which was just getting ready to cross the line, and he looks at Buscerck and says, "What're you going to do about that?"

Buscerck says, "I'm going to collect my money. My caterpillar would have beat."

"If you want to call that a finish you can," says Pa, pointing to the squashed bay one, "but a baby could see he's still got to reach the line. Red Peril got to wire and come back and got to it again afore your hayseed worm got half his feet on the ground. If it was any other man owned him," Pa says, "I'd feel sorry I squashed him."

He stepped out of the house, but Buscerck laid a-hold of his pants and says, "You got to pay, Hemstreet. A man can't get away with no such excuses in the city of Rome."

Pa didn't say nothing. He just hauled off and sunk his fist, and Buscerck come to inside the lock, which was at low level right then. He waded out the lower end and he says, "I'll have you arrested for this." Pa says, "All right; but if I ever catch you around this lock again I'll let you have a feel with your other eye."

Nobody else wanted to collect money from Pa, on account of his build, mostly, so we went back to the boat. Pa put Red Peril to bed for two days. It took him all of that to get over his fright at the yeller circle. Pa even made us go without butter for a spell, thinking Red Peril might know the smell of it. He was such an intelligent, thinking animal, a man couldn't tell nothing about him.

III

But next morning the sheriff comes aboard and arrests Pa with a warrant and takes him afore a justice of the peace. That was old Oscar Snipe. He'd heard all about the race, and I think he was feeling pleasant with Pa, because right off they commenced talking breeds. It would have gone off good only Pa'd been having a round with the sheriff. They come in arm in arm, singing a Hallelujah meeting song; but Pa was polite, and when Oscar says, "What's this?" he only says, "Well, well."

"I hear you've got a good caterpillar," says the judge.

"Well, well," says Pa. It was all he could think of to say.

"What breed is he?" says Oscar, taking a chew.

"Well," says Pa, "well, well."

Ned Kilbourne says he was a red one.

"That's a good breed," says Oscar, folding his hands on his stummick and spitting over his thumbs and between his knees and into the sandbox all in one spit. "I kind of fancy the yeller ones myself. You're a connesewer," he says to Pa, "and so'm I, and between connesewers I'd like to show you one. He's as neat a stepper as there is in this county."

"Well, well," says Pa, kind of cold around the eyes and looking at the lithograph of Mrs. Snipe done in a hair frame over the sink.

Oscar slews around and fetches a box out of his back pocket and shows us a sweet little yeller one.

"There she is," he says, and waits for praise.

"She was a good woman," Pa said after a while, looking at the picture, "if any woman that's four times a widow can be called such."

"Not her," says Oscar. "It's this yeller caterpillar."

Pa slung his eyes on the insect which Oscar was holding, and it seemed like he'd just got an idea.

"Fast?" he says, deep down. "That thing run! Why, a snail with the string-halt could spit in his eye."

Old Oscar come to a boil quick.

"Evidence. Bring me the evidence."

He spit, and he was that mad he let his whole chew get away from him without noticing. Buscerck says, "Here," and takes his hand off'n his right eye.

Pa never took no notice of nothing after that but the eye. It was the shiniest black onion I ever see on a man. Oscar says, "Forty dollars!" And Pa pays and says, "It's worth it."

But it don't never pay to make an enemy in horse racing or caterpillars, as you will see, after I've got around to telling you.

Well, we raced Red Peril nine times after that, all along the Big Ditch, and you can hear to this day—yes, sir—that there never was a caterpillar alive could run like Red Peril. Pa got rich onto him. He allowed to buy a new team in the spring. If he could only've started a breed from that bug, his fortune would've been made and Henry Ford would've looked like a bent nickel alongside of me to-day. But caterpillars aren't built like Ford cars. We beat all the great caterpillars of the year, and it being a time for a late winter, there was some fast running. We raced the Buffalo Big Blue and Fenwick's Night Mail and Wilson's Joe of Barneveld. There wasn't one could touch Red Peril. It was close into October when a crowd got together and brought up the Black Arrer of Ava to race us, but Red Peril beat him by an inch. And after that there wasn't a caterpillar in the state would race Pa's.

He was mighty chesty them days and had come to be quite a figger down the canawl. People come aboard to talk with him and admire Red Peril; and Pa got the idea of charging five cents a sight, and that made for more money even if there wasn't no more running for the animile. He commenced to get fat.

And then come the time that comes to all caterpillars. And it goes to show that a man ought to be as careful of his enemies as he is lending money to friends.

• IV

We was hauling down the Lansing Kill again and we'd just crossed the aque-duct over Stringer Brook when the lock keeper, that minded it and the lock just below, come out and says there was quite a lot of money being put up on a caterpillar they'd collected down in Rome.

Well, Pa went in and he got out Red Peril and tried him out. He was fat and his stifles acted kind of stiff, but you could see with half an eye he was still fast. His start was a mite slower, but he made great speed once he got going.

"He's not in the best shape in the world," Pa says, "and if it was any other bug I wouldn't want to run him. But I'll trust the old brute," and he commenced brushing him up with a toothbrush he'd bought a-purpose.

"Yeah," says Ned. "It may not be right, but we've got to consider the public."

By what happened after, we might have known that we'd meet up with that caterpillar at Number One Lock; but there wasn't no sign of Buscerck, and Pa was so excited at racing Red Peril again that I doubt if he noticed where he

was at all. He was all rigged out for the occasion. He had on a black hat and a new red boating waistcoat, and when he busted loose with his horn for the lock you'd have thought he wanted to wake up all the deaf-and-dumbers in seven counties. We tied by the upper gates and left the team to graze; and there was quite a crowd on hand. About nine morning boats was tied along the towpath, and all the afternoon boats waited. People was hanging around, and when they heard Pa whanging his horn they let out a great cheer. He took off his hat to some of the ladies, and then he took Red Peril out of his pocket and everybody cheered some more.

"Who owns this here caterpillar I've been hearing about?" Pa asks. "Where is he? Why don't he bring out his pore contraption?"

A feller says he's in the shanty.

"What's his name?" says Pa.

"Martin Henry's running him. He's called the Horned Demon of Rome."

"Dinged if I ever thought to see him at my time of life," says Pa. And he goes in. Inside there was a lot of men talking and smoking and drinking and laying money faster than leghorns can lay eggs, and when Pa comes in they let out a great howdy, and when Pa put down the Brandreth box on the table they crowded round; and you'd ought to 've heard the mammoth shout they give when Red Peril climbed out of his box. And well they might. Yes, sir!

You can tell that caterpillar's a thoroughbred. He's shining right down to the root of each hair. He's round, but he ain't too fat. He don't look as supple as he used to, but the folks can't tell that. He's got the winner's look, and he prances into the centre of the ring with a kind of delicate canter that was as near single footing as I ever see a caterpillar get to. By Jeepers Cripus! I felt proud to be in the same family as him, and I wasn't only a little lad.

Pa waits for the admiration to die down, and he lays out his money, and he says to Martin Henry, "Let's see your ring-boned swivel-hocked imitation of a bug."

Martin answers, "Well, he ain't much to look at, maybe, but you'll be surprised to see how he can push along."

And he lays down the dangedest lump of worm you ever set your eyes on. It's the kind of insect a man might expect to see in France or one of them furrin lands. It's about two and a half inches long and stands only half a thumbnail at the shoulder. It's green and as hairless as a newborn egg, and it crouches down squinting around at Red Peril like a man with sweat in his eye. It ain't natural nor refined to look at such a bug, let alone race it.

When Pa seen it, he let out a shout and laughed. He couldn't talk from laughing.

But the crowd didn't say a lot, having more money on the race than ever was before or since an a similar occasion. It was so much that even Pa commenced to be serious. Well, they put 'em in the ring together and Red Peril kept over on his side with a sort of intelligent dislike. He was the brainiest article in the caterpillar line I ever knowed. The other one just hunkered down with a mean look in his eye.

Millard Thompson held the ring. He counted, "One—two—three—and off." Some folks said it was the highest he knew how to count, but he always got

that far anyhow, even if it took quite a while for him to remember what figger to commence with.

The ring come off and Pa and Martin Henry sunk their needles—at least they almost sunk them, for just then them standing close to the course seen that Horned Demon sink his horns into the back end of Red Peril. He was always a sensitive animal, Red Peril was, and if a needle made him start you can think for yourself what them two horns did for him. He cleared twelve inches in one jump—but then he sot right down on his belly, trembling.

"Foul!" bellers Pa. "My 'pillar's fouled."

"It ain't in the rule book," Millard says.

"It's a foul!" yells Pa; and all the Forestport men yell, "Foul! Foul!"

But it wasn't allowed. The Horned Demon commenced walking to the circle—he couldn't move much faster than a barrel can roll uphill, but he was getting there. We all seen two things then. Red Peril was dying, and we was losing the race. Pa stood there kind of foamy in his beard, and the water running right out of both eyes. It's an awful thing to see a big man cry in public. But Ned saved us. He seen Red Peril was dying, the way he wiggled, and he figgered, with the money he had on him, he'd make him win if he could.

He leans over and puts his nose into Red Peril's ear, and he shouts, "My Cripus, you've gone and dropped the butter!"

Something got into that caterpillar's brain, dying as he was, and he let out the smallest squeak of a hollering fright I ever listened to a caterpillar make. There was a convulsion got into him. He looked like a three-dollar mule with the wind colic, and then he gave a bound. My holy! How that caterpillar did rise up. When he come down again, he was stone dead, but he lay with his chin across the line. He'd won the race. The Horned Demon was blowing had and only halfway to the line. . . .

Well, we won. But I think Pa's heart was busted by the squeal he heard Red Peril make when he died. He couldn't abide Ned's face after that, though he knowed Ned had saved the day for him. But he put Red Peril's carcass in his pocket with the money and walks out.

And there he seen Buscerck standing at the sluices. Pa stood looking at him. The sheriff was alongside Buscerck and Oscar Snipe on the other side, and Buscerck guessed he had the law behind him.

"Who owns that Horned Demon?" says Pa.

"Me," says Buscerck with a sneer. "He may have lost, but he done a good job doing it."

Pa walks right up to him.

"I've got another forty dollars in my pocket," he says, and he connected sizably.

Buscerck's boots showed a minute. Pretty soon they let down the water and pulled him out. They had to roll a couple of gallons out of him afore they got a grunt. It served him right. He'd played foul. But the sheriff was worried, and he says to Oscar, "Had I ought to arrest Will?" (Meaning Pa.)

Oscar was a sporting man. He couldn't abide low dealing. He looks at

Buscerck there, shaping his belly over the barrel, and he say, "Water never hurt a man. It keeps his hide from cracking." So they let Pa alone. I guess they didn't think it was safe to have a man in jail that would cry about a caterpillar. But then they hadn't lived alongside of Red Peril like us.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Why is the story called "a Tragic Melodrama"?
2. Who is the narrator? What type of individual is he?
3. Where is Boonville? Westernville? Lansing Kill? Forestport? Stillville? Rome?
4. Why is caterpillar-racing compared to horse-racing as a sport?
5. To what "canawl" does the narrator allude throughout his tale?
6. Why did Pa take to caterpillar-racing?
7. How did Pa acquire Red Peril?
8. Where did the narrator and his family live?
9. How was Red Peril tried out and trained?
10. What was Red Peril's attitude toward butter? How does it figure in the climax of the story?
11. Recount Red Peril's first race.
12. What "camps" had "old Charley Mack" worked in? Who is Paul Bunyan?
13. Explain "lock keeper of Number One."
14. Recount Red Peril's race with Buscerck's "bay." Why did Pa protest the race?
15. Tell of Pa's trial before Judge Snipe.
16. Tell the story of Red Peril's last race.
17. Define: *coot*, *breeching*, *peavy*, *stringhalt*, *twirpish*, *hair frame*, *Brandreth box*, *stifles*, *side-hill gouger*, *chesty*, *galluses*.
18. Explain: "off eye," "Hallelujah meeting song," "light out for glory," "timing . . . on the track," "leather the soap out of you," "get riled," "con-nesewer."

Round Table

1. "Death of Red Peril" is a better story than Mark Twain's "The Jumping Frog."
2. In regional history, direct historical writing is to be preferred to such humorous narrative as the present yarn.
3. Edmonds' humor is too old-fashioned to be entertaining.
4. Lowell Thomas' tall tales are superior to the exaggerated story by Edmonds.
5. Discuss Edmonds' methods of securing local color; historical atmosphere.

Paper Work

1. Make an analysis of Walter D. Edmonds' humor.
2. Write a comparative study of family life in the nineteenth century as presented by Clarence Day (*Life with Father*) and Walter Edmonds.
3. Write a report on "Tall Tales of Paul Bunyan."
4. Write a research paper on "The Romance of the Erie Canal."
5. Write a theme on "A Strange Contest I Once Saw."
6. In the mock-serious manner of "The Death of Red Peril," write on "Cricket-Racing as a National Sport."
7. In the humorous style of Edmonds write a theme on "My Pa's Hobby."
8. Using *Mostly Canallers* as a basis, write a paper on "Edmonds' Use of Dialect."
9. Write a comparative study of Edmonds' *Mostly Canallers* and W. W. Jacobs' *Many Cargoes* or *The Skipper's Wooing*.

WALLACE STEGNER (1909—) is somewhat unusual in being at once an interpreter and a creator of literature. He has taught English at Harvard since 1939 and has been writing stories and novels diligently since 1934. In 1937 he was awarded the Little, Brown and Company prize for his novelette *Remembering Laughter* and since then has written *The Potter's House* (1938), *On a Darkling Plain* (1940), and *Fire and Ice* (1941), besides contributing steadily to the magazines. Mr. Stegner was born in Iowa and educated at the Universities of Utah, California, and Iowa, from this last-named institution he received his Ph.D. degree in 1935. Much of his teaching, like his studying, has been in the Middle West, he was three years at the University of Utah and two more at Wisconsin before going to Harvard. His life on a sun-baked and dreary farm on the Saskatchewan-Montana border provided him with the depressing background for *Butcher Bird*.

BUTCHER BIRD*

WALLACE STEGNER

THAT SUMMER the boy was alone on the farm except for his parents. His brother was working at Orullian's Grocery in town, and there was no one to run the trap line with or swim with in the dark, weed-smelling reservoir where garter snakes made straight rapid lines in the water and the skaters rowed close to shore. So every excursion was an adventure, even if it was only a trip across the three miles of prairie to Larsen's to get mail or groceries. He was excited at the visit to Garfield's as he was excited by everything unusual. The hot midsummer afternoon was still and breathless, the air harder to breathe than usual. He knew there was a change in weather coming because the gingersnaps in their tall cardboard box were soft and bendable when he snatched two to stick in his pocket. He could tell too by his father's grumpiness accumulated through two weeks of drought, his habit of looking off into the southwest, from which either rain or hot winds might come, that something was brewing. If it was rain everything would be fine, his father would hum under his breath getting breakfast, maybe let him drive the stoneboat or ride the mare down to Larsen's for mail. If it was hot wind they'd have to walk soft and speak softer, and it wouldn't be any fun.

They didn't know the Garfields, who had moved in only the fall before; but people said they had a good big house and a bigger barn and that Mr. Garfield was an Englishman and a little funny talking about scientific farming and making the desert blossom like the rose. The boy's father hadn't wanted to go, but his mother thought it was unneighborly not to call at least once in a whole year when people lived only four miles away. She was, the boy knew, as anxious for a change, as eager to get out of that atmosphere of waiting to see what the weather would do—that tense and teeth-gritting expectancy—as he was.

He found more than he looked for at Garfield's. Mr. Garfield was tall and bald with a big nose, and talked very softly and politely. The boy's father was determined not to like him right from the start.

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When Mr. Garfield said, "Dear, I think we might have a glass of lemonade, don't you?", the boy saw his parents look at each other, saw the beginning of a contemptuous smile on his father's face, saw his mother purse her lips and shake her head ever so little. And when Mrs. Garfield, prim and spectacled, with a habit of tucking her head back and to one side while she listened to anyone talk, brought in the lemonade, the boy saw his father taste his and make a little face behind the glass. He hated any summer drink without ice in it, and had spent two whole weeks digging a dugout icehouse just so that he could have ice water and cold beer when the hot weather came.

But Mr. and Mrs. Garfield were nice people. They sat down in their new parlor and showed the boy's mother the rug and the gramophone. When the boy came up curiously to inspect the little box with the petunia-shaped horn and the little china dog with "His Master's Voice" on it, and the Garfields found that he had never seen or heard a gramophone, they put on a cylinder like a big spool of tightly wound black thread and lowered a needle on it, and out came a man's voice singing in Scotch brogue, and his mother smiled and nodded and said, "My land, Harry Lauder! I heard him once a long time ago. Isn't it wonderful, Sonny?"

It was wonderful all right. He inspected it, reached out his fingers to touch things, wiggled the big horn to see if it was loose or screwed in. His father warned him sharply to keep his hands off, but then Mr. Garfield smiled and said, "Oh, he can't hurt it. Let's play something else," and found a record about the saucy little bird on Nelly's hat that had them all laughing. They let him wind the machine and play the record over again, all by himself, and he was very careful. It was a fine machine. He wished he had one.

About the time he had finished playing his sixth or seventh record, and George M. Cohan was singing "She's a grand old rag, she's a high-flying flag, and forever in peace may she wave," he glanced at his father and discovered that he was grouchy about something. He wasn't taking any part in the conversation but was sitting with his chin in his hand staring out of the window. Mr. Garfield was looking at him a little helplessly. His eyes met the boy's and he motioned him over.

"What do you find to do all summer? Only child, are you?"

"No, sir. My brother's in Whitemud. He's twelve. He's got a job."

"So you come out on the farm to help," said Mr. Garfield. He had his hand on the boy's shoulder and his voice was so kind that the boy lost his shyness and felt no embarrassment at all in being out there in the middle of the parlor with all of them watching.

"I don't help much," he said. "I'm too little to do anything but drive the stoneboat, Pa says. When I'm twelve he's going to get me a gun and then I can go hunting."

"Hunting?" Mr. Garfield said. "What do you hunt?"

"Oh, gophers and weasels. I got a pet weasel. His name's Lucifer."

"Well," said Mr. Garfield. "You seem to be a pretty manly little chap. What do you feed your weasel?"

"Gophers." The boy thought it best not to say that the gophers were live

ones he threw into the weasel's cage. He thought probably Mr. Garfield would be a little shocked at that.

Mr. Garfield straightened up and looked round at the grown folks. "Isn't it a shame," he said, "that there are so many predatory animals and pests in this country that we have to spend our time destroying them? I hate killing things."

"I hate weasels," the boy said. "I'm just saving this one till he turns into an ermine, and then I'm going to skin him. Once I speared a weasel with the pitchfork in the chicken coop and he dropped right off the tine and ran up my leg and bit me after he was speared clean through."

He finished breathlessly, and his mother smiled at him, motioning him not to talk so much. But Mr. Garfield was still looking at him kindly. "So you want to make war on the cruel things, the weasels and hawks," he said.

"Yes, sir," the boy said. He looked at his mother and it was all right. He hadn't spoiled anything by telling about the weasels.

"Now that reminds me," Mr. Garfield said, rising. "Maybe I've got something you'd find useful."

He went into another room and came back with a .22 in his hand. "Could you use this?"

"I . . . yes, *sir!*" the boy said. He had almost, in his excitement, said "I hope to whisk in your piskers," because that was what his father always said when he meant anything real hard.

"If your parents want you to have it," Mr. Garfield said and raised his eyebrows at the boy's mother. He didn't look at the father, but the boy did.

"Can I, Pa?"

"I guess so," his father said. "Sure."

"Thank Mr. Garfield nicely," said his mother.

"Gee," the boy breathed. "Thanks, Mr. Garfield, ever so much."

"There's a promise goes with it," Mr. Garfield said. "I'd like you to promise never to shoot anything with it but the bloodthirsty animals—the cruel ones like weasels and hawks. Never anything like birds or prairie dogs."

"How about butcher birds?"

"Butcher birds?" Mr. Garfield said.

"Shrikes," said the boy's mother. "We've got some over by our place. They kill all sorts of things, snakes and gophers and other birds. They're worse than the hawks because they just kill for the fun of it."

"By all means," said Mr. Garfield. "Shoot all the shrikes you see. A thing that kills for the fun of it . . ." He shook his head and his voice got solemn, almost like the voice of Mr. McGregor, the Sunday School Superintendent in town, when he was asking the benediction. "There's something about the way the war drags on, or maybe just this country," he said, "that makes me hate killing. I just can't bear to shoot anything any more, even a weasel."

The boy's father turned cold eyes away from Mr. Garfield and looked out of the window. One big brown hand, a little dirty from the wheel of the car, rubbed against the day-old bristles on his jaws. Then he stood up and stretched. "Well, we got to be going," he said.

"Oh, stay a little while," Mr. Garfield said. "You just came. I wanted to show you my trees."

The boy's mother stared at him. "Trees?"

He smiled. "Sounds a bit odd out here, doesn't it? But I think trees will grow. I've made some plantings down below."

"I'd love to see them," she said. "Sometimes I'd give almost anything to get into a good deep shady woods. Just to smell it, and feel how cool . . ."

"There's a little story connected with these," Mr. Garfield said. He spoke to the mother alone, warmly. "When we first decided to come out here I said to Martha that if trees wouldn't grow we shouldn't stick it. That's just what I said, 'If trees won't grow we shan't stick it.' Trees are almost the breath of life to me."

The boy's father was shaken by a sudden spell of coughing, and the mother shot a quick look at him and looked back at Mr. Garfield with a light flush on her cheekbones. "I'd love to see them," she said. "I was raised in Minnesota, and I never will get used to a place as barren as this."

"When I think of the beeches back home in England," Mr. Garfield said, and shook his head with a puckering smile round his eyes.

The father lifted himself heavily out of his chair and followed the rest of them out to the coulee edge. Below them willows grew profusely along the almost-dry creek, and farther back from the water there was a grove of perhaps twenty trees about a dozen feet high.

"I'm trying cottonwoods first because they can stand dry weather," Mr. Garfield said.

The mother was looking down with all her longings suddenly plain and naked in her eyes. "It's wonderful," she said. "I'd give almost anything to have some on our place."

"I found the willows close by here," said Mr. Garfield. "Just at the south end of the hills they call Old-Man-on-His-Back, where the stream comes down."

"Stream?" the boy's father said. "You mean that trickle?"

"It's not much of a stream," Mr. Garfield said apologetically. "But . . ."

"Are there any more there?" the mother said.

"Oh, yes. You could get some. Cut them diagonally and push them into any damp ground. They'll grow."

"They'll grow about six feet high," the father said.

"Yes," said Mr. Garfield. "They're not, properly speaking, trees. Still . . ."

"It's getting pretty smothery," the father said rather loudly. "We better be getting on."

This time Mr. Garfield didn't object, and they went back to the car exchanging promises of visits. The father jerked the crank and climbed into the Ford, where the boy was sighting along his gun. "Put that down," his father said. "Don't you know any better than to point a gun around people?"

"It isn't loaded."

"They never are," his father said. "Put it down now."

The Garfields were standing with their arms round each other's waists, waiting to wave good-by. Mr. Garfield reached over and picked something from his wife's dress.

"What was it, Alfred?" she said peering.

"Nothing. Just a bit of fluff."

The boy's father coughed violently and the car started with a jerk. With his head down almost to the wheel, still coughing, he waved, and the mother and the boy waved as they went down along the badly set cedar posts of the pasture fence. They were almost a quarter of a mile away before the boy, with a last wave of the gun, turned round again and saw that his father was purple with laughter. He rocked the car with his joy, and when his wife said, "Oh, Harry, you big fool," he pointed helplessly to his shoulder. "Would you mind," he said. "Would you mind brushing that bit o' fluff off me showldah?" He roared again, pounding the wheel. "I shawn't stick it," he said. "I bloody well shawn't stick it, you knaow!"

"It isn't fair to laugh at him," she said. "He can't help being English."

"He can't help being a sanctimonious old mudhen either, braying about his luv-ly luv-ly trees. They'll freeze out the first winter."

"How do you know? Maybe it's like he says—if they get a start they'll grow here as well as anywhere."

"Maybe there's a gold mine in our back yard too, but I'm not gonna dig to see. I couldn't stick it."

"Oh, you're just being stubborn," she said. "Just because you didn't like Mr. Garfield . . ."

He turned on her in heavy amazement. "Well, my God! Did you?"

"I thought he was very nice," she said, and sat straighter in the back seat, speaking loudly above the creak of the springs and cough of the motor. "They're trying to make a home, not just a wheat crop. I liked them."

"Uh, huh." He was not laughing any more now. Sitting beside him, the boy could see that his face had hardened and the cold look had come into his eye again. "So I should start talking like I had a mouthful of bran, and planting trees around the house that'll look like clothesline poles in two months."

"I didn't say that."

"You thought it though." He looked irritably at the sky, misted with the same delusive film of cloud that had fooled him for three days, and spat at the roadside. "You thought it all the time we were there. 'Why aren't you more like Mr. Garfield, he's such a nice man.'" With mincing savagery he swung round and mocked her. "Shall I make it a walnut grove? Or a big maple sugar bush? Or maybe you'd like an orange orchard."

The boy was looking down at his gun, trying not to hear them quarrel, but he knew what his mother's face would be like—hurt and a little flushed, her chin trembling into stubbornness. "I don't suppose you could bear to have a rug on the floor, or a gramophone?" she said.

He smacked the wheel hard. "Of course I could bear it if we could afford it. But I sure as hell would rather do without than be like that old sandhill crane."

"I don't suppose you'd like to take me over to the Old-Man-on-His-Back some day to get some willow slips either."

"What for?"

"To plant down in the coulee, by the dam."

"That dam dries up every August. Your willows wouldn't live till snow flies."

"Well, would it do any harm to try?"

"Oh, shut up!" he said. "Just thinking about that guy and his fluff and his trees gives me the pleefer."

The topless Ford lurched, one wheel at a time, through the deep burnout by their pasture corner, and the boy clambered out with his gun in his hand to slip the loop from the three-strand gate. It was then that he saw the snake, a striped limp ribbon, dangling on the fence, and a moment later the sparrow, neatly butchered and hung by the throat from the barbed wire. He pointed the gun at them. "Lookit!" he said. "Lookit what the butcher bird's been doing."

His father's violent hand waved at him from the seat. "Come on! Get the wire out of the way!"

The boy dragged the gate through the dust, and the Ford went through and up behind the house, perched on the bare edge of the coulee in the midst of its baked yard and framed by the dark fireguard overgrown with Russian thistle. Walking across that yard a few minutes later, the boy felt its hard heat under his sneakers. There was hardly a spear of grass within the fireguard. It was one of his father's prides that the dooryard should be like cement. "Pour your wash water out long enough," he said, "and you'll have a surface so hard it won't even make mud." Religiously he threw his water out three times a day, carrying it sometimes a dozen steps to dump it on a dusty or grassy spot.

The mother had objected at first, asking why they had to live in the middle of an alkali flat, and why they couldn't let grass grow up to the door. But he snorted her down. Everything round the house ought to be bare as a bone. Get a good prairie fire going and it'd jump that guard like nothing, and if they had grass to the door where'd they be? She said why not plow a wider fireguard then, one a fire couldn't jump, but he said he had other things to do besides plowing fifty-foot fireguards.

They were arguing inside when the boy came up on the step to sit down and aim his empty .22 at a fencepost. Apparently his mother had been persistent, and persistence when he was not in a mood for it angered the father worse than anything else. Their talk came vaguely through his concentration, but he shut his ears on it. If that spot on the fencepost was a coyote now, and he held the sight steady, right on it, and pulled the trigger, that old coyote would jump about eighty feet in the air and come down dead as a mackerel, and he could tack his hide on the barn the way Mr. Larsen had one, only the dogs had jumped and torn the tail and hind legs off Mr. Larsen's pelt, and he wouldn't get more than the three-dollar bounty out of it. But then Mr. Larsen had shot his with a shotgun anyway, and the hide wasn't worth much even before the dogs tore it. . . .

"I can't for the life of me see why not," his mother said inside. "We could do it now. We're not doing anything else."

"I tell you they wouldn't grow!" said his father with emphasis on every word. "Why should we run our tongues out doing everything that mealy-mouthed fool does?"

"I don't want anything but the willows. They're easy."

He made his special sound of contempt, half-snort, half-grunt. After a silence she tried again. "They might even have pussies on them in the spring. Mr. Garfield thinks they'd grow, and he used to work in a greenhouse, his wife told me."

"This isn't a greenhouse, for Chrissake."

"Oh, let it go," she said. "I've stood it this long without any green things around. I guess I can stand it some more."

The boy, aiming now toward the gate where the butcher bird, coming back to his prey, would in just a minute fly right into Deadeye's unerring bullet, heard his father stand up suddenly.

"Abused, aren't you?" he said.

The mother's voice rose. "No, I'm not abused! Only I can't see why it would be so awful to get some willows. Just because Mr. Garfield gave me the idea, and you didn't like him . . ."

"You're right I didn't like Mr. Garfield," the father said. "He gave me a pain right under the crupper."

"Because," the mother's voice said bitterly, "he calls his wife 'dear' and puts his arm around her and likes trees. It wouldn't occur to you to put your arm around your wife, would it?"

The boy aimed and held his breath. His mother ought to keep still, because if she didn't she'd get him real mad and then they'd both have to tiptoe around the rest of the day. He heard his father's breath whistle through his teeth, and his voice, mincing, nasty. "Would you like me to kiss you now, *dear*?"

"I wouldn't let you touch me with a ten-foot pole," his mother said. She sounded just as mad as he did, and it wasn't often she let herself get that way. The boy squirmed over when he heard the quick hard steps come up behind him and pause. Then his father's big hand, brown and meaty and felted with fine black hair, reached down over his shoulder and took the .22.

"Let's see this cannon old Scissor-bill gave you," he said.

It was a single-shot, bolt-action Savage, a little rusty on the barrel, the bolt sticky with hardened grease when the father removed it. Sighting up through the barrel, he grunted. "Takes care of a gun like he takes care of his farm. Probably used it to cultivate his luv-ly trees."

He went out into the sleeping porch, and after a minute came back with a rag and a can of machine oil. Hunching the boy over on the step, he sat down and began rubbing the bolt with the oil-soaked rag.

"I just can't bear to shoot anything any more," he said, and laughed suddenly. "I just cawn't stick it, little man." He leered at the boy, who grinned back uncertainly. Squinting through the barrel again, the father breathed through his nose and clamped his lips together, shaking his head.

The sun lay heavy on the baked yard. Out over the corner of the pasture a soaring hawk caught wind and sun at the same time, so that his light breast feathers flashed as he banked and rose. Just wait, the boy thought. Wait till I get my gun working and I'll fix you, you hen-robber. He thought of the three chicks a hawk had struck earlier in the summer, the three balls of yellow with the barred mature plumage just coming through. Two of them dead

when he got there and chased the hawk away, the other gasping with its crop slashed wide open and the wheat spilling from it on the ground. His mother had sewed up the crop, and the chicken had lived, but it always looked droopy, like a plant in drought time, and sometimes it would stand and work its bill as if it were choking.

By golly, he thought, I'll shoot every hawk and butcher bird in twenty miles. I'll . . .

"Rustle around and find me a piece of baling wire," his father said. "This barrel looks like a henroost."

Behind the house he found a piece of rusty wire, brought it back and watched his father straighten it, wind a bit of rag round the end, ram it up and down through the barrel, and peer through again. "He's leaded her so you can hardly see the grooves," he said. "But maybe she'll shoot. We'll fill her with vinegar and cork her up to-night."

The mother was behind them, leaning against the jamb and watching. She reached down and rumbled the father's black hair. "The minute you get a gun in your hand you start feeling better," she said. "It's just a shame you weren't born fifty years sooner."

"A gun's a good tool," he said. "It hadn't ought to be misused. Gun like this is enough to make a guy cry."

"Well, you've got to admit it was nice of Mr. Garfield to give it to Sonny," she said. It was the wrong thing to say. The boy had a feeling somehow that she knew it was the wrong thing to say, that she said it just to have one tiny triumph over him. He knew it would make him boiling mad again, even before he heard his father's answer.

"Oh, sure, Mr. Garfield's a fine man. He can preach a better sermon than any homesteader in Saskatchewan. God Almighty! everything he does is better than what I do. All right. All right, *all right!* Why the hell don't you move over there if you like it so well?"

"If you weren't so blind . . . !"

He rose with the .22 in his hand and pushed past her into the house. "I'm not so blind," he said heavily in passing. "You've been throwing that bastard up to me for two hours. It don't take very good eyes to see what that means."

His mother started to say, "All because I want a few little . . ." but the boy cut in on her, anxious to help the situation somehow. "Will it shoot now?" he said.

His father said nothing. His mother looked down at him, shrugged, sighed, smiled bleakly with a tight mouth. She moved aside when the father came back with a box of cartridges in his hand. He ignored his wife, speaking to the boy alone in the particular half-jocular tone he always used with him or the dog when he wasn't mad or exasperated.

"Thought I had these around," he said. "Now we'll see what this smoke-pole will do."

He slipped a cartridge in and locked the bolt, looking round for something to shoot at. Behind him the mother's feet moved on the floor, and her voice came purposefully. "I can't see why you have to act this way," she said.

"I'm going over and get some slips myself."

There was a long silence. The angled shade lay sharp as a knife across the baked front yard. The father's cheek was pressed against the stock of the gun, his arms and hands as steady as stone.

"How'll you get there?" he said, whispering down the barrel.

"I'll walk."

"Five miles and back."

"Yes, five miles and back. Or fifty miles and back. If there was any earthly reason why you should mind . . ."

"I don't mind," he said, and his voice was soft as silk. "Go ahead."

Close to his mother's long skirts in the doorway, the boy felt her stiffen as if she had been slapped. He squirmed anxiously, but his desperation could find only the question he had asked before. His voice squeaked on it: "Will it shoot now?"

"See that sparrow out there?" his father said, still whispering. "Right out by that cactus?"

"Harry!" the mother said. "If you shoot that harmless little bird!"

Fascinated, the boy watched his father's dark face against the rifle stock, the locked, immovable left arm, the thick finger crooked inside the trigger guard almost too small to hold it. He saw the sparrow, gray, white-breasted, hopping obliviously in search of bugs, fifty feet out on the gray earth. "I just . . . can't . . . bear . . . to . . . shoot . . . anything," the father said, his face like dark stone, his lips hardly moving. "I just . . . can't . . . stick it!"

"Harry!" his wife screamed.

The boy's mouth opened, a dark wash of terror shadowed his vision of the baked yard cut by its sharp angle of shade.

"Don't, pa!"

The rocklike figure of his father never moved. The thick finger squeezed slowly down on the trigger, there was a thin, sharp report, and the sparrow jerked and collapsed into a shapeless wad on the ground. It was as if, in the instant of the shot, all its clean outlines vanished. Head, feet, the white breast, the perceptible outlines of the folded wings, disappeared all at once, were crumpled together and lost, and the boy sat beside his father on the step with the echo of the shot still in his ears.

He did not look at either of his parents. He looked only at the crumpled sparrow. Step by step, unable to keep away, he went to it, stooped, and picked it up. Blood stained his fingers, and he held the bird by the tail while he wiped the smeared hand on his overalls. He heard the click as the bolt was shot and the empty cartridge ejected, and he saw his mother come swiftly out of the house past his father, who sat still on the step. Her hands were clenched, and she walked with her head down, as if fighting tears.

"Ma!" the boy said dully. "Ma, what'll I do with it?"

She stopped and turned, and for a moment they faced each other. He saw the dead pallor of her face, the burning eyes, the not-quite-controllable quiver of her lips. But her words, when they came, were flat and level, almost casual.

"Leave it right there," she said. "After a while your father will want to hang it on the barbed wire."

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. From whose point of view is the story told? How is this point of view maintained? How old was the child?
2. What are garter snakes? Skaters? Stone-boat?
3. What details help to reveal the setting of the story?
4. What attitude toward the Garfields did the boy's father take? His mother?
5. From the evidence of the gramophone in the Garfield home and its records date the story.
6. What was Mr. Garfield's attitude toward the boy?
7. What was Mr. Garfield's theory of killing? His attitude toward trees?
8. What was the real reason for the quarrel between the boy's father and mother on the return trip?
9. What differences of opinion did the father and the mother have on the subject of grass around the doorway?
10. How did the boy's father clean the gun?
11. Where is Saskatchewan? What is a *homesteader*?
12. Recount the episode of the sparrow.
13. What is the significance of the final sentence of the story?
14. Define: *coulee*, *cottonwood*, *sandhill crane*, *fireguard*, *crupper*.

Round Table

1. Discuss the allegorical elements in *Butcher Bird*.
2. For argument: The boy narrator is more like his father than like his mother.
3. Mr. Garfield would make a better homesteader than the boy's father.
4. Why did the boy's father shoot the sparrow?
5. Contrast the characters of the father and the mother. Was the father really heartless?

Paper Work

1. Write a report on the butcher bird in which you make clear the natural habits that led Dr. Stegner to adopt it as the symbol of the man.
2. Write a theme on the influence of an environment on an individual whom you know.
3. Theme subjects: (a) Predatory Birds and Beasts Should Be Destroyed Ruthlessly; (b) My First Experience with a Gun.
4. Make a study of opposite temperaments in a married couple of your acquaintance; or, in a brother and sister.

Three years after his graduation from Dulwich College in 1900, P(ELHAM) G(RENVILLE) WODEHOUSE (1881—), England's leading living humorist, began to tickle the ribs of his readers in a funny column for London Globe, and has kept up this mission ever since. Although born in Surrey, he has made many visits to the United States and has as many admirers here as in his own country. His humor lies largely in the irresistible absurdities of his characters and in the ridiculous situations in which they find themselves. In most of his books he moves in a world of young men with low I.Q.'s but fat purses, whose thinking is done by valets with restrained horse-sense. Wodehouse has collaborated with other writers in the production of plays and musical comedies, but he is better known as the author of a long series of farcical stories, of which the best deal with the adventures of PSmith—journalist, Jeeves—the canny valet, and Uncle Fred—an antique rounder who is fearless in his search for thrills.

UNCLE FRED FLITS BY*

P. G. WODEHOUSE

IN ORDER that they might enjoy their after-luncheon coffee in peace, the Crumpet had taken the guest whom he was entertaining at the Drones Club to the smaller and less frequented of the two smoking-rooms. In the other, he explained, though the conversation always touched an exceptionally high level of brilliance, there was apt to be a good deal of sugar thrown about.

The guest said he understood.

"Young blood, eh?"

"That's right. Young blood."

"And animal spirits."

"And animal, as you say, spirits," agreed the Crumpet. "We get a fairish amount of those here."

"The complaint, however, is not, I observe, universal."

"Eh?"

The other drew his host's attention to the doorway, where a young man in form-fitting tweeds had just appeared. The aspect of this young man was haggard. His eyes glared wildly and he sucked at an empty cigarette-holder. If he had a mind, there was something on it. When the Crumpet called to him to come and join the party, he merely shook his head in a distraught sort of way and disappeared, looking like a character out of a Greek tragedy pursued by the Fates.

The Crumpet sighed.

"Poor old Pongo!"

"Pongo?"

"That was Pongo Twistleton. He's all broken up about his Uncle Fred."

"Dead?"

"No such luck. Coming up to London again tomorrow. Pongo had a wire this morning."

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"And that upsets him?"

"Naturally. After what happened last time."

"What was that?"

"Ah!" said the Crumpet.

"What happened last time?"

"You may well ask."

"I do ask."

"Ah!" said the Crumpet.

Poor old Pongo (said the Crumpet) has often discussed his Uncle Fred with me, and if there weren't tears in his eyes when he did so, I don't know a tear in the eye when I see one. In round numbers the Earl of Ickenham, of Ickenham Hall, Ickenham, Hants, he lives in the country most of the year, but from time to time has a nasty way of slipping his collar and getting loose and descending upon Pongo at his flat in the Albany. And every time he does so, the unhappy young blighter is subjected to some soul-testing experience. Because the trouble with this uncle is that, though sixty if a day, he becomes on arriving in the metropolis as young as he feels—which is, apparently, a youngish twenty-two. I don't know if you happen to know what the word "excesses" means, but those are what Pongo's Uncle Fred from the country, when in London, invariably commits.

It wouldn't so much matter, mind you, if he would confine his activities to the club premises. We're pretty broad-minded here, and if you stop short of smashing the piano, there isn't much that you can do at the Drones that will cause the raised eyebrow and the sharp intake of breath. The snag is that he will insist on lugging Pongo out in the open and there, right in the public eye, proceeding to step high, wide and plentiful.

So when, on the occasion to which I allude, he stood pink and genial on Pongo's hearth-rug, bulging with Pongo's lunch and wreathed in the smoke of one of Pongo's cigars, and said: "And now, my boy, for a pleasant and instructive afternoon," you will readily understand why the unfortunate young clam gazed at him as he would have gazed at two-penn'orth of dynamite, had he discovered it lighting up in his presence.

"A what?" he said, giving at the knees and paling beneath the tan a bit.

"A pleasant and instructive afternoon," repeated Lord Ickenham, rolling the words round his tongue. "I propose that you place yourself in my hands and leave the programme entirely to me."

Now, owing to Pongo's circumstances being such as to necessitate his getting into the aged relative's ribs at intervals and shaking him down for an occasional much-needed tenner or what not, he isn't in a position to use the iron hand with the old buster. But at these words he displayed a manly firmness.

"You aren't going to get me to the dog races again."

"No, no."

"You remember what happened last June."

"Quite," said Lord Ickenham, "quite. Though I still think that a wiser magistrate would have been content with a mere reprimand."

"And I won't——"

"Certainly not. Nothing of that kind at all. What I propose to do this afternoon is to take you to visit the home of your ancestors."

Pongo did not get this.

"I thought Ickenham was the home of my ancestors."

"It is one of the homes of your ancestors. They also resided rather nearer the heart of things, at a place called Mitching Hill."

"Down in the suburbs, do you mean?"

"The neighbourhood is now suburban, true. It is many years since the meadows where I sported as a child were sold and cut up into building lots. But when I was a boy Mitching Hill was open country. It was a vast, rolling estate belonging to your great-uncle, Marmaduke, a man with whiskers of a nature which you with your pure mind would scarcely credit, and I have long felt a sentimental urge to see what the hell the old place looks like now. Perfectly foul, I expect. Still, I think we should make the pious pilgrimage."

Pongo absolutely-ed heartily. He was all for the scheme. A great weight seemed to have rolled off his mind. The way he looked at it was that even an uncle within a short jump of the looney bin couldn't very well get into much trouble in a suburb. I mean, you know what suburbs are. They don't, as it were, offer the scope. One follows his reasoning, of course.

"Fine!" he said. "Splendid! Topping!"

"Then put on your hat and rompers, my boy," said Lord Ickenham, "and let us be off. I fancy one gets there by omnibuses and things."

Well, Pongo hadn't expected much in the way of mental uplift from the sight of Mitching Hill, and he didn't get it. Alighting from the bus, he tells me, you found yourself in the middle of rows and rows of semi-detached villas, all looking exactly alike, and you went on and you came to more semi-detached villas, and those all looked exactly alike, too. Nevertheless, he did not repine. It was one of those early spring days which suddenly change to mid-winter and he had come out without his overcoat, and it looked like rain and he hadn't an umbrella, but despite this his mood was one of sober ecstasy. The hours were passing and his uncle had not yet made a goat of himself. At the Dog Races the other had been in the hands of the constabulary in the first ten minutes.

It began to seem to Pongo that with any luck he might be able to keep the old blister pottering harmlessly about here till nightfall, when he could shoot a bit of dinner into him and put him to bed. And as Lord Ickenham had specifically stated that his wife, Pongo's Aunt Jane, had expressed her intention of scalping him with a blunt knife if he wasn't back at the Hall by lunch time on the morrow, it really looked as if he might get through this visit without perpetrating a single major outrage on the public weal. It is rather interesting to note that as he thought this Pongo smiled, because it was the last time he smiled that day.

All this while, I should mention, Lord Ickenham had been stopping at intervals like a pointing dog and saying that it must have been just about here that he plugged the gardener in the trousers seat with his bow and arrow and that over there he had been sick after his first cigar, and he now paused in front

of a villa which for some unknown reason called itself The Cedars. His face was tender and wistful.

"On this very spot, if I am not mistaken," he said, heaving a bit of a sigh, "on this very spot, fifty years ago come Lammas Eve, I . . . Oh, blast it!"

The concluding remark had been caused by the fact that the rain, which had held off until now, suddenly began to buzz down like a shower-bath. With no further words, they leaped into the porch of the villa and there took shelter, exchanging glances with a grey parrot which hung in a cage in the window.

Not that you could really call it shelter. They were protected from above all right, but the moisture was now falling with a sort of swivel action, whipping in through the sides of the porch and tickling them up properly. And it was just after Pongo had turned up his collar and was huddling against the door that the door gave way. From the fact that a female of general-servant aspect was standing there he gathered that his uncle must have rung the bell.

This female wore a long mackintosh, and Lord Ickenham beamed upon her with a fairish spot of suavity.

"Good afternoon," he said.

The female said good afternoon.

"The Cedars?"

The female said yes, it was The Cedars.

"Are the old folks at home?"

The female said there was nobody at home.

"Ah? Well, never mind. I have come," said Lord Ickenham, edging in, "to clip the parrot's claws. My assistant, Mr. Walkinshaw, who applies the anæsthetic," he added, indicating Pongo with a gesture.

"Are you from the bird shop?"

"A very happy guess."

"Nobody told me you were coming."

"They keep things from you, do they?" said Lord Ickenham, sympathetically. "Too bad."

Continuing to edge, he had got into the parlour by now, Pongo following in a sort of dream and the female following Pongo.

"Well, I suppose it's all right," she said. "I was just going out. It's my afternoon."

"Go out," said Lord Ickenham cordially. "By all means go out. We will leave everything in order."

And presently the female, though still a bit on the dubious side, pushed off, and Lord Ickenham lit the gas-fire and drew a chair up.

"So here we are, my boy," he said. "A little tact, a little address, and here we are, snug and cosy and not catching our deaths of cold. You'll never go far wrong if you leave things to me."

"But, dash it, we can't stop here," said Pongo.

Lord Ickenham raised his eyebrows.

"Not stop here? Are you suggesting that we go out into that rain? My dear lad, you are not aware of the grave issues involved. This morning, as I was leaving home, I had a rather painful disagreement with your aunt. She said the weather was treacherous and wished me to take my woolly muffler.

I replied that the weather was not treacherous and that I would be dashed if I took my woolly muffler. Eventually, by the exercise of an iron will, I had my way, and I ask you, my dear boy, to envisage what will happen if I return with a cold in the head. I shall sink to the level of a fifth-class power. Next time I came to London, it would be with a liver pad and a respirator. No! I shall remain here, toasting my toes at this really excellent fire. I had no idea that a gas-fire radiated such warmth. I feel all in a glow."

So did Pongo. His brow was wet with honest sweat. He is reading for the Bar, and while he would be the first to admit that he hasn't yet got a complete toe-hold on the Law of Great Britain he had a sort of notion that oiling into a perfect stranger's semi-detached villa on the pretext of pruning the parrot was a tort or misdemeanour, if not actual barratry or soccage in fief or something like that. And apart from the legal aspect of the matter there was the embarrassment of the thing. Nobody is more of a whale on correctness and not doing what's not done than Pongo, and the situation in which he now found himself caused him to chew the lower lip and, as I say, perspire a goodish deal.

"But suppose the blighter who owns this ghastly house comes back?" he asked. "Talking of envisaging things, try that one over on your pianola."

And, sure enough, as he spoke, the front door bell rang.

"There!" said Pongo.

"Don't say 'There!' my boy," said Lord Ickenham reprovingly. "It's the sort of thing your aunt says. I see no reason for alarm. Obviously this is some casual caller. A ratepayer would have used his latchkey. Glance cautiously out of the window and see if you can see anybody."

"It's a pink chap," said Pongo, having done so.

"How pink?"

"Pretty pink."

"Well, there you are, then. I told you so. It can't be the big chief. The sort of fellows who own houses like this are pale and sallow, owing to working in offices all day. Go and see what he wants."

"You go and see what he wants."

"We'll both go and see what he wants," said Lord Ickenham.

So they went and opened the front door, and there, as Pongo had said, was a pink chap. A small young pink chap, a bit moist about the shoulder-blades.

"Pardon me," said this pink chap, "is Mr. Roddis in?"

"No," said Pongo.

"Yes," said Lord Ickenham. "Don't be silly, Douglas—of course I'm in. I am Mr. Roddis," he said to the pink chap. "This, such as he is, is my son Douglas. And you?"

"Name of Robinson."

"What about it?"

"My name's Robinson."

"Oh, *your* name's Robinson? Now we've got it straight. Delighted to see you, Mr. Robinson. Come right in and take your boots off."

They all trickled back to the parlour, Lord Ickenham pointing out objects of interest by the wayside to the chap, Pongo gulping for air a bit and trying to get himself abreast of this new twist in the scenario. His heart was becoming

more and more bowed down with weight of woe. He hadn't liked being Mr. Walkinshaw, the anæsthetist, and he didn't like it any better being Roddis Junior. In brief, he feared the worst. It was only too plain to him by now that his uncle had got it thoroughly up his nose and had settled down to one of his big afternoons, and he was asking himself, as he had so often asked himself before, what would the harvest be?

Arrived in the parlour, the pink chap proceeded to stand on one leg and look coy.

"Is Julia here?" he asked, simpering a bit, Pongo says.

"Is she?" said Lord Ickenham to Pongo.

"No," said Pongo.

"No," said Lord Ickenham.

"She wired me she was coming here to-day."

"Ah, then we shall have a bridge four."

The pink chap stood on the other leg.

"I don't suppose you've ever met Julia. Bit of trouble in the family, she gave me to understand."

"It is often the way."

"The Julia I mean is your niece Julia Parker. Or, rather, your wife's niece Julia Parker."

"Any niece of my wife is a niece of mine," said Lord Ickenham heartily. "We share and share alike."

"Julia and I want to get married."

"Well, go ahead."

"But they won't let us."

"Who won't?"

"Her mother and father. And Uncle Charlie Parker and Uncle Henry Parker and the rest of them. They don't think I'm good enough."

"The morality of the modern young man is notoriously lax."

"Class enough, I mean. They're a haughty lot."

"What makes them haughty? Are they earls?"

"No, they aren't earls."

"Then why the devil," said Lord Ickenham warmly, "are they haughty? Only earls have a right to be haughty. Earls are hot stuff. When you get an earl, you've got something."

"Besides, we've had words. Me and her father. One thing led to another, and in the end I called him a perishing old—— Cool!" said the pink chap, breaking off suddenly.

He had been standing by the window, and he now leaped lissomely into the middle of the room, causing Pongo, whose nervous system was by this time definitely down among the wines and spirits and who hadn't been expecting this *adagio* stuff, to bite his tongue with some severity.

"They're on the doorstep! Julia and her mother and father. I didn't know they were all coming."

"You do not wish to meet them?"

"No, I don't!"

"Then duck behind the settee, Mr. Robinson," said Lord Ickenham, and

the pink chap, weighing the advice and finding it good, did so. And as he disappeared the door bell rang.

Once more, Lord Ickenham led Pongo out into the hall.

"I say!" said Pongo, and a close observer might have noted that he was quivering like an aspen.

"Say on, my dear boy."

"I mean to say, what?"

"What?"

"You aren't going to let these bounders in, are you?"

"Certainly," said Lord Ickenham. "We Roddises keep open house. And as they are presumably aware that Mr. Roddis has no son, I think we had better return to the old layout. You are the local vet, my boy, come to minister to my parrot. When I return, I should like to find you by the cage, staring at the bird in a scientific manner. Tap your teeth from time to time with a pencil and try to smell of iodoform. It will help to add conviction."

So Pongo shifted back to the parrot's cage and stared so earnestly that it was only when a voice said "Well!" that he became aware that there was anybody in the room. Turning, he perceived that Hampshire's leading curse had come back, bringing the gang.

It consisted of a stern, thin, middle-aged woman, a middle-aged man and a girl.

You can generally accept Pongo's estimate of girls, and when he says that this one was a pippin one knows that he uses the term in its most exact sense. She was about nineteen, he thinks, and she wore a black *béret*, a dark-green leather coat, a shortish tweed skirt, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. Her eyes were large and lustrous and her face like a dewy rosebud at daybreak on a June morning. So Pongo tells me. Not that I suppose he has ever seen a rosebud at daybreak on a June morning, because it's generally as much as you can do to lug him out of bed in time for nine-thirty breakfast. Still, one gets the idea.

"Well," said the woman, "you don't know who I am, I'll be bound. I'm Laura's sister Connie. This is Claude, my husband. And this is my daughter Julia. Is Laura in?"

"I regret to say, no," said Lord Ickenham.

The woman was looking at him as if he didn't come up to her specifications.

"I thought you were younger," she said.

"Younger than what?" said Lord Ickenham.

"Younger than you are."

"You can't be younger than you are, worse luck," said Lord Ickenham. "Still, one does one's best, and I am bound to say that of recent years I have made a pretty good go of it."

The woman caught sight of Pongo, and he didn't seem to please her, either.

"Who's that?"

"The local vet, clustering round my parrot."

"I can't talk in front of him."

"It is quite all right," Lord Ickenham assured her. "The poor fellow is stone deaf."

And with an imperious gesture at Pongo, as much as to bid him stare less at girls and more at parrots, he got the company seated.

"Now, then," he said.

There was silence for a moment, then a sort of muffled sob, which Pongo thinks proceeded from the girl. He couldn't see, of course, because his back was turned and he was looking at the parrot, which looked back at him—most offensively, he says, as parrots will, using one eye only for the purpose. It also asked him to have a nut.

The woman came into action again.

"Although," she said, "Laura never did me the honour to invite me to her wedding, for which reason I have not communicated with her for five years, necessity compels me to cross her threshold to-day. There comes a time when differences must be forgotten and relatives must stand shoulder to shoulder."

"I see what you mean," said Lord Ickenham. "Like the boys of the old brigade."

"What I say is, let bygones be bygones. I would not have intruded on you, but needs must. I disregard the past and appeal to your sense of pity."

The thing began to look to Pongo like a touch, and he is convinced that the parrot thought so, too, for it winked and cleared its throat. But they were both wrong. The woman went on.

"I want you and Laura to take Julia into your home for a week or so, until I can make other arrangements for her. Julia is studying the piano, and she sits for her examination in two weeks' time, so until then she must remain in London. The trouble is, she has fallen in love. Or thinks she has."

"I know I have," said Julia.

Her voice was so attractive that Pongo was compelled to slew round and take another look at her. Her eyes, he says, were shining like twin stars and there was a sort of Soul's Awakening expression on her face, and what the dickens there was in a pink chap like the pink chap, who even as pink chaps go wasn't much of a pink chap, to make her look like that, was frankly, Pongo says, more than he could understand. The thing baffled him. He sought in vain for a solution.

"Yesterday, Claude and I arrived in London from our Bexhill home to give Julia a pleasant surprise. We stayed, naturally, in the boarding-house where she has been living for the past six weeks. And what do you think we discovered?"

"Insects."

"Not insects. A letter. From a young man. I found to my horror that a young man of whom I knew nothing was arranging to marry my daughter. I sent for him immediately, and found him to be quite impossible. He jellies eels!"

"Does what?"

"He is an assistant at a jellied eel shop."

"But surely," said Lord Ickenham, "that speaks well for him. The capacity to jelly an eel seems to me to argue intelligence of a high order. It isn't everybody who can do it, by any means. I know if someone came to me and said

'Jelly this eel' I should be nonplussed. And so, or I am very much mistaken, would Ramsay MacDonald and Winston Churchill."

The woman did not seem to see eye to eye.

"Tchah!" she said. "What do you suppose my husband's brother Charlie Parker would say if I allowed his niece to marry a man who jellies eels!"

"Ah!" said Claude, who, before we go any further, was a tall, drooping bird with a red soup-strainer moustache.

"Or my husband's brother, Henry Parker."

"Ah!" said Claude. "Or Cousin Alf Robbins, for that matter."

"Exactly. Cousin Alfred would die of shame."

The girl Julia hiccoughed passionately, so much so that Pongo says it was all he could do to stop himself nipping across and taking her hand in his and patting it.

"I've told you a hundred times, mother, that Wilberforce is only jellying eels till he finds something better."

"What is better than an eel?" asked Lord Ickenham, who had been following this discussion with the close attention it deserved. "For jellying purposes, I mean."

"He is ambitious. It won't be long," said the girl, "before Wilbertorce suddenly rises in the world."

She never spoke a truer word. At this very moment, up he came from behind the settee like a leaping salmon.

"Julia!" he cried.

"Wilby!" yipped the girl.

And Pongo says he never saw anything more sickening in his life than the way she flung herself into the blighter's arms and clung there like the ivy on the old garden wall. It wasn't that he had anything specific against the pink chap, but this girl had made a deep impression on him and he resented her glueing herself to another in this manner.

Julia's mother, after just that brief moment which a woman needs in which to recover from her natural surprise at seeing eel-jelliers pop up from behind sofas, got moving and plucked her away like a referee breaking a couple of welter-weights.

"Julia Parker," she said, "I am ashamed of you!"

"So am I," said Claude.

"I blush for you."

"Me, too," said Claude. "Hugging and kissing a man who called your father a perishing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us."

"I think," said Lord Ickenham, shoving his oar in, "that before proceeding any further we ought to go into that point. If he called you a perishing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us, it seems to me that the first thing to do is to decide whether he was right, and frankly, in my opinion . . ."

"Wilberforce will apologize."

"Certainly I'll apologize. It isn't fair to hold a remark passed in the heat of the moment against a chap . . ."

"Mr. Robinson," said the woman, "you know perfectly well that whatever

remarks you may have seen fit to pass don't matter one way or the other. If you were listening to what I was saying you will understand . . ."

"Oh, I know, I know. Uncle Charlie Parker and Uncle Henry Parker and Cousin Alf Robbins and all that. Pack of snobs!"

"What!"

"Haughty, stuck-up snobs. Them and their class distinctions. Think themselves everybody just because they've got money. I'd like to know how they got it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind what I mean."

"If you are insinuating——"

"Well, of course, you know, Connie," said Lord Ickenham mildly, "he's quite right. You can't get away from that."

I don't know if you have ever seen a bull-terrier embarking on a scrap with an Airedale and just as it was getting down nicely to its work suddenly having an unexpected Kerry Blue sneak up behind it and bite it in the rear quarters. When this happens, it lets go of the Airedale and swivels round and fixes the butting-in animal with a pretty nasty eye. It was exactly the same with the woman Connie when Lord Ickenham spoke these words.

"What!"

"I was only wondering if you had forgotten how Charlie Parker made his pile."

"What are you talking about?"

"I know it is painful," said Lord Ickenham, "and one doesn't mention it as a rule, but, as we are on the subject, you must admit that lending money at two hundred and fifty per cent interest is not done in the best circles. The judge, if you remember, said so at the trial."

"I never knew that!" cried the girl Julia.

"Ah," said Lord Ickenham. "You kept it from the child? Quite right, quite right."

"It's a lie!"

"And when Henry Parker had all that fuss with the bank it was touch and go they didn't send him to prison. Between ourselves, Connie, has a bank official, even a brother of your husband, any right to sneak fifty pounds from the till in order to put it on a hundred to one shot for the Grand National? Not quite playing the game, Connie. Not the straight bat. Henry, I grant you, won five thousand of the best and never looked back afterwards, but, though we applaud his judgment of form, we must surely look askance at his financial methods. As for Cousin Alf Robbins . . ."

The woman was making rummy stuttering sounds. Pongo tells me he once had a Pommery Seven which used to express itself in much the same way if you tried to get it to take a hill on high. A sort of mixture of gurgles and explosions.

"There is not a word of truth in this," she gasped at length, having managed to get the vocal cords disentangled. "Not a single word. I think you must have gone mad."

Lord Ickenham shrugged his shoulders.

"Have it your own way, Connie. I was only going to say that, while the

jury were probably compelled on the evidence submitted to them to give Cousin Alf Robbins the benefit of the doubt when charged with smuggling dope, everybody knew that he had been doing it for years. I am not blaming him. mind you. If a man can smuggle cocaine and get away with it, good luck to him, say I. The only point I am trying to make is that we are hardly a family that can afford to put on dog and sneer at honest suitors for our daughters' hands. Speaking for myself, I consider that we are very lucky to have the chance of marrying even into eel-jellying circles."

"So do I," said Julia firmly.

"You don't believe what this man is saying?"

"I believe every word."

"So do I," said the pink chap.

The woman snorted. She seemed overwrought.

"Well," she said, "goodness knows I have never liked Laura, but I would never have wished her a husband like you!"

"Husband?" said Lord Ickenham, puzzled. "What gives you the impression that Laura and I are married?"

There was a weighty silence, during which the parrot threw out a general invitation to the company to join it in a nut. Then the girl Julia spoke.

"You'll have to let me marry Wilberforce now," she said. "He knows too much about us."

"I was rather thinking that myself," said Lord Ickenham. "Seal his lips, I say."

"You wouldn't mind marrying into a low family, would you, darling?" asked the girl, with a touch of anxiety.

"No family could be too low for me, dearest, if it was yours," said the pink chap.

"After all, we needn't see them."

"That's right."

"It isn't one's relations that matter: it's oneself."

"That's right, too."

"Wilby!"

"Julia!"

They repeated the old ivy on the garden wall act. Pongo says he didn't like it any better than the first time, but his distaste wasn't in it with the woman Connie's.

"And what, may I ask," she said, "do you propose to marry on?"

This seemed to cast a damper. They came apart. They looked at each other. The girl looked at the pink chap, and the pink chap looked at the girl. You could see that a jarring note had been struck.

"Wilberforce is going to be a very rich man some day."

"Some day!"

"If I had a hundred pounds," said the pink chap, "I could buy a half-share in one of the best milk walks in South London to-morrow."

"If!" said the woman.

"Ah!" said Claude.

"Where are you going to get it?"

"Ah!" said Claude.

"Where," repeated the woman, plainly pleased with the snappy crack and loath to let it ride without an encore, "are you going to get it?"

"That," said Claude, "is the point. Where are you going to get a hundred pounds?"

"Why, bless my soul," said Lord Ickenham jovially, "from me, of course. Where else?"

And before Pongo's bulging eyes he fished out from the recesses of his costume a crackling bundle of notes and handed it over. And the agony of realizing that the old bounder had had all that stuff on him all this time and that he hadn't touched him for so much as a tithe of it was so keen, Pongo says, that before he knew what he was doing he had let out a sharp, whinnying cry which rang through the room like the yowl of a stepped-on puppy.

"Ah," said Lord Ickenham. "The vet wishes to speak to me. Yes, vet?"

This seemed to puzzle the cerise bloke a bit.

"I thought you said this chap was your son."

"If I had a son," said Lord Ickenham a little hurt, "he would be a good deal better-looking than that. No, this is the local veterinary surgeon. I may have said I *looked* on him as a son. Perhaps that was what confused you."

He shifted across to Pongo and twiddled his hands enquiringly. Pongo gaped at him, and it was not until one of the hands caught him smartly in the lower ribs that he remembered he was deaf and started to twiddle back. Considering that he wasn't supposed to be dumb, I can't see why he should have twiddled, but no doubt there are moments when twiddling is about all a fellow feels himself equal to. For what seemed to him at least ten hours Pongo had been undergoing great mental stress, and one can't blame him for not being chatty. Anyway, be that as it may, he twiddled.

"I cannot quite understand what he says," announced Lord Ickenham at length, "because he sprained a finger this morning and that makes him stammer. But I gather that he wishes to have a word with me in private. Possibly my parrot has got something the matter with it which he is reluctant to mention even in sign language in front of a young unmarried girl. You know what parrots are. We will step outside."

"We will step outside," said Wilberforce.

"Yes," said the girl Julia. "I feel like a walk."

"And you?" said Lord Ickenham to the woman Connie, who was looking like a female Napoleon at Moscow. "Do you join the hikers?"

"I shall remain and make myself a cup of tea. You will not grudge us a cup of tea, I hope?"

"Far from it," said Lord Ickenham cordially. "This is Liberty Hall. Stick around and mop it up till your eyes bubble."

Outside, the girl, looking more like a dewy rosebud than ever, fawned on the old buster pretty considerably.

"I don't know how to thank you!" she said. And the pink chap said he didn't, either.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all," said Lord Ickenham.

"I think you're simply wonderful."

"No, no."

"You are. Perfectly marvellous."

"Tut, tut," said Lord Ickenham. "Don't give the matter another thought."

He kissed her on both cheeks, the chin, the forehead, the right eyebrow, and the tip of the nose, Pongo looking on the while in a baffled and discontented manner. Everybody seemed to be kissing this girl except him.

Eventually the degrading spectacle ceased and the girl and the pink chap shoved off, and Pongo was enabled to take up the matter of that hundred quid.

"Where," he asked, "did you get all that money?"

"Now, where did I?" mused Lord Ickenham. "I know your aunt gave it to me for some purpose. But what? To pay some bill or other, I rather fancy."

This cheered Pongo up slightly.

"She'll give you the devil when you get back," he said, with not a little relish. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for something. When you tell Aunt Jane," he said, with confidence, for he knew his Aunt Jane's emotional nature, "that you slipped her entire roll to a girl, and explain, as you will have to explain, that she was an extraordinarily pretty girl—a girl, in fine, who looked like something out of a beauty chorus of the better sort, I should think she would pluck down one of the ancestral battle-axes from the wall and jolly well strike you on the mazzard."

"Have no anxiety, my dear boy," said Lord Ickenham. "It is like your kind heart to be so concerned, but have no anxiety. I shall tell her that I was compelled to give the money to you to enable you to buy back some compromising letters from a Spanish *demi-mondaine*. She will scarcely be able to blame me for rescuing a fondly-loved nephew from the clutches of an adventuress. It may be that she will feel a little vexed with you for a while, and that you may have to allow a certain time to elapse before you visit Ickenham again, but then I shan't be wanting you at Ickenham till the ratting season starts, so all is well."

At this moment, there came toddling up to the gate of The Cedars a large red-faced man. He was just going in when Lord Ickenham hailed him.

"Mr. Roddis?"

"Hey?"

"Am I addressing Mr. Roddis?"

"That's me."

"I am Mr. J. G. Bulstrode from down the road," said Lord Ickenham. "This is my sister's husband's brother, Percy Frensham, in the lard and imported-butter business."

The red-faced bird said he was pleased to meet them. He asked Pongo if things were brisk in the lard and imported-butter business, and Pongo said they were all right, and the red-faced bird said he was glad to hear it.

"We have never met, Mr. Roddis," said Lord Ickenham, "but I think it would be only neighbourly to inform you that a short while ago I observed two suspicious-looking persons in your house."

"In my house? How on earth did they get there?"

"No doubt through a window at the back. They looked to me like cat burglars. If you creep up, you may be able to see them."

The red-faced bird crept, and came back not exactly foaming at the mouth but with the air of a man who for two pins would so foam.

"You're perfectly right. They're sitting in my parlour as cool as dammit, swigging my tea and buttered toast."

"I thought as much."

"And they've opened a pot of my raspberry jam."

"Ah, then you will be able to catch them red-handed. I should fetch a policeman."

"I will. Thank you, Mr. Bulstrode."

"Only too glad to have been able to render you this little service, Mr. Roddis," said Lord Ickenham. "Well, I must be moving along. I have an appointment. Pleasant after the rain, is it not? Come, Percy."

He lugged Pongo off.

"So that," he said, with satisfaction, "is that. On these visits of mine to the metropolis, my boy, I always make it my aim, if possible, to spread sweetness and light. I look about me, even in a foul hole like Mitching Hill, and I ask myself—How can I leave this foul hole a better and happier foul hole than I found it? And if I see a chance, I grab it. Here is our omnibus. Spring aboard, my boy, and on our way home we will be sketching our rough plans for the evening. If the old Leicester Grill is still in existence, we might look in there. It must be fully thirty-five years since I was last thrown out of the Leicester Grill. I wonder who is the bouncer there now."

Such (concluded the Crumpet) is Pongo Twistleton's Uncle Fred from the country, and you will have gathered by now a rough notion of why it is that when a telegram comes announcing his impending arrival in the great city Pongo blanches to the core and calls for a couple of quick ones.

The whole situation, Pongo says, is very complex. Looking at it from one angle, it is fine that the man lives in the country most of the year. If he didn't, he would have him in his midst all the time. On the other hand, by living in the country he generates, as it were, a store of loopiness which expends itself with frightful violence on his rare visits to the centre of things.

What it boils down to is this—Is it better to have a loopy uncle whose loopiness is perpetually on tap but spread out thin, so to speak, or one who lies low in distant Hants for three hundred and sixty days in the year and does himself proud in London for the other five? Dashed moot, of course, and Pongo has never been able to make up his mind on the point.

Naturally, the ideal thing would be if someone would chain the old hound up permanently and keep him from Jan. One to Dec. Thirty-one where he wouldn't do any harm—viz. among the spuds and tenantry. But this, Pongo admits, is a Utopian dream. Nobody could work harder to that end than his Aunt Jane, and she has never been able to manage it.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Explain: "There was apt to be a good deal of sugar thrown about."
2. Name "a character out of a Greek tragedy pursued by the Fates." How would he look?
3. What "nasty way" did Uncle Fred have?

4. Characterize Pongo's Uncle Fred.
5. Why did Pongo hesitate to check Uncle Fred?
6. What did Uncle Fred suggest as a "pleasant and instructive afternoon"?
7. Describe Mitching Hill.
8. Explain: "stopping at intervals like a pointing dog."
9. When is Lammas Eve?
10. Explain: "a fairish spot of suavity."
11. How did Uncle Fred get into The Cedars?
12. What is the source of "His brow was wet with honest sweat"?
13. Explain: "a whale on correctness."
14. How did Uncle Fred decide that the bell-ringer was not "the big chief"?
15. How was Mr. Robinson welcomed?
16. What is the source of the phrase "what would the harvest be?"
17. Explain: ". . . nervous system was . . . definitely down among the wines and spirits."
18. How did Uncle Fred welcome the Parkers?
19. By what logic did Uncle Fred defend his age?
20. What plan did Mrs. Parker suggest for Laura?
21. Explain: "a sort of Soul's Awakening expression on her face."
22. Who are Ramsay MacDonald and Winston Churchill?
23. Explain: "plucked her away like a referee breaking a couple of welter-weights."
24. Explain the simile of the dog-fight.
25. How did Uncle Fred turn the tables on Connie?
26. How did Uncle Fred arrange a "private word" with Pongo?
27. Explain: "Connie . . . was looking like a female Napoleon at Moscow."
28. How did Uncle Fred plan to explain to Aunt Jane the disposition of the hundred pounds?
29. Explain: "Till the ratting season starts."
30. What is the source of the phrase "sweetness and light"?
31. How did Uncle Fred dispose ultimately of Julia's parents?
32. Define or explain: *crumpet*, *blighter*, *two-penn'orth*, *looney bin*, *pottering*, *fifth-class power*, *tort*, *misdeemeanour*, *barratry*, *soccage in fief*, *lissomely*, *adagio*, *aspen*, *bounder*, *iodoform*, *pippin*, *béret*, *jellied eel*, *nonplussed*, *Airedale*, *Kerry Blue*, *Grand National*, *Pommery Seven*, *put on dog*, *milk walk*, *tithe*, *cerise*, *quid*, *mazzard*, *demi-mondaine*, *cat burglar*, *blench*, *loopiness*, *moot*, *spud*.

Round Table

1. Discuss pro and con: The English have a better sense of humor than have Americans.
2. Debate: Wit is to be preferred to humor.

3. Debate: In humorous writing situation is more important than character.
4. Debate: P. G. Wodehouse has a better sense of humor than Mark Twain.

Paper Work

1. Write a character analysis of Wodehouse's PSmith, Jeeves, or Uncle Fred.
2. Write a theme on: (a) Characteristics of Wodehouse's Humor; (b) The Relationship of Humor and Diction; (c) Wodehouse's Jeeves and Harry Leon Wilson's *Ruggles of Red Gap*; (d) The Social Background of Wodehouse's Stories.
3. Write a study of the humor in people's names.
4. Write a report on the slang of the upper social classes.

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO (1870-1916), an English satirist and story writer, began his literary career as a political writer for the Westminster Gazette. From 1902 to 1908 he was correspondent in Russia, and for some time afterwards wrote from Paris for the Morning Post. In publishing his first collection of stories, *Reginald* (1904), he adopted the pseudonym Saki and made it famous in other collections, *Reginald in Russia* (1910), *The Chronicles of Cloriss* (1911), *Beasts and Superbeasts* (1914), and in a novel, *The Unbearable Bassington* (1912). His stories are characterised by extraordinary crispness, pungency, and economy in expression. *The Open Window* is a good example of the compression, rapidity, and cleverness of his style. Surprise plots are difficult to handle successfully, but Saki gives the impression of managing the details with consummate ease.

THE OPEN WINDOW*

SAKI (H. H. MUNRO)

"MY AUNT will be down presently, Mr. Nuttel," said a very self-possessed young lady of fifteen; "in the meantime you must try and put up with me."

Framton Nuttel endeavoured to say the correct something which should duly flatter the niece of the moment without unduly discounting the aunt that was to come. Privately he doubted more than ever whether these formal visits on a succession of total strangers would do much towards helping the nerve cure which he was supposed to be undergoing.

"I know how it will be," his sister had said when he was preparing to migrate to this rural retreat; "you will bury yourself down there and not speak to a living soul, and your nerves will be worse than ever from moping. I shall just give you letters of introduction to all the people I know there. Some of them, as far as I can remember, were quite nice."

Framton wondered whether Mrs. Sappleton, the lady to whom he was presenting one of the letters of introduction, came into the nice division.

"Do you know many of the people round here?" asked the niece, when she judged that they had had sufficient silent communion.

"Hardly a soul," said Framton. "My sister was staying here, at the rectory, you know, some four years ago, and she gave me letters of introduction to some of the people here."

He made the last statement in a tone of distinct regret.

"Then you know practically nothing about my aunt?" pursued the self-possessed young lady.

"Only her name and address," admitted the caller. He was wondering whether Mrs. Sappleton was in the married or widowed state. An undefinable something about the room seemed to suggest masculine habitation.

"Her great tragedy happened just three years ago," said the child; "that would be since your sister's time."

* From *The Short Stories of Saki* (H. H. Munro). Copyright, 1930. By permission of The Viking Press, Inc., New York.

"Her tragedy?" asked Framton; somehow in this restful country spot tragedies seemed out of place.

"You may wonder why we keep that window wide open on an October afternoon," said the niece, indicating a large French window that opened on to a lawn.

"It is quite warm for the time of the year," said Framton; "but has that window got anything to do with the tragedy?"

"Out through that window, three years ago to a day, her husband and her two young brothers went off for their day's shooting. They never came back. In crossing the moor to their favourite snipe-shooting ground they were all three engulfed in a treacherous piece of bog. It had been that dreadful wet summer, you know, and places that were safe in other years gave way suddenly without warning. Their bodies were never recovered. That was the dreadful part of it." Here the child's voice lost its self-possessed note and became falteringly human. "Poor aunt always thinks that they will come back some day, they and the little brown spaniel that was lost with them, and walk in at that window just as they used to do. That is why the window is kept open every evening till it is quite dusk. Poor dear aunt, she has often told me how they went out, her husband with his white waterproof coat over his arm, and Ronnie, her youngest brother, singing 'Bertie, why do you bound?' as he always did to tease her, because she said it got on her nerves. Do you know, sometimes on still, quiet evenings like this, I almost get a creepy feeling that they will all walk in through that window—"

She broke off with a little shudder. It was a relief to Framton when the aunt bustled into the room with a whirl of apologies for being late in making her appearance.

"I hope Vera has been amusing you?" she said.

"She has been very interesting," said Framton.

"I hope you don't mind the open window," said Mrs. Sappleton briskly; "my husband and brothers will be home directly from shooting, and they always come in this way. They've been out for snipe in the marshes today, so they'll make a fine mess over my poor carpets. So like you men-folk, isn't it?"

She rattled on cheerfully about the shooting and the scarcity of birds, and the prospects for duck in the winter. To Framton it was all purely horrible. He made a desperate but only partially successful effort to turn the talk on to a less ghastly topic; he was conscious that his hostess was giving him only a fragment of her attention, and her eyes were constantly straying past him to the open window and the lawn beyond. It was certainly an unfortunate coincidence that he should have paid his visit on this tragic anniversary.

"The doctors agree in ordering me complete rest, an absence of mental excitement, and avoidance of anything in the nature of violent physical exercise," announced Framton, who laboured under the tolerably wide-spread delusion that total strangers and chance acquaintances are hungry for the least detail of one's ailments and infirmities, their cause and cure. "On the matter of diet they are not so much in agreement," he continued.

"No?" said Mrs. Sappleton, in a voice which only replaced a yawn at the last

moment. Then she suddenly brightened into alert attention—but not to what Framton was saying.

"Here they are at last!" she cried. "Just in time for tea, and don't they look as if they were muddy up to the eyes!"

Framton shivered slightly and turned towards the niece with a look intended to convey sympathetic comprehension. The child was staring out through the open window with dazed horror in her eyes. In a chill shock of nameless fear Framton swung round in his seat and looked in the same direction.

In the deepening twilight three figures were walking across the lawn towards the window; they all carried guns under their arms, and one of them was additionally burdened with a white coat hung over his shoulders. A tired brown spaniel kept close at their heels. Noiselessly they neared the house, and then a hoarse young voice chanted out of the dusk: "I said, Bertie, why do you bound?"

Framton grabbed wildly at his stick and hat; the hall-door, the gravel-drive, and the front gate were dimly noted stages in his headlong retreat. A cyclist coming along the road had to run into the hedge to avoid imminent collision.

"Here we are, my dear," said the bearer of the white mackintosh, coming in through the window; "fairly muddy, but most of it's dry. Who was that who bolted out as we came up?"

"A most extraordinary man, a Mr. Nuttel," said Mrs. Sappleton; "could only talk about his illnesses, and dashed off without a word of good-bye or apology when you arrived. One would think he had seen a ghost."

"I expect it was the spaniel," said the niece calmly; "he told me he had a horror of dogs. He was once hunted into a cemetery somewhere on the banks of the Ganges by a pack of pariah dogs, and had to spend the night in a newly dug grave with the creatures snarling and grinning and foaming just above him. Enough to make any one lose their nerve."

Romance at short notice was her specialty.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What characteristics of Framton Nuttel made him the easy victim of the niece?
2. Why does Saki make Nuttel a nervous invalid?
3. How well was Nuttel acquainted with Mrs. Sappleton and the members of her family? How did he happen to call upon her? How did the niece find out his situation?
4. At what time of the year did the call take place?
5. By what exact details does the child make the story of the lost hunters seem true?
6. What function does the open window play in the story?
7. Why did Saki give the name of Vera to the niece?

8. Why did Mrs. Sappleton's allusions to the hunters and the snipe seem "purely horrible" to Framton?
9. Why did the author have Framton give an account of his nervous condition? Did he avoid "mental excitement and . . . violent physical exercise"?
10. By what trick did Vera convince Framton that the returning hunters were ghosts?
11. What was the effect of the appearance of the hunters on Framton?
12. How did Vera explain Framton's panic flight? What is a "pariah dog"?
13. Is the final sentence necessary to the story?

Round Table

1. Comment on the importance of compression in short story construction (see pages 219-220, 223-224).
2. Discuss the characters of Mr. Nuttel, Vera, and Mrs. Sappleton.
3. Point out the way in which the physical and social backgrounds are insinuated into the story.
4. Defend or attack the kind of "romance at short notice" that was Vera's specialty. Should such characteristics in children be eradicated?

Paper Work

1. Make a study of "The Surprise Plot."
2. Write a report on "A Comparative Study of *The Open Window* and *Marjorie Daw*" (by Thomas Bailey Aldrich); or "Saki and O. Henry."
3. Write a theme on "The Ghost I Didn't See."
4. Basing your material on actual acquaintanceship or experience, write a characterization of a nervous man or a romancing child.

At the time of KATHERINE MANSFIELD's early death from tuberculosis, after a vain struggle to regain her health in France, her short-story art was already highly developed. Like the Russian story writer Chekhov, whose work she admired greatly, she was extraordinarily perceptive, understanding, and direct in her studies of human nature. Her restraint and her adherence to the essentials of her narratives made her stories highly artistic and sometimes almost bleak. These characteristics are notable in "The Fly," which has been praised as one of the fifteen best short stories in the world, and which is a masterpiece in its lean economy. It was published in *The Dove's Nest* (1923), the last of the author's short-story collections. Between this notable volume and Katherine Mansfield's first series of sketches *In a German Pension* (1911) appeared *Bliss* (1920) and *The Garden Party* (1922). Katherine Mansfield—pseudonym for Kathleen Beauchamp—was born in 1888 in New Zealand. In 1913 she became the wife of John Middleton Murry, literary critic, who has written the fascinating but tragic story of her short life.

THE FLY*

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

"Y'ARE VERY snug in here," piped old Mr. Woodifield, and he peered out of the great, green leather arm-chair by his friend, the boss's desk, as a baby peers out of its pram. His talk was over; it was time for him to be off. But he did not want to go. Since he had retired, since his . . . stroke, the wife and the girls kept him boxed up in the house every day of the week except Tuesday. On Tuesday he was dressed up and brushed and allowed to cut back to the City for the day. Though what he did there the wife and girls couldn't imagine. Made a nuisance of himself to his friends, they supposed. . . . Well, perhaps so. All the same, we cling to our last pleasures as the tree clings to its last leaves. So there sat old Woodifield, smoking a cigar and staring almost greedily at the boss, who rolled in his office chair, stout, rosy, five years older than he, and still going strong, still at the helm. It did one good to see him.

Wistfully, admiringly, the old voice added, "It's snug in here, upon my word!"

"Yes, it's comfortable enough," agreed the boss, and he flipped *The Financial Times* with a paper-knife. As a matter of fact he was proud of his room; he liked to have it admired, especially by old Woodifield. It gave him a feeling of deep, solid satisfaction to be planted there in the midst of it in full view of that frail old figure in the muffler.

"I've had it done up lately," he explained, as he had explained for the past—how many?—weeks. "New carpet," and he pointed to the bright red carpet with a pattern of large white rings. "New furniture," and he nodded towards the massive bookcase and the table with legs like twisted treacle. "Electric heating!" He waved almost exultantly towards the five transparent, pearly sausages glowing so softly in the tilted copper pan.

But he did not draw old Woodifield's attention to the photograph over the

* Reprinted from *The Dove's Nest*, by Katherine Mansfield, by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

table of a grave-looking boy in uniform standing in one of those spectral photographers' parks with photographers' storm-clouds behind him. It was not new. It had been there for over six years.

"There was something I wanted to tell you," said old Woodifield, and his eyes grew dim remembering. "Now what was it? I had it in my mind when I started out this morning." His hands began to tremble, and patches of red showed above his beard.

Poor old chap, he's on his last pins, thought the boss. And, feeling kindly, he winked at the old man, and said jokingly, "I tell you what. I've got a little drop of something here that'll do you good before you go out into the cold again. It's beautiful stuff. It wouldn't hurt a child." He took a key off his watch-chain, unlocked a cupboard below his desk, and drew forth a dark, squat bottle. "That's the medicine," said he. "And the man from whom I got it told me on the strict Q.T. it came from the cellars at Windsor Castle."

Old Woodifield's mouth fell open at the sight. He couldn't have looked more surprised if the boss had produced a rabbit.

"It's whisky, ain't it?" he piped, feebly.

The boss turned the bottle and lovingly showed him the label. Whisky it was.

"D'you know," said he, peering up at the boss wonderingly, "they won't let me touch it at home." And he looked as though he was going to cry.

"Ah, that's where we know a bit more than the ladies," cried the boss, swooping across for two tumblers that stood on the table with the water-bottle, and pouring a generous finger into each. "Drink it down. It'll do you good. And don't put any water with it. It's sacrilege to tamper with stuff like this. Ah!" He tossed off his, pulled out his handkerchief, hastily wiped his moustaches, and cocked an eye at old Woodifield, who was rolling his in his chaps.

The old man swallowed, was silent a moment, and then said faintly, "It's nutty!"

But it warmed him; it crept into his chill old brain—he remembered.

"That was it," he said, heaving himself out of his chair. "I thought you'd like to know. The girls were in Belgium last week having a look at poor Reggie's grave, and they happened to come across your boy's. They are quite near each other, it seems."

Old Woodifield paused, but the boss made no reply. Only a quiver of his eyelids showed that he heard.

"The girls were delighted with the way the place is kept," piped the old voice. "Beautifully looked after. Couldn't be better if they were at home. You've not been across, have yer?"

"No, no!" For various reasons the boss had not been across.

"There's miles of it," quavered old Woodifield, "and it's all as neat as a garden. Flowers growing on all the graves. Nice broad paths." It was plain from his voice how much he liked a nice broad path.

The pause came again. Then the old man brightened wonderfully.

"D'you know what the hotel made the girls pay for a pot of jam?" he piped. "Ten francs! Robbery, I call it. It was a little pot, so Gertrude says, no bigger than a half-crown. And she hadn't taken more than a spoonful when they charged her ten francs. Gertrude brought the pot away with her to teach 'em

a lesson. Quite right, too; it's trading on our feelings. They think because we're over there having a look around we're ready to pay anything. That's what it is." And he turned towards the door.

"Quite right, quite right!" cried the boss, though what was quite right he hadn't the least idea. He came round by his desk, followed the shuffling footsteps to the door, and saw the old fellow out. Woodfield was gone.

For a long moment the boss stayed, staring at nothing, while the grey-haired office messenger, watching him, dodged in and out of his cubby-hole like a dog that expects to be taken for a run: "I'll see nobody for half an hour, Macey," said the boss. "Understand? Nobody at all."

"Very good, sir."

The door shut, the firm, heavy steps recrossed the bright carpet, the fat body plumped down in the spring chair, and leaning forward, the boss covered his face with his hands. He wanted, he intended, he had arranged to weep. . . .

It had been a terrible shock to him when old Woodfield sprang that remark upon him about the boy's grave. It was exactly as though the earth had opened and he had seen the boy lying there with Woodfield's girls staring down at him. For it was strange. Although over six years had passed away, the boss never thought of the boy except as lying unchanged, unblemished in his uniform, asleep for ever. "My son!" groaned the boss. But no tears came yet. In the past, in the first months and even years after the boy's death, he had only to say those words to be overcome by such grief that nothing short of a violent fit of weeping could relieve him. Time, he had declared then, he had told everybody, could make no difference. Other men perhaps might recover, might live their loss down, but not he. How was it possible? His boy was an only son. Ever since his birth the boss had worked at building up this business for him; it had no other meaning if it was not for the boy. Life itself had come to have no other meaning. How on earth could he have slaved, denied himself, kept going all those years without the promise for ever before him of the boy's stepping into his shoes and carrying on where he left off?

And that promise had been so near being fulfilled. The boy had been in the office learning the ropes for a year before the war. Every morning they had started off together; they had come back by the same train. And what congratulations he had received as the boy's father! No wonder; he had taken to it marvellously. As to his popularity with the staff, every man jack of them down to old Macey couldn't make enough of the boy. And he wasn't in the least spoiled. No, he was just his bright, natural self, with the right word for everybody, with that boyish look and his habit of saying, "Simply splendid!"

But all that was over and done with as though it never had been. The day had come when Macey had handed him the telegram that brought the whole place crashing about his head. "Deeply regret to inform you . . ." And he had left the office a broken man, with his life in ruins.

Six years ago, six years . . . How quickly time passed! It might have happened yesterday. The boss took his hands from his face; he was puzzled. Something seemed to be wrong with him. He wasn't feeling as he wanted to feel. He decided to get up and have a look at the boy's photograph. But

it wasn't a favourite photograph of his; the expression was unnatural. It was cold, even stern-looking. The boy had never looked like that.

At that moment the boss noticed that a fly had fallen into his broad inkpot, and was trying feebly but desperately to clamber out again. Help! help! said those struggling legs. But the sides of the inkpot were wet and slippery; it fell back again and began to swim. The boss took up a pen, picked the fly out of the ink, and shook it on to a piece of blotting-paper. For a fraction of a second it lay still on the dark patch that oozed round it. Then the front legs waved, took hold, and, pulling its small sodden body up, it began the immense task of cleaning the ink from its wings. Over and under, over and under, went a leg along a wing, as the stone goes over and under the scythe. Then there was a pause, while the fly, seeming to stand on the tips of its toes, tried to expand first one wing and then the other. It succeeded at last, and, sitting down, it began, like a minute cat, to clean its face. Now one could imagine that the little front legs rubbed against each other lightly, joyfully. The horrible danger was over; it had escaped; it was ready for life again.

But just then the boss had an idea. He plunged his pen back into the ink, leaned his thick wrist on the blotting-paper, and as the fly tried its wings down came a great heavy blot. What would it make of that? What indeed! The little beggar seemed absolutely cowed, stunned, and afraid to move because of what would happen next. But then, as if painfully, it dragged itself forward. The front legs waved, caught hold, and, more slowly this time, the task began from the beginning.

He's a plucky little devil, thought the boss, and he felt a real admiration for the fly's courage. That was the way to tackle things; that was the right spirit. Never say die; it was only a question of . . . But the fly had again finished its laborious task, and the boss had just time to refill his pen, to shake fair and square on the new-cleaned body yet another dark drop. What about it this time? A painful moment of suspense followed. But behold, the front legs were again waving; the boss felt a rush of relief. He leaned over the fly and said to it tenderly, "You artful little b. . . ." And he actually had the brilliant notion of breathing on it to help the drying process. All the same, there was something timid and weak about its efforts now, and the boss decided that this time should be the last, as he dipped the pen into the inkpot.

It was. The last blot fell on the soaked blotting-paper, and the dragged fly lay in it and did not stir. The back legs were stuck to the body; the front legs were not to be seen.

"Come on," said the boss. "Look sharp!" And he stirred it with his pen—in vain. Nothing happened or was likely to happen. The fly was dead.

The boss lifted the corpse on the end of the paper-knife and flung it into the waste-paper basket, but such a grinding feeling of wretchedness seized him that he felt positively frightened. He started forward and pressed the bell for Macey.

"Bring me some fresh blotting-paper," he said, sternly, "and look sharp about it." And while the old dog padded away he fell to wondering what it was he had been thinking about before. What was it? It was . . . He took out his handkerchief and passed it inside his collar. For the life of him he could not remember.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What sort of a man was Mr. Woodifield?
2. What evidences are there of the financial success of "the boss"?
3. Explain: "as a baby peers out of his pram," "legs like twisted treacle," "on the strict Q. T.," "It's nutty," "as the stone goes over and under the scythe."
4. What was the boss' attitude toward old Woodifield?
5. How did "the ladies" treat Mr. Woodifield?
6. Who was "poor Reggie"?
7. What were some of the "various reasons" why the boss had "not been across"?
8. What had been the boss' plans for his son?
9. Tell the story of the fly.
10. Why did the boss torture the fly?
11. What happened to the boss immediately after the death of the fly?

Round Table

1. Discuss the function of the fly episode in the story. Why is the story called "The Fly"?
2. Comment on the methods by which the tragedy of the story is insinuated rather than directly expressed.
3. Point out evidences of the author's skill in suggesting situations and characters.

Paper Work

1. Write a comparative study of Katherine Mansfield's "The Garden Party" and "The Fly."
2. Write a literary criticism of the stories of Katherine Mansfield.
3. Write a theme on one of the following topics: (a) In Flanders Fields; (b) A Telegram Comes from Washington; (c) The Superannuated Man; (d) A Hero of the Home Front; (e) A Boy Goes to Camp; (f) What Lies behind the Mahogany Desk?

ALBERT MALTZ was barely old enough to vote when the crash of '29 began a long period of hard times and unemployment. So it was that his first plays and his early fiction reveal his interest in the social problems of the masses. With George Sklar he wrote *Merry-Go-Round* (1931), an attack on the sordid partnership of politics and crime, and, independently, *Peace on Earth* (1933), an anti-war play. This second play and *Black Pit* (1935) were produced by the Theatre Union. His *Private Hicks* was winner of the New Theatre League's one-act play prize. His early stories, like the present one, reveal his interest in social problems; many appeared in his collection of narratives, *The Way Things Are* (1938), of which the title indicates the drift.

THE HAPPIEST MAN ON EARTH*

ALBERT MALTZ

JESSE FELT ready to weep. He had been sitting in the shanty waiting for Tom to appear, grateful for the chance to rest his injured foot, quietly, joyously anticipating the moment when Tom would say, "Why of course, Jesse, you can start whenever you're ready!"

For two weeks he had been pushing himself, from Kansas City, Missouri, to Tulsa, Oklahoma, through nights of rain and a week of scorching sun, without sleep or a decent meal, sustained by the vision of that one moment. And then Tom had come into the office. He had come in quickly, holding a sheaf of papers in his hand; he had glanced at Jesse only casually, it was true—but long enough. He had not known him. He had turned away. . . . And Tom Brackett was his brother-in-law.

Was it his clothes? Jesse knew he looked terrible. He had tried to spruce up at a drinking fountain in the park, but even that had gone badly; in his excitement he had cut himself shaving, an ugly gash down the side of his cheek. And nothing could get the red gumbo dust out of his suit even though he had slapped himself till both arms were worn out. . . . Or was it just that he *had* changed so much?

True, they hadn't seen each other for five years; but Tom looked five years older, that was all. He was still Tom. God! was *he* so different?

Brackett finished his telephone call. He leaned back in his swivel chair and glanced over at Jesse with small, clear blue eyes that were suspicious and unfriendly. He was a heavy, paunchy man of forty-five, auburn-haired, rather dour looking; his face was meaty, his features pronounced and forceful, his nose somewhat bulbous and reddish-hued at the tip. He looked like a solid, decent, capable business man who was commander of his local branch of the American Legion—which he was. He surveyed Jesse with cold indifference, manifestly unwilling to spend time on him. Even the way he chewed his toothpick seemed contemptuous to Jesse.

"Yes?" Brackett said suddenly. "What do you want?"

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His voice was decent enough, Jesse admitted. He had expected it to be worse. He moved up to the wooden counter that partitioned the shanty. He thrust a hand nervously through his tangled hair.

"I guess you don't recognize me, Tom," he said falteringly, "I'm Jesse Fulton."

"Huh?" Brackett said. That was all.

"Yes, I am, and Ella sends you her love."

Brackett rose and walked over to the counter until they were face to face. He surveyed Fulton incredulously, trying to measure the resemblance to his brother-in-law as he remembered him. This man was tall, about thirty. That fitted! He had straight good features and a lank erect body. That was right too. But the face was too gaunt, the body too spiny under the baggy clothes for him to be sure. His brother-in-law had been a solid, strong young man with muscle and beef to him. It was like looking at a faded, badly taken photograph and trying to recognize the subject: the resemblance was there but the difference was tremendous. He searched the eyes. They at least seemed definitely familiar, gray, with a curiously shy but decent look in them. He had liked that about Fulton.

Jesse stood quiet. Inside he was seething. Brackett was like a man examining a piece of broken-down horse flesh; there was a look of pure pity in his eyes. It made Jesse furious. He knew he wasn't as far gone as all that.

"Yes, I believe you are," Brackett said finally, "but you sure have changed."

"By God, it's five years, ain't it?" Jesse said resentfully. "You only saw me a couple of times anyway." Then, to himself, with his lips locked together, in mingled vehemence and shame, What if I have changed? Don't everybody? I ain't no corpse.

"You was solid looking," Brackett continued softly, in the same tone of incredulous wonder. "You lost weight, I guess?"

Jesse kept silent. He needed Brackett too much to risk antagonizing him. But it was only by deliberate effort that he could keep from boiling over. The pause lengthened, became painful. Brackett flushed. "Jiminy Christmas, excuse me," he burst out in apology. He jerked the counter up. "Come in. Take a seat. Good God, boy"—he grasped Jesse's hand and shook it—"I *am* glad to see you; don't think anything else! You just looked so peaked."

"It's all right," Jesse murmured. He sat down, thrusting his hand through his curly, tangled hair.

"Why are you limping?"

"I stepped on a stone; it jagged a hole through my shoe." Jesse pulled his feet back under the chair. He was ashamed of his shoes. They had come from the Relief originally, and two weeks on the road had about finished them. All morning, with a kind of delicious, foolish solemnity, he had been vowing to himself that before anything else, before even a suit of clothes, he was going to buy himself a brand new strong pair of shoes.

Brackett kept his eyes off Jesse's feet. He knew what was bothering the boy and it filled his heart with pity. The whole thing was appalling. He had never seen anyone who looked more down and out. His sister had been writing to him every week, but she hadn't told him they were as badly off as this.

"Well now, listen," Brackett began, "tell me things. How's Ella?"

"Oh she's pretty good," Jesse replied absently. He had a soft, pleasing, rather shy voice that went with his soft gray eyes. He was worrying over how to get started.

"And the kids?"

"Oh, they're fine. . . . Well, you know," Jesse added, becoming more attentive, "the young one has to wear a brace. He can't run around, you know. But he's smart. He draws pictures and he does things, you know."

"Yes," Brackett said. "That's good." He hesitated. There was a moment's silence. Jesse fidgeted in his chair. Now that the time had arrived, he felt awkward. Brackett leaned forward and put his hand on Jesse's knee. "Ella didn't tell me things were so bad for you, Jesse. I might have helped."

"Well, goodness," Jesse returned softly, "you been having your own troubles, ain't you?"

"Yes." Brackett leaned back. His ruddy face became mournful and darkly bitter. "You know I lost my hardware shop?"

"Well sure, of course," Jesse answered, surprised. "You wrote us. That's what I mean."

"I forgot," Brackett said. "I keep on being surprised over it myself. Not that it was worth much," he added bitterly. "It was running down hill for three years. I guess I just wanted it because it was mine." He laughed pointlessly, without mirth. "Well tell me about yourself," he asked. "What happened to the job you had?"

Jesse burst out abruptly, with agitation, "Let it wait, Tom, I got something on my mind."

"It ain't you and Ella?" Brackett interrupted anxiously.

"Why no!" Jesse sat back. "Why however did you come to think that? Why Ella and me—" he stopped, laughing. "Why, Tom, I'm just crazy about Ella. Why she's just wonderful. She's just my whole life, Tom."

"Excuse me. Forget it." Brackett chuckled uncomfortably, turned away. The naked intensity of the youth's burst of love had upset him. It made him wish savagely that he could do something for them. They were both too decent to have had it so hard. Ella was like this boy too, shy and a little soft.

"Tom, listen," Jesse said, "I come here on purpose." He thrust his hand through his hair. "I want you to help me."

"Damn it, boy," Brackett groaned. He had been expecting this. "I can't much. I only get thirty-five a week and I'm damn grateful for it."

"Sure, I know," Jesse emphasized excitedly. He was feeling once again the wild, delicious agitation that had possessed him in the early hours of the morning. "I know you can't help us with money! But we met a man who works for you! He was in our city! He said you could give me a job!"

"Who said?"

"Oh, why didn't you tell me?" Jesse burst out reproachfully. "Why as soon as I heard it I started out. For two weeks now I been pushing ahead like crazy."

Brackett groaned aloud. "You come walking from Kansas City in two weeks so I could give you a job?"

"Sure, Tom, of course. What else could I do?"

"God Almighty, there ain't no jobs, Jesse! It's a slack season. And you don't

know this oil business. It's special. I got my Legion friends here but they couldn't do nothing now. Don't you think I'd ask for you as soon as there was a chance?"

Jesse felt stunned. The hope of the last two weeks seemed rolling up into a ball of agony in his stomach. Then, frantically, he cried, "But listen, this man said *you* could hire! He *told* me! He drives trucks for you! He said you *always* need men!"

"Oh! . . . You mean *my* department?" Brackett said in a low voice.

"Yes, Tom. That's it!"

"Oh, no, you don't want to work in my department," Brackett told him in the same low voice. "You don't know what it is."

"Yes, I do," Jesse insisted. "He told me all about it, Tom. You're a dispatcher, ain't you? You send the dynamite trucks out?"

"Who was the man, Jesse?"

"Everett, Everett, I think."

"Egbert? Man about my size?" Brackett asked slowly.

"Yes, Egbert. He wasn't a phony, was he?"

Brackett laughed. For the second time his laughter was curiously without mirth. "No, he wasn't a phony." Then, in a changed voice: "Jiminy, boy, you should have asked me before you trekked all the way down here."

"Oh, I didn't want to," Jesse explained with naïve cunning. "I knew you'd say 'no.' He told me it was risky work, Tom. But I don't care."

Brackett locked his fingers together. His solid, meaty face became very hard. "I'm going to say 'no' anyway, Jesse."

Jesse cried out. It had not occurred to him that Brackett would not agree. It had seemed as though reaching Tulsa were the only problem he had to face.

"Oh, no," he begged, "you can't. Ain't there any jobs, Tom?"

"Sure, there's jobs. There's even Egbert's job if you want it."

"He's quit?"

"He's dead!"

"Oh!"

"On the job, Jesse. Last night if you want to know."

"Oh!" . . . Then, "I don't care!"

"Now you listen to me," Brackett said. "I'll tell you a few things that you should have asked before you started out. It ain't dynamite you drive. They don't use anything as safe as dynamite in drilling oil wells. They wish they could, but they can't. It's nitroglycerin! Soup!"

"But I know," Jesse told him reassuringly. "He advised me, Tom. You don't have to think I don't know."

"Shut up a minute," Brackett ordered angrily. "Listen! You just have to *look* at this soup, see? You just *cough* loud and it blows! You know how they transport it? In a can that's shaped like this, see, like a fan? That's to give room for compartments, because each compartment has to be lined with rubber. That's the only way you can even *think* of handling it."

"Listen, Tom—"

"Now wait a minute, Jesse. For God's sake just put your mind to this. I know you had your heart set on a job, but you've got to understand. This stuff

goes only in special trucks! At night! They got to follow a special route! They can't go through any city! If they lay over, it's got to be in a special garage! Don't you see what that means? Don't that tell you how dangerous it is?"

"I'll drive careful," Jesse said. "I know how to handle a truck. I'll drive slow."

Brackett groaned. "Do you think Egbert didn't drive careful or know how to handle a truck?"

"Tom," Jesse said earnestly, "you can't scare me. I got my mind fixed on only one thing: Egbert said he was getting a dollar a mile. He was making five to six hundred dollars a month for half a month's work, he said. Can I get the same?"

"Sure, you can get the same," Brackett told him savagely. "A dollar a mile. It's easy. But why do you think the company has to pay so much? It's easy—until you run over a stone that your headlights didn't pick out, like Egbert did. Or get a blowout! Or get something in your eye, so the wheel twists and you jar the truck! Or any other God damn thing that nobody ever knows! We can't ask Egbert what happened to him. There's no truck to give any evidence. There's no corpse. There's nothing! Maybe tomorrow somebody'll find a piece of twisted steel way off in a cornfield. But we never find the driver. Not even a fingernail. All we know is that he don't come in on schedule. Then we wait for the police to call us. You know what happened last night? Something went wrong on a bridge. Maybe Egbert was nervous. Maybe he brushed the side with his fender. Only there's no bridge any more. No truck. No Egbert. Do you understand now? That's what you get for your God damn dollar a mile!"

There was a moment of silence. Jesse sat twisting his long thin hands. His mouth was sagging open, his face was agonized. Then he shut his eyes and spoke softly. "I don't care about that, Tom. You told me. Now you got to be good to me and give me the job."

Brackett slapped the palm of his hand down on his desk. "No!"

"Listen, Tom," Jesse said softly, "you just don't understand." He opened his eyes. They were filled with tears. They made Brackett turn away. "Just look at me, Tom. Don't that tell you enough? What did you think of me when you first saw me? You thought: 'Why don't that bum go away and stop panhandling?' Didn't you, Tom? Tom, I just can't live like this any more. I got to be able to walk down the street with my head up."

"You're crazy," Brackett muttered. "Every year there's one out of five drivers gets killed. That's the average. What's worth that?"

"Is my life worth anything now? We're just starving at home, Tom. They ain't put us back on relief yet."

"Then you should have told me," Brackett exclaimed harshly. "It's your own damn fault. A man has no right to have false pride when his family ain't eating. I'll borrow some money and we'll telegraph it to Ella. Then you go home and get back on relief."

"And then what?"

"And then wait, God damn it! You're no old man. You got no right to throw your life away. Sometime you'll get a job."

"No!" Jesse jumped up. "No. I believed that too. But I don't now," he cried passionately. "I ain't getting a job no more than you're getting your hardware store back. I lost my skill, Tom. Linotyping is skilled work. I'm rusty now. I've been six years on relief. The only work I've had is pick and shovel. When I got that job this spring I was supposed to be an A-1 man. But I wasn't. And they got new machines now. As soon as the slack started they let me out."

"So what?" Brackett said harshly. "Ain't there other jobs?"

"How do I know?" Jesse replied. "There ain't been one for six years. I'd even be afraid to take one now. It's been too hard waiting so many weeks to get back on relief."

"Well you got to have some courage," Brackett shouted. "You've got to keep up hope."

"I got all the courage you want," Jesse retorted vehemently, "but no, I ain't got no hope. The hope has dried up in me in six years' waiting. You're the only hope I got."

"You're crazy," Brackett muttered. "I won't do it. For God's sake think of Ella for a minute."

"Don't you *know* I'm thinking about her?" Jesse asked softly. He plucked at Brackett's sleeve. "That's what decided me, Tom." His voice became muted into a hushed, pained whisper. "The night Egbert was at our house I looked at Ella like I'd seen her for the first time. *She ain't pretty any more, Tom!*" Brackett jerked his head and moved away. Jesse followed him, taking a deep, sobbing breath. "Don't that tell you, Tom? Ella was like a little doll or something, you remember. I couldn't walk down the street without somebody turning to look at her. She ain't twenty-nine yet, Tom, and she ain't pretty no more."

Brackett sat down with his shoulders hunched up wearily. He gripped his hands together and sat leaning forward, staring at the floor.

Jesse stood over him, his gaunt face flushed with emotion, almost unpleasant in its look of pleading and bitter humility. "I ain't done right for Ella, Tom. Ella deserved better. This is the only chance I see in my whole life to do something for her. I've just been a failure."

"Don't talk nonsense," Brackett commented, without rancor. "You ain't a failure. No more than me. There's millions of men in the identical situation. It's just the depression, or the recession, or the God damn New Deal, or . . . !" He swore and lapsed into silence.

"Oh, no," Jesse corrected him, in a knowing, sorrowful tone, "those things maybe excuse other men. But not me. It was up to me to do better. This is my own fault!"

"Oh, beans!" Brackett said. "It's more sun spots than it's you!"

Jesse's face turned an unhealthy mottled red. It looked swollen. "Well, I don't care," he cried wildly. "I don't care! You got to give me this! I got to lift my head up. I went through one stretch of hell but I can't go through another. You want me to keep looking at my little boy's legs and tell myself if I had a job he wouldn't be like that? Every time he walks he says to me, 'I got soft bones from the rickets and you give it to me because you didn't

feed me right.' Jesus Christ, Tom, you think I'm going to sit there and watch him like that another six years?"

Brackett leaped to his feet. "So what if you do?" he shouted. "You say you're thinking about Ella. How's she going to like it when you get killed?"

"Maybe I won't," Jesse pleaded. "I've got to have some luck sometime."

"That's what they all think," Brackett replied scornfully. "When you take this job your luck is a question mark. The only thing certain is that sooner or later you get killed."

"Okay then," Jesse shouted back. "Then I do! But meanwhile I got something, don't I? I can buy a pair of shoes. Look at me! I can buy a suit that don't say 'Relief' by the way it fits. I can smoke cigarettes. I can buy some candy for the kids. I can eat some myself. Yes, by God, I want to eat some candy. I want a glass of beer once a day. I want Ella dressed up. I want her to eat meat three times a week, four times maybe. I want to take my family to the movies."

Brackett sat down. "Oh, shut up," he said wearily.

"No," Jesse told him softly, passionately, "you can't get rid of me. Listen, Tom," he pleaded, "I got it all figured out. On six hundred a month look how much I can save! If I last only three months, look how much it is—a thousand dollars—more! And maybe I'll last longer. Maybe a couple years. I can fix Ella up for life!"

"You said it," Brackett interposed. "I suppose you think she'll enjoy living when you're on a job like that?"

"I got it all figured out," Jesse answered excitedly. "She don't know, see? I tell her I make only forty. You put the rest in a bank account for her, Tom."

"Oh, shut up," Brackett said. "You think you'll be happy? Every minute, waking and sleeping, you'll be wondering if to-morrow you'll be dead. And the worst days will be your days off, when you're not driving. They have to give you every other day free to get your nerve back. And you lay around the house eating your heart out. That's how happy you'll be."

Jesse laughed. "I'll be happy! Don't you worry, I'll be so happy, I'll be singing. Lord God, Tom, I'm going to feel *proud* of myself for the first time in seven years!"

"Oh, shut up, shut up," Brackett said.

The little shanty became silent. After a moment Jesse whispered: "You got to, Tom. You got to. You got to."

Again there was silence. Brackett raised both hands to his head, pressing the palms against his temples.

"Tom, Tom—" Jesse said.

Brackett sighed. "Oh God damn it," he said finally, "all right, I'll take you on, God help me." His voice was low, hoarse, infinitely weary. "If you're ready to drive to-night, you can drive to-night."

Jesse didn't answer. He couldn't. Brackett looked up. The tears were running down Jesse's face. He was swallowing and trying to speak, but only making an absurd, gasping noise.

"I'll send a wire to Ella," Brackett said in the same hoarse, weary voice. "I'll

tell her you got a job, and you'll send her fare in a couple of days. You'll have some money then—that is, if you last the week out, you jackass!"

Jesse only nodded. His heart felt so close to bursting that he pressed both hands against it, as though to hold it locked within his breast.

"Come back here at six o'clock," Brackett said. "Here's some money. Eat a good meal."

"Thanks," Jesse whispered.

"Wait a minute," Brackett said. "Here's my address." He wrote it on a piece of paper. "Take any car going that way. Ask the conductor where to get off. Take a bath and get some sleep."

"Thanks," Jesse said. "Thanks, Tom."

"Oh, get out of here," Brackett said.

"Tom."

"What?"

"I just—" Jesse stopped. Brackett saw his face. The eyes were still glistening with tears, but the gaunt face was shining now, with a kind of fierce radiance.

Brackett turned away. "I'm busy," he said.

Jesse went out. The wet film blinded him but the whole world seemed to have turned golden. He limped slowly, with the blood pounding his temples and a wild, incommunicable joy in his heart. "I'm the happiest man in the world," he whispered to himself. "I'm the happiest man on the whole earth."

Brackett sat watching till finally Jesse turned the corner of the alley and disappeared. Then he hunched himself over, with his head in his hands. His heart was beating painfully, like something old and clogged. He listened to it as it beat. He sat in desperate tranquillity, gripping his head in his hands.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What sarcasm lurks in the title of this story?
2. Recount the initial meeting of Jesse and Tom in Tom's office.
3. What sort of man was Tom?
4. Describe Jesse's appearance. How had he changed in the past five years?
5. Explain: "They had come from the Relief."
6. What economic losses had Tom suffered?
7. Where is Kansas City? Tulsa?
8. What had happened to Egbert?
9. What were the hazards of the job for which Jesse applied?
10. What effect did unemployment have on Jesse's technical skill?
11. What determined Jesse ultimately to take the dangerous job?
12. What was Jesse's plan for providing for his family?
13. What effect did Tom's yielding to Jesse's plea have upon him?
14. Define: *gumbo*, *trekked*, *panhandling*, *sun spots*, *rickets*.

Round Table

- 1 Discussion: Jesse Fulton did not make the wisest solution of his problem.
2. Discussion: Tom Brackett should never have yielded to Jesse's request.
- 3 Discussion Unemployment is the fault of (a) the individual, (b) a selfish social group, (c) economic "laws" over which man has no control.

Paper Work

- 1 After reading *Private Hicks* as a model, turn "The Happiest Man on Earth" into a one-act play.
- 2 Write a theme on "Sentimentalism in Fiction-writing"
3. Write a theme on "The Effect of Unemployment on the Individual," or, "The Effect of Unemployment on the Social Group."
4. Write a research paper on "Safety Devices in Hazardous Occupations"
5. Write a theme on "My Father (Uncle, Friend) Was Unemployed for Years"
6. Write a theme on "What Relief Cannot Do."

Not since Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw" appeared in The Atlantic Monthly in 1873 had a notable short story been told by means of letters—that is, until Mrs KRESSMANN TAYLOR published "Address Unknown" in Story for September-October, 1938, and it is certain that if any prospective author had consulted an expert as to using the epistolary method, he would have been advised against it. All of which goes to prove that set formulas for the short story are made principally to be violated. The violator of convention in this instance is an Oregonian, a graduate of the University of Oregon, who had been engaged in advertising work in San Francisco for a number of years, where she contributed satirical verse over the signature of "K. K." to Pacific Coast periodicals. She now lives in New York.

ADDRESS UNKNOWN*

KRESSMANN TAYLOR

SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
NOVEMBER, 12, 1932

Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

MY DEAR MARTIN:

Back in Germany! How I envy you! Although I have not seen it since my school days, the spell of *Unter den Linden* is still strong upon me—the breadth of intellectual freedom, the discussions, the music, the lighthearted comradeship. And now the old Junker spirit, the Prussian arrogance and militarism are gone. You go to a democratic Germany, a land with a deep culture and the beginnings of a fine political freedom. It will be a good life. Your new address is impressive and I rejoice that the crossing was so pleasant for Elsa and the young sprouts.

As for me, I am not so happy. Sunday morning finds me a lonely bachelor without aim. My Sunday home is now transported over the wide seas. The big old house on the hill—your welcome that said the day was not complete until we were together again! And our dear jolly Elsa, coming out beaming, grasping my hand and shouting "Max, Max!" and hurrying indoors to open my favorite *Schnaps*. The fine boys, too, especially your handsome young Heinrich; he will be a grown man before I set eyes upon him again.

And dinner—shall I evermore hope to eat as I have eaten? Now I go to a restaurant and over my lonely roast beef comes visions of *Gebackener Schinken* steaming in its Burgundy sauce, of *Spatzle*, ah! of *Spatzle* and *Spargel*. No, I shall never again become reconciled to my American diet. And the wines, so carefully slipped ashore from the German boats, and the pledges we made as the glasses brimmed for the fourth and fifth and sixth times.

Of course you are right to go. You have never become American despite

* *Address Unknown* by Kressmann Taylor. Copyright, 1939, by Kressmann Taylor and published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

your success here, and now that the business is so well established you must take your sturdy German boys back to the homeland to be educated. Elsa too has missed her family through the long years and they will be glad to see you as well. The impecunious young artist has now become the family benefactor, and that too will give you a quiet little triumph.

The business continues to go well. Mrs. Levine has bought the small Picasso at our price, for which I congratulate myself, and I have old Mrs. Fleshman playing with the notion of the hideous Madonna. No one ever bothers to tell her that any particular piece of hers is bad, because they are all so bad. However I lack your fine touch in selling to the old Jewish matrons. I can persuade them of the excellence of the investment, but you alone had the fine spiritual approach to a piece of art that unarmed them. Besides they probably never entirely trust another Jew.

A delightful letter came yesterday from Griselle. She writes that she is about to make me proud of my little sister. She has the lead in a new play in Vienna and the notices are excellent—her discouraging years with the small companies are beginning to bear fruit. Poor child, it has not been easy for her, but she has never complained. She has a fine spirit, as well as beauty, and I hope the talent as well. She asked about you, Martin, in a very friendly way. There is no bitterness left there, for that passes quickly when one is young as she is. A few years and there is only a memory of the hurt, and of course neither of you was to be blamed. Those things are like quick storms, for a moment you are drenched and blasted, and you are so wholly helpless before them. But then the sun comes, and although you have neither quite forgotten, there remains only gentleness and no sorrow. You would not have had it otherwise, nor would I. I have not written Griselle that you are in Europe but perhaps I shall if you think it wise, for she does not make friends easily and I know she would be glad to feel that friends are not far away.

Fourteen years since the war! Did you mark the date? What a long way we have traveled, as peoples, from that bitterness! Again, my dear Martin, let me embrace you in spirit, and with the most affectionate remembrances to Elsa and the boys, believe me,

Your ever most faithful,
MAX

SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH, GERMANY

DECEMBER 10, 1932

Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U. S. A.

MAX, DEAR OLD FELLOW:

The check and accounts came through promptly, for which my thanks. You need not send me such details of the business. You know how I am in accord with your methods, and here at Munich I am in a rush of new activities. We

are established, but what a turmoil! The house, as you know, I had long in mind. And I got it at an amazing bargain. Thirty rooms and about ten acres of park, you would never believe it. But then, you could not appreciate how poor is now this sad land of mine. The servants' quarters, stables and outbuildings are most extensive, and would you believe it, we employ now ten servants for the same wages of our two in the San Francisco home.

The tapestries and pieces we shipped make a rich show, and some other fine furnishings I have been able to secure, so that we are much admired, I was almost to say envied. Four full services in the finest china I have bought and much crystal, as well as a full service of silver for which Elsa is in ecstasies.

And for Elsa—such a joke! You will, I know, laugh with me. I have purchased for her a huge bed. Such a size as never was before, twice the bigness of a double bed, and with great posters in carved wood. The sheets I must have made to order, for there are no sheets made that could fit it. And they are of linen, the finest linen sheets. Elsa laughs and laughs, and her old *Grossmutter* stands shaking her head and grumbles, "*Nein, Martin, nein*. You have made it so and now you must take care or she will grow to match it."

"*Ja*," says Elsa, "five more boys and I will fit it just nice and snug." And she will, Max.

For the boys there are three ponies (little Karl and Wolfgang are not big enough to ride yet) and a tutor. Their German is very bad, being too much mixed with English.

Elsa's family do not find things so easy now. The brothers are in the professions and, while much respected, must live together in one house. To the family we seem American millionaires and while we are far from that yet our American income places us among the wealthy here. The better foods are high in price and there is much political unrest even now under the presidency of Hindenburg, a fine liberal whom I much admire.

Already old acquaintances urge me that I interest myself in administrative matters in the town. This I take under consideration. It may be somewhat to our benefit locally if I become an official.

As for you, my good Max, we have left you alone, but you must not become a misanthrope. Get yourself at once a nice fat little wife who will busy herself with all your cares and feed you into a good humor. That is my advice and it is good, although I smile as I write it.

You write of Griselle. So she wins her success, the lovely one! I rejoice with you, although even now I resent it that she must struggle to win her way, a girl alone. She was made, as any man can see, for luxury and for devotion and the charming and beautiful life where ease allows much play of the sensibilities. A gentle, grave soul is in her dark eyes, but there is something strong as iron and very daring too. She is a woman who does nothing and gives nothing lightly. Alas, dear Max, as always, I betray myself. But although you were silent during our stormy affair, you know that the decision was not easy for me. You never reproached me, your friend, while the little sister suffered, and I have always felt you knew that I suffered, too, most gravely. What could I do? There was Elsa and my little sons. No other decision was possible to make. Yet for Griselle

I keep a tenderness that will last long after she has taken a much younger man for husband or lover. The old wound has healed but the scar throbs at times, my friend.

I wish that you will give her our address. We are such a short distance from Vienna that she can feel there is for her a home close at hand. Elsa, too, knows nothing of the old feeling between us and you know with what warmth she would welcome your sister, as she would welcome you. Yes, you must tell her that we are here and urge her to soon make a contact with us. Give her our most warm congratulations for the fine success that she is making. Elsa asks that I send to you her love, and Heinrich would also say "hello" to Uncle Max. We do not forget you, Maxel.

My heartiest greetings to you,
MARTIN

SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
JANUARY 21, 1933

*Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany*

MY DEAR MARTIN:

I was glad to forward your address to Griselle. She should have it shortly, if she has not already received it. What jollification there will be when she sees you all! I shall be with you in spirit as heartily as if I also could rejoin you in person.

You speak of the poverty there. Conditions have been bad here this winter, but of course we have known nothing of the privations you see in Germany.

Personally, you and I are lucky that we have such a sound following for the gallery. Of course our own clientele are cutting their purchases but if they buy only half as much as before we shall be comfortable, not extravagantly so, but very comfortable. The oils you sent are excellent, and the prices amazing. I shall dispose of them at an appalling profit almost at once. And the ugly Madonna is gone! Yes, to old Mrs. Fleshman. How I gasped at her perspicacity in recognizing its worth, hesitating to set a price! She suspected me of having another client, and I named an indecent figure. She pounced on it, grinning slyly as she wrote her check. How I exulted as she bore the horror off with her, you alone will know.

Alas, Martin, I often am ashamed of myself for the delight I take in such meaningless little triumphs. You in Germany, with your country house and your affluence displayed before Elsa's relatives, and I in America, gloating because I have tricked a giddy old woman into buying a monstrosity. What a fine climax for two men of forty! Is it for this we spend our lives, to scheme for money and then to strut it publicly? I am always castigating myself, but I continue to do as before. Alas, we are all caught in the same mill. We are vain and

we are dishonest because it is necessary to triumph over other vain and dishonest persons. If I do not sell Mrs. Fleshman our horror, somebody else will sell her a worse one. We must accept these necessities.

But there is another realm where we can always find something true, the fire-side of a friend, where we shed our little conceits and find warmth and understanding, where small selfishnesses are impossible and where wine and books and talk give a different meaning to existence. There we have made something that no falseness can touch. We are at home.

Who is this Adolph Hitler who seems rising toward power in Germany? I do not like what I read of him.

Embrace all the young fry and our abundant Elsa for

Your ever affectionate,
MAX.

SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH, GERMANY

MARCH 25, 1933

Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U. S. A.

DEAR OLD MAX:

You have heard of course of the new events in Germany, and you will want to know how it appears to us here on the inside. I tell you truly, Max, I think in many ways Hitler is good for Germany, but I am not sure. He is now the active head of the government. I doubt much that even Hindenburg could now remove him from power, as he was truly forced to place him there. The man is like an electric shock, strong as only a great orator and a zealot can be. But I ask myself, is he quite sane? His brown shirt troops are of the rabble. They pillage and have started a bad Jew-baiting. But these may be minor things, the little surface scum when a big movement boils up. For I tell you, my friend, there is a surge—a surge. The people everywhere have had a quickening. You feel it in the streets and shops. The old despair has been thrown aside like a forgotten coat. No longer the people wrap themselves in shame; they hope again. Perhaps there may be found an end to this poverty. Something, I do not know what will happen. A leader is found! Yet cautiously to myself I ask, a leader to where? Despair overthrown often turns us in mad directions.

Publicly, as is natural, I express no doubt. I am now an official and a worker in the new regime and I exult very loud indeed. All of us officials who cherish whole skins are quick to join the National Socialists. That is the name for Herr Hitler's party. But also it is not only expedient, there is something more, a feeling that we of Germany have found our destiny and that the future sweeps toward us in an overwhelming wave. We too must move. We must

go with it. Even now there are being wrongs done. The storm troopers are having their moment of victory, and there are bloody heads and sad hearts to show for it. But these things pass; if the end in view is right they pass and are forgotten. History writes a clean new page.

All I now ask myself, and I can say to you what I cannot say to any here is: Is the end right? Do we make for a better goal? For you know, Max, I have seen these people of my race since I came here, and I have learned what agonies they have suffered, what years of less and less bread, of leaner bodies, of the end of hope. The quicksand of despair held them, it was at their chins. Then just before they died a man came and pulled them out. All they now know is, they will not die. They are in hysteria of deliverance, almost they worship him. But whoever the savior was, they would have done the same. God grant it is a true leader and no black angel they follow so joyously. To you alone, Max, I say I do not know. I do not know. Yet I hope.

So much for politics. Ourselves, we delight in our new home and have done much entertaining. Tonight the mayor is our guest, at a dinner for twenty-eight. We spread ourselves a little, maybe, but that is to be forgiven. Elsa has a new gown of blue velvet, and is in terror for fear it will not be big enough. She is with child again. There is the way to keep a wife contented, Max. Keep her so busy with babies she has no time to fret.

Our Heinrich has made a social conquest. He goes out on his pony and gets himself thrown off, and who picks him up but the Baron von Freische. They have a long conversation about America, and one day the baron calls and we have coffee. Heinrich will go there to lunch next week. What a boy! It is too bad his German is not better but he delights everyone.

So we go, my friend, perhaps to become part of great events, perhaps only to pursue our simple family way, but never abandoning that trueness of friendship of which you speak so movingly. Our hearts go out to you across the wide sea, and when the glasses are filled we toast "Uncle Max."

Yours in affectionate regard,
MARTIN

SCHULSE-EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
MAY 18, 1933

*Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany*

DEAR MARTIN:

I am in distress at the press reports that come pouring in to us from the Fatherland. Thus it is natural that I turn to you for light while there are only conflicting stories to be had here. I am sure things cannot be as bad as they are pictured. A terrible pogrom, that is the consensus of our American papers.

I know your liberal mind and warm heart will tolerate no viciousness and

that from you I can have the truth. Aaron Silberman's son has just returned from Berlin and had, I hear, a narrow escape. The tales he tells of what he has seen, floggings, the forcing of quarts of castor oil through clenched teeth and the consequent hours of dying through the slow agony of bursting guts, are not pretty ones. These things may be true, and they may, as you have said, be but the brutal surface froth of human revolution. Alas, to us Jews they are a sad story familiar through centuries of repetition, and it is almost unbelievable that the old martyrdom must be endured in a civilized nation today. Write me, my friend, and set my mind at ease.

Griselle's play will come to a close about the end of June after a great success. She writes that she has an offer for another role in Vienna and also for a very fine one in Berlin for the autumn. She is talking most of the latter one, but I have written her to wait until the anti-Jewish feeling has abated. Of course she uses another name which is not Jewish (Eisenstein would be impossible for the stage anyway), but it is not her name that would betray her origin. Her features, her gestures, her emotional voice proclaim her a Jewess no matter what she calls herself, and if this feeling has any real strength she had best not venture into Germany just at present.

Forgive me, my friend, for so distraught and brief a letter but I cannot rest until you have reassured me. You will, I know, write in all fairness. Pray do so at once.

With the warmest protestations of faith and friendship for you and yours, I am ever your faithful

MAX

**Deutsch-Völkische Bank und Handelsgesellschaft,
München**

JULY 9, 1933

*Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U. S. A.*

DEAR MAX:

You will see that I write upon the stationery of my bank. This is necessary because I have a request to make of you and I wish to avoid the new censorship which is most strict. We must for the present discontinue writing each other. It is impossible for me to be in correspondence with a Jew even if it were not that I have an official position to maintain. If a communication becomes necessary you must enclose it with the bank draft and not write to me at my house again.

As for the stern measures that so distress you, I myself did not like them at first, but I have come to see their painful necessity. The Jewish race is a sore spot to any nation that harbors it. I have never hated the individual Jew—yourself I have always cherished as a friend, but you will know that I speak in

all honesty when I say I have loved you, not because of your race but in spite of it.

The Jew is the universal scapegoat. This does not happen without reason, and it is not the old superstition about "Christ-killers" that makes them distrusted. But this Jew trouble is only an incident. Something bigger is happening.

If I could show you, if I could make you see—the rebirth of this new Germany under our Gentle Leader! Not for always can the world grind a great people down in subjugation. In defeat for fourteen years we bowed our heads. We ate the bitter bread of shame and drank the thin gruel of poverty. But now we are free men. We rise in our might and hold our heads up before the nations. We purge our bloodstream of its baser elements. We go singing through our valleys with strong muscles tingling for a new work—and from the mountains ring the voices of Wodan and Thor, the old, strong gods of the German race.

But no. I am sure as I write, as with the new vision my own enthusiasm burns, that you will not see how necessary is all this for Germany. You will see only that your own people are troubled. You will not see that a few must suffer for the millions to be saved. You will be a Jew first and wail for your people. This I understand. It is the Semitic character. You lament but you are never brave enough to fight back. That is why there are pogroms.

Alas, Max, this will pain you, I know, but you must realize the truth. There are movements far bigger than the men who make them up. As for me, I am a part of the movement. Heinrich is an officer in the boys' corps which is headed by Baron von Freische whose rank is now shedding a luster upon our house, for he comes often to visit with Heinrich and Elsa, whom he much admires. Myself, I am up to the ears in work. Elsa concerns herself little with politics except to adore our Gentle Leader. She gets tired too easily this last month. Perhaps the babies come too fast. It will be better for her when this one is born.

I regret our correspondence must close this way, Max. Perhaps we can someday meet again on a field of better understanding.

As ever your,
MARTIN SCHULSE

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.

AUGUST 1, 1933

Herrn Martin Schulse
(kindness of J. Lederer)
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany

MARTIN, MY OLD FRIEND:

I am sending this by the hand of Jimmy Lederer, who will shortly pass through Munich on a European vacation. I cannot rest after the letter you last sent me. It is so unlike you I can only attribute its contents to your fear of the censorship. The man I have loved as a brother, whose heart has ever been brimming with sympathy and friendship, cannot possibly partake of even a passive partnership in the butchery of innocent people. I trust and pray that it may be so, that you

will write me no exposition, which might be dangerous for you,—only a simple “yes.” That will tell me that you play the part of expediency but that your heart has not changed, and that I was not deluded in believing you to be always a man of fine and liberal spirit to whom wrongs are wrongs in whosoever’s name they may be committed.

This censorship, this persecution of all men of liberal thought, the burning of libraries and corruption of the Universities would arouse your antagonism if there had been no finger laid on one of my race in Germany. You are a liberal, Martin. You have always taken the long view. I know that you cannot be swept away from sanity by a popular movement which has so much that is bad about it, no matter how strong it may be.

I can see why the Germans acclaim Hitler. They react against the very real wrongs which have been laid on them since the disaster of the war. But you, Martin, have been almost an American since the war. I know that it is not my friend who has written to me, that it will prove to have been only the voice of caution and expediency.

Eagerly I await the one word that will set my heart at peace. Write your “Yes” quickly.

My love to you all,

Max

**Deutsch-Völkische Bank und Handelsgesellschaft,
München**

AUGUST 18, 1933

*Mr. Max Eisenstein
Schulze-Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U. S. A.*

DEAR MAX:

I have your letter. The word is “no.” You are a sentimentalist. You do not know that all men are not cut to your pattern. You put nice little tags on them, like “liberal” and expect them to act so-and-so. But you are wrong. So, I am an American liberal? No! I am a German patriot.

A liberal is a man who does not believe in doing anything. He is a talker about the rights of man, but just a talker. He likes to make a big noise about freedom of speech, and what is freedom of speech? Just the chance to sit firmly on the backside and say that whatever is being done by the active men is wrong. What is so futile as the liberal? I know him well because I have been one. He condemns the passive government because it makes no change. But let a powerful man arise, let an active man start to make a change, then where is your liberal? He is against it. To the liberal any change is the wrong one.

He calls this the “long view,” but it is merely a bad scare that he will have to do something himself. He loves words and high-sounding precepts but he is useless to the men who make the world what it is. These are the only im-

portant men, the doers. And here in Germany a doer has risen. A vital man is changing things. The whole tide of a people's life changes in a minute because the man of action has come. And I join him. I am not just swept along by a current. The useless life that was all talk and no accomplishment I drop. I put my back and shoulders behind the great new movement. I am a man because I act. Before that I am just a voice. I do not question the ends of our action. It is not necessary. I know it is good because it is so vital. Men are not drawn into bad things with so much joy and eagerness.

You say we persecute men of liberal thought, we destroy libraries. You should wake from your musty sentimentalizing. Does the surgeon spare the cancer because he must cut to remove it? We are cruel. Of course we are cruel. As all birth is brutal, so is this new birth of ours. But we rejoice. Germany lifts high her head among the nations of the world. She follows her glorious Leader to triumph. What can you know of this, you who only sit and dream? You have never known a Hitler. He is a drawn sword. He is a white light, but hot as the sun of a new day.

I must insist that you write no further. We are no longer in sympathy, as now we must both realize.

MARTIN SCHULSE

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
SEPTEMBER 5, 1933

*Herrn Martin Schulse
c/o Deutsch-Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich, Germany*

DEAR MARTIN:

Enclosed are your draft and the month's accounts. It is of necessity that I send a brief message. Griselle has gone to Berlin. She is too daring. But she has waited so long for success she will not relinquish it, and laughs at my fears. She will be at the Koenig Theater. You are an official. For old friendship's sake, I beg of you watch over her. Go to Berlin if you can and see whether she is in danger.

It will distress you to observe that I have been obliged to remove your name from the firm's name. You know who our principal clients are, and they will touch nothing now from a firm with a German name.

Your new attitude I cannot discuss. But you must understand me. I did not expect you would take up arms for my people because they are my people, but because you were a man who loved justice.

I commend my rash Griselle to you. The child does not realize what a risk she is taking. I shall not write again.

Goodbye, my friend,

MAX

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
NOVEMBER 5, 1933

*Herrn Martin Schulse
c/o Deutsch-Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich, Germany*

MARTIN:

I write again because I must. A black foreboding has taken possession of me. I wrote Griselle as soon as I knew she was in Berlin and she answered briefly. Rehearsals were going brilliantly; the play would open shortly. My second letter was more encouragement than warning, and it has been returned to me, the envelope unopened, marked only addressee unknown, (*Adressat Unbekannt*). What a darkness those words carry! How can she be unknown? It is surely a message that she has come to harm. They know what has happened to her, those stamped letters say, but I am not to know. She has gone into some sort of void and it will be useless to seek her. All this they tell me in two words, *Adressat Unbekannt*.

Martin, need I ask you to find her, to succor her? You have known her graciousness, her beauty and sweetness. You have had her love, which she has given to no other man. Do not attempt to write to me. I know I need not even ask you to aid. It is enough to tell you that something has gone wrong, that she must be in danger.

I leave her in your hands, for I am helpless.

MAX

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
NOVEMBER 23, 1933

*Herrn Martin Schulse
c/o Deutsch-Voelkische Bank
und Handelsgesellschaft
Munich, Germany*

MARTIN:

I turn to you in despair. I could not wait for another month to pass so I am sending some information as to your investments. You may wish to make some changes and I can thus enclose my appeal with a bank letter.

It is Griselle. For two months there has been only silence from her, and now the rumors begin to come in to me. From Jewish mouth to Jewish mouth the tales slowly come back from Germany, tales so full of dread I would close my ears if I dared, but I cannot. I must know what has happened to her. I must be sure.

She appeared in the Berlin play for a week. Then she was jeered from the audience as a Jewess. She is so headstrong, so foolhardy, the splendid child! She threw the word back in their teeth. She told them proudly that she was a Jewess.

Some of the audience started after her. She ran backstage. Someone must have helped her for she got away with the whole pack at her heels and took refuge with a Jewish family in a cellar for several days. After that she changed her appearance as much as she could and started south, hoping to walk back to Vienna. She did not dare to try the railroads. She told those she left that she would be safe if she could reach friends in Munich. That is my hope, that she has gone to you, for she has never reached Vienna. Send me word, Martin, and if she has not yet come there make a quiet investigation if you can. My mind cannot rest. I torture myself by day and by night, seeing the brave little thing trudging all those long miles through hostile country, with winter coming on. God grant you can send me a word of relief.

MAX

**Deutsch-Völkische Bank und Handelsgesellschaft,
München**

DECEMBER 8, 1933

*Mr. Max Eisenstein
Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U. S. A.*

DEAR MAX:

Heil Hitler! I much regret that I have bad news for you. Your sister is dead. Unfortunately she was, as you have said, very much a fool. Not quite a week ago she came here, with a bunch of storm troopers almost right behind her. The house was very active—Elsa has not been well since little Adolph was born last month—the doctor was here, and two nurses, with all the servants and children scurrying around.

By luck I answered the door. At first I think it is an old woman and then I see the face, and then I see the storm troopers have turned in the park gates. Can I hide her? It is one chance in thousands. A servant will be on us at any minute. Can I endure to have my house ransacked with Elsa ill in bed and to risk being arrested for harboring a Jew and to lose all I have built up here? Of course as a German I have one plain duty. She has displayed her Jewish body on the stage before pure young German men. I should hold her and turn her over to the storm troopers. But this I cannot do.

"You will destroy us all, Griselle," I tell her. "You must run back further in the park." She looks at me and smiles (she was always a brave girl) and makes her own choice.

"I would not bring you harm, Martin," she says, and she runs down the steps and out toward the trees. But she must be tired. She does not run very fast

and the storm troopers have caught sight of her. I am helpless. I go in the the house and in a few minutes she stops screaming, and in the morning I have the body sent down to the village for burial. She was a fool to come to Germany. Poor little Griselle. I grieve with you, but as you see, I was helpless to aid her.

I must now demand you do not write again. Every word that comes to the house is now censored, and I cannot tell how soon they may start to open the mail to the bank. And I will no longer have any dealings with Jews, except for the receipt of money. It is not so good for me that a Jewess came here for refuge, and no further association can be tolerated.

A new Germany is being shaped here. We will soon show the world great things under our Glorious Leader.

MARTIN

CABLEGRAM

MUNICH, JANUARY 2, 1934.

MARTIN SCHULSE

YOUR TERMS ACCEPTED NOVEMBER TWELVE AUDIT SHOWS THIRTEEN PERCENT INCREASE FEBRUARY SECOND FOUR-FOLD ASSURED PLAN EXHIBITION MAY FIRST PREPARE LEAVE FOR MOSCOW IF MARKET OPENS UNEXPECTEDLY FINANCIAL INSTRUCTIONS MAILED NEW ADDRESS

EISENSTEIN

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MARTIN

CABLEGRAM

MUNICH, JANUARY 2, 1934.

MARTIN SCHULSE

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EISENSTEIN

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
 JANUARY 3, 1934

*Herrn Martin Schulse
 Schloss Rantzenburg
 Munich, Germany*

OUR DEAR MARTIN:

Don't forget grandma's birthday. She will be 64 on the 8th. American contributors will furnish 1000 brushes for your German Young Painters' League. Mandelberg has joined in supporting the league. You must send 11 Picasso reproductions, 20 by 90 to branch galleries on the 25th, no sooner. Reds and blues must predominate. We can allow you \$8,000 on this transaction at present. Start new accounts book 2.

Our prayers follow you daily, dear brother,

EISENSTEIN

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
 SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
 JANUARY 17, 1934

*Herrn Martin Schulse
 Schloss Rantzenburg
 Munich, Germany*

MARTIN, DEAR BROTHER:

Good news! Our stock reached 116 five days ago. The Fleishmans have advanced another \$10,000. This will fill your Young Painters' League quota for a month but let us know if opportunities increase. Swiss miniatures are having a vogue. You must watch the market and plan to be in Zurich after May first if any unexpected opportunities develop. Uncle Solomon will be glad to see you and I know you will rely heavily on his judgment.

The weather is clear and there is little danger of storms during the next two months. You will prepare for your students the following reproductions: Van Gogh 15 by 103, red; Poussin 20 by 90, blue and yellow; Vermeer 11 by 33, red and blue.

Our hopes will follow your new efforts.

EISENSTEIN

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
JANUARY 29, 1934

DEAR MARTIN:

Your last letter was delivered by mistake at 457 Geary St., Room 4. Aunt Rheba says tell Martin he must write more briefly and clearly so his friends can understand all that he says. I am sure everyone will be in readiness for your family reunion on the 15th. You will be tired after these festivities and may want to take your family with you on your trip to Zurich.

Before leaving however, procure the following reproductions for branches of German Young Painters' League, looking forward to the joint exhibit in May or earlier: Picasso 17 by 81, red; Van Gogh 5 by 42, white; Rubens 15 by 204, blue and yellow.

Our prayers are with you.

EISENSTEIN

SCHLOSS RANTZENBURG
MUNICH, GERMANY

FEBRUARY 12, 1934

*Mr. Max Eisenstein
Eisenstein Galleries
San Francisco, California, U. S. A.*

MAX, MY OLD FRIEND:

My God, Max, do you know what you do? I shall have to try to smuggle this letter out with an American I have met here. I write in appeal from a despair you cannot imagine. This crazy cable! These letters you have sent. I am called in to account for them. The letters are not delivered, but they bring me in and show me letters from you and demand I give them the code. A code? And how can you, a friend of long years, do this to me?

Do you realize, have you any idea that you destroy me? Already the results of your madness are terrible. I am bluntly told I must resign my office. Heinrich is no longer in the boys' corps. They tell him it will not be good for his health. God in heaven, Max, do you see what that means? And Elsa, to whom I dare not tell anything, comes in bewildered that the officials refuse her invitations and Baron von Freische does not speak to her upon the street.

Yes, yes, I know why you do it—but do you not understand I could do nothing? What could I have done? I did not dare to try. I beg of you, not for myself, but for Elsa and the boys—think what it means to them if I am taken away and they do not know if I live or die. Do you know what it is to be taken to a concentration camp? Would you stand me against a wall and level the gun? I beg of you, stop. Stop now, while everything is not yet destroyed. I am in fear for my life, for my life, Max.

Is it you who does this? It cannot be you. I have loved you like a brother, my old Maxel. My God, have you no mercy? I beg you, Max, no more, no more! Stop while I can be saved. From a heart filled with old affection I ask it.

MARTIN

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
FEBRUARY 15, 1934

*Herrn Martin Schulse
Schloss Rantzenburg
Munich, Germany*

OUR DEAR MARTIN:

Seven inches of rainfall here in 18 days. What a season! A shipment of 1500 brushes should reach the Berlin branch for your painters by this week-end. This will allow time for practice before the big exhibition. American patrons will help with all the artists' supplies that can be provided, but you must make the final arrangements. We are too far out of touch with the European market and you are in a position to gauge the extent of support such a showing would arouse in Germany. Prepare these for distribution by March 24th: Rubens 12 by 77, blue; Giotto 1 by 317, green and white; Poussin 20 by 90, red and white.

Young Blum left last Friday with the Picasso specifications. He will leave oils in Hamburg and Leipzig and will then place himself at your disposal.

Success to you!

EISENSTEIN

EISENSTEIN GALLERIES
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA, U. S. A.
MARCH 3, 1934

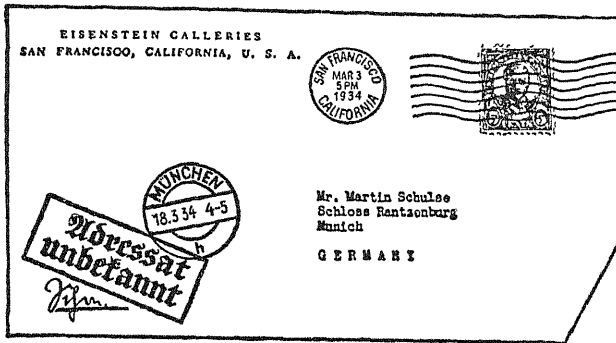
MARTIN OUR BROTHER:

Cousin Julius has two nine-pound boys. The family is happy. We regard the success of your coming artists' exhibition as assured. The last shipment of canvases was delayed due to difficulties of international exchange but will reach your Berlin associates in plenty of time. Consider reproduction collection complete. Your best support should come from Picasso enthusiasts but neglect no other lines.

We leave all final plans to your discretion but urge an early date for wholly successful exhibit.

The God of Moses be at your right hand.

EISENSTEIN



WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. At what date does the story begin? What irony is there in the observation "you go to a democratic Germany, a land with a deep culture and the beginnings of a fine political freedom"?
2. What is meant by the "Junker spirit"?
3. Why were wines "carefully slipped ashore from German boats"?
4. Who are conspicuous among the clientele of the firm of Schulse-Eisenstein?
5. What relative of Max Eisenstein is in Vienna? What previous relationship with Martin Schulse is hinted at?
6. What makes it possible for the Schulses to live well in Munich? What is the joke about the bed?
7. How old are the partners? From whom does the first reference to Hitler come?
8. What does Schulse mean by saying there has been "a surge" in Germany? Why has he joined the National Socialists? What is Schulse's recipe for keeping a wife contented?
9. What particularly alarms Eisenstein in the reports he hears from Germany?
10. How does Eisenstein first learn that his partner has come up tremendously in the world? What request accompanies the notification?
11. What makes Schulse's attitude towards the Jew appear suddenly ambiguous? What is his explanation of pogroms? What is his title for Hitler?
12. Beyond the Jewish issue, what things does Eisenstein believe his friend cannot condone?
13. How does Schulse characterize the liberal? On what basis does he justify cruelty?
14. Why does Eisenstein remove Schulse's name from the firm's name? What request does he make of Schulse? How much time elapses before he repeats his request?

15. What excuse does Schulse advance for not aiding Griselle? What finally happens to her?
16. What phrase in Eisenstein's cablegram is calculated to arouse suspicion?
17. What term of endearment is now inserted into Eisenstein's letters?
18. What is peculiar about the specifications for the reproductions for "the young Painters' League"? Why is "the code" demanded of Schulse?
19. What produces an outburst of affection on Schulse's part for "Maxel"?
20. Interpret the notice about "Young Blum."

Round Table

1. If there were no good in Schulse, why did he report to Eisenstein the death of the latter's sister?
2. What purport has Eisenstein's remark in his first letter, "Besides they probably never entirely trust another Jew"?
3. Is there anything in the characterization of Schulse to suggest that he was once "the young artist"?
4. Is Griselle partially responsible for the disaster which overtakes her when she goes to Berlin against her brother's advice? Explain her motivation.
5. Do pogroms come from the fact that the Jew "laments" but is "never brave enough to fight back"?
6. Who is responsible for Griselle's going to Schulse? Is her claim on him eternally binding?

Paper Work

1. Write a critique of "Address Unknown."
2. Write a description of the two correspondents.
3. Write an account of the arrest of Schulse.
4. Write a paper on some aspect of racial persecutions.
5. Write a research paper on epistolary fiction.

Product of Old New York and Newport, though educated abroad, EDITH WHARTON attacked with self-righteous fury the "Goths"—a nouveaux riches of stockbrokers and stockbrokers' wives—who were invading the fashionable society of her youth. Novels like The House of Mirth (1905) and The Custom of the Country (1913) represent this stage in her development. The latter is one of the best pieces of "flaying alive" in our literature, worth reading, says William Lyon Phelps, if only "for the spectacle of a woman of genius in a state of exasperation." At length, however, Mrs. Wharton came more fully to perceive that the vulnerability of her own class had something to do also with the success of the new social climbers, and this idea permeates her later and better work—her masterpiece, The Age of Innocence (1920), and the series of four novelettes, called Old New York (1924): False Dawn, New Year's Day, The Old Maid, and The Spark.

AFTER HOLBEIN *

EDITH WHARTON

I

ANSON WARLEY had had his moments of being a rather remarkable man; but they were only intermittent; they recurred at ever-lengthening intervals; and between times he was a small poor creature, chattering with cold inside, in spite of his agreeable and even distinguished exterior.

He had always been perfectly aware of these two sides of himself (which, even in the privacy of his own mind, he contemptuously refused to dub a dual personality); and as the rather remarkable man could take fairly good care of himself, most of Warley's attention was devoted to ministering to the poor wretch who took longer and longer turns at bearing his name, and was more and more insistent in accepting the invitations which New York, for over thirty years, had tirelessly poured out on him. It was in the interest of this lonely fidgety unemployed self that Warley, in his younger days, had frequented the gaudiest restaurants and the most glittering Palace Hotels of two hemispheres, subscribed to the most advanced literary and artistic reviews, bought the pictures of the young painters who were being the most vehemently discussed, missed few of the showiest first nights in New York, London or Paris, sought the company of the men and women—especially the women—most conspicuous in fashion, scandal, or any other form of social notoriety, and thus tried to warm the shivering soul within him at all the passing bonfires of success.

The original Anson Warley had begun by staying at home in his little flat, with his books and his thoughts, when the other poor creature went forth; but gradually—he hardly knew when or how—he had slipped into the way of going too, till finally he made the bitter discovery that he and the creature had become one, except on the increasingly rare occasions when, detaching himself from all casual contingencies, he mounted to the lofty water-shed which fed the

* From *Certain People*, by Edith Wharton. Copyright, 1930, by D. Appleton and Company. Reprinted by permission of D. Appleton-Century Company.

sources of his scorn. The view from there was vast and glorious, the air was icy but exhilarating; but soon he began to find the place too lonely, and too difficult to get to, especially as the lesser Anson not only refused to go up with him but began to sneer, at first ever so faintly, then with increasing insolence, at this affectation of a taste for the heights.

"What's the use of scrambling up there, anyhow? I could understand it if you brought down anything worth while—a poem or a picture of your own. But just climbing and staring: what does it lead to? Fellows with the creative gift have got to have their occasional Sinaïs; I can see that. But for a mere looker-on like you, isn't that sort of thing rather a pose? You talk awfully well—brilliantly, even (oh, my dear fellow, no false modesty between you and *me*, please!) But who the devil is there to listen to you, up there among the glaciers? And sometimes, when you come down, I notice that you're rather—well, heavy and tongue-tied. Look out, or they'll stop asking us to dine! And sitting at home every evening—brrr! Look here, by the way; if you've got nothing better for tonight, come along with me to Chrissy Torrance's—or the Bob Briggses'—or Princess Kate's; anywhere where there's lots of racket and sparkle, places that people go to in Rollses, and that are smart and hot and overcrowded, and you have to pay a lot—in one way or another—to get in."

Once and again, it is true, Warley still dodged his double and slipped off on a tour to remote uncomfortable places, where there were churches or pictures to be seen, or shut himself up at home for a good bout of reading, or just, in sheer disgust at his companion's platitude, spent an evening with people who were doing or thinking real things. This happened seldom than of old, however, and more clandestinely; so that at last he used to sneak away to spend two or three days with an archæologically-minded friend, or an evening with a quiet scholar, as furtively as if he were stealing to a lover's tryst; which, as lovers' trysts were now always kept in the limelight, was after all a fair exchange. But he always felt rather apologetic to the other Warley about these escapades—and, if the truth were known, rather bored and restless before they were over. And in the back of his mind there lurked an increasing dread of missing something hot and noisy and overcrowded when he went off to one of his mountain-tops. "After all, that high-brow business has been awfully overdone—now hasn't it?" the little Warley would insinuate, rummaging for his pearl studs, and consulting his flat evening watch as nervously as if it were a railway time-table. "If only we haven't missed something really jolly by all this backing and filling . . ."

"Oh, you poor creature, you! Always afraid of being left out, aren't you? Well—just for once, to humour you, and because I happen to be feeling rather stale myself. But only to think of a sane man's wanting to go to places just because they're hot and smart and overcrowded!" And off they would dash together. . .

II

All that was long ago. It was years now since there had been two distinct Anson Warleys. The lesser one had made away with the other, done him softly to death without shedding of blood; and only a few people suspected (and they

no longer cared) that the pale white-haired man, with the small slim figure, the ironic smile and the perfect evening clothes, whom New York still indefatigably invited, was nothing less than a murderer.

Anson Warley—Anson Warley! No party was complete without Anson Warley. He no longer went abroad now; too stiff in the joints; and there had been two or three slight attacks of dizziness. . . . Nothing to speak of, nothing to think of, even; but somehow one dug one's self into one's comfortable quarters, and felt less and less like moving out of them, except to motor down to Long Island for week-ends, or to Newport for a few visits in summer. A trip to the Hot Springs, to get rid of the stiffness, had not helped much, and the aging Anson Warley (who really, otherwise, felt as young as ever) had developed a growing dislike for the promiscuities of hotel life and the monotony of hotel food.

Yes; he was growing more fastidious as he grew older. A good sign, he thought. Fastidious not only about food and comfort but about people also. It was still a privilege, a distinction, to have him to dine. His old friends were faithful, and the new people fought for him, and often failed to get him; to do so they had to offer very special inducements in the way of *cuisine*, conversation or beauty. Young beauty; yes, that would do it. He did like to sit and watch a lovely face, and call laughter into lovely eyes. But no dull dinners for *him*, not even if they fed you off gold. As to that he was as firm as the other Warley, the distant aloof one with whom he had—er, well, parted company, oh, quite amicably, a good many years ago. . . .

On the whole, since that parting, life had been much easier and pleasanter; and by the time the little Warley was sixty-three he found himself looking forward with equanimity to an eternity of New York dinners.

Oh, but only at the right houses—always at the right houses; that was understood! The right people—the right setting—the right wines. . . . He smiled a little over his perennial enjoyment of them; said "Nonsense, Filmore," to his devoted tiresome man-servant, who was beginning to hint that really, every night, sir, and sometimes a dance afterward, was too much, especially when you kept at it for months on end; and Dr. —

"Oh, damn your doctors!" Warley snapped. He was seldom ill-tempered; he knew it was foolish and upsetting to lose one's self-control. But Filmore began to be a nuisance, nagging him, preaching at him. As if he himself wasn't the best judge. . . .

Besides, he chose his company. He'd stay at home any time rather than risk a boring evening. Damned rot, what Filmore had said about his going out every night. Not like poor old Mrs. Jaspar, for instance. . . . He smiled self-approvingly as he evoked her tottering image. "That's the kind of fool Filmore takes me for," he chuckled, his good-humour restored by an analogy that was so much to his advantage.

Poor old Evelina Jaspar! In his youth, and even in his prime, she had been New York's chief entertainer—"leading hostess", the newspapers called her. Her big house in Fifth Avenue had been an entertaining machine. She had lived, breathed, invested and reinvested her millions, to no other end. At first her pretext had been that she had to marry her daughters and amuse her sons; but

when sons and daughters had married and left her she had seemed hardly aware of it; she had just gone on entertaining. Hundreds, no, thousands of dinners (on gold plate, of course, and with orchids, and all the delicacies that were out of season), had been served in that vast pompous dining-room, which one had only to close one's eyes to transform into a railway buffer for millionaires, at a big junction, before the invention of restaurant trains. . .

Warley closed his eyes, and did so picture it. He lost himself in amused computation of the annual number of guests, of saddles of mutton, of legs of lamb, of terrapin, canvas-backs, magnums of champagne and pyramids of hot-house fruit that must have passed through that room in the last forty years.

And even now, he thought—hadn't one of old Evelina's nieces told him the other day, half bantering, half shivering at the avowal, that the poor old lady, who was gently dying of softening of the brain, still imagined herself to be New York's leading hostess, still sent out invitations (which of course were never delivered), still ordered terrapin, champagne and orchids, and still came down every evening to her great shrouded drawing-rooms, with her tiara askew on her purple wig, to receive a stream of imaginary guests?

Rubbish, of course—a macabre pleasantry of the extravagant Nelly Pierce, who had always had her joke at Aunt Evelina's expense. . . But Warley could not help smiling at the thought that those dull monotonous dinners were still going on in their hostess's clouded imagination. Poor old Evelina, he thought! In a way she was right. There was really no reason why that kind of standardized entertaining should ever cease; a performance so indiscriminating, so undifferentiated, that one could almost imagine, in the hostess's tired brain, all the dinners she had ever given merging into one Gargantuan pyramid of food and drink, with the same faces, perpetually the same faces, gathered stolidly about the same gold plate.

Thank heaven, Anson Warley had never conceived of social values in terms of mass and volume. It was years since he had dined at Mrs. Jaspar's. He even felt that he was not above reproach in that respect. Two or three times, in the past, he had accepted her invitations (always sent out weeks ahead), and then chucked her at the eleventh hour for something more amusing. Finally, to avoid such risks, he had made it a rule always to refuse her dinners. He had even—he remembered—been rather funny about it once, when someone had told him that Mrs. Jaspar couldn't understand . . . was a little hurt . . . said it couldn't be true that he always had another engagement the nights she asked him. . . "True? Is the truth what she wants? All right! Then the next time I get a 'Mrs. Jaspar requests the pleasure' I'll answer it with a 'Mr. Warley declines the boredom.' Think she'll understand that, eh?" And the phrase became a catchword in his little set that winter. "Mr. Warley declines the boredom"—good, good, *good!*" "Dear Anson, I do hope you won't decline the boredom of coming to lunch next Sunday to meet the new Hindu yoghi"—or the new saxophone soloist, or that genius of a mulatto boy who plays Negro spirituals on a toothbrush; and so on and so on. He only hoped poor old Evelina never heard of it. . .

"Certainly I shall *not* stay at home tonight—why, what's wrong with me?" he snapped, swinging round on Filmore.

The valet's long face grew longer. His way of answering such questions was always to pull out his face; it was his only means of putting any expression into it. He turned away into the bedroom, and Warley sat alone by his library fire. . . Now what did the man see that was wrong with him, he wondered? He had felt a little confusion that morning, when he was doing his daily sprint around the Park (his exercise was reduced to that!); but it had been only a passing flurry, of which Filmore could of course know nothing. And as soon as it was over his mind had seemed more lucid, his eye keener, than ever; as sometimes (he reflected) the electric light in his library lamps would blaze up too brightly after a break in the current, and he would say to himself, wincing a little at the sudden glare on the page he was reading: "That means that it'll go out again in a minute."

Yes; his mind, at that moment, had been quite piercingly clear and perceptive; his eye had passed with a renovating glitter over every detail of the daily scene. He stood still for a minute under the leafless trees of the Mall, and looking about him with the sudden insight of age, understood that he had reached the time of life when Alps and cathedrals become as transient as flowers.

Everything was fleeting, fleeting . . . yes, that was what had given him the vertigo. The doctors, poor fools, called it the stomach, or high blood-pressure; but it was only the dizzy plunge of the sands in the hour-glass, the everlasting plunge that emptied one of heart and bowels, like the drop of an elevator from the top floor of a skyscraper.

Certainly, after that moment of revelation, he had felt a little more tired than usual for the rest of the day; the light had flagged in his mind as it sometimes did in his lamps. At Chrissy Torrance's, where he had lunched, they had accused him of being silent, his hostess had said that he looked pale; but he had retorted with a joke, and thrown himself into the talk with a feverish loquacity. It was the only thing to do; for he could not tell all these people at the lunch table that very morning he had arrived at the turn in the path from which mountains look as transient as flowers—and that one after another they would all arrive there too.

He leaned his head back and closed his eyes, but not in sleep. He did not feel sleepy, but keyed up and alert. In the next room he heard Filmore reluctantly, protestingly, laying out his evening clothes. . . He had no fear about the dinner tonight; a quiet intimate little affair at an old friend's house. Just two or three congenial men, and Elfmann, the pianist (who would probably play), and that lovely Elfrida Flight. The fact that people asked him to dine to meet Elfrida Flight seemed to prove pretty conclusively that he was still in the running! He chuckled softly at Filmore's pessimism, and thought: "Well, after all, I suppose no man seems young to his valet. . . Time to dress very soon," he thought; and luxuriously postponed getting up out of his chair. . .

III

"She's worse than usual tonight," said the day nurse, laying down the evening paper as her colleague joined her. "Absolutely determined to have her jewels out."

The night nurse, fresh from a long sleep and an afternoon at the movies with a gentleman friend, threw down her fancy bag, tossed off her hat and rumbled

up her hair before old Mrs. Jaspar's tall toilet mirror. "Oh, I'll settle that—don't you worry," she said brightly.

"Don't you fret her, though, Miss Cress," said the other, getting wearily out of her chair. "We're very well off here, take it as a whole, and I don't want her pressure rushed up for nothing."

Miss Cress, still looking at herself in the glass, smiled reassuringly at Miss Dunn's pale reflection behind her. She and Miss Dunn got on very well together, and knew on which side their bread was buttered. But at the end of the day Miss Dunn was always fagged out and fearing the worst. The patient wasn't as hard to handle as all that. Just let her ring for her old maid, old Lavinia, and say: "My sapphire velvet tonight, with the diamond stars"—and Lavinia would know exactly how to manage her.

Miss Dunn had put on her hat and coat, and crammed her knitting, and the newspaper, into her bag, which, unlike Miss Cress's, was capacious and shabby; but she still loitered undecided on the threshold. "I could stay with you till ten as easy as not. . ." She looked almost reluctantly about the big high-studded dressing-room (everything in the house was high-studded), with its rich dusky carpet and curtains, and its monumental dressing-table draped with lace and laden with gold-backed brushes and combs, gold-stoppered toilet-bottles, and all the charming paraphernalia of beauty at her glass. Old Lavinia even renewed every morning the roses and carnations in the slim crystal vases between the powder boxes and the nail polishers. Since the family had shut down the hot-houses at the uninhabited country place on the Hudson, Miss Cress suspected that old Lavinia bought these flowers out of her own pocket.

"Cold out tonight?" queried Miss Dunn from the door.

"Fierce. . . Reg'lar blizzard at the corners. Say, shall I lend you my fur scarf?" Miss Cress, pleased with the memory of her afternoon (they'd be engaged soon, she thought), and with the drowsy prospect of an evening in a deep arm-chair near the warm gleam of the dressing-room fire, was disposed to kindness toward that poor thin Dunn girl, who supported her mother, and her brother's idiot twins. And she wanted Miss Dunn to notice her new fur.

"My! Isn't it too lovely? No, not for worlds, thank you. . ." Her hand on the door-knob, Miss Dunn repeated: "Don't you cross her now," and was gone.

Lavinia's bell rang furiously, twice; then the door between the dressing-room and Mrs. Jaspar's bedroom opened, and Mrs. Jaspar herself emerged.

"Lavinia!" she called, in a high irritated voice; then, seeing the nurse, who had slipped into her print dress and starched cap, she added in a lower tone: "Oh, Miss Lemoine, good evening." Her first nurse, it appeared, had been called Miss Lemoine; and she gave the same name to all the others, quite unaware that there had been any changes in the staff.

"I heard talking, and carriages driving up. Have people begun to arrive?" she asked nervously. "Where is Lavinia? I still have my jewels to put on."

She stood before the nurse, the same petrifying apparition which always, at this hour, struck Miss Cress to silence. Mrs. Jaspar was tall; she had been broad; and her bones remained impressive though the flesh had withered on them. Lavinia had encased her, as usual, in her low-necked purple velvet dress, nipped in at the waist in the old-fashioned way, expanding in voluminous folds about

the hips and flowing in a long train over the darker velvet of the carpet. Mrs. Jaspar's swollen feet could no longer be pushed into the high-heeled satin slippers which went with the dress; but her skirts were so long and spreading that, by taking short steps, she managed (so Lavinia daily assured her) entirely to conceal the broad round tips of her black orthopaedic shoes.

"Your jewels, Mrs. Jaspar? Why, you've got them on," said Miss Cress brightly.

Mrs. Jaspar turned her porphyry-tinted face to Miss Cress, and looked at her with a glassy incredulous gaze. Her eyes, Miss Cress thought, were the worst. . . She lifted one old hand, veined and knobbed as a raised map, to her elaborate purple-black wig, groped among the puffs and curls and undulations (queer, Miss Cress thought, that it never occurred to her to look into the glass), and after an interval affirmed: "You must be mistaken, my dear. Don't you think you ought to have your eyes examined?"

The door opened again, and a very old woman, so old as to make Mrs. Jaspar appear almost young, hobbled in with sidelong steps. "Excuse me, madam. I was downstairs when the bell rang."

Lavinia had probably always been small and slight; now, beside her towering mistress, she looked a mere feather, a straw. Everything about her had dried, contracted, been volatilized into nothingness, except her watchful gray eyes, in which intelligence and comprehension burned like two fixed stars. "Do excuse me, madam," she repeated.

Mrs. Jaspar looked at her despairingly. "I hear carriages driving up. And Miss Lemoine says I have my jewels on; and I know I haven't."

"With that lovely necklace!" Miss Cress ejaculated.

Mrs. Jaspar's twisted hand rose again, this time to her denuded shoulders, which were as stark and barren as the rock from which the hand might have been broken. She felt and felt, and tears rose in her eyes. . .

"Why do you lie to me?" she burst out passionately.

Lavinia softly intervened. "Miss Lemoine meant, how lovely you'll be when you get the necklace on, madam."

"Diamonds, diamonds," said Mrs. Jaspar with an awful smile.

"Of course, madam."

Mrs. Jaspar sat down at the dressing-table, and Lavinia, with eager random hands, began to adjust the *point de Venise* about her mistress's shoulders, and to repair the havoc wrought in the purple-black wig by its wearer's gropings for her tiara.

"Now you do look lovely, madam," she sighed.

Mrs. Jaspar was on her feet again, stiff but incredibly active. ("Like a cat she is," Miss Cress used to relate.) "I do hear carriages—or is it an automobile? The Magraws, I know, have one of those new-fangled automobiles. And now I hear the front door opening. Quick, Lavinia! My fan, my gloves, my handkerchief . . . how often have I got to tell you? I used to have a *perfect* maid—"

Lavinia's eyes brimmed. "That was me, madam," she said, bending to straighten out the folds of the long purple velvet train. ("To watch the two of 'em," Miss Cress used to tell a circle of appreciative friends, "is a lot better than any circus.")

Mrs. Jaspar paid no attention. She twitched the train out of Lavinia's vacillating hold, swept to the door, and then paused there as if stopped by a jerk of her constricted muscles. "Oh, but my diamonds—you cruel woman, you! You're letting me go down without my diamonds!" Her ruined face puckered up in a grimace like a new-born baby's, and she began to sob despairingly. "Everybody . . . Every . . . body's . . . against me . . ." she wept in her powerless misery.

Lavinia helped herself to her feet and tottered across the floor. It was almost more than she could bear to see her mistress in distress. "Madam, madam—if you'll just wait till they're got out of the safe," she entreated.

The woman she saw before her, the woman she was entreating and consoling, was not the old petrified Mrs. Jaspar with porphyry face and wig awry whom Miss Cress stood watching with a smile, but a young proud creature, commanding and splendid in her Paris gown of amber *moiré*, who, years ago, had burst into just such furious sobs because, as she was sweeping down to receive her guests, the doctor had told her that little Grace, with whom she had been playing all the afternoon, had a diphtheritic throat, and no one must be allowed to enter. "Everybody's against me, everybody . . ." she had sobbed in her fury; and the young Lavinia, stricken by such Olympian anger, had stood speechless, longing to comfort her, and secretly indignant with little Grace and the doctor. . .

"If you'll just wait, madam, while I go down and ask Munson to open the safe. There's no one come yet, I do assure you. . ."

Munson was the old butler, the only person who knew the combination of the safe in Mrs. Jaspar's bedroom. Lavinia had once known it too, but now she was no longer able to remember it. The worst of it was that she feared lest Munson, who had been spending the day in the Bronx, might not have returned. Munson was growing old too, and he did sometimes forget about these dinner-parties of Mrs. Jaspar's, and then the stupid footman, George, had to announce the names; and you couldn't be sure that Mrs. Jaspar wouldn't notice Munson's absence, and be excited and angry. These dinner-party nights were killing old Lavinia, and she did so want to keep alive; she wanted to live long enough to wait on Mrs. Jaspar to the last.

She disappeared, and Miss Cress poked up the fire, and persuaded Mrs. Jaspar to sit down in an armchair and "tell her who was coming". It always amused Mrs. Jaspar to say over the long list of her guests' names, and generally she remembered them fairly well, for they were always the same—the last people, Lavinia and Munson said, who had dined at the house, on the very night before her stroke. With recovered complacency she began, counting over one after another on her ring-laden fingers: "The Italian Ambassador, the Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Amesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Magraw, Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bligh . . ." ("You've said them before," Miss Cress interpolated, getting out her fancy knitting—a necktie for her friend—and beginning to count the stitches.) And Mrs. Jaspar, distressed and bewildered by the interruption, had to repeat over and over: "Torrington Bligh, Torrington Bligh," till the connection was re-established, and she went on again swimmingly with "Mr. and Mrs. Fred Amesworth, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Magraw, Miss Laura Ladew, Mr. Harold Ladew, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Bronx,

Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bl—no, I mean, Mr. Anson Warley. Yes, Mr. Anson Warley; that's it," she ended complacently.

Miss Cress smiled and interrupted her counting. "No, that's *not* it."

"What do you mean, my dear—not it?"

"Mr. Anson Warley. He's not coming."

Mrs. Jaspar's jaw fell, and she stared at the nurse's coldly smiling face. "Not coming?"

"No. He's not coming. He's not on the list." (That old list! As if Miss Cress didn't know it by heart! Everybody in the house did, except the booby, George, who heard it reeled off every other night by Munson, and who was always stumbling over the names, and having to refer to the written paper.)

"Not on the list?" Mrs. Jaspar gasped.

Miss Cress shook her pretty head.

Signs of uneasiness gathered on Mrs. Jaspar's face and her lip began to tremble. It always amused Miss Cress to give her these little jolts, though she knew Miss Dunn and the doctors didn't approve of her doing so. She knew also that it was against her own interests, and she did try to bear in mind Miss Dunn's oft-repeated admonition about not sending up the patient's blood pressure; but when she was in high spirits, as she was tonight (they would certainly be engaged), it was irresistible to get a rise out of the old lady. And she thought it funny, this new figure unexpectedly appearing among those time-worn guests. ("I wonder what the rest of 'em 'll say to him," she giggled inwardly.)

"No; he's not on the list." Mrs. Jaspar, after pondering deeply, announced the fact with an air of recovered composure.

"That's what I told you," snapped Miss Cress.

"He's not on the list; but he promised me to come. I saw him yesterday," continued Mrs. Jaspar, mysteriously.

"You *saw* him—where?"

She considered. "Last night, at the Fred Amesworths' dance."

"Ah," said Miss Cress, with a little shiver; for she knew that Mrs. Amesworth was dead, and she was the intimate friend of the trained nurse who was keeping alive, by dint of *piqués* and high frequency, the inarticulate and inanimate Mr. Amesworth. "It's funny," she remarked to Mrs. Jaspar, "that you'd never invited Mr. Warley before."

"No, I hadn't; not for a long time. I believe he felt I'd neglected him; for he came up to me last night, and said he was so sorry he hadn't been able to call. It seems he's been ill, poor fellow. Not as young as he was! So of course I invited him. He was very much gratified."

Mrs. Jaspar smiled at the remembrance of her little triumph; but Miss Cress's attention had wandered, as it always did when the patient became docile and reasonable. She thought: "Where's old Lavinia? I bet she can't find Munson." And she got up and crossed the floor to look into Mrs. Jaspar's bedroom, where the safe was.

There an astonishing sight met her. Munson, as she had expected, was nowhere visible; but Lavinia, on her knees before the safe, was in the act of opening it herself, her twitching hand slowly moving about the mysterious dial.

"Why, I thought you'd forgotten the combination!" Miss Cress exclaimed.

Lavinia turned a startled face over her shoulder. "So I had, Miss. But I've managed to remember it, thank God. I *had* to, you see, because Munson's forgot to come home."

"Oh," said the nurse incredulously. ("Old fox," she thought, "I wonder why she's always pretended she'd forgotten it.") For Miss Cress did not know that the age of miracles is not yet past.

Joyous, trembling, her cheeks wet with grateful tears, the little old woman was on her feet again, clutching to her breast the diamond stars, the necklace of *solitaires*, the tiara, the earrings. One by one she spread them out on the velvet-lined tray in which they always used to be carried from the safe to the dressing-room; then, with rambling fingers, she managed to lock the safe again, and put the keys in the drawer where they belonged, while Miss Cress continued to stare at her in amazement. "I don't believe the old witch is as shaky as she makes out," was her reflection as Lavinia passed her, bearing the jewels to the dressing-room where Mrs. Jaspur, lost in pleasant memories, was still computing: "The Italian Ambassador, the Bishop, the Torrington Blighs, the Mitchell Magraws, the Fred Amesworths. . ."

Mrs. Jaspur was allowed to go down to the drawing-room alone on dinner-party evenings because it would have mortified her too much to receive her guests with a maid or a nurse at her elbow; but Miss Cress and Lavinia always leaned over the stair-rail to watch her descent, and make sure it was accomplished in safety.

"She do look lovely yet, when all her diamonds is on," Lavinia sighed, her purblind eyes bedewed with memories, as the bedizened wig and purple velvet disappeared at the last bend of the stairs. Miss Cress, with a shrug, turned back to the fire and picked up her knitting, while Lavinia set about the slow ritual of tidying up her mistress's room. From below they heard the sound of George's stentorian monologue: "Mr. and Mrs. Torrington Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell Magraw . . . Mr. Ladew, Miss Laura Ladew . . ."

IV

Anson Warley, who had always prided himself on his equable temper, was conscious of being on edge that evening. But it was an irritability which did not frighten him (in spite of what those doctors always said about the importance of keeping calm) because he knew it was due merely to the unusual lucidity of his mind. He was in fact feeling uncommonly well, his brain clear and all his perceptions so alert that he could positively hear the thoughts passing through his man-servant's mind on the other side of the door, as Filmore grudgingly laid out the evening clothes.

Smiling at the man's obstinacy, he thought: "I shall have to tell them tonight that Filmore thinks I'm no longer fit to go into society." It was always pleasant to hear the incredulous laugh with which his younger friends received any allusion to his supposed senility. "What, *you*? Well, that's a good one!" And he thought it was, himself.

And then, the moment he was in his bedroom, dressing, the sight of Filmore made him lose his temper again. "No; *not* those studs, confound it. The black onyx ones—haven't I told you a hundred times? Lost them, I suppose? Sent

them to the wash again in a soiled shirt? That it?" He laughed nervously, and sitting down before his dressing-table began to brush back his hair with short angry strokes.

"Above all," he shouted out suddenly, "don't stand there staring at me as if you were watching to see exactly at what minute to telephone for the undertaker!"

"The under—? Oh, sir!" gasped Filmore.

"The—the—damn it, are you *deaf* too? Who said undertaker? I said *taxi*; can't you hear what I say?"

"You want me to call a taxi, sir?"

"No; I don't. I've already told you so. I'm going to walk." Warley straightened his tie, rose and held out his arms toward his dress-coat.

"It's bitter cold, sir; better let me call a taxi all the same."

Warley gave a short laugh. "Out with it, now! What you'd really like to suggest is that I should telephone to say I can't dine out. You'd scramble me some eggs instead, eh?"

"I wish you would stay in, sir. There's eggs in the house."

"My overcoat," snapped Warley.

"Or else let me call a taxi; now do, sir."

Warley slipped his arms into his overcoat, tapped his chest to see if his watch (the thin evening watch) and his note-case were in their proper pockets, turned back to put a dash of lavender on his handkerchief, and walked with stiff quick steps toward the front door of his flat.

Filmore, abashed, preceded him to ring for the lift; and then, as it quivered upward through the long shaft, said again: "It's a bitter cold night, sir; and you've had a good deal of exercise today."

Warley levelled a contemptuous glance at him. "Daresay that's why I'm feeling so fit," he retorted as he entered the lift.

It *was* bitter cold; the icy air hit him in the chest when he stepped out of the overheated building, and he halted on the doorstep and took a long breath. "Filmore's missed his vocation; ought to be nurse to a paralytic," he thought. "He'd love to have to wheel me about in a chair."

After the first shock of the biting air he began to find it exhilarating, and walked along at a good pace, dragging one leg ever so little after the other. (The *masseur* had promised him that he'd soon be rid of that stiffness.) Yes—decidedly a fellow like himself ought to have a younger valet; a more cheerful one, anyhow. He felt like a young'un himself this evening; as he turned into Fifth Avenue he rather wished he could meet someone he knew, some man who'd say afterward at his club: "Warley? Why, I saw him sprinting up Fifth Avenue the other night like a two-year-old; that night it was four or five below. . ." He needed a good counter-irritant for Filmore's gloom. "Always have young people about you," he thought as he walked along; and at the words his mind turned to Elfrida Flight, next to whom he would soon be sitting in a warm pleasantly lit dining-room—*where?*

It came as abruptly as that: the gap in his memory. He pulled up at it as if his advance had been checked by a chasm in the pavement at his feet. Where the dickens was he going to dine? And with whom was he going to dine? God! But things didn't happen in that way; a sound strong man didn't suddenly have

to stop in the middle of the street and ask himself where he was going to dine. . . "Perfect in mind, body and understanding." The old legal phrase bobbed up inconsequently into his thoughts. Less than two minutes ago he had answered in every particular to that description; what was he now? He put his hand to his forehead, which was bursting; then he lifted his hat and let the cold air blow for a while on his overheated temples. It was queer, how hot he'd got, walking. Fact was, he'd been sprinting along at a damned good pace. In future he must try to remember not to hurry. . . Hang it—one more thing to remember! . . . Well, but what was all the fuss about? Of course, as people got older their memories were subject to these momentary lapses; he'd noticed it often enough among his contemporaries. And, brisk and alert though he still was, it wouldn't do to imagine himself totally exempt from human ills. . .

Where was it he was dining? Why, somewhere farther up Fifth Avenue; he was perfectly sure of that. With that lovely . . . that lovely. . . No; better not make any effort for the moment. Just keep calm, and stroll slowly along. When he came to the right street corner of course he'd spot it; and then everything would be perfectly clear again. He walked on, more deliberately, trying to empty his mind of all thoughts. "Above all," he said to himself, "don't worry."

He tried to beguile his nervousness by thinking of amusing things. "Decline the boredom—" He thought he might get off that joke tonight. "Mrs. Jaspas requests the pleasure—Mr. Warley declines the boredom." Not so bad, really; and he had an idea he'd never told it to the people . . . what in hell *was* their name? . . . the people he was on his way to dine with. . . *Mrs. Jaspas requests the pleasure.* Poor old Mrs. Jaspas; again it occurred to him that he hadn't always been very civil to her in old times. When everybody's running after a fellow it's pardonable now and then to chuck a boring dinner at the last minute; but all the same, as one grew older one understood better how an unintentional slight of that sort might cause offense, cause even pain. And he hated to cause people pain. . . He thought perhaps he'd better call on Mrs. Jaspas some afternoon. She'd be surprised! Or ring her up, poor old girl, and propose himself, just informally, for dinner. One dull evening wouldn't kill him—and how pleased she'd be! Yes—he thought decidedly. . . When he got to be her age, he could imagine how much he'd like it if somebody still in the running should ring him up unexpectedly and say—

He stopped, and looked up, slowly, wonderingly, at the wide illuminated façade of the house he was approaching. Queer coincidence—it was the Jaspas house. And all lit up; for a dinner evidently. And that was queerer yet; almost uncanny; for here he was, in front of the door, as the clock struck a quarter past eight; and of course—he remembered it quite clearly now—it was just here, it was with Mrs. Jaspas, that he was dining. . . Those little lapses of memory never lasted more than a second or two. How right he'd been not to let himself worry. He pressed his hand on the door-bell.

"God," he thought, as the double doors swung open, "but it's good to get in out of the cold."

V

In that hushed sonorous house the sound of the door-bell was as loud to the two women upstairs as if it had been rung in the next room.

Miss Cress raised her head in surprise, and Lavinia dropped Mrs. Jaspar's other false set (the more comfortable one) with a clatter on the marble wash-stand. She stumbled across the dressing-room, and hastened out to the landing. With Munson absent, there was no knowing how George might muddle things. . .

Miss Cress joined her. "Who is it?" she whispered excitedly. Below, they heard the sound of a hat and a walking stick being laid down on the big marble-topped table in the hall, and then George's stentorian drone: "Mr. Anson Warley."

"It is—it *is!* I can see him—a gentleman in evening clothes," Miss Cress whispered, hanging over the stair-rail.

"Good gracious—mercy me! And Munson not here! Oh, whatever, whatever shall we do?" Lavinia was trembling so violently that she had to clutch the stair-rail to prevent herself from falling. Miss Cress thought, with her cold lucidity: "She's a good deal sicker than the old woman."

"What shall we do, Miss Cress? That fool of a George—he's showing him in! Who could have thought it?" Miss Cress knew the images that were whirling through Lavinia's brain: the vision of Mrs. Jaspar's having another stroke at the sight of this mysterious intruder, of Mr. Anson Warley's seeing her there, in her impotence and her abasement, of the family's being summoned, and rushing in to exclaim, to question, to be horrified and furious—and all because poor old Munson's memory was going, like his mistress's, like Lavinia's, and because he had forgotten that it was one of the *dinner nights*. Oh, misery! . . . The tears were running down Lavinia's cheeks, and Miss Cress knew she was thinking: "If the daughters send him off—and they will—where's he going to, old and deaf as he is, and all his people dead? Oh, if only he can hold on till she dies, and get his pension. . ."

Lavinia recovered herself with one of her supreme efforts. "Miss Cress, we must go down at once, at once! Something dreadful's going to happen. . ."

She began to totter toward the little velvet-lined lift in the corner of the landing.

Miss Cress took pity on her. "Come along," she said. "But nothing dreadful's going to happen. You'll see."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Cress. But the shock—the awful shock to her—of seeing that strange gentleman walk in."

"Not a bit of it." Miss Cress laughed as she stepped into the lift. "He's not a stranger. She's expecting him."

"Expecting him? Expecting Mr. Warley?"

"Sure she is. She told me so just now. She says she invited him yesterday."

"But, Miss Cress, what are you thinking of? Invite him—how? When you know she can't write nor telephone?"

"Well, she says she saw him; she saw him last night at a dance."

"Oh, God," murmured Lavinia, covering her eyes with her hands.

"At a dance at the Fred Amesworths'—that's what she said," Miss Cress pursued, feeling the same little shiver run down her back as when Mrs. Jaspar had made the statement to her.

"The Amesworths—oh, not the Amesworths?" Lavinia echoed, shivering too. She dropped her hands from her face, and followed Miss Cress out of the lift. Her expression had become less anguished, and the nurse wondered why. In reality, she was thinking, in a sort of dreary beatitude: "But if she's suddenly got as much worse as this, she'll go before me, after all, my poor lady, and I'll be able to see to it that she's properly laid out and dressed, and nobody but Lavinia's hands'll touch her."

"You'll see—if she was expecting him, as she says, it won't give her a shock, anyhow. Only, how did *he* know?" Miss Cress whispered, with an acuter renewal of her shiver. She followed Lavinia with muffled steps down the passage to the pantry, and from there the two women stole into the dining-room, and placed themselves noiselessly at its farther end, behind the tall Coromandel screen through the cracks of which they could peep into the empty room.

The long table was set, as Mrs. Jasper always insisted that it should be on these occasions; but old Munson not having returned, the gold plate (which his mistress also insisted on) had not been got out, and all down the table, as Lavinia saw with horror, George had laid the coarse blue and white plates from the servants' hall. The electric wall-lights were on, and the candles lit in the branching Sèvres candelabra—so much at least had been done. But the flowers in the great central dish of Rose Dubarry porcelain, and in the smaller dishes which accompanied it—the flowers, oh shame, had been forgotten! They were no longer real flowers; the family had long since suppressed that expense; and no wonder, for Mrs. Jasper always insisted on orchids. But Grace, the youngest daughter, who was the kindest, had hit on the clever device of arranging three beautiful clusters of artificial orchids and maidenhair, which had only to be lifted from their shelf in the pantry and set in the dishes—only, of course, that imbecile footman had forgotten, or had not known where to find them. And, oh, horror, realizing his oversight too late, no doubt, to appeal to Lavinia, he had taken some old newspapers and bunched them up into something that he probably thought resembled a bouquet, and crammed one into each of the priceless Rose Dubarry dishes.

Lavinia clutched at Miss Cress's arm. "Oh, look—look what he's done; I shall die of shame of it. . . Oh, Miss, hadn't we better slip around to the drawing-room and try to coax my poor lady upstairs again, afore she ever notices?"

Miss Cress, peering through the crack of the screen, could hardly suppress a giggle. For at that moment the double doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and George, shuffling about in a baggy livery inherited from a long-departed predecessor of more commanding build, bawled out in his loud sing-song: "Dinner is served, madam."

"Oh, it's too late," moaned Lavinia. Miss Cress signed to her to keep silent, and the two watchers glued their eyes to their respective cracks of the screen.

What they saw, far off down the vista of empty drawing-rooms, and after an interval during which (as Lavinia knew) the imaginary guests were supposed to file in and take their seats, was the entrance, at the end of the ghostly cortège, of a very old woman, still tall and towering, on the arm of a man somewhat smaller than herself, with a fixed smile on a darkly pink face, and a slim erect figure clad in perfect evening clothes, who advanced with short measured steps,

profiting (Miss Cress noticed) by the support of the arm he was supposed to sustain. "Well—I never!" was the nurse's inward comment.

The couple continued to advance, with rigid smiles and eyes staring straight ahead. Neither turned to the other, neither spoke. All their attention was concentrated on the immense, the almost unachievable effort of reaching that point, half way down the long dinner table, opposite the big Dubarry dish, where George was drawing back a gilt armchair for Mrs. Jaspar. At last they reached it, and Mrs. Jaspar seated herself, and waved a stony hand to Mr. Warley. "On my right." He gave a little bow, like the bend of a jointed doll, and with infinite precaution let himself down into his chair. Beads of perspiration were standing on his forehead, and Miss Cress saw him draw out his handkerchief and wipe them stealthily away. He then turned his head somewhat stiffly toward his hostess.

"Beautiful flowers," he said, with great precision and perfect gravity, waving his hand toward the bunched-up newspaper in the bowl of Sèvres.

Mrs. Jaspar received the tribute with complacency. "So glad . . . orchids . . . From High Lawn . . . every morning," she simpered.

"Marvellous," Mr. Warley completed.

"I always say to the Bishop. . . " Mrs. Jaspar continued.

"Ha—of course," Mr. Warley warmly assented.

"Not that I don't think. . . "

"Ha—rather!"

George had reappeared from the pantry with a blue crockery dish of mashed potatoes. This he handed in turn to one after another of the imaginary guests, and finally presented to Mrs. Jaspar and her right-hand neighbour.

They both helped themselves cautiously, and Mrs. Jaspar addressed an arch smile to Mr. Warley. "'Nother month—no more oysters."

"Ha—no more!"

George, with a bottle of Apollinaris wrapped in a napkin, was saying to each guest in turn: "Perrier-Jouet, 'ninety-five." (He had picked that up, thought Miss Cress, from hearing old Munson repeat it so often.)

"Hang it—well, then just a sip," murmured Mr. Warley.

"Old times," bantered Mrs. Jaspar; and the two turned to each other and bowed their heads and touched glasses.

"I often tell Mrs. Amesworth. . . " Mrs. Jaspar continued, bending to an imaginary presence across the table.

"Ha—*hal*!" Mr. Warley approved.

George reappeared and slowly encircled the table with a dish of spinach. After the spinach the Apollinaris also went the rounds again, announced successively as Château Lafite, 'seventy-four, and "the old Newbold Madëira". Each time that George approached his glass, Mr. Warley made a feint of lifting a defensive hand, and then smiled and yielded. "Might as well—hanged for a sheep. . . " he remarked gaily; and Mrs. Jaspar giggled.

Finally a dish of Malaga grapes and apples was handed. Mrs. Jaspar, now growing perceptibly languid, and nodding with more and more effort at Mr. Warley's pleasantries, transferred a bunch of grapes to her plate, but nibbled only two or three. "Tired," she said suddenly, in a whimper like a child's; and

she rose, lifting herself up by the arms of her chair, and leaning over to catch the eye of an invisible lady, presumably Mrs. Amesworth, seated opposite to her. Mr. Warley was on his feet too, supporting himself by resting one hand on the table in a jaunty attitude. Mrs. Jaspar waved to him to be reseated. "Join us—after cigars," she smilingly ordained; and with a great and concentrated effort he bowed to her as she passed toward the double doors which George was throwing open. Slowly, majestically, the purple velvet train disappeared down the long enfilade of illuminated rooms, and the last door closed behind her.

"Well, I do believe she's enjoyed it!" chuckled Miss Cress, taking Lavinia by the arm to help her back to the hall. Lavinia, for weeping, could not answer.

VI

Anson Warley found himself in the hall again, getting into his fur-lined overcoat. He remembered suddenly thinking that the rooms had been intensely overheated, and that all the other guests had talked very loud and laughed inordinately. "Very good talk though, I must say," he had to acknowledge.

In the hall, as he got his arms into his coat (rather a job, too, after that Perrier-Jouet) he remembered saying to somebody (perhaps it was to the old butler): "Slipping off early—going on; 'nother engagement," and thinking to himself the while that when he got out into the fresh air again he would certainly remember where the other engagement was. He smiled a little while the servant, who seemed a clumsy fellow, fumbled with the fastening of the door. "And Filmore, who thought I wasn't even well enough to dine out! Damned ass! What would he say if he knew I was going on?"

The door opened, and with an immense sense of exhilaration Mr. Warley issued forth from the house and drew in a first deep breath of night air. He heard the door closed and bolted behind him, and continued to stand motionless on the step, expanding his chest, and drinking in the icy draught.

"'Spose it's about the last house where they give you 'ninety-five Perrier-Jouet," he thought; and then: "Never heard better talk either. . ."

He smiled again with satisfaction at the memory of the wine and the wit. Then he took a step forward, to where a moment before the pavement had been—and where now there was nothing.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Who was Holbein? Why is "After Holbein" the title of this story?
2. What is a dual personality? How does Anson Warley exemplify it?
3. Why did the "lesser" Warley seek the "gaudiest restaurants," etc.
4. What occurred, do you think, when the original Anson Warley "mounted to the lofty water-shed which fed the sources of his scorn"? What is a Sinai?
5. What doubt of his other half is suggested by the "lesser" Warley?
6. What sort of places were "Chrissy Torrance's," "Bob Briggses," or "Princess Kate's"?
7. What would be "an archæologically-minded friend"?

8. Use the following words in sentences in such a way as to reveal clearly their meanings: *furtively, clandestinely, bedizened, purlind, stentorian, equable, lucidity, senility, onyx, sonorous, beatitude, vista, cortege.*
9. Cite some of the signs of age in Anson Warley. Is "fastidiousness" such a sign? Interest in young women?
10. Who is Warley's good genius as opposed to his evil?
11. Choose a symbol for Evelina Jaspas.
12. What is a "saddle" of mutton? A "magnum" of champagne?
13. What witticism had Warley thought up to use as a declination to Mrs. Jaspas's invitations?
14. What danger sign does Warley momentarily reflect upon before going out?
15. Elucidate: "the time of life when Alps and cathedrals become as transient as flowers."
16. Elucidate: "I don't want her pressure rushed up for nothing."
17. Why is the weather an important detail?
18. Identify Lavinia. How long did she want to live?
19. What are "orthopaedic shoes"? What color is a "porphyry-tinted face"? How may "nothing" be reached by "volatilizing"?
20. What is the name of the night nurse? Why was it chosen?
21. Why does Mrs. Jaspas add Anson Warley to her list of guests?
22. What circumstance leads Warley to turn in at Mrs. Jaspas's?
23. Why does the fact that Mrs. Jaspas pretends to have seen Warley at the Amesworths' and to have invited him then cause a shudder?
24. What flower-substitute is provided by George? What significance does this fact have?

Round Table

1. Is Anson Warley's dual personality a necessary element in the story?
2. Mrs. Jaspas and Warley are obviously paired. Are there other examples of pairing in the story? Could the device be carried further effectively, or is it ineffective as used?
3. Enumerate the shifts in point of view in the story. Could it have been more effectively told from a single point of view?
4. Is the tale over-elaborated?
5. Does the Amesworth connection add to the verisimilitude of the story?
6. Is this story a fantasy? For definition, compare with Lord Dunsany's "The Highwayman."
7. Is the story sentimental?

Paper Work

1. Write a character sketch of an elderly person affected by amnesia.
2. Write a criticism of "After Holbein."

3. Read Edith Wharton's "Tendencies in Modern Fiction" in *The Saturday Review*, Vol. X, No. 28 (Jan. 27, 1934), pp. 433-434. Write a paper on the validity or invalidity of her attack upon subjectivism.
4. Make a comparative study of Edith Wharton's *After Holbein* and Hawthorne's *The Wedding Knell*.

MARJORIE WORTHINGTON, the author of the following sophisticated and subtle story, was born in New York City at the beginning of the century and was educated in the city schools. But she has traveled widely and is familiar with social patterns in various parts of the world. She is an industrious and productive writer of both fiction and verse, and, in addition to contributing poetry and short stories to the popular magazines, she has written several novels that have been published not only in America but also in England, Germany, and Italy. Among her books are *Spider Web* (1930), *Mrs. Taylor* (1932), *Scarlet Josephine* (1933), *Come, My Coach!* (1935), and *Manhattan Solo* (1937).

THE GREEN-EYED CAT*

MARJORIE WORTHINGTON

ONE WONDERS who are living now in those gay villas, large and small, which dot the fringes of the Mediterranean shore between Cannes and Marseilles where we once lived in voluntary exile. Most of us have been gone from them these several years, with the first rumbles of disaster; some, being English, were ordered home; others, being American, were "advised" to flee. Whatever the reasons we are there no more—with our berets and sandals and pajamas and backless frocks. But the houses, with the purple bougainvillea vines and the yellow mimosa, and the courtyards with fig trees and lemon trees, and the terraces where we gave our cocktail parties and moonlight buffet suppers—they are still there, in that Unoccupied Zone. I am thinking of them as they have probably become; the large ones *pensions de famille* perhaps; the smaller ones still boarded up as we left them.

Sometimes on nights when I cannot sleep I see one of the larger houses—the Villa des Roseaux—with its face to the sea and the courtyard with the platane trees at its back. And I know that on the flagstones of the court, come for food but ready to disappear at the first alarm, sits a green-eyed cat. I am as sure of it as I am of the mistral rattling the windows and wiping the terraces clean.

Two Americans lived in the Villa des Roseaux, a man and his wife. It was situated by the sea on the small isthmus of La Gorguette, between the fishing villages of Bandol and Sanary. Our small white house was on a hill, looking down on the Mediterranean, and when we went swimming each day we had to pass the villa and walk along the wall in front. We had lived on La Gorguette for several years before they came. We owned our house, but they had to rent theirs because the owner was dead and there was some litigation among the heirs. That was their one piece of luck—that they could not buy when they wanted to.

We had heard rumors about the Martins before they came. He was a celebrity of some note and she was his new wife. The villa had been empty a long time. It was a large and cumbersome affair, with twenty rooms or so, lavishly furnished

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and utterly unlivable except for the bedrooms. There was a two-car garage with a studio over it and a *dépendance* which was the servants' quarters. There was a garden at the side overrun with weeds and one at the back with a pomegranate tree. But the most outstanding feature of the Villa des Roseaux was the courtyard, paved in stone and laid out like a park with tall platane trees that kept the sun away—the beautiful sun of the Midi, its chief attraction. No matter how bright the day, the courtyard was always in shadow. No matter how blue the Mediterranean or how it danced with whitecaps, the view was cut off from the courtyard by the house and the walls. And yet it was here that the American and his wife chose to sit. They had their meals served at a table covered with oilcloth, like a peasant's table; and it was here they drank their endless *apéritifs* and received their guests. At night they had candles in *bocaux*, large glass jars, so the wind wouldn't blow out the flame. The house seemed used by them only to sleep in.

We talked about calling on the Martins but kept putting it off the way all things were put off in the south. We heard from mutual friends that we should find them highly entertaining. What am I saying? It was always we should find *him* this or that. Nobody told us anything about her.

At any rate my visit was made by accident. I hadn't planned the call, but one afternoon as I was passing the villa I looked over the wall and saw her seated in the courtyard alone.

"Why not?" I asked myself and walked in through the gate.

She was in a chair by the table, and as I approached I saw she was leaning over a basket at her feet. There were about five kittens in the basket and a large full-grown mother cat.

She rose in some embarrassment when she noticed me but she put out her hand and said, "Oh, how do you do?"

I introduced myself and said a few polite or apologetic words, and all the time of course I was observing her. She might have been twenty-five or six, a slender young woman with a pale oval face, very pale blond hair worn in a coronet braid, a rather pointed nose, and oversized eyes with pupils so large it was almost impossible to tell what color the eyes were. She was dressed in a peasantry sort of thing, with a tight bodice, fitted waist, and full skirt. On her bare feet were white espadrilles with red lacings.

The first thing she said after I had introduced myself was:

"The people round here have heard I like cats. A little girl brought me three kittens last week. . . . I couldn't refuse them because otherwise her father was going to drown them. They were so sweet. But then somebody else brought me a tomcat that had no home, and now to-day a woman from the village walked all the way out here with this whole little family because she was moving away and couldn't take them with her."

"That makes a lot of cats," I said.

"Ten," she said tragically.

I have never seen so sad a face. I wondered what she would look like when she smiled. She seemed lost in contemplation of the mother and kittens. Then suddenly color came into her cheeks, she looked at me as if for the first time, and in a small voice I could barely hear she said:

"Oh. I must tell my husband you are calling on him. Please excuse me. Won't you sit down? I'll just be a moment."

She ran into the house and I passed the time playing with the kittens and complimenting the mother, and wishing I had postponed the visit. Anyhow I felt embarrassed because I was calling on both of the Martins, not on him, as she seemed to take for granted.

He came out however and greeted me very cordially, and after that his wife, the cats, and the courtyard all faded, the way things do in a movie when the director wants to focus attention on the principal character. He was, without a doubt, the most fascinating, attractive, and charming man I've ever met. He was about six feet tall, heavily built, with a clean-shaven face and light-brown hair just beginning to turn gray. He wore the casual clothes most of the men wore—loose sailor's trousers of blue denim, a short-sleeved tricot shirt, and capuchin sandals—but he wore them with an ease that made them really smart. He made me feel in less than fifteen minutes that I was beautiful and actually a most seductive woman in spite of my years! (He was like that, I learned later, with all women, young and old. It was not faked on his part; he really loved women and thrived on their adulation. A few minutes with Peter Martin was worth a course of beauty treatments to any female, no matter how modest—or sensible.)

He knew all about us, talked of our friends in Paris, London, and New York, said how he had wished to meet us, and invited us to cocktails or tea the following day. (There was no standing on ceremony with him, no waiting until he returned my first call.) I accepted his invitation and started to leave. We were at the gate when I turned, in acute embarrassment, to say good-by to Mrs. Martin. I had almost completely forgotten her. It was only as I took her cool little hand that I recalled, as if it had been printed on the cornea of my eye, that all during the animated conversation with her husband she had been sitting gazing at him. She had not uttered a single word.

The tea party next day was as strange as we had been led to expect. The courtyard was filled with people from as far along the Corniche as St. Tropez and Cannes. There were friends from Les Trayas we hadn't seen in months, a princess whose yacht was anchored in Toulon harbor, several French painters, Ford Madox Ford, George Seldes, some of the Thomas Mann children. . . . I could go on naming dozens of strangely assorted people who were at the Martins' party that day. Liquor flowed copiously, the tea was impossible, and the food almost nonexistent. The talk made up for everything, and as the host continued drinking with all his friends as they came he grew more and more voluble, more amusing—and more solicitous and flattering to every woman there, from some famous beauties down to the plain wife of an *homme de lettres*.

There were a few rudderless servants roaming about, I remember, but when as we were climbing the hill to our house someone asked me whether Peter Martin was married—I couldn't remember whether the hostess had been there or not! I felt terribly ashamed of myself for the breach of politeness.

Most of our servants were interrelated—cousins or cousins of cousins. They came from the hills behind Sanary and Bandol. They were a mixture of French

and Italian, and some of them were marvelous cooks and good housemaids, and some of them incredibly bad. My woman-of-all-work, Giulia, was a gem. She was a wiry, dark little woman, who left her family at six every morning, worked for us all day, cooking and cleaning and waiting on table, departing at nine every evening, with her little bundle of table scraps. Giulia was a prize gossip. It was a wonder how, with all she had to do, she found time to pick up the information she did about the *étrangers*. But she was better than the local newspaper and more reliable. If my spoken French has a strong provincial accent I owe it to the guilty moments I spent listening to Giulia's reports.

She told me when the Villa des Roseaux was rented and to whom. And it was she who filled the post of chambermaid there with her mother's third cousin's old-maid daughter, Anna. Giulia trained her in my house and then sent her off to the job. She was a half-starved, ugly duckling with a squint, but completely honest and eager to please.

The other servants at the villa consisted of a large gypsy woman who had once woven baskets and sold them in the marketplace—she became the Martins' cook ("A thief," Giulia told me in disgust. "They had better watch out! I would be afraid to put in my mouth anything she prepares—and yet, those foolish Americans are paying her *cordons bleu* wages!"); a hunch-backed gardener, named Wioland, who planted flower seeds round the shaded courtyard, where no flowers could hope to bloom; and a chauffeur named Émile, a handsome, impudent village youth who refused to soil his hands with anything but the wheel of the Martins' car. ("He will not even bury their garbage," Giulia said. "There are heaps of tin cans in the old garden which the Martins don't see because of the tall weeds. . . .")

From Giulia I learned that Mr. Martin was *très difficile* and had a bad temper at home, and never came to meals on time. Madame, on the other hand, was very *gentille*. She actually gave Anna her old clothes, instead of selling them to her, as most French women do. And she never complained about anything. When Anna told her that the linen sheets ("So large, madame, they would make shrouds for a regiment!") were disappearing, she refused to have Madeleine's room searched, though everyone in Bandol knew what a thief that Madeleine was! And even if the food was scorched she said nothing. Monsieur Martin was close about food, allowing only a few francs a day per person, while he spent fortunes each week on alcohol and wines. And then Giulia said:

"And the cats."

"What?" I asked. The remark seemed irrelevant.

"Ten of them, and some of them already are going to have young. And they are always hungry because they are allowed only a franc's worth of *mou* a day for all of them . . . and one liter of milk, which must do for the household as well. It is *formidable*!" Giulia had the Italian's contempt for any four-legged beast that was neither edible nor able to work for its living. "And each one has a name, such as Adèle or Pistaloun, and Madame Martin fusses about them as if they were her own children. But just the same, she loves her husband; that is obvious. It is always 'Monsieur wishes this,' or 'Monsieur does not wish that,' or 'Monsieur is not to be disturbed.' Anna, who is a devout Catholic like myself, says sometimes, forgive us, it is like a nun worshipping.

That is not healthy. A man should be told what's what from time to time, for his own good, don't you think, Madame?"

We invited the Martins to dinner with some other people. I remember I wore the white crepe de chine Mainbocher made for me. Even as I put it on I asked myself whether Mr. Martin would like it. Wasn't that funny?

It was a good dinner. I had hired an extra woman to help Giulia, and the service was smooth. The conversation flowed. . . . I had seated Mrs. Martin next to my young son, Tommy, who could talk with animation to a blank wall. Occasionally, from a sense of duty, I glanced down to their end of the table. She was listening, gravely. She wore a black-velvet dinner dress. With her coronet of blond hair and the fair skin, it was very becoming—but fancy wearing black velvet to a dinner on the Mediterranean!

I don't know what started the conversation about bullfights. Perhaps it was apropos of Hemingway. Most of us had attended a bullfight or two in Spain, but Mr. Martin told of one he had seen in the south of France, at Arles. As usual, he made us visualize what he wished, and we listened with absorbed attention, until someone at the far end of the table upset a glass of wine. It was Mrs. Martin.

Her husband glanced in that direction, paused, and then, with a laugh, went on:

"Marylin is probably remembering the bullfight at Arles. It was the first she had seen and she hadn't wanted to go. I persuaded her it was something everyone had to see at least once—part of her education. It was a hot day. The bulls were stupid and sluggish. They didn't want to fight and everyone was getting pretty disgusted with them. But Marylin, as usual, took the bulls' part. She kept saying, 'Why do they force them to fight if they don't want to? It's cruel . . .'

"But at last things began to get more interesting. There came the featured bullfight, the one everybody had come to see. Unfortunately one of the horses was gored. I wasn't particularly pleased myself—the horses really haven't a chance, you know; but the toreador was good—more than that, he was a genius! It gave me a thrill to watch him because of the expertness of the thing. It was beautiful as a ballet. Everyone in that enormous old ruin of a Roman amphitheater was spellbound. It lacked only a second or two for the climax—the mortal thrust. You could have played a melody on the nerves of the audience, they were so taut. And just at that moment, my little Marylin fainted and had to be carried out."

There were polite murmurs around the table, somebody giggled nervously. I was distracted for a second because Giulia was bringing in the *gâteau à la crème* and I was anxious for it to be a success.

Mr. Martin spoke again. "I guess the word for my wife is zoöphile." He leaned forward and looked down the table and smiled condescendingly at Mrs. Martin, whose glass was being refilled with wine. "She prefers animals to people. Don't you, Marylin?"

She looked back at him and said softly, "Animals are kinder than people."

"Not cats surely?" someone protested. "Have you ever watched them with smaller animals—chipmunks, mice, and birds?"

She gave a slight shudder. Then she said, "It's unfortunate but not their fault. Those are the laws of the cat world. It is something we can't understand, but it's all right for cats because it is taught to them and it is the law of their world. . . ." Her voice faded almost to a whisper. Then she drew a deep breath and her voice got stronger:

"But people have a different law, made just for them and taught them when they are children and even written in a Book they all read. There is no excuse for people being cruel. Yet they are always torturing one another . . . always. . . ."

She unclasped her hands and dropped them. Her glance moved round the table and came to a stop when it reached her husband. The color left her cheeks but she did not lower her gaze. Then gradually the emotion that had lighted her burned out. She was cold and pale and still again.

There was general conversation. The dessert was consumed and we moved into the living room for coffee.

The season passed quickly. I remember only a few incidents, and it's queer that one of them should be the night we were dining at the Villa des Roseaux when Marylin Martin found the green-eyed cat and fed it.

We were having cocktails in the gloomy courtyard. The sun had not yet set and there was a kind of yellowish sunset. Mrs. Martin had passed some little messes round that Madeleine had probably persuaded her would do for canapés. I was sipping my drink when I saw my hostess rise and walk toward the gates.

At the entrance to the villa stood a cat, one of the worst specimens of the breed I have ever seen. It was hunched up in the middle, its legs were too short for its body and thin as my little finger, and its tail was long and furless, like a rat's.

I followed Mrs. Martin, holding my glass. I saw her bend over the animal and I heard her murmuring strange little sounds to it. She seemed to know I was behind her, because without turning her head she said, "Will you please ask the cook for a little meat?"

I ran back to the kitchen. Over the stove, preparing dinner, was the gypsy cook, her black hair in disorder and her face flushed. I delivered the message, and with a stream of local oaths she cut a slab of beefsteak from a piece obviously waiting to be cooked for our dinner. I accepted it and ran.

Mrs. Martin tore off a chunk with her fingers and, kneeling, offered it to the cat. It was then I noticed what extraordinary green eyes the animal had. They gleamed like jewels. They were also the color of the Mediterranean on a clear day, where the water is shallow and the sun makes it sparkle. However, aside from the remarkable eyes, that cat was the most unprepossessing creature I've ever seen in my life.

As Mrs. Martin continued coaxing it the cat moved closer to her. Then with a sudden quick movement it tore the meat from her fingers and swallowed it. The next minute it gave a convulsive quiver, its short legs folded up under the distorted body, and the cat lay on its side unable to right itself.

"Poor thing!" Mrs. Martin cried, tears streaming down her cheeks. "It was starving." She gathered the cat in her arms and entered the house.

She appeared at her place for dinner, was completely silent during the meal, and disappeared soon after.

It was along about August that the opera singer arrived to visit the Martins at the Villa des Roseaux. She was a dynamic woman in her early thirties, handsome, with dark hair and heavily made-up face. She had a propensity toward fat of course, like most singers; but so far she had controlled it and still had a beautiful figure which she showed to advantage as far as possible. She wasn't a full-fledged Met star—just an American singer who had secured an engagement at the opera in Monte Carlo. But her voice wasn't bad. It had a certain quality, and what it lacked in tone it made up for in volume. And someone at least had backed her to a wardrobe of marvelous clothes that made even my one Mainbocher look like a limp rag.

She had no false modesty. She liked to sing, and at the flicker of an eyelash she would burst into arias from "Thais" and "Manon"—showy bits, and as she sang she would strut about, showing off that fine figure of hers and thinking she was acting. Right! I didn't care much for her, and in fact, none of us did—except Peter Martin.

She seemed to be exactly what he had always been seeking in women. He reveled in her and tried to force her on the rest of us. It was obvious they had plunged into one of those equatorial affairs that make people totally oblivious to the feelings of anyone about them.

Almost before we realized it she had become the actual mistress of Les Roseaux. It was she who gave orders to the servants and made them toe the mark. It was she who did the planning of meals and made Madeleine, the gypsy, clean up her kitchen. Giulia told me all about it. She called it that grand scandal at the villa below.

We felt sorry for Mrs. Martin of course and championed her for a time among ourselves, and then, as is usually the case, pity gave way to contempt. None of *us* would stand for our husbands setting up a mistress in *our* house!

We continued going to the Martins' parties though and asking them to ours, because he really was entertaining and, after all, a celebrity. And, besides, it would have been too much trouble to make an open rift. It was none of our business how the Martins conducted their private lives. The households of few famous men would bear close inspection.

One day Giulia came to me in great excitement. The gardener of the Martins had been up asking to borrow a large gunny sack which he knew was in our garage. Giulia asked why he wanted it and with a broad grin the gardener said, "To drown the cats."

"Kittens?" Giulia asked.

"Cats," said Wioland. "Cats. All of them. There has been a scene . . . oh, la la . . . what a one!"

The opera singer liked birds and hated cats. She said they were cruel and wicked. So Mr. Martin drank a lot of liquor and announced he had been sick of cats for a long time. That to have one around was all right, but to have ten cats in one household made them look . . . eccentric.

Anna, weeping, told Giulia that night what happened. One by one Wioland

trapped the cats and put them in the sack, but the last one, the Rebouglie, as Giulia called it, could not be caught. Malformed as it was, the green-eyed cat proved quicker and more agile than the rest, to say nothing of being infinitely warier. At last she found a perch in a branch of a platane tree and sat there licking her paws and staring at him.

Wioland, the gardener, shook his fist up at the tree, and went into the house for the master's shotgun. He fired three times.

"And where was Madame Martin during all this?" I asked Giulia.

Ah, there had been a scene of course. She had been really angry, she threatened this and that, then she pleaded and wept, and finally she locked herself in the studio over the garage where she could not hear or see what was going on.

"And so the gardener shot the crippled cat and drowned the rest?"

"The rest he drowned," Giulia said, "and he boasted he had hit the Rebouglie with his first bullet. But that Wioland has never been able to shoot anything in his life—not even a rabbit. He is a terrible liar . . . and now he who has sworn a pledge and given it to the priest, never to drink anything stronger than wine, is drinking dry all the cafés on the waterfront of Bandol and telling everyone who will listen and buy him more *pastis*, how he got the better of the cat that the devil spawned . . . so we know he is lying again."

That week-end we had a number of guests, most of whom left Sunday afternoon by car. But there was one who was taking the midnight train to Paris and we went to the station in Bandol to see him off.

It was dark on the platform and the train was late. We spent the time walking up and down and talking. Somebody was seated on a bench near the end of the platform, a woman. But it was dark and we could make out no more than her general outline. It was only when the train came rushing into the station with its flashes of light that we recognized the solitary traveler. It was Mrs. Martin, in traveling clothes, carrying a suitcase.

"Going to Paris?" I asked stupidly.

She smiled, put out her little gloved hand, and shook mine, then my husband's, and nodded to our guest.

"Good-by," she said and climbed into a second-class compartment. Our friend had entered one reserved for smokers, and at first I was sorry, because he liked pretty women and might have sat with her during the journey. But then I remembered how shy she was and thought she would probably prefer being alone. That was the last any of us ever saw of Mrs. Martin.

The next morning the milkman, making his rounds, stopped first, at six o'clock, at the Villa des Roseaux. The weather was fine. Three days of mistral had blown the clouds and dust away. The Mediterranean was blue, the sky clear. And the milkman, who had just left his bride of a month sleeping contentedly in bed, whistled his version of the "Peanut Vender," a song which the loudspeakers along the quai were blasting that season. Although he planned, as usual, to leave something less than a liter of bluish milk in the covered pan the Martins' cook put out for him, his conscience didn't trouble him. The smallest order one ought to expect from such a house was three liters. Mean people deserved to be cheated a little.

He entered the gates of the Villa des Roseaux, swinging his pail and ladle. But as he saw the table with the oilcloth cover he slowed his steps.

Tiens! This was a pretty state of affairs. The master and his woman guest had obviously fallen asleep last night over their whiskies, and nobody had had the delicacy to put them to bed!

The milkman walked softly so as not to disturb them. He was looking for Madeleine's receptacle, but it wasn't on the table where he usually found it. There was only a nearly empty bottle and two glasses, and the master's arms and head which were sprawled across the oilcloth.

The woman who, people said, was a singer of operas, lay back in her chair with her face upturned. Her eyes, strangely enough, were open.

Warily the milkman came closer . . . he was fascinated by something he now saw. The bosom of the singer's dress was dyed crimson . . . and—Mother of God!—that was because her throat had been slashed from ear to ear.

It was then he became conscious of a strange soft sound and, looking up in the direction in which the woman's eyes were staring, he swears he saw the green-eyed cat, in the branches of the platane tree.

It was a horrible thing to have happened on our lovely shore. We could talk of nothing else for months, and it cast a cloud over all of us. There was something particularly gruesome in the thought of those two out there all night—in the courtyard where nightingales have been known to sing: the man whose sins we had forgiven because of his brilliant mind, sprawling there in a drugged torpor, while the singer sat opposite all night long, with her white throat gashed and her Paris gown stained an ugly red.

It was so brutal we hated to believe the coroner's verdict that accused gentle Mrs. Martin of the deed.

"Vengeance," the inquest decided. "*Crime passionel.*"

I often remember how calm she was when she said good-by to us that night on the Bandol platform. She had seemed in perfect possession of her mind, and somehow, now that I think of it, at peace.

Giulia, in the rare letters that come through to me now from the south of France, has written that the green-eyed cat, whom Wioand swears he shot with the master's rifle, is seen occasionally in the courtyard of the Villa des Roseaux. I suppose it is starving again, poor thing.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is the setting of the story? Give the locations of all places named.
2. Describe the Villa des Roseaux.
3. What were the living habits of the Martins?
4. Describe Mrs. Martin; Mr. Martin. What was the attitude of Mrs. Martin toward her husband?
5. Describe the tea party of the Martins'.
6. Give some idea of the Martins' household establishment.

7. Explain the allusion to bullfights and Hemingway.
8. How did Mr. Martin torture his wife at the dinner?
9. Explain: "I guess the word for my wife is zoophile."
10. How did Mrs. Martin defend her love of animals?
11. Explain: "a law . . . written in a Book they all read."
12. Describe the green-eyed cat.
13. Recount the first encounter of Marilyn and the green-eyed cat.
14. Explain: "tull-fledged Met star."
15. Describe the opera singer.
16. Why were the Martins' cats destroyed? How did the green-eyed cat escape?
17. What was the last seen of Mrs. Martin?
18. How did the milkman justify giving the Martins short measure and poor milk?
19. What did the milkman discover at the Martins' villa?
20. Did Wloland kill the green-eyed cat?
21. Define: *villa*, *beret*, *pensions de famille*, *platane tree*, *mistral*, *dépendance*, *pomegranate tree*, *apéritif*, *espadrilles*, *capuchin sandal*, *homme de lettres*, *étrangers*, *cordon bleu wages*, *mou*, *Mainbocher*, *canapés*, *aria*, *gunny sack*, *tiens*, *crime passionnel*.

Round Table

1. Assume that the class is a jury, and argue the guilt or innocence of Mrs. Martin.
2. Debate: A person with a brilliant mind is justified in being morally irregular.
3. Attack or defend Mrs. Martin's philosophy of the relative kindness of human and brute animals.
4. As a study in the psychology of marital relationships *The Green-Eyed Cat* is a stronger (or weaker) story than Stegner's *Butcher Bird* (p. 389 ff).

Paper Work

1. Write an analysis of the author's technique: compression, restraint, atmosphere, local color, suspense, climax.
2. Comment on the cool and impersonal attitude of the narrator toward the events reported. Is this more or less effective than an emotional approach?
3. Write a theme on one of the following topics:
 - (a) I Know a Man (or Woman) Who Likes to Torture His Wife (or Her Husband) in Public.
 - (b) I Know a Man (or Woman) Who Selfishly and Completely Eclipses His Wife (or Her Husband).
 - (c) The Symbolism of the Green-Eyed Cat.
4. Write a review of Ernest Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*.

5. Write a definition of sadistic psychology, with case illustrations.
6. Write an analysis of your personal reactions on seeing a bullfight, dog-fight, or death by violence of a dumb animal.
7. Write a "triangle story" on the theme of female jealousy.

EUDORA WELTY had to go back to her home town, Jackson, Mississippi, to find herself. Daughter of the head of a Southern insurance company, she studied at the University of Wisconsin and then came to New York to attend the Columbia School of Business, where she hoped to learn how to be a writer of advertising copy. All this while, however, she was concocting stories of romantic and melodramatic adventure in Paris. Finding herself temperamentally unsuited for an advertising career, she returned to Jackson and started writing about what she knew. "I was older," she confided to Robert van Gelder who interviewed her for *The New York Times*, "and I guess had a little more sense so that I could see the great rift between what I wrote and what was the real thing." Back in Jackson, she held a variety of jobs—at one time not only writing "everything that was said over a small-town radio station" but fan letters to herself to keep her job. Eventually the stories she was writing found a market, and in 1941 the publication of *A Curtain of Green* firmly established Miss Welty as one of the best-functioning craftsmen in the short-story field.

POWERHOUSE *

EUDORA WELTY

POWERHOUSE is playing! He's here on tour from the city—"Powerhouse and His Keyboard"—"Powerhouse and His Tasmanians"—think of the things he calls himself! There's no one in the world like him. You can't tell what he is. "Nigger man"?—he looks more Asiatic, monkey, Jewish, Babylonian, Peruvian, fanatic, devil. He has pale gray eyes, heavy lids, maybe horny like a lizard's, but big glowing eyes when they're open. He has African feet of the greatest size, stomping, both together, on each side of the pedals. He's not coal black—beverage colored—looks like a preacher when his mouth is shut, but then it opens—vast and obscene. And his mouth is going every minute: like a monkey's when it looks for something. Improvising, coming on a light and childish melody—*smooch*—he loves it with his mouth.

Is it possible that he could be this! When you have him there performing for you, that's what you feel. You know people on a stage—and people of a darker race—so likely to be marvelous, frightening.

This is a white dance. Powerhouse is not a show-off like the Harlem boys, not drunk, not crazy—he's in a trance; he's a person of joy, a fanatic. He listens as much as he performs, a look of hideous, powerful rapture on his face. Big arched eyebrows that never stop traveling, like a Jew's—wandering-Jew eyebrows. When he plays he beats down piano and seat and wears them away. He is in motion every moment—what could be more obscene? There he is with his great head, fat stomach, and little round piston legs, and long yellow-sectioned strong big fingers, at rest about the size of bananas. Of course you know how he sounds—you've heard him on records—but still you need to see him. He's going all the time, like skating around the skating rink or rowing a boat. It

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makes everybody crowd around, here in this shadowless steel-tussed hall with the rose-like posters of Nelson Eddy and the testimonial for the mind-reading horse in handwriting magnified five hundred times. Then all quietly he lays his finger on a key with the promise and serenity of a sibyl touching the book.

Powerhouse is so monstrous he sends everybody into oblivion. When any group, any performers, come to town, don't people always come out and hover near, leaning inward about them, to learn what it is? What is it? Listen. Remember how it was with the acrobats. Watch them carefully, hear the least word, especially what they say to one another, in another language—don't let them escape you; it's the only time for hallucination, the last time. They can't stay. They'll be somewhere else this time tomorrow.

Powerhouse has as much as possible done by signals. Everybody, laughing as if to hide a weakness, will sooner or later hand him up a written request. Powerhouse reads each one, studying with a secret face: that is the face which looks like a mask—anybody's; there is a moment when he makes a decision. Then a light slides under his eyelids, and he says, "92!" or some combination of figures—never a name. Before a number the band is all frantic, misbehaving, pushing, like children in a school-room, and he is the teacher getting silence. His hands over the keys, he says sternly, "You-all ready? You-all ready to do some serious walking?"—waits—then, STAMP. Quiet. STAMP, for the second time. This is absolute. Then a set of rhythmic kicks against the floor to communicate the tempo. Then, O Lord! say the distended eyes from beyond the boundary of the trumpets, Hello and good-by, and they are all down the first note like a waterfall.

This note marks the end of any known discipline. Powerhouse seems to abandon them all—he himself seems lost—down in the song, yelling up like somebody in a whirlpool—not guiding them—hailing them only. But he knows, really. He cries out, but he must know exactly. "Mercy! . . . What I say! . . . Yeah!" And then drifting, listening—"Where that skin beater?"—wanting drums, and starting up and pouring it out in the greatest delight and brutality. On the sweet pieces such a leer for everybody! He looks down so benevolently upon all our faces and whispers the lyrics to us. And if you could hear him at this moment on "Marie, the Dawn is Breaking"! He's going up the keyboard with a few fingers in some very derogatory triplet-routine, he gets higher and higher, and then he looks over the end of the piano, as if over a cliff. But not in a show-off way—the song makes him do it.

He loves the way they all play, too—all those next to him. The far section of the band is all studious, wearing glasses, every one—they don't count. Only those playing around Powerhouse are the real ones. He has a bass fiddler from Vicksburg, black as pitch, named Valentine, who plays with his eyes shut and talking to himself, very young: Powerhouse has to keep encouraging him. "Go on, go on, give it up, bring it on out there!" When you heard him like that on records, did you know he was really pleading?

He calls Valentine out to take a solo.

"What you going to play?" Powerhouse looks out kindly from behind the piano; he opens his mouth and shows his tongue, listening.

Valentine looks down, drawing against his instrument, and says without a lip movement, "Honeysuckle Rose."

He has a clarinet player named Little Brother, and loves to listen to anything he does. He'll smile and say, "Beautiful!" Little Brother takes a step forward when he plays and stands at the very front, with the whites of his eyes like fishes swimming. Once when he played a low note, Powerhouse muttered in dirty praise, "He went clear downstairs to get that one!"

After a long time, he holds up the number of fingers to tell the band how many choruses still to go—usually five. He keeps his directions down to signals.

It's a bad night outside. It's a white dance, and nobody dances, except a few straggling jitterbugs and two elderly couples. Everybody just stands around the band and watches Powerhouse. Sometimes they steal glances at one another, as if to say, Of course, you know how it is with *them*—Negroes—band leaders—they would play the same way, giving all they've got, for an audience of one. . . . When somebody, no matter who, gives everything, it makes people feel ashamed for him.

Late at night they play the one waltz they will ever consent to play—by request, "Pagan Love Song." Powerhouse's head rolls and sinks like a weight between his waving shoulders. He groans, and his fingers drag into the keys heavily, holding on to the notes, retrieving. It is a sad song.

"You know what happened to me?" says Powerhouse.

Valentine hums a response, dreaming at the bass.

"I got a telegram my wife is dead," says Powerhouse, with wandering fingers. "Uh-huh?"

His mouth gathers and forms a barbarous O while his fingers walk up straight, unwillingly, three octaves.

"Gypsy? Why how come her to die, didn't you just phone her up in the night last night long distance?"

"Telegram say—here the words: Your wife is dead." He puts 4/4 over the 3/4.

"Not but four words?" This is the drummer, an unpopular boy named Scoot, a disbelieving maniac.

Powerhouse is shaking his vast cheeks. "What the hell was she trying to do? What was she up to?"

"What name has it got signed, if you got a telegram?" Scoot is spitting away with those wire brushes.

Little Brother, the clarinet player, who cannot now speak, glares and tilts back.

"Uranus Knockwood is the name signed." Powerhouse lifts his eyes open. "Ever heard of him?" A bubble shoots out on his lip like a plate on a counter.

Valentine is beating slowly on with his palm and scratching the strings with his long blue nails. He is fond of a waltz, Powerhouse interrupts him.

"I don't know him. Don't know who he is." Valentine shakes his head with the closed eyes.

"Say it agin."

"Uranus Knockwood."

"That ain't Lenox Avenue."

"It ain't Broadway."

"Ain't ever seen it wrote out in any print, even for horse racing."

"Hell, that's on a star, boy, ain't it?" Crash of the cymbals.

"What the hell was she up to?" Powerhouse shudders. "Tell me, tell me, tell me." He makes triplets, and begins a new chorus. He holds three fingers up.

"You say you got a telegram." This is Valentine, patient and sleepy, beginning again.

Powerhouse is elaborate. "Yas, the time I go out, go way downstairs along a long cor-ri-dor to where they puts us: coming back along the cor-ri-dor: steps out and hands me a telegram: Your wife is dead."

"Gypsy?" The drummer like a spider over his drums.

"Aaaaaaaa!" shouts Powerhouse, flinging out both powerful arms for three whole beats to flex his muscles, then kneading a dough of bass notes. His eyes glitter. He plays the piano like a drum sometimes—why not?

"Gypsy? Such a dancer?"

"Why you don't hear it straight from your agent? Why it ain't come from headquarters? What you been doing, getting telegrams in the *corridor*, signed nobody?"

They all laugh. End of that chorus.

"What time is it?" Powerhouse calls. "What the hell place is this? Where is my watch and chain?"

"I hang it on you," whimpers Valentine. "It still there."

There it rides on Powerhouse's great stomach, down where he can never see it.

"Sure did hear some clock striking twelve while ago. Must be *midnight*."

"It going to be intermission," Powerhouse declares, lifting up his finger with the signet ring.

He draws the chorus to an end. He pulls a big Northern hotel towel out of the deep pocket in his vast, special-cut tux pants and pushes his forehead into it.

"If she went and killed herself!" he says with a hidden face. "If she up and jumped out that window!" He gets to his feet, turning vaguely, wearing the towel on his head.

"Ha, ha!"

"Sheik, sheik!"

"She wouldn't do that." Little Brother sets down his clarinet like a precious vase, and speaks. He still looks like an East Indian queen, implacable, divine, and full of snakes. "You ain't going to expect people doing what they says over long distance."

"Come on!" roars Powerhouse. He is already at the back door, he has pulled it wide open, and with a wild, gathered-up face is smelling the terrible night.

Powerhouse, Valentine, Scoot and Little Brother step outside into the drenching rain.

"Well, they emptying buckets," says Powerhouse in a mollified voice. On the street he holds his hands out and turns up the blanched palms like sieves.

A hundred dark, ragged, silent, delighted Negroes have come around from under the eaves of the hall, and follow wherever they go.

"Watch out Little Brother don't shrink," says Powerhouse. "You just the right size now, clarinet don't suck you in. You got a dry throat, Little Brother, you in the desert?" He reaches into the pocket and pulls out a paper of mints. "Now hold 'em in your mouth—don't chew 'em. I don't carry around nothing without limit."

"Go in that joint and have beer," says Scoot, who walks ahead.

"Beer? Beer? You know what beer is? What do they say is beer? What's beer? Where I been?"

"Down yonder where it say World Café—that do?" They are in Negrotown now.

Valentine patters over and holds open a screen door warped like a sea shell, bitter in the wet, and they walk in, stained darker with the rain and leaving footprints. Inside, sheltered dry smells stand like screens around a table covered with a red-checkered cloth, in the center of which flies hang onto an obelisk-shaped ketchup bottle. The midnight walls are checkered again with admonishing "Not Responsible" signs and black-figured, smoky calendars. It is a waiting, silent, limp room. There is a burned-out-looking nickelodeon and right beside it a long-necked wall instrument labeled "Business Phone, Don't Keep Talking. Circled phone numbers are written up everywhere. There is a worn-out peacock feather hanging by a thread to an old, thin, pink, exposed light bulb, where it slowly turns around and around, whoever breathes.

A waitress watches.

"Come here, living statue, and get all this big order of beer we fixing to give."

"Never seen you before anywhere." The waitress moves and comes forward and slowly shows little gold leaves and tendrils over her teeth. She shoves up her shoulders and breasts. "How I going to know who you might be? Robbers? Coming in out of the black of night right at midnight, setting down so big at my table?"

"Boogers," says Powerhouse, his eyes opening lazily as in a cave.

The girl screams delicately with pleasure. O Lord, she likes talk and scares.

"Where you going to find enough beer to put out on this here table?"

She runs to the kitchen with bent elbows and sliding steps.

"Here's a million nickels," says Powerhouse, pulling his hand out of his pocket and sprinkling coins out, all but the last one, which he makes vanish like a magician.

Valentine and Scoot take the money over to the nickelodeon, which looks as battered as a slot machine, and read all the names of the records out loud.

"Whose 'Tuxedo Junction'?" asks Powerhouse.

"You know whose."

"Nickelodeon, I request you please to play 'Empty Bed Blues' and let Bessie Smith sing."

Silence: they hold it like a measure.

"Bring me all those nickels on back here," says Powerhouse. "Look at that! What you tell me the name of this place?"

"White dance, week night, raining, Alligator, Mississippi, long ways from home."

"Uh-huh."

"Sent for You Yesterday and Here You Come Today" plays.

The waitress, setting the tray of beer down on a back table, comes up taut and apprehensive as a hen. "Says in the kitchen, back there putting their eyes to little hole peeping out, that you is Mr. Powerhouse. . . . They knows from a picture they seen."

"They seeing right tonight, that is him," says Little Brother.

"You him?"

"That is him in the flesh," says Scoot.

"Does you wish to touch him?" asks Valentine. "Because he don't bite."

"You passing through?"

"Now you got everything right."

She waits like a drop, hands languishing together in front.

"Little-Bit, ain't you going to bring the beer?"

She brings it, and goes behind the cash register and smiles, turning different ways. The little fillet of gold in her mouth is gleaming.

"The Mississippi River's here," she says once.

Now all the watching Negroes press in gently and bright-eyed through the door, as many as can get in. One is a little boy in a straw sombrero which has been coated with aluminum paint all over.

Powerhouse, Valentine, Scoot and Little Brother drink beer, and their eyelids come together like curtains. The wall and the rain and the humble beautiful waitress waiting on them and the other Negroes watching enclose them.

"Listen!" whispers Powerhouse, looking into the ketchup bottle and slowly spreading his performer's hands over the damp, wrinkling cloth with the red squares. "Listen how it is. My wife gets missing me. Gypsy. She goes to the window. She looks out and sees you know what. Street. Sign saying Hotel. People walking. Somebody looks up. Old man. She looks down, out the window. Well? . . . Ssssst! Plooy! What she do? Jump out and bust her brains all over the world."

He opens his eyes.

"That's it," agrees Valentine. "You gets a telegram."

"Sure she misses you," Little Brother adds.

"No, it's night time." How softly he tells them! "Sure. It's the night time. She say, What do I hear? Footsteps walking up the hall? That him? Footsteps go on off. It's not me. I'm in Alligator, Mississippi, she's crazy. Shaking all over. Listens till her ears and all grow out like old music-box horns but still she can't hear a thing. She says, All right! I'll jump out the window then. Got on her nightgown. I know that nightgown, and her thinking there. Says, Ho hum, all right, and jumps out the window. Is she mad at me! Is she crazy! She don't leave *nothing* behind her!"

"Yal Hal!"

"Brains and insides everywhere, Lord, Lord."

All the watching Negroes stir in their delight, and to their higher delight he says affectionately, "Listen! Rats in here."

"That must be the way, boss."

"Only, naw, Powerhouse, that ain't true. That sound too *bad*."

"Does? I even know who finds her," cries Powerhouse. "That no-good pussyfooted crooning creeper, that creeper that follow around after me, coming up like weeds behind me, following around after me everything I do and messing

around on the trail I leave. Bets my numbers, sings my songs, gets close to my agent like a Betsy-bug; when I going out he just coming in. I got him now! I got my eye on him."

"Know who he is?"

"Why it's that old Uranus Knockwood!"

"Ya! Ha!"

"Yeah, and he coming now, he going to find Gypsy. There he is, coming around that corner, and Gypsy kadoodling down, oh-oh, watch out! *Ssssst! Plooey!* See, there she is in her little old nightgown, and her insides and brains all scattered round."

A sigh fills the room.

"Hush about her brains. Hush about her insides."

"Ya! Ha! You talking about her brains and insides—old Uranus Knockwood," says Powerhouse, "look down and say Jesus! He say, Look here what I'm walking round in!"

They all burst into halloos of laughter. Powerhouse's face looks like a big hot iron stove.

"Why, he picks her up and carries her off!" he says.

"Ya! Ha!"

"Carries her *back* around the corner. . . ."

"Oh, Powerhouse!"

"You know him."

"Uranus Knockwood!"

"Yeahhh!"

"He take our wives when we gone!"

"He come in when we goes out!"

"Uh-huh!"

"He go out when we comes in!"

"Yeahhh!"

"He standing behind the door!"

"Old Uranus Knockwood."

"You know him."

"Middle-size man."

"Wears a hat."

"That's him."

Everybody in the room moans with pleasure. The little boy in the fine silver hat opens a paper and divides out a jelly roll among his followers.

And out of the breathless ring somebody moves forward like a slave, leading a great logy Negro with bursting eyes, and says, "This here is Sugar-Stick Thompson, that dove down to the bottom of July Creek and pulled up all those drowned white people fall out of a boat. Last summer, pulled up fourteen."

"Hello," says Powerhouse, turning and looking around at them all with his great daring face until they nearly suffocate.

Sugar-Stick, their instrument, cannot speak; he can only look back at the others.

"Can't even swim. Done it by holding his breath." says the fellow with the hero.

Powerhouse looks at him seekingly.

"I his half brother," the fellow puts in.

They step back.

"Gypsy say," Powerhouse rumbles gently again, looking at *them*, "'What is the use? I'm gonna jump out so far—so far. . . ? Ssssst—!'"

"Don't, boss, don't do it agin," says Little Brother.

"It's awful," says the waitress. "I hates that Mr. Knockwoods. All that the truth?"

"Want to see the telegram I got from him?" Powerhouse's hand goes to the vast pocket.

"Now wait, now wait, boss." They all watch him.

"It must be the real truth," says the waitress, sucking in her lower lip, her luminous eyes turning sadly, seeking the windows.

"No, babe, it ain't the truth." His eyebrows fly up, and he begins to whisper to her out of his vast oven mouth. His hand stays in his pocket. "Truth is something worse, I ain't said what, yet. It's something hasn't come to me, but I ain't saying it won't. And when it does, then want me to tell you?" He sniffs all at once, his eyes come open and turn up, almost too far. He is dreamily smiling.

"Don't, boss, don't, Powerhouse!"

"Oh!" the waitress screams.

"Go on git out of here!" bellows Powerhouse, taking his hand out of his pocket and clapping after her red dress.

The ring of watchers breaks and falls away.

"*Look* at that! Intermission is up," says Powerhouse.

He folds money under a glass, and after they go out, Valentine leans back in and drops a nickel in the nickelodeon behind them, and it lights up and begins to play "The Goona Goo." The feather dangles still.

"Take a telegram!" Powerhouse shouts suddenly up into the rain over the street. "Take a answer. Now what was that name?"

They get a little tired.

"Uranus Knockwood."

"You ought to know."

"Yas? Spell it to me."

They spell it all the ways it could be spelled. It puts them in a wonderful humor.

"Here's the answer. I got it right here. 'What in the hell you talking about? Don't make any difference: I gotcha.' Name signed: Powerhouse."

"That going to reach him, Powerhouse?" Valentine speaks in a maternal voice.

"Yas, yas."

All hushing, following him up the dark street at a distance, like old rained-on black ghosts, the Negroes are afraid they will die laughing.

Powerhouse throws back his vast head into the steaming rain, and a look of hopeful desire seems to blow somehow like a vapor from his own dilated nostrils over his face and bring a mist to his eyes.

"Reach him and come out the other side."

"That's it, Powerhouse, that's it. You got him now."

Powerhouse lets out a long sigh.

"But ain't you going back there to call up Gypsy long distance, the way you did last night in that other place? I seen a telephone. . . . Just to see if she there at home?"

There is a measure of silence. That is one crazy drummer that's going to get his neck broken some day.

"No," growls Powerhouse. "No! How many thousand times tonight I got to say No?"

He holds up his arm in the rain.

"You sure-enough unroll your voice some night, it about reach up yonder to her," says Little Brother, dismayed.

They go on up the street, shaking the rain off and on them like birds.

Back in the dance hall, they play "San" (99). The jitterbugs start up like windmills stationed over the floor, and in their orbits—one circle, another, a long stretch and a zigzag—dance the elderly couples with old smoothness, undisturbed and stately.

When Powerhouse first came back from intermission, no doubt full of beer, they said, he got the band tuned up again in his own way. He didn't strike the piano keys for pitch—he simply opened his mouth and gave falsetto howls—in A, D and so on—they tuned by him. Then he took hold of the piano, as if he saw it for the first time in his life, and tested it for strength, hit it down in the bass, played an octave with his elbow, lifted the top, looked inside, and leaned against it with all his might. He sat down and played it for a few minutes with outrageous force and got it under his power—a bass deep and coarse as a sea net—then produced something glimmering and fragile, and smiled. And who could ever remember any of the things he says? They are just inspired remarks that roll out of his mouth like smoke.

They've requested "Somebody Loves Me," and he's already done twelve or fourteen choruses, piling them up nobody knows how, and it will be a wonder if he ever gets through. Now and then he calls and shouts, "Somebody loves me! Somebody loves me, I wonder who!" His mouth gets to be nothing but a volcano. "I wonder who!"

"Maybe . . ." He uses all his right hand on a trill.

"Maybe . . ." He pulls back his spread fingers, and looks out upon the place where he is. A vast, impersonal and yet furious grimace transfigures his wet face.

". . . Maybe it's you!"

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. In what way is the band leader's name appropriate?
2. Why does the author use "maybe" in the phrase "maybe horny like a lizard's" to describe the lids of Powerhouse's eyes?

3. Is "beverage colored" an adequate description of the color of Powerhouse?
4. How does Powerhouse differ from the Harlem Negroes?
5. How much of a celebrity is Powerhouse?
6. How does Powerhouse communicate to his band the piece to be played?
7. How does he set the rhythm?
8. What nickname does he use for the drummer?
9. Describe Valentine. What instrument does he play?
10. Interpret: "When somebody, no matter who, gives everything, it makes people feel ashamed for him."
11. What is the one waltz the band will play at request?
12. What line does the talk take while the waltz is being played?
13. Who signed the telegram to Powerhouse?
14. To whom does the drummer's query, "Gypsy?" refer? What is the implication?
15. Why do the other members cry "Sheik" at Powerhouse?
16. What danger, does Powerhouse intimate jocularly, may overtake Little Brother in the rain?
17. Where do Powerhouse and his cronies go during intermission?
18. Describe how Powerhouse orders beer.
19. How is the waitress' attitude different on her return from the kitchen?
20. What are some of Powerhouse's conjectures about Gypsy's death?
21. Who is "the creeper" identified as?
22. Why is Sugar-Stick Thompson introduced?
23. What answer does Powerhouse give the waitress before leaving the beer-joint?
24. What inappropriate query does the drummer make as the band is on its way back to the dance hall?
25. What is the significance of the closing words of the story?

Round Table

1. Has Powerhouse a wife? What is Powerhouse really afraid of?
2. Is this story told to reveal that the Negro delights in melodramatic horrors?
3. Is the feeling of shame engendered in the white crowd surrounding Powerhouse when he gives everything he has one evidence of the effect of an inferior race on a superior one?
4. Is Powerhouse a prodigious fakir?
5. Would the story have been more effective if the author had used modern swing jargon?

Paper Work

1. Write a description of an orchestra, paying especial attention to the rhythm you choose to convey its effect upon the reader.

2. Write an account of a friend who is "a jitterbug."
3. Write an account of a friend who is passionately devoted to either orchestra or band music.
4. Write an essay on theme songs.

*On the fingers of one hand can be counted the American writers of our time who have not only won but steadily retained the respect of their readers. In any such estimate the index finger should be kept for Willa Cather. Perhaps her success can be partially accounted for by the variety of appeal in her different books. For sophisticates, there are the Flaubertian novellettes, *A Lost Lady* (1923) and *My Mortal Enemy* (1926). For patriots, there is *One of Ours* (1922). For the sociologically minded and those interested in the psychology of youth, there is "Paul's Case" in *Youth* and *Bright Medusa* (1920). If one is willing to live in the past—is satisfied with the contemplative life—he may choose between the scholar's vision of the ideal existence in *The Professor's House* (1925) and the priest's in *Death Comes for the Archbishop* (1927). For Southerners, there is *Sapphira and the Slave Girl* (1941)—for which Miss Cather drew on her recollections as a very small girl in the Winchester Valley, in Virginia, long ago. For the Middle West, there are many tales, but perhaps *O Pioneers!* (1913) is most satisfactory. For optimists there are subtle variations on American "success stories" in *The Song of the Lark* (1915) and *Lucy Gayheart* (1935); and finally, if one likes to meet virtue in humble life, there is *My Ántonia* (1918) and *Obscure Destinies* (1932), in which "Neighbour Rosicky" is found.*

NEIGHBOUR ROSICKY*

WILLA CATHER

I

WHEN DOCTOR Burleigh told neighbour Rosicky he had a bad heart, Rosicky protested.

"So? No, I guess my heart was always pretty good. I got a little asthma, maybe. Just a awful short breath when I was pitchin' hay last summer, dat's all."

"Well now, Rosicky, if you know more about it than I do, what did you come to me for? It's your heart that makes you short of breath, I tell you. You're sixty-five years old, and you've always worked hard, and your heart's tired. You've got to be careful from now on, and you can't do heavy work any more. You've got five boys at home to do it for you."

The old farmer looked up at the Doctor with a gleam of amusement in his queer triangular-shaped eyes. His eyes were large and lively, but the lids were caught up in the middle in a curious way, so that they formed a triangle. He did not look like a sick man. His brown face was creased but not wrinkled, he had a ruddy colour in his smooth-shaven cheeks and in his lips, under his long brown moustache. His hair was thin and ragged around his ears, but very little grey. His forehead, naturally high and crossed by deep parallel lines, now ran all the way up to his pointed crown. Rosicky's face had the habit of looking interested,—suggested a contented disposition and a reflective quality that was gay rather than grave. This gave him a certain detachment, the easy manner of an onlooker and observer.

* Reprinted from *Obscure Destinies*, by Willa Cather, by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

"Well, I guess you ain't got no pills fur a bad heart, Doctor Ed. I guess the only thing is fur me to git me a new one."

Doctor Burleigh swung round in his deskchair and frowned at the old farmer. "I think if I were you I'd take a little care of the old one, Rosicky."

Rosicky shrugged. "Maybe I don't know how. I expect you mean fur me not to drink my coffee no more."

"I wouldn't, in your place. But you'll do as you choose about that. I've never yet been able to separate a Bohemian from his coffee or his pipe. I've quit trying. But the sure thing is you've got to cut out farm work. You can feed the stock and do chores about the barn, but you can't do anything in the fields that makes you short of breath."

"How about shelling corn?"

"Of course not!"

Rosicky considered with puckered brows.

"I can't make my heart go no longer'n it wants to, can I, Doctor Ed?"

"I think it's good for five or six years yet, maybe more, if you'll take the strain off it. Sit around the house and help Mary. If I had a good wife like yours, I'd want to stay around the house."

His patient chuckled. "It ain't no place fur a man. I don't like no old man hanging round the kitchen too much. An' my wife, she's a awful hard worker her own self."

"That's it; you can help her a little. My Lord, Rosicky, you are one of the few men I know who has a family he can get some comfort out of; happy dispositions, never quarrel among themselves, and they treat you right. I want to see you live a few years and enjoy them."

"Oh, they're good kids, all right," Rosicky assented.

The Doctor wrote him a prescription and asked him how his oldest son, Rudolph, who had married in the spring, was getting on. Rudolph had struck out for himself, on rented land. "And how's Polly? I was afraid Mary mightn't like an American daughter-in-law, but it seems to be working out all right."

"Yes, she's a fine girl. Dat widder woman bring her daughters up very nice. Polly got lots of spunk, an' she got some style, too. Da's nice, for young folks to have some style." Rosicky inclined his head gallantly. His voice and his twinkly smile were an affectionate compliment to his daughter-in-law.

"It looks like a storm, and you'd better be getting home before it comes. In town in the car?" Doctor Burleigh rose.

"No, I'm in de wagon. When you got five boys, you ain't got much chance to ride round in de Ford. I ain't much for cars, noway."

"Well, it's a good road out to your place; but I don't want you bumping around in a wagon much. And never again on a hay-rake, remember!"

Rosicky placed the Doctor's fee delicately behind the desk-telephone, looking the other way, as if this were an absent-minded gesture. He put on his plush cap and his corduroy jacket with a sheepskin collar, and went out.

The Doctor picked up his stethoscope and frowned at it as if he were seriously annoyed with the instrument. He wished it had been telling tales about some other man's heart, some old man who didn't look the Doctor in the eye so knowingly, or hold out such a warm brown hand when he said good-bye. Doctor

Burleigh had been a poor boy in the country before he went away to medical school; he had known Rosicky almost ever since he could remember, and he had a deep affection for Mrs. Rosicky.

Only last winter he had had such a good breakfast at Rosicky's, and that when he needed it. He had been out all night on a long, hard confinement case at Tom Marshall's,—a big rich farm where there was plenty of stock and plenty of feed and a great deal of expensive farm machinery of the newest model, and no comfort whatever. The woman had too many children and too much work, and she was no manager. When the baby was born at last, and handed over to the assisting neighbour woman, and the mother was properly attended to, Burleigh refused any breakfast in that slovenly house, and drove his buggy—the snow was too deep for a car—eight miles to Anton Rosicky's place. He didn't know another farm-house where a man could get such a warm welcome, and such good strong coffee with rich cream. No wonder the old chap didn't want to give up his coffee!

He had driven in just when the boys had come back from the barn and were washing up for breakfast. The long table, covered with a bright oilcloth, was set out with dishes waiting for them, and the warm kitchen was full of the smell of coffee and hot biscuit and sausage. Five big handsome boys, running from twenty to twelve, all with what Burleigh called natural good manners,—they hadn't a bit of the painful self-consciousness he himself had to struggle with when he was a lad. One ran to put his horse away, another helped him off with his fur coat and hung it up, and Josephine, the youngest child and the only daughter, quickly set another place under her mother's direction.

With Mary, to feed creatures was the natural expression of affection,—her chickens, the calves, her big hungry boys. It was a rare pleasure to feed a young man whom she seldom saw and of whom she was as proud as if he belonged to her. Some country housekeepers would have stopped to spread a white cloth over the oilcloth, to change the thick cups and plates for their best china, and the wooden-handled knives for plated ones. But not Mary.

"You must take us as you find us, Doctor Ed. I'd be glad to put out my good things for you if you was expected, but I'm glad to get you any way at all."

He knew she was glad,—she threw back her head and spoke out as if she were announcing him to the whole prairie. Rosicky hadn't said anything at all; he merely smiled his twinkling smile, put some more coal on the fire, and went into his own room to pour the Doctor a little drink in a medicine glass. When they were all seated, he watched his wife's face from his end of the table and spoke to her in Czech. Then, with the instinct of politeness which seldom failed him, he turned to the Doctor and said slyly; "I was just tellin' her not to ask you no questions about Mrs. Marshall till you eat some breakfast. My wife, she's terrible fur to ask questions."

The boys laughed, and so did Mary. She watched the Doctor devour her biscuit and sausage, too much excited to eat anything herself. She drank her coffee and sat taking in everything about her visitor. She had known him when he was a poor country boy, and was boastfully proud of his success, always saying: "What do people go to Omaha for, to see a doctor, when we got the best one in the State right here?" If Mary liked people at all, she felt physical pleasure

in the sight of them, personal exultation in any good fortune that came to them. Burieigh didn't know many women like that, but he knew she was like that.

When his hunger was satisfied, he did, of course, have to tell them about Mrs. Marshall, and he noticed what a friendly interest the boys took in the matter.

Rudolph, the oldest one (he was still living at home then), said: "The last time I was over there, she was lifting them big heavy milkcans, and I knew she oughtn't to be doing it."

"Yes, Rudolph told me about that when he come home, and I said it wasn't right," Mary put in warmly. "It was all right for me to do them things up to the last, for I was terrible strong, but that woman's weakly. And do you think she'll be able to nurse it, Ed?" She sometimes forgot to give him the title she was so proud of. "And to think of your being up all night and then not able to get a decent breakfast! I don't know what's the matter with such people."

"Why, Mother," said one of the boys, "if Doctor Ed had got breakfast there, we wouldn't have him here. So you ought to be glad."

"He knows I'm glad to have him, John, any time. But I'm sorry for that poor woman, how bad she'll feel the Doctor had to go away in the cold without his breakfast."

"I wish I'd been in practice when these were getting born." The doctor looked down the row of close-clipped heads. "I missed some good breakfasts by not being."

The boys began to laugh at their mother because she flushed so red, but she stood her ground and threw up her head. "I don't care, you wouldn't have got away from this house without breakfast. No doctor ever did. I'd have had something ready fixed that Anton could warm up for you."

The boys laughed harder than ever, and exclaimed at her: "I'll bet you would!" "She would, that!"

"Father, did you get breakfast for the doctor when we were born?"

"Yes, and he used to bring me my breakfast, too, mighty nice. I was always awful hungry!" Mary admitted with a guilty laugh.

While the boys were getting the Doctor's horse, he went to the window to examine the house plants. "What do you do to your geraniums to keep them blooming all winter, Mary? I never pass this house that from the road I don't see your windows full of flowers."

She snapped off a dark red one, and a ruffled new green leaf, and put them in his buttonhole. "There, that looks better. You look too solemn for a young man, Ed. Why don't you git married? I'm worried about you. Settin' at breakfast, I looked at you real hard, and I seen you've got some grey hairs already."

"Oh, yes! They're coming. Maybe they'd come faster if I married."

"Don't talk so. You'll ruin your health eating at the hotel. I could send your wife a nice loaf of nut bread, if you only had one. I don't like to see a young man getting grey. I'll tell you something, Ed; you make some strong black tea and keep it handy in a bowl, and every morning just brush it into your hair, an' it'll keep the grey from showin' much. That's the way I do!"

Sometimes the Doctor heard the gossipers in the drug-store wondering why Rosicky didn't get on faster. He was industrious, and so were his boys, but

they were rather free and easy, weren't pushers, and they didn't always show good judgment. They were comfortable, they were out of debt, but they didn't get much ahead. Maybe, Doctor Burleigh reflected, people as generous and warm-hearted and affectionate as the Rosickys never got ahead much; maybe you couldn't enjoy your life and put it into the bank, too.

II

When Rosicky left Doctor Burleigh's office he went into the farm-implement store to light his pipe and put on his glasses and read over the list Mary had given him. Then he went into the general merchandise place next door and stood about until the pretty girl with the plucked eyebrows, who always waited on him, was free. Those eyebrows, two thin India-ink strokes, amused him, because he remembered how they used to be. Rosicky always prolonged his shopping by a little joking; the girl knew the old fellow admired her, and she liked to chaff with him.

"Seems to me about every other week you buy ticking, Mr. Rosicky, and always the best quality," she remarked as she measured off the heavy bolt with red stripes.

"You see, my wife is always makin' goose-fedder pillows, an' de thin stuff don't hold in dem little down-fedders."

"You must have lots of pillows at your house."

"Sure. She makes quilts of dem, too. We sleeps easy. Now she's makin' a fedder quilt for my son's wife. You know Polly, that married my Rudolph. How much my bill, Miss Pearl?"

"Eight eighty-five."

"Chust make it nine, and put in some candy fur de women."

"As usual. I never did see a man buy so much candy for his wife. First thing you know, she'll be getting too fat."

"I'd like dat. I ain't much for all dem slim women like what de style is now."

"That's one for me, I suppose, Mr. Bohunk!" Pearl sniffed and elevated her India-ink strokes.

When Rosicky went out to his wagon, it was beginning to snow,—the first snow of the season, and he was glad to see it. He rattled out of town and along the highway through a wonderfully rich stretch of country, the finest farms in the county. He admired this High Prairie, as it was called, and always liked to drive through it. His own place lay in a rougher territory, where there was some clay in the soil and it was not so productive. When he bought his land, he hadn't the money to buy on High Prairie; so he told his boys, when they grumbled, that if their land hadn't some clay in it, they wouldn't own it at all. All the same, he enjoyed looking at these fine farms, as he enjoyed looking at a prize bull.

After he had gone eight miles, he came to the graveyard, which lay just at the edge of his own hay-land. There he stopped his horses and sat still on his wagon seat, looking about at the snowfall. Over yonder on the hill he could see his own house, crouching low, with the clump of orchard behind and the wind-mill before, and all down the gentle hill-slope the rows of pale gold cornstalks stood out against the white field. The snow was falling over the cornfield and

the pasture and the hay-land, steadily, with very little wind,—a nice dry snow. The graveyard had only a light wire fence about it and was all overgrown with long red grass. The fine snow, settling into this red grass and upon the few little evergreens and the headstones, looked very pretty.

It was a nice graveyard, Rosicky reflected, sort of snug and homelike, not cramped or mournful,—a big sweep all round it. A man could lie down in the long grass and see the complete arch of the sky over him, hear the wagons go by; in summer the mowing-machine rattled right up to the wire fence. And it was so near home. Over there across the cornstalks his own roof and windmill looked so good to him that he promised himself to mind the Doctor and take care of himself. He was awful fond of his place, he admitted. He wasn't anxious to leave it. And it was a comfort to think that he would never have to go farther than the edge of his own hayfield. The snow, falling over his barnyard and the graveyard, seemed to draw things together like. And they were all old neighbours in the graveyard, most of them friends; there was nothing to feel awkward or embarrassed about. Embarrassment was the most disagreeable feeling Rosicky knew. He didn't often have it,—only with certain people whom he didn't understand at all.

Well, it was a nice snowstorm; a fine sight to see the snow falling so quietly and graciously over so much open country. On his cap and shoulders, on the horses' backs and manes, light, delicate, mysterious it fell; and with it a dry cool fragrance was released into the air. It meant rest for vegetation and men and beasts, for the ground itself; a season of long nights for sleep, leisurely breakfasts, peace by the fire. This and much more went through Rosicky's mind, but he merely told himself that winter was coming, clucked to his horses, and drove on.

When he reached home, John, the youngest boy, ran out to put away his team for him, and he met Mary coming up from the outside cellar with her apron full of carrots. They went into the house together. On the table, covered with oilcloth figured with clusters of blue grapes, a place was set, and he smelled hot coffee-cake of some kind. Anton never lunched in town; he thought that extravagant, and anyhow he didn't like the food. So Mary always had something ready for him when he got home.

After he was settled in his chair, stirring his coffee in a big cup, Mary took out of the oven a pan of *kolache* stuffed with apricots, examined them anxiously to see whether they had got too dry, put them beside his plate, and then sat down opposite him.

Rosicky asked her in Czech if she wasn't going to have any coffee.

She replied in English, as being somehow the right language for transacting business: "Now what did Doctor Ed say, Anton? You tell me just what."

"He said I was to tell you some compliments, but I forgot 'em." Rosicky's eyes twinkled.

"About you, I mean. What did he say about your asthma?"

"He says I ain't got no asthma." Rosicky took one of the little rolls in his broad brown fingers. The thickened nail of his right thumb told the story of his past.

"Well, what is the matter? And don't try to put me off."

"He don't say nothing much, only I'm a little older, and my heart ain't so good like it used to be."

Mary started and brushed her hair back from her temples with both hands as if she were a little out of her mind. From the way she glared, she might have been in a rage with him.

"He says there's something the matter with your heart? Doctor Ed says so?"

"Now don't yell at me like I was a hog in de garden, Mary. You know I always did like to hear a woman talk soft. He didn't say anything de matter wid my heart, only it ain't so young like it used to be, an' he tell me not to pitch hay or run de corn-sheller."

Mary wanted to jump up, but she sat still. She admired the way he never under any circumstances raised his voice or spoke roughly. He was city-bred, and she was country-bred; she often said she wanted her boys to have their papa's nice ways.

"You never have no pain there, do you? It's your breathing and your stomach that's been wrong. I wouldn't believe nobody but Doctor Ed about it. I guess I'll go see him myself. Didn't he give you no advice?"

"Chust to take it easy like, an' stay round de house dis winter. I guess you got some carpenter work for me to do. I kin make some new shelves for you, and I want dis long time to build a closet in de boys' room and make dem two little fellers keep dere clo'es hung up."

Rosicky drank his coffee from time to time, while he considered. His moustache was of the soft long variety and came down over his mouth like the teeth of a buggy-rake over a bundle of hay. Each time he put down his cup, he ran his blue handkerchief over his lips. When he took a drink of water, he managed very neatly with the back of his hand.

Mary sat watching him intently, trying to find any change in his face. It is hard to see anyone who has become like your own body to you. Yes, his hair had got thin, and his high forehead had deep lines running from left to right. But his neck, always clean shaved except in the busiest seasons, was not loose or baggy. It was burned a dark reddish brown, and there were deep creases in it, but it looked firm and full of blood. His cheeks had a good colour. On either side of his mouth there was a half-moon down the length of his cheek, not wrinkles, but two lines that had come there from his habitual expression. He was shorter and broader than when she married him; his back had grown broad and curved, a good deal like the shell of an old turtle, and his arms and legs were short.

He was fifteen years older than Mary, but she had hardly ever thought about it before. He was her man, and the kind of man she liked. She was rough, and he was gentle,—city-bred, as she always said. They had been shipmates on a rough voyage and had stood by each other in trying times. Life had gone well with them because, at bottom, they had the same ideas about life. They agreed, without discussion, as to what was most important and what was secondary. They didn't often exchange opinions, even in Czech,—it was as if they had thought the same thought together. A good deal had to be sacrificed and thrown overboard in a hard life like theirs, and they had never disagreed as to the things that could go. It had been a hard life, and a soft life, too.

There wasn't anything brutal in the short, broad-backed man with the three-cornered eyes and the forehead that went on to the top of his skull. He was a city man, a gentle man, and though he had married a rough farm girl, he had never touched her without gentleness.

They had been at one accord not to hurry through life, not to be always skimping and saving. They saw their neighbours buy more land and feed more stock than they did, without discontent. Once when the creamery agent came to the Rosickys to persuade them to sell him their cream, he told them how much money the Fasslers, their nearest neighbours, had made on their cream last year.

"Yes," said Mary, "and look at them Fassler children! Pale, pinched little things, they look like skimmed milk. I'd rather put some colour into my children's faces than put money into the bank."

The agent shrugged and turned to Anton.

"I guess we'll do like she says," said Rosicky.

III

Mary very soon got into town to see Doctor Ed, and then she had a talk with her boys and set a guard over Rosicky. Even John, the youngest, had his father on his mind. If Rosicky went to throw hay down from the loft, one of the boys ran up the ladder and took the fork from him. He sometimes complained that though he was getting to be an old man, he wasn't an old woman yet.

That winter he stayed in the house in the afternoons and carpentered, or sat in the chair between the window full of plants and the wooden bench where the two pails of drinking-water stood. This spot was called "Father's corner," though it was not a corner at all. He had a shelf there, where he kept his Bohemian papers and his pipes and tobacco, and his shears and needles and thread and tailor's thimble. Having been a tailor in his youth, he couldn't bear to see a woman patching at his clothes, or at the boys'. He liked tailoring, and always patched all the overalls and jackets and work shirts. Occasionally he made over a pair of pants one of the older boys had outgrown, for the little fellow.

While he sewed, he let his mind run back over his life. He had a good deal to remember, really; life in three countries. The only part of his youth he didn't like to remember was the two years he had spent in London, in Cheapside, working for a German tailor who was wretchedly poor. Those days, when he was nearly always hungry, when his clothes were dropping off him for dirt, and the sound of a strange language kept him in continual bewilderment, had left a sore spot in his mind that wouldn't bear touching.

He was twenty when he landed at Castle Garden in New York, and he had a protector who got him work in a tailor shop in Vesey Street, down near the Washington Market. He looked upon that part of his life as very happy. He became a good workman, he was industrious, and his wages were increased from time to time. He minded his own business and envied nobody's good fortune. He went to night school and learned to read English. He often did overtime work and was well paid for it, but somehow he never saved anything. He couldn't refuse a loan to a friend, and he was self-indulgent. He liked a

good dinner, and a little went for beer, a little for tobacco; a good deal went to the girls. He often stood through an opera on Saturday nights; he could get standing-room for a dollar. Those were the great days of opera in New York, and it gave a fellow something to think about for the rest of the week. Rosicky had a quick ear, and a childish love of all the stage splendour; the scenery, the costumes, the ballet. He usually went with a chum, and after the performance they had beer and maybe some oysters somewhere. It was a fine life; for the first five years or so it satisfied him completely. He was never hungry or cold or dirty, and everything amused him: a fire, a dog fight, a parade, a storm, a ferry ride. He thought New York the finest, richest, friendliest city in the world.

Moreover, he had what he called a happy home life. Very near the tailor shop was a small furniture-factory, where an old Austrian, Loeffler, employed a few skilled men and made unusual furniture, most of it to order, for the rich German housewives up-town. The top floor of Loeffler's five-storey factory was a loft, where he kept his choice lumber and stored the odd pieces of furniture left on his hands. One of the young workmen he employed was a Czech, and he and Rosicky became fast friends. They persuaded Loeffler to let them have a sleeping-room in one corner of the loft. They bought good beds and bedding and had their pick of the furniture kept up there. The loft was low-pitched, but light and airy, full of windows, and good-smelling by reason of the fine lumber put up there to season. Old Loeffler used to go down to the docks and buy wood from South America and the East from the sea captains. The young men were as foolish about their house as a bridal pair. Zichec, the young cabinet-maker, devised every sort of convenience, and Rosicky kept their clothes in order. At night and on Sundays, when the quiver of machinery underneath was still, it was the quietest place in the world, and on summer nights all the sea winds blew in. Zichec often practised on his flute in the evening. They were both fond of music and went to the opera together. Rosicky thought he wanted to live like that for ever.

But as the years passed, all alike, he began to get a little restless. When spring came round, he would begin to feel fretted, and he got to drinking. He was likely to drink too much of a Saturday night. On Sunday he was languid and heavy, getting over his spree. On Monday he plunged into work again. So he never had time to figure out what ailed him, though he knew something did. When the grass turned green in Park Place, and the lilac hedge at the back of Trinity churchyard put out its blossoms, he was tormented by a longing to run away. That was why he drank too much; to get a temporary illusion of freedom and wide horizons.

Rosicky, the old Rosicky, could remember as if it were yesterday the day when the young Rosicky found out what was the matter with him. It was on a Fourth of July afternoon, and he was sitting in Park Place in the sun. The lower part of New York was empty. Wall Street, Liberty Street, Broadway, all empty. So much stone and asphalt with nothing going on, so many empty windows. The emptiness was intense, like the stillness in a great factory when the machinery stops and the belts and bands cease running. It was too great a change, it took all the strength out of one. Those blank buildings, without

the stream of life pouring through them, were like empty jails. It struck young Rosicky that this was the trouble with big cities; they built you in from the earth itself, cemented you away from any contact with the ground. You lived in an unnatural world, like the fish in an aquarium, who were probably much more comfortable than they ever were in the sea.

On that very day he began to think seriously about the articles he had read in the Bohemian papers, describing prosperous Czech farming communities in the West. He believed he would like to go out there as a farm hand; it was hardly possible that he could ever have land of his own. His people had always been workmen; his father and grandfather had worked in shops. His mother's parents had lived in the country, but they rented their farm and had a hard time to get along. Nobody in his family had ever owned any land,—that belonged to a different station of life altogether. Anton's mother died when he was little, and he was sent into the country to her parents. He stayed with them until he was twelve, and formed those ties with the earth and the farm animals and growing things which are never made at all unless they are made early. After his grandfather died, he went back to live with his father and stepmother, but she was very hard on him, and his father helped him to get passage to London.

After that Fourth of July day in Park Place, the desire to return to the country never left him. To work on another man's farm would be all he asked; to see the sun rise and set and to plant things and watch them grow. He was a very simple man. He was like a tree that has not many roots, but one tap-root that goes down deep. He subscribed for a Bohemian paper printed in Chicago, then for one printed in Omaha. His mind got farther and farther west. He began to save a little money to buy his liberty. When he was thirty-five, there was a great meeting in New York of Bohemian athletic societies, and Rosicky left the tailor shop and went home with the Omaha delegates to try his fortune in another part of the world.

IV

Perhaps the fact that his own youth was well over before he began to have a family was one reason why Rosicky was so fond of his boys. He had almost a grandfather's indulgence for them. He had never had to worry about any of them—except, just now, a little about Rudolph.

On Saturday night the boys always piled into the Ford, took little Josephine, and went to town to the moving-picture show. One Saturday morning they were talking at the breakfast table about starting early that evening, so that they would have an hour or so to see the Christmas things in the stores before the show began. Rosicky looked down the table.

"I hope you boys ain't disappointed, but I want you to let me have de car tonight. Maybe some of you can go in with de neighbours."

Their faces fell. They worked hard all week, and they were still like children. A new jackknife or a box of candy pleased the older ones as much as the little fellow.

"If you and Mother are going to town," Frank said, "maybe you could take a couple of us along with you, anyway."

"No, I want to take de car down to Rudolph's, and let him an' Polly go in

to de show. She don't git into town enough, an' I'm afraid she's gettin' lonesome, an' he can't afford no car yet."

That settled it. The boys were a good deal dashed. Their father took another piece of apple-cake and went on: "Maybe next Saturday night de two little fellers can go along wid dem."

"Oh, is Rudolph going to have the car every Saturday night?"

Rosicky did not reply at once; then he began to speak seriously: "Listen, boys; Polly ain't lookin' so good. I don't like to see nobody lookin' sad. It comes hard fur a town girl to be a farmer's wife. I don't want no trouble to start in Rudolph's family. When it starts, it ain't so easy to stop. An American girl don't git used to our ways all at once. I like to tell Polly she and Rudolph can have the car every Saturday night till after New Year's, if it's all right with you boys."

"Sure it's all right, Papa," Mary cut in. "And it's good you thought about that. Town girls is used to more than country girls. I lay awake nights, scared she'll make Rudolph discontented with the farm."

The boys put as good a face on it as they could. They surely looked forward to their Saturday nights in town. That evening Rosicky drove the car the half-mile down to Rudolph's new, bare little house.

Polly was in a short-sleeved gingham dress, clearing away the supper dishes. She was a trim, slim little thing, with blue eyes and shingled yellow hair, and her eyebrows were reduced to a mere brush-stroke, like Miss Pearl's.

"Good evening, Mr. Rosicky. Rudolph's at the barn, I guess." She never called him father, or Mary mother. She was sensitive about having married a foreigner. She never in the world would have done it if Rudolph hadn't been such a handsome, persuasive fellow and such a gallant lover. He had graduated in her class in the high school in town, and their friendship began in the ninth grade.

Rosicky went in, though he wasn't exactly asked. "My boys ain't goin' to town tonight, an' I brought de car over fur you two to go in to de picture show."

Polly, carrying dishes to the sink, looked over her shoulder at him. "Thank you. But I'm late with my work tonight, and pretty tired. Maybe Rudolph would like to go in with you."

"Oh, I don't go to de shows! I'm too old-fashioned. You won't feel so tired after you ride in de air a ways. It's a nice clear night, an' it ain't cold. You go an' fix yourself up, Polly, an' I'll wash de dishes an' leave everything nice fur you."

Polly blushed and tossed her bob. "I couldn't let you do that, Mr. Rosicky. I wouldn't think of it."

Rosicky said nothing. He found a bib apron on a nail behind the kitchen door. He slipped it over his head and then took Polly by her two elbows and pushed her gently toward the door of her own room. "I washed up de kitchen many times for my wife, when de babies was sick or somethin'. You go an' make yourself look nice. I like you to look prettier'n any of dem town girls when you go in. De young folks must have some fun, an' I'm goin' to look out fur you, Polly."

That kind, reassuring grip on her elbows, the old man's funny bright eyes, made Polly want to drop her head on his shoulder for a second. She restrained herself, but she lingered in his grasp at the door of her room, murmuring tearfully: "You always lived in the city when you were young, didn't you? Don't you ever get lonesome out here?"

As she turned round to him, her hand fell naturally into his, and he stood holding it and smiling into her face with his peculiar, knowing, indulgent smile without a shadow of reproach in it. "Dem big cities is all right fur de rich, but dey is terrible hard fur de poor."

"I don't know. Sometimes I think I'd like to take a chance. You lived in New York, didn't you?"

"An' London. Da's bigger still. I learned my trade dere. Here's Rudolph comin', you better hurry."

"Will you tell me about London sometime?"

"Maybe. Only I ain't no talker, Polly. Run an' dress yourself up."

The bedroom door closed behind her, and Rudolph came in from the outside, looking anxious. He had seen the car and was sorry any of his family should come just then. Supper hadn't been a very pleasant occasion. Halting in the doorway, he saw his father in a kitchen apron, carrying dishes to the sink. He flushed crimson and something flashed in his eye. Rosicky held up a warning finger.

"I brought de car over fur you an' Polly to go to de picture show, an' I made her let me finish here so you won't be late. You go put on a clean shirt, quick!"

"But don't the boys want the car, Father?"

"Not tonight dey don't." Rosicky fumbled under his apron and found his pants pocket. He took out a silver dollar and said in a hurried whisper: "You go an' buy dat girl some ice cream an' candy tonight, like you was courtin'. She's awful good friends wid me."

Rudolph was very short of cash, but he took the money as if it hurt him. There had been a crop failure all over the county. He had more than once been sorry he'd married this year.

In a few minutes the young people came out, looking clean and a little stiff. Rosicky hurried them off, and then he took his own time with the dishes. He scoured the pots and pans and put away the milk and swept the kitchen. He put some coal in the stove and shut off the draughts, so the place would be warm for them when they got home late at night. Then he sat down and had a pipe and listened to the clock tick.

Generally speaking, marrying an American girl was certainly a risk. A Czech should marry a Czech. It was lucky that Polly was the daughter of a poor widow woman; Rudolph was proud, and if she had a prosperous family to throw up at him, they could never make it go. Polly was one of four sisters, and they all worked; one was bookkeeper in the bank, one taught music, and Polly and her younger sister had been clerks, like Miss Pearl. All four of them were musical, had pretty voices, and sang in the Methodist choir, which the eldest sister directed.

Polly missed the sociability of a store position. She missed the choir, and the

company of her sisters. She didn't dislike housework, but she disliked so much of it. Rosicky was a little anxious about this pair. He was afraid Polly would grow so discontented that Rudy would quit the farm and take a factory job in Omaha. He had worked for a winter up there, two years ago, to get money to marry on. He had done very well, and they would always take him back at the stockyards. But to Rosicky that meant the end of everything for his son. To be a landless man was to be a wage-carner, a slave, all your life; to have nothing, to be nothing.

Rosicky thought he would come over and do a little carpentering for Polly after the New Year. He guessed she needed jollying. Rudolph was a serious sort of chap, serious in love and serious about his work.

Rosicky shook out his pipe and walked home across the fields. Ahead of him the lamplight shone from his kitchen windows. Suppose he were still in a tailor shop on Vesey Street, with a bunch of pale, narrow-chested sons working on machines, all coming home tired and sullen to eat supper in a kitchen that was a parlour also; with another crowded, angry family quarrelling just across the dumb-waiter shaft, and squeaking pulleys at the windows where dirty washings hung on dirty lines above a court full of old brooms and mops and ash-cans. . . .

He stopped by the windmill to look up at the frosty winter stars and draw a long breath before he went inside. That kitchen with the shining windows was dear to him; but the sleeping fields and bright stars and the noble darkness were dearer still.

V

On the day before Christmas the weather set in very cold; no snow, but a bitter, biting wind that whistled and sang over the flat land and lashed one's face like fine wires. There was baking going on in the Rosicky kitchen all day and Rosicky sat inside, making over a coat that Albert had outgrown into an overcoat for John. Mary had a big red geranium in bloom for Christmas, and a row of Jerusalem cherry trees, full of berries. It was the first year she had ever grown these; Doctor Ed brought her the seed from Omaha when he went to some medical convention. They reminded Rosicky of plants he had seen in England; and all afternoon, as he stitched, he sat thinking about those two years in London, which his mind usually shrank from even after all this while.

He was a lad of eighteen when he dropped down into London, with no money and no connections except the address of a cousin who was supposed to be working at a confectioner's. When he went to the pastry shop, however, he found that the cousin had gone to America. Anton tramped the streets for several days, sleeping in doorways and on the Embankment, until he was in utter despair. He knew no English, and the sound of the strange language all about him confused him. By chance he met a poor German tailor who had learned his trade in Vienna, and could speak a little Czech. This tailor, Lifschnitz, kept a repair shop in a Cheapside basement, underneath a cobbler. He didn't much need an apprentice, but he was sorry for the boy and took him in for no wages but his keep and what he could pick up. The pickings were supposed to be coppers given you when you took work home to a customer.

But most of the customers called for their clothes themselves, and theoppers that came Anton's way were very few. He had, however, a place to sleep. The tailor's family lived upstairs in three rooms; a kitchen, a bedroom, where Lifschnitz and his wife and five children slept, and a living-room. Two corners of this living-room were curtained off for lodgers; in one Rosicky slept on an old horsehair sofa, with a feather quilt to wrap himself in. The other corner was rented to a wretched, dirty boy, who was studying the violin. He actually practised there. Rosicky was dirty, too. There was no way to be anything else. Mrs. Lifschnitz got the water she cooked and washed with from a pump in a brick court, four flights down. There were bugs in the place, and multitudes of fleas, though the poor woman did the best she could. Rosicky knew she often went empty to give another potato or a spoonful of dripping to the two hungry, sad-eyed boys who lodged with her. He used to think he would never get out of there, never get a clean shirt to his back again. What would he do, he wondered, when his clothes actually dropped to pieces and the worn cloth wouldn't hold patches any longer?

It was still early when the old farmer put aside his sewing and his recollections. The sky had been a dark grey all day, with not a gleam of sun, and the light failed at four o'clock. He went to shave and change his shirt while the turkey was roasting. Rudolph and Polly were coming over for supper.

After supper they sat round in the kitchen, and the younger boys were saying how sorry they were it hadn't snowed. Everybody was sorry. They wanted a deep snow that would lie long and keep the wheat warm, and leave the ground soaked when it melted.

"Yes, sir!" Rudolph broke out fiercely; "if we have another dry year like last year, there's going to be hard times in this country."

Rosicky filled his pipe. "You boys don't know what hard times is. You don't owe nobody, you got plenty to eat an' keep warm, an' plenty water to keep clean. When you got them, you can't have it very hard."

Rudolph frowned, opened and shut his big right hand, and dropped it clenched upon his knee. "I've got to have a good deal more than that, Father, or I'll quit this farming gamble. I can always make good wages railroading, or at the packing house, and be sure of my money."

"Maybe so," his father answered dryly.

Mary, who had just come in from the pantry and was wiping her hands on the roller towel, thought Rudy and his father were getting too serious. She brought her darning-basket and sat down in the middle of the group.

"I ain't much afraid of hard times, Rudy," she said heartily. "We've had a plenty, but we've always come through. Your father wouldn't never take nothing very hard, not even hard times. I got a mind to tell you a story on him. Maybe you boys can't hardly remember the year we had that terrible hot wind, that burned everything up on the Fourth of July? All the corn an' the gardens. An' that was in the days when we didn't have alfalfa yet,—I guess it wasn't invented.

"Well, that very day your father was out cultivatin' corn, and I was here in the kitchen makin' plum preserves. We had bushels of plums that year. I

noticed it was terrible hot, but it's always hot in the kitchen when you're preservin', an' I was too busy with my plums to mind. Anton come in from the field about three o'clock, an' I asked him what was the matter.

"Nothin'," he says, 'but it's pretty hot, an' I think I won't work no more today.' He stood round for a few minutes, an' then he says: 'Ain't you near through? I want you should git up a nice supper for us tonight. It's Fourth of July.'

"I told him to git along, that I was right in the middle of preservin', but the plums would taste good on hot biscuit. 'I'm goin' to have fried chicken, too,' he says, and he went off an' killed a couple. You three oldest boys was little fellers, playin' round outside, real hot an' sweaty, an' your father took you to the horse tank down by the windmill an' took off your clothes an' put you in. Them two box-elder trees was little then, but they made shade over the tank. Then he took off all his own clothes, an' got in with you. While he was playin' in the water with you, the Methodist preacher drove into our place to say how all the neighbours was goin' to meet at the schoolhouse that night, to pray for rain. He drove right to the windmill, of course, and there was your father and you three with no clothes on. I was in the kitchen door, an' I had to laugh, for the preacher acted like he ain't never seen a naked man before. He surely was embarrassed, an' your father couldn't git to his clothes; they was all hangin' up on the windmill to let the sweat dry out of 'em. So he laid in the tank where he was, an' put one of you boys on top of him to cover him up a little, an' talked to the preacher.

"When you got through playin' in the water, he put clean clothes on you and a clean shirt on himself, an' by that time I'd begun to get supper. He says: 'It's too hot in here to eat comfortable. Let's have a picnic in the orchard. We'll eat our supper behind the mulberry hedge, under them linden trees.'

"So he carried our supper down, an' a bottle of my wild-grape wine, an' everything tasted good, I can tell you. The wind got cooler as the sun was goin' down, and it turned out pleasant, only I noticed how the leaves was curled up on the linden trees. That made me think, an' I asked your father if that hot wind all day hadn't been terrible hard on the gardens an' the corn.

"Corn," he says, 'there ain't no corn.'

"What you talkin' about?" I said. 'Ain't we got forty acres?'

"We ain't got an ear," he says, 'nor nobody else ain't got none. All the corn in this country was cooked by three o'clock today, like you'd roasted it in an oven.'

"You mean you won't get no crop at all?" I asked him. I couldn't believe it, after he'd worked so hard.

"No crop this year," he says. 'That's why we're havin' a picnic. We might as well enjoy what we got.'

"An' that's how your father behaved, when all the neighbours was so discouraged they couldn't look you in the face. An' we enjoyed ourselves that year, poor as we was, an' our neighbours wasn't a bit better off for bein' miserable. Some of 'em grieved till they got poor digestions and couldn't relish what they did have."

The younger boys said they thought their father had the best of it. But

Rudolph was thinking that, all the same, the neighbours had managed to get ahead more, in the fifteen years since that time. There must be something wrong about his father's way of doing things. He wished he knew what was going on in the back of Polly's mind. He knew she liked his father, but he knew, too, that she was afraid of something. When his mother sent over coffee-cake or prune tarts or a loaf of fresh bread, Polly seemed to regard them with a certain suspicion. When she observed to him that his brothers had nice manners, her tone implied that it was remarkable they should have. With his mother she was stiff and on her guard. Mary's hearty frankness and gusts of good humour irritated her. Polly was afraid of being unusual or conspicuous in any way, of being "ordinary," as she said!

When Mary had finished her story, Rosicky laid aside his pipe.

"You boys like me to tell you about some of dem hard times I been through in London?" Warmly encouraged, he sat rubbing his forehead along the deep creases. It was bothersome to tell a long story in English (he nearly always talked to the boys in Czech), but he wanted Polly to hear this one.

"Well, you know about dat tailor shop I woiked in in London? I had one Christmas dere I ain't never forgot. Times was awful bad before Christmas; de boss ain't got much work, an' have it awful hard to pay his rent. It ain't so much fun, bein' poor in a big city like London, I'll say! All de windows is full of good t'ings to eat, an' all de pushcarts in de streets is full, an' you smell 'em all de time, an' you ain't got no money,—not a damn bit. I didn't mind de cold so much, though I didn't have no overcoat, chust a short jacket I'd outgrown so it wouldn't meet on me, an' my hands was chapped raw. But I always had a good appetite, like you all know, an' de sight of dem pork pies in de windows was awful fur me!

"Day before Christmas was terrible foggy dat year, an' dat fog gits into your bones and makes you all damp like. Mrs. Lifschnitz didn't give us nothin' but a little bread an' diippin' for supper, because she was savin' to try for to give us a good dinner on Christmas Day. After supper de boss say I can go an' enjoy myself, so I went into de streets to listen to de Christmas singers. Dey sing old songs an' make very nice music, an' I run round after dem a good ways, till I got awful hungry. I t'ink maybe if I go home, I can sleep till morning an' forgit my belly.

"I went into my corner real quiet, and roll up in my fedder quilt. But I ain't got my head down, till I smell somet'ing good. Seem like it git stronger an' stronger, an' I can't git to sleep noway. I can't understand dat smell. Dere was a gas light in a hall across de court, dat always shine in at my window a little. I got up an' look round. I got a little wooden box in my corner fur a stool, 'cause I ain't got no chair. I picks up dat box, and under it dere is a roast goose on a platter! I can't believe my eyes. I carry it to de window where de light comes in, an' touch it and smell it to find out, an' den I taste it to be sure. I say, I will eat chust one little bite of dat goose, so I can go to sleep, and tomorrow I won't eat none at all. But I tell you, boys, when I stop, one half of dat goose was gone!"

The narrator bowed his head, and the boys shouted. But little Josephine slipped behind his chair and kissed him on the neck beneath his ear.

"Poor little Papa, I don't want him to be hungry!"

"Da's long ago, child. I ain't never been hungry since I had your mudder to cook fur me."

"Go on and tell us the rest, please," said Polly.

"Well, when I come to realize what I done, of course, I felt terrible. I felt better in de stomach, but very bad in de heart. I set on my bed wid dat platter on my knees, an' it all come to me; how hard dat poor woman save to buy dat goose, and how she get some neighbour to cook it dat got more fire, an' how she put it in my corner to keep it away from dem hungry children. Dey was a old carpet hung up to shut my corner off, an' de children wasn't allowed to go in dere. An' I know she put it in my corner because she trust me more'n she did de violin boy. I can't stand it to face her after I spoil de Christmas. So I put on my shoes and go out into de city. I tell myself I better throw myself in de river; but I guess I ain't dat kind of a boy.

'It was after twelve o'clock, an' terrible cold, an' I start out to walk about London all night. I walk along de river awhile, but dey was lots of drunks all along; men, and women too. I chust move along to keep away from de police. I git onto de Strand, an' den over to New Oxford Street, where dere was a big German restaurant on de ground floor, wid big windows all fixed up fine, an' I could see de people having parties inside. While I was lookin' in, two men and two ladies come out, laughin' and talkin' and feelin' happy about all dey been eatin' an' drinkin', and dey was speakin' Czech,—not like de Austrians, but like de home folks talk it.

"I guess I went crazy, an' I done what I ain't never done before nor since. I went right up to dem gay people an' begun to beg dem: 'Fellow-countrymen, for God's sake give me money enough to buy a goose!'

"Dey laugh, of course, but de ladies speak awful kind to me, an' dey take me back into de restaurant and give me hot coffee and cakes, an' make me tell all about how I happened to come to London, an' what I was doin' dere. Dey take my name and where I work down on paper, an' both of dem ladies give me ten shillings.

"De big market at Covent Garden ain't very far away, an' by dat time it was open. I go dere an' buy a big goose an' some pork pies, an' potatoes and onions, an' cakes an' oranges fur de children,—all I could carry! When I git home, everybody is still asleep. I pile all I bought on de kitchen table, an' go in an' lay down on my bed, an' I ain't waken up till I hear dat woman scream when she come out into her kitchen. My goodness, but she was surprise! She laugh an' cry at de same time, an' hug me and waken all de children. She ain't stop fur no breakfast; she git de Christmas dinner ready dat morning, and we all sit down an' eat all we can hold. I ain't never seen dat violin boy have all he can hold before.

"Two three days after dat, de two men come to hunt me up, an' dey ask my boss, and he give me a good report an' tell dem I was a steady boy all right. One of dem Bohemians was very smart an' run a Bohemian newspaper in New York, an' de odder was a rich man, in de importing business, an' dey been travelling togedder. Dey told me how t'ings was easier in New York, an' offered to pay my passage when dey was goin' home soon on a boat. My boss

say to me: 'You go. You ain't got no chance here, an' I like to see you git ahead, fur you always been a good boy to my woman, and fur dat fine Christmas dinner you give us all.' An' da's how I got to New York."

That night when Rudolph and Polly, arm in arm, were running home across the fields with the bitter wind at their backs, his heart leaped for joy when she said she thought they might have his family come over for supper on New Year's Eve. "Let's get up a nice supper, and not let your mother help at all; make her be company for once."

"That would be lovely of you, Polly," he said humbly. He was a very simple, modest boy, and he, too, felt vaguely that Polly and her sisters were more experienced and worldly than his people.

VI

The winter turned out badly for farmers. It was bitterly cold, and after the first light snows before Christmas there was no snow at all,—and no rain. March was as bitter as February. On those days when the wind fairly punished the country, Rosicky sat by his window. In the fall he and the boys had put in a big wheat planting, and now the seed had frozen in the ground. All that land would have to be ploughed up and planted over again, planted in corn. It had happened before, but he was younger then, and he never worried about what had to be. He was sure of himself and of Mary; he knew they could bear what they had to bear, that they would always pull through somehow. But he was not so sure about the young ones, and he felt troubled because Rudolph and Polly were having such a hard start.

Sitting beside his flowering window while the panes rattled and the wind blew in under the door, Rosicky gave himself to reflection as he had not done since those Sundays in the loft of the furniture-factory in New York, long ago. Then he was trying to find what he wanted in life for himself; now he was trying to find what he wanted for his boys, and why it was he so hungered to feel sure they would be here, working this very land, after he was gone.

They would have to work hard on the farm, and probably they would never do much more than make a living. But if he could think of them as staying here on the land, he wouldn't have to fear any great unkindness for them. Hardships, certainly; it was a hardship to have the wheat freeze in the ground when seed was so high; and to have to sell your stock because you had no feed. But there would be other years when everything came along right, and you caught up. And what you had was your own. You didn't have to choose between bosses and strikers, and go wrong either way. You didn't have to do with dishonest and cruel people. They were the only things in his experience he had found terrifying and horrible; the look in the eyes of a dishonest and crafty man, of a scheming and rapacious woman.

In the country, if you had a mean neighbour, you could keep off his land and make him keep off yours. But in the city, all the foulness and misery and brutality of your neighbours was part of your life. The worst things he had come upon in his journey through the world were human,—depraved and poisonous specimens of man. To this day he could recall certain terrible faces in the London streets. There were mean people everywhere, to be sure, even in

their own country town here. But they weren't tempered, hardened, sharpened, like the treacherous people in cities who live by grinding or cheating or poisoning their fellow-men. He had helped to bury two of his fellow-workmen in the tailoring trade, and he was distrustful of the organized industries that see one out of the world in big cities. Here, if you were sick, you had Doctor Ed to look after you; and if you died, fat Mr. Haycock, the kindest man in the world, buried you.

It seemed to Rosicky that for good, honest boys like his, the worst they could do on the farm was better than the best they would be likely to do in the city. If he'd had a mean boy, now, one who was crooked and sharp and tried to put anything over on his brothers, then town would be the place for him. But he had no such boy. As for Rudolph, the discontented one, he would give the shirt off his back to anyone who touched his heart. What Rosicky really hoped for his boys was that they could get through the world without ever knowing much about the cruelty of human beings. "Their mother and me ain't prepared them for that," he sometimes said to himself.

These thoughts brought him back to a grateful consideration of his own case. What an escape he had had, to be sure! He, too, in his time, had had to take money for repair work from the hand of a hungry child who let it go so wistfully; because it was money due his boss. And now, in all these years, he had never had to take a cent from anyone in bitter need,—never had to look at the face of a woman become like a wolf's from struggle and famine. When he thought of these things, Rosicky would put on his cap and jacket and slip down to the barn and give his work-horses a little extra oats, letting them eat it out of his hand in their slobbery fashion. It was his way of expressing what he felt, and made him chuckle with pleasure.

The spring came warm, with blue skies,—but dry, dry as a bone. The boys began ploughing up the wheat-fields to plant them over in corn. Rosicky would stand at the fence corner and watch them, and the earth was so dry it blew up in clouds of brown dust that hid the horses and the sulky plough and the driver. It was a bad outlook.

The big alfalfa field that lay between the home place and Rudolph's came up green, but Rosicky was worried because during that open windy winter a great many Russian thistle plants had blown in there and lodged. He kept asking the boys to rake them out; he was afraid their seed would root and "take the alfalfa." Rudolph said that was nonsense. The boys were working so hard planting corn, their father felt he couldn't insist about the thistles, but he set great store by that big alfalfa field. It was a feed you could depend on,—and there was some deeper reason, vague, but strong. The peculiar green of that clover woke early memories in old Rosicky, went back to something in his childhood in the old world. When he was a little boy, he had played in fields of that strong blue-green colour.

One morning, when Rudolph had gone to town in the car, leaving a work-team idle in his barn, Rosicky went over to his son's place, put the horses to the buggy-rake, and set about quietly raking up those thistles. He behaved with guilty caution, and rather enjoyed stealing a march on Doctor Ed, who was

just then taking his first vacation in seven years of practice and was attending a clinic in Chicago. Rosicky got the thistles raked up, but did not stop to burn them. That would take some time, and his breath was pretty short, so he thought he had better get the horses back to the barn.

He got them into the barn and to their stalls, but the pain had come on so sharp in his chest that he didn't try to take the harness off. He started for the house, bending lower with every step. The cramp in his chest was shutting him up like a jack-knife. When he reached the windmill, he swayed and caught at the ladder. He saw Polly coming down the hill, running with the swiftness of a slim greyhound. In a flash she had her shoulder under his armpit.

"Lean on me, Father, hard! Don't be afraid. We can get to the house all right."

Somehow they did, though Rosicky became blind with pain; he could keep on his legs, but he couldn't steer his course. The next thing he was conscious of was lying on Polly's bed, and Polly bending over him wringing out bath towels in hot water and putting them on his chest. She stopped only to throw coal into the stove, and she kept the tea-kettle and the black pot going. She put these hot applications on him for nearly an hour, she told him afterwards, and all that time he was drawn up stiff and blue, with the sweat pouring off him.

As the pain gradually loosed its grip, the stiffness went out of his jaws, the black circles round his eyes disappeared, and a little of his natural colour came back. When his daughter-in-law buttoned his shirt over his chest at last, he sighed.

"Da's fine, de way I feel now, Polly. It was a awful bad spell, an' I was so sorry it all come on you like it did."

Polly was flushed and excited. "Is the pain really gone? Can I leave you long enough to telephone over to your place?"

Rosicky's eyelids fluttered. "Don't telephone, Polly. It ain't no use to scare my wife. It's nice and quiet here, an' if I ain't too much trouble to you, just let me lay still till I feel like myself. I ain't got no pain now. It's nice here."

Polly bent over him and wiped the moisture from his face. "Oh, I'm so glad it's over!" she broke out impulsively. "It just broke my heart to see you suffer so, Father."

Rosicky motioned her to sit down on the chair where the tea-kettle had been, and looked up at her with that lively affectionate gleam in his eyes. "You was awful good to me, I won't never forgit dat. I hate it to be sick on you like dis. Down at de barn I say to myself, dat young girl ain't had much experience in sickness, I don't want to scare her, an' maybe she's got a baby comin' or someting."

Polly took his hand. He was looking at her so intently and affectionately and confidingly; his eyes seemed to caress her face, to regard it with pleasure. She frowned with her funny streaks of eyebrows, and then smiled back at him.

"I guess maybe there is something of that kind going to happen. But I haven't told anyone yet, not my mother or Rudolph. You'll be the first to know."

His hand pressed hers. She noticed that it was warm again. The twinkle in his yellow-brown eyes seemed to come nearer.

"I like mighty well to see dat little child, Polly," was all he said. Then he closed his eyes and lay half-smiling. But Polly sat still, thinking hard. She had a sudden feeling that nobody in the world, not her mother, not Rudolph, or anyone, really loved her as much as old Rosicky did. It perplexed her. She sat frowning and trying to puzzle it out. It was as if Rosicky had a special gift for loving people, something that was like an ear for music or an eye for colour. It was quiet, unobtrusive; it was merely there. You saw it in his eyes,—perhaps that was why they were merry. You felt it in his hands, too. After he dropped off to sleep, she sat holding his warm, broad, flexible brown hand. She had never seen another in the least like it. She wondered if it wasn't a kind of gypsy hand, it was so alive and quick and light in its communications,—very strange in a farmer. Nearly all the farmers she knew had huge lumps of fists, like mauls, or they were knotty and bony and uncomfortable-looking, with stiff fingers. But Rosicky's was like quicksilver, flexible, muscular, about the colour of a pale cigar, with deep, deep creases across the palm. It wasn't nervous, it wasn't a stupid lump; it was a warm brown human hand, with some cleverness in it, a great deal of generosity, and something else which Polly could only call "gypsy-like,"—something nimble and lively and sure, in the way that animals are.

Polly remembered that hour long afterwards; it had been like an awakening to her. It seemed to her that she had never learned so much about life from anything as from old Rosicky's hand. It brought her to herself; it communicated some direct and untranslatable message.

When she heard Rudolph coming in the car, she ran out to meet him.

"Oh, Rudy, your father's been awful sick! He raked up those thistles he's been worrying about, and afterwards he could hardly get to the house. He suffered so I was afraid he was going to die."

Rudolph jumped to the ground. "Where is he now?"

"On the bed. He's asleep. I was terribly scared, because, you know, I'm so fond of your father." She slipped her arm through his and they went into the house. That afternoon they took Rosicky home and put him to bed, though he protested that he was quite well again.

The next morning he got up and dressed and sat down to breakfast with his family. He told Mary that his coffee tasted better than usual to him, and he warned the boys not to bear any tales to Doctor Ed when he got home. After breakfast he sat down by his window to do some patching and asked Mary to thread several needles for him before she went to feed her chickens,—her eyes were better than his, and her hands steadier. He lit his pipe and took up John's overalls. Mary had been watching him anxiously all morning, and as she went out of the door with her bucket of scraps, she saw that he was smiling. He was thinking, indeed, about Polly, and how he might never have known what a tender heart she had if he hadn't got sick over there. Girls nowadays didn't wear their heart on their sleeve. But now he knew Polly would make a fine woman after the foolishness wore off. Either a woman had that sweetness at her heart or she hadn't. You couldn't always tell by the look of them; but if they had that, everything came out right in the end.

After he had taken a few stitches, the cramp began in his chest, like yesterday. He put his pipe cautiously down on the window-sill and bent over to ease the pull. No use,—he had better try to get to his bed if he could. He rose and groped his way across the familiar floor, which was rising and falling like the deck of a ship. At the door he fell. When Mary came in, she found him lying there, and the moment she touched him she knew that he was gone.

Doctor Ed was away when Rosicky died, and for the first few weeks after he got home he was hard driven. Every day he said to himself that he must get out to see that family that had lost their father. One soft, warm moonlight night in early summer he started for the farm. His mind was on other things, and not until his road ran by the graveyard did he realize that Rosicky wasn't over there on the hill where the red lamplight shone, but here, in the moonlight. He stopped his car, shut off the engine, and sat there for a while.

A sudden hush had fallen on his soul. Everything here seemed strangely moving and significant, though signifying what, he did not know. Close by the wire fence stood Rosicky's mowing-machine, where one of the boys had been cutting hay that afternoon; his own work-horses had been going up and down there. The new-cut hay perfumed all the night air. The moonlight silvered the long, billowy grass that grew over the graves and hid the fence; the few little evergreens stood out black in it, like shadows in a pool. The sky was very blue and soft, the stars rather faint because the moon was full.

For the first time it struck Doctor Ed that this was really a beautiful graveyard. He thought of city cemeteries; acres of shrubbery and heavy stone, so arranged and lonely and unlike anything in the living world. Cities of the dead, indeed; cities of the forgotten, of the "put away." But this was open and free, this little square of long grass which the wind forever stirred. Nothing but the sky overhead, and the many-coloured fields running on until they met that sky. The horses worked here in summer; the neighbours passed on their way to town; and over yonder, in the cornfield, Rosicky's own cattle would be eating fodder as winter came on. Nothing could be more undeathlike than this place; nothing could be more right for a man who had helped to do the work of great cities and had always longed for the open country and had got to it at last. Rosicky's life seemed to him complete and beautiful.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. At what point does this story begin?
2. Why does Miss Cather have the doctor inquire about Polly?
3. What particular farm activity does the doctor forbid after learning that Rosicky has come to town in the wagon?
4. Under what circumstances had Doctor Burleigh last breakfasted at Rosicky's?
5. Characterize Mrs. Rosicky. What did she envy her husband for? What difference is there in their ages?

6. Why does a particular affection exist between the doctor and the Rosickys?
7. Are the Rosickys prosperous and thifty? Cite some small episode in the story to justify your answer.
8. At what particular spot on the way home does Rosicky stop?
9. What are some of the contributing factors in Rosicky's ailment?
10. What occupation did Rosicky choose in the winter?
11. How old was Rosicky when he came to America?
12. What queer quarters did he occupy in New York?
13. What habit, possibly harmful to him later, did Rosicky fall into in New York? Why?
14. In whose company did Rosicky leave New York for Omaha?
15. Why was farm life particularly hard for Polly? How did she first look upon Rosicky?
16. What scheme does the old farmer concoct to relieve the pressure in his son's home?
17. What hardship had come to Rudolph in the first year of his marriage? What temptation had he and his wife?
18. Christmas day is tied by the author to what earlier holiday in Rosicky's career?
19. How does Miss Cather make it seem natural that Rosicky should tell of this earlier experience? Who tells a story on Rosicky? What is it?
20. How did Rosicky get to the United States?
21. What is the significance of Polly's invitation to the Rosickys to come to supper on New Year's Eve?
22. What are some of Rosicky's objections to the city?
23. How does nature stack the cards against Rosicky in that crucial winter?
24. What foolish act produces the first heart attack? Who saves Rosicky on that occasion?
25. With what episode is the story terminated by the author?

Round Table

1. Why does not the author begin the story in Prague?
2. Why are not the courtships of Rosicky and Mary, Rudolph and Polly, made a part of the story?
3. Why does the story close with the doctor and his impressions of the burying ground?
4. Is this story primarily a character sketch, or a sermon against the city, or what? What is the central theme?
5. Why doesn't Miss Cather have Rosicky expire after his first heart attack?
6. Why isn't Dr. Burleigh called in at the end?
7. Can this story be cut effectively?

Paper Work

1. Write a description of Rosicky as he first appeared to Polly.
2. Write a short story around the episode of the roast goose.
3. Write the story of the life of one of Rudolph's sons.
4. Develop one side of the thesis that country life is better than city life, or vice versa.

PERSONAL ESSAYS

THE DOG THAT BIT PEOPLE*

JAMES THURBER¹

PROBABLY no one man should have as many dogs in his life as I have had, but there was more pleasure than distress in them for me except in the case of an Airedale named Muggs. He gave me more trouble than all the other fifty-four or five put together, although my moment of keenest embarrassment was the time a Scotch terrier named Jeannie, who had just had six puppies in the clothes closet of a fourth floor apartment in New York, had the unexpected seventh and last at the corner of Eleventh Street and Fifth Avenue during a walk she had insisted on taking. Then, too, there was the prize winning French poodle, a great big black poodle—none of your little, untroublesome white miniatures—who got sick riding in the rumble seat of a car with me on her way to the Greenwich Dog Show. She had a red rubber bib tucked around her throat and, since a rain storm came up when we were half way through the Bronx, I had to hold over her a small green umbrella, really more of a parasol. The rain beat down fearfully and suddenly the driver of the car drove into a big garage, filled with mechanics. It happened so quickly that I forgot to put the umbrella down and I will always remember, with sickening distress, the look of incredulity mixed with hatred that came over the face of the particular hardened garage man that came over to see what we wanted, when he took a look at me and the poodle. All garage men, and people of that intolerant stripe, hate poodles with their curious hair cut, especially the pom-poms that you got to leave on their hips if you expect the dogs to win a prize.

But the Airedale, as I have said, was the worst of all my dogs. He really wasn't my dog, as a matter of fact: I came home from a vacation one summer to find that my brother Roy had bought him while I was away. A big, burly, choleric dog, he always acted as if he thought I wasn't one of the family. There was a slight advantage in being one of the family, for he didn't bite the family as often as he bit strangers. Still, in the years that we had him he bit everybody but mother, and he made a pass at her once but missed. That was during the month when we suddenly had mice, and Muggs refused to do anything about them. Nobody ever had mice exactly like the mice we had that month. They acted like pet mice, almost like mice somebody had trained. They were so friendly that one night when mother entertained at dinner the Friraliras, a club she and my father had belonged to for twenty years, she put down a lot of little dishes with food in them on the pantry floor so that the mice would be satisfied with that and wouldn't come into the dining room. Muggs stayed out in the pantry with the mice, lying on the floor, growling to himself—not at the mice, but about all the people in the next room that he would have liked to get at. Mother slipped out into the pantry once to see

* From *My Life and Hard Times*, by James Thurber, reprinted by permission of Harper & Brothers, publishers.

¹ For biographical sketch see page 293.

how everything was going. Everything was going fine. It made her so mad to see Muggs lying there, oblivious of the mice—they came running up to her—that she slapped him and he slashed at her, but didn't make it. He was sorry immediately, mother said. He was always sorry, she said, after he bit someone, but we could not understand how she figured this out. He didn't act sorry.

Mother used to send a box of candy every Christmas to the people the Airedale bit. The list finally contained forty or more names. Nobody could understand why we didn't get rid of the dog. I didn't understand it very well myself, but we didn't get rid of him. I think that one or two people tried to poison Muggs—he acted poisoned once in a while—and old Major Moberly fired at him once with his service revolver near the Seneca Hotel in East Broad Street—but Muggs lived to be almost eleven years old and even when he could hardly get around he bit a Congressman who had called to see my father on business. My mother had never liked the Congressman—she said the signs of his horoscope showed he couldn't be trusted (he was Saturn with the moon in Virgo)—but she sent him a box of candy that Christmas. He sent it right back, probably because he suspected it was trick candy. Mother persuaded herself it was all for the best that the dog had bitten him, even though father lost an important business association because of it. "I wouldn't be associated with such a man," mother said, "Muggs could read him like a book."

We used to take turns feeding Muggs to be on his good side, but that didn't always work. He was never in a very good humor, even after a meal. Nobody knew exactly what was the matter with him, but whatever it was it made him irascible, especially in the mornings. Roy never felt very well in the morning, either, especially before breakfast, and once when he came downstairs and found that Muggs had moodily chewed up the morning paper he hit him in the face with a grapefruit and then jumped up on the dining-room table, scattering dishes and silverware and spilling the coffee. Muggs' first free leap carried him all the way across the table and into a brass fire screen in front of the gas grate but he was back on his feet in a moment and in the end he got Roy and gave him a pretty vicious bite in the leg. Then he was all over it; he never bit anyone more than once at a time. Mother always mentioned that as an argument in his favor; she said he had a quick temper but that he didn't hold a grudge. She was forever defending him. I think she liked him because he wasn't well. "He's not strong," she would say, pityingly, but that was inaccurate; he may not have been well but he was terribly strong.

One time my mother went to the Chittenden Hotel to call on a woman mental healer who was lecturing in Columbus on the subject of "Harmonious Vibrations." She wanted to find out if it was possible to get harmonious vibrations into a dog. "He's a large tan-colored Airedale," mother explained. The woman said that she had never treated a dog but she advised my mother to hold the thought that he did not bite and would not bite. Mother was holding the thought the very next morning when Muggs got the iceman but she blamed that slip-up on the iceman. "If you didn't think he would bite you, he wouldn't," mother told him. He stomped out of the house in a terrible jangle of vibrations.

One morning when Muggs bit me slightly, more or less in passing, I reached

down and grabbed his short stumpy tail and hoisted him into the air. It was a foolhardy thing to do and the last time I saw my mother, about six months ago, she said she didn't know what possessed me. I don't either, except that I was pretty mad. As long as I held the dog off the floor by his tail he couldn't get at me, but he twisted and jerked so, snarling all the time, that I realized I couldn't hold him that way very long. I carried him to the kitchen and flung him onto the floor and shut the door on him just as he crashed against it. But I forgot about the backstairs. Muggs went up the backstairs and down the frontstairs and had me cornered in the living room. I managed to get up onto the mantelpiece above the fireplace, but it gave way and came down with a tremendous crash throwing a large marble clock, several vases, and myself heavily to the floor. Muggs was so alarmed by the racket that when I picked myself up he had disappeared. We couldn't find him anywhere, although we whistled and shouted, until old Mrs. Detweiler called after dinner that night. Muggs had bitten her once, in the leg, and she came into the living room only after we assured her that Muggs had run away. She had just seated herself when, with a great growling and scratching of claws, Muggs emerged from under a davenport where he had been quietly hiding all the time, and bit her again. Mother examined the bite and put arnica on it and told Mrs. Detweiler that it was only a bruise. "He just bumped you," she said. But Mrs. Detweiler left the house in a nasty state of mind.

Lots of people reported our Airedale to the police but my father held a municipal office at the time and was on friendly terms with the police. Even so, the cops had been out a couple of times—once when Muggs bit Mrs. Rufus Sturtevant and again when he bit Lieutenant-Governor Malloy—but mother told them that it hadn't been Muggs' fault but the fault of the people who were bitten. "When he starts for them, they scream," she explained, "and that excites him." The cops suggested that it might be a good idea to tie the dog up, but mother said that it mortified him to be tied up and that he wouldn't eat when he was tied up.

Muggs at his meals was an unusual sight. Because of the fact that if you reached toward the floor he would bite you, we usually put his food plate on top of an old kitchen table with a bench alongside the table. Muggs would stand on the bench and eat. I remember that my mother's Uncle Horatio, who boasted that he was the third man up Missionary Ridge, was splutteringly indignant when he found out that we fed the dog on a table because we were afraid to put his plate on the floor. He said he wasn't afraid of any dog that ever lived and that he would put the dog's plate on the floor if we would give it to him. Roy said that if Uncle Horatio had fed Muggs on the ground just before the battle he would have been the first man up Missionary Ridge. Uncle Horatio was furious. "Bring him in! Bring him in now!" he shouted. "I'll feed the — on the floor!" Roy was all for giving him a chance, but my father wouldn't hear of it. He said that Muggs had already been fed. "I'll feed him again!" bawled Uncle Horatio. We had quite a time quieting him.

In his last year Muggs used to spend practically all of his time outdoors. He didn't like to stay in the house for some reason or other—perhaps it held too many unpleasant memories for him. Anyway, it was hard to get him to come

in and as a result the garbage man, the iceman, and the laundryman wouldn't come near the house. We had to haul the garbage down to the corner, take the laundry out and bring it back, and meet the iceman a block from home. After this had gone on for some time we hit on an ingenious arrangement for getting the dog in the house so that we could lock him up while the gas meter was read, and so on. Muggs was afraid of only one thing, an electrical storm. Thunder and lightning frightened him out of his senses (I think he thought a storm had broken the day the mantelpiece fell). He would rush into the house and hide under a bed or in a clothes closet. So we fixed up a thunder machine out of a long narrow piece of sheet iron with a wooden handle on one end. Mother would shake this vigorously when she wanted to get Muggs into the house. It made an excellent imitation of thunder, but I suppose it was the most roundabout system for running a household that was ever devised. It took a lot out of mother.

A few months before Muggs died, he got to "seeing things." He would rise slowly from the floor, growling low, and stalk stiff-legged and menacing toward nothing at all. Sometimes the Thing would be just a little to the right or left of a visitor. Once a Fuller Brush salesman got hysterics. Muggs came wandering into the room like Hamlet following his father's ghost. His eyes were fixed on a spot just to the left of the Fuller Brush man, who stood it until Muggs was about three slow, creeping paces from him. Then he shouted. Muggs wavered on past him into the hallway grumbling to himself but the Fuller man went on shouting. I think mother had to throw a pan of cold water on him before he stopped. That was the way she used to stop us boys when we got into fights.

Muggs died quite suddenly one night. Mother wanted to bury him in the family lot under a marble stone with some such inscription as "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest" but we persuaded her it was against the law. In the end we just put up a smooth board above his grave along a lonely road. On the board I wrote with an indelible pencil "Cave Canem." Mother was quite pleased with the simple classic dignity of the old Latin epitaph.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What was the attitude of the garage man toward Thurber and his poodle?
2. What kind of people did Muggs like to bite?
3. How did mother escape from being bitten?
4. Recount the family experiences with the house mice.
5. What was the horoscope of the Congressman whom Muggs bit?
6. How did mother placate the victims of Muggs?
7. What advice did mother get from the mental healer?
8. What were Muggs' eating habits?
9. Explain the allusion "third man up Missionary Ridge."
10. Explain the structure and function of the "thunder machine."

11. Explain: "like Hamlet following his father's ghost," "Flights of angels sing thee to thy rest," "Cave Canem."
12. Define: *pom-pom* (note the popular misspelling), *choleric*, *horoscope*, *Saturn*, *Virgo*, *inascible*, *arnica*.

Round Table

1. Argument: As a satirist of the gentle absurdities of American family life Thurber is superior to Clarence Day (*Life With Father*).
2. What is the principal element in Thurber's humor?
3. Discuss Thurber as a psychologist.

Paper Work

1. In imitation of Thurber's story, write a theme on "A Pet Dog That Troubled Me" or "Dogs Are a Nuisance in the City."
2. Write on the topic: Thurber as a Writer and a Caricaturist: a Comparative Study.
3. Report on: Satirical Essays from *The New Yorker*.
4. Make a comparison of the satire of Thurber and that of Helen Hokinson or of Webster.
5. Make an analysis of Thurber as a reporter.
6. Compare the humor of Thurber with that of Mark Twain.

There is a story that after Queen Victoria had finished reading Lewis Carroll's Alice in Wonderland, she asked the author for another of his "works" and received—to her great surprise—a text on mathematics, for Carroll was a teacher of that subject. STEPHEN LEACOCK, the best living humorist of Canada, might have played a similar prank, for the reader of his rollicking Literary Lapses (1910), Nonsense Novels (1911), and other pungent satires might never suspect him of having also been the author of a number of widely used books on economics. But Stephen Leacock the delightful jester is also Dr Leacock, from 1901 until his retirement in 1936 a member of the department of political economy at McGill University in Montreal. He was born in England but educated at the Universities of Toronto and Chicago. He is a fine scholar and the best evidence that Canada has to offer that men born in England and ripened in the Dominion can on rare occasions be at once excellent college professors and jolly good humorists. My Fishpond reveals the whimsical mixture of art, wisdom, and nonsense characteristic of his technique.

MY FISHPOND *

STEPHEN LEACOCK

IT LIES embowered in a little cup of the hills, my fishing pond. I made a last trip to it just as the season ended, when the autumn leaves of its great trees were turning color and rustling down to rest upon the still black water. So steep are the banks, so old and high the trees, that scarcely a puff of wind ever ruffles the surface of the pond. All around, it is as if the world were stilled into silence, and time blended into eternity.

I realized again as I looked at the pond what a beautiful, secluded spot it was, how natural its appeal to the heart of the angler. You turn off a country road, go sideways across a meadow and over a hill, and there it lies—a sheet of still water, with high, high banks, grown with great trees. Long years ago someone built a sawmill, all gone now, at the foot of the valley and threw back the water to make a pond, perhaps a quarter of a mile long. At the widest it must be nearly two hundred feet—the most skillful fisherman may make a full cast both ways. At the top end, where it runs narrow among stumps and rushes, there is no room to cast except with direction and great skill.

Let me say at once, so as to keep no mystery about it, that there are no fish in my pond. So far as I know there never have been. But I have never found that to make any difference. Certainly none to the men I bring there—my chance visitors from the outside world—for an afternoon of casting.

If there are no fish in the pond, at least they never know it. They never doubt it; they never ask, and I let it go at that.

It is well known hereabouts that I do not take anybody and everybody out to my fishpond. I only care to invite people who can really fish, who can cast a line—experts, and especially people from a distance to whom the whole neighborhood is new and attractive, the pond seen for the first time. If I took out ordinary men, especially men near home, they would very likely notice that they got no fish. The expert doesn't. He knows trout fishing too well. He knows that

* Reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly*, December, 1936, by permission of the author.

even in a really fine pond, such as he sees mine is, there are days when not a trout will rise. He'll explain it to you himself; and, having explained it, he is all the better pleased if he turns out to be right and they don't rise.

Trout, as everyone knows who is an angler, never rise after a rain, nor before one; it is impossible to get them to rise in the heat; and any chill in the air keeps them down. The absolutely right day is a still, cloudy day, but even then there are certain kinds of clouds that prevent a rising of the trout. Indeed, I have only to say to one of my expert friends, "Queer, they didn't bite!" and he's off to a good start with an explanation. There is such a tremendous lot to know about trout fishing that men who are keen on it can discuss theories of fishing by the hour.

Such theories we generally talk over—my guest of the occasion and I—as we make our preparations at the pond. You see, I keep there all the apparatus that goes with fishing—a punt, with lockers in the sides of it, a neat little dock built out of cedar (cedar attracts the trout), and, best of all, a little shelter house, a quaint little place like a pagoda, close beside the water and yet under the trees. Inside is tackle, all sorts of tackle, hanging round the walls in a mixture of carelessness and order.

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On pegs in the pagoda hangs a waterproof mackintosh or two, for you never know—you may be caught in a shower just when the trout are starting to rise. Then, of course, a sort of cellarette cupboard with decanters and bottles, and gingersnaps, and perhaps an odd pot of anchovy paste—no one wants to quit good fishing for mere hunger. Nor does any real angler care to begin fishing without taking just a drop (Just a touch—be careful! Whoa! Whoa!) of something to keep out the cold, or to wish good luck for the chances of the day.

I always find, when I bring out one of my friends, that these mere preparatives or preparations, these preliminaries of angling, are the best part of it. Often they take half an hour. There is so much to discuss—the question of weights of tackle, the color of the fly to use, and broad general questions of theory, such as whether it matters what kind of hat a man wears. It seems that trout will rise for some hats, and for others not. One of my best guests, who has written a whole book on fly fishing, is particularly strong on hats and color. "I don't think I'd wear that hat, old man," he says, "much too dark for a day like this." "I wore it all last month," I said. "So you might, but that was August. I wouldn't wear a dark hat in September; and that tie is too dark a blue, old man."

So I knew that that made it all right. I kept the hat on. We had a grand afternoon; we got no fish.

I admit that the lack of fish in my pond requires sometimes a little tact in management. The guest gets a little restless. So I say to him, "You certainly have the knack of casting!"—and he gets so absorbed in casting farther and farther that he forgets the fish. Or I take him toward the upper end and he gets his line caught on bulrush—that might be a bite. Or, if he still keeps restless,

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I say suddenly, "Hush! Was that a fish jumped?" That will silence any true angler instantly. "You stand in the bow," I whisper, "and I'll paddle gently in that direction." It's the *whispering* that does it. We are still a hundred yards away from any trout that could hear us even if a trout were there. But that makes no difference. Some of the men I take out begin to whisper a mile away from the pond and come home whispering.

You see, after all, what with frogs jumping, and catching the line in bulrushes, or pulling up a water-logged chip nearly to the top, they don't really know—my guests don't—whether they have hooked something or not. Indeed, after a little lapse of time, they think they did: they talk of the "big one they lost"—a thing over which any angler gets sentimental in retrospect. "Do you remember," they say to me months later at our club in the city, "that big trout I lost up on your fishpond last summer?" "Indeed I do," I say. "Did you ever get him later on?" "No, never," I answer. (Neither him nor any other.)

Yet the illusion holds good. And besides, you never can tell: there *might* be trout in the pond. Why not? After all, why shouldn't there be a trout in the pond? You take a pond like that and there ought to be trout in it!

Whenever the sight of the pond bursts on the eyes of a new guest he stands entranced. "What a wonderful place for trout!" he exclaims. "Isn't it?" I answer. "No wonder you'd get trout in a pond like that." "No wonder at all." "You don't need to stock it at all, I suppose?" "Stock it!" I laugh at the idea. Stock a pond like that! Well, I guess not!

Perhaps one of the best and most alluring touches is fishing out of season—just a day or two after the season has closed. Any fisherman knows how keen is the regret at each expiring season—swallowed up and lost in the glory of the fading autumn. So if a guest turns up just then I say, "I know it's out of season, but I thought you might care to take a run out to the pond anyway and have a look at it." He can't resist. By the time he's in the pagoda and has a couple of small drinks (Careful, not too much! Whoa! Whoa!) he decides there can be no harm in making a cast or two. "I suppose," he says, "you never have any trouble with the inspectors?" "Oh, no," I answer; "they never think of troubling me." And with that we settle down to an afternoon of it. "I'm glad," says the guest at the end, "that they weren't rising. After all, we had just the same fun as if they were."

That's it: illusion! How much of life is like that! It's the *idea* of the thing that counts, not the reality. You don't need fish for fishing, any more than you need partridge for partridge shooting, or gold for gold mining. Just the illusion or expectation.

So I am going back now to the city and to my club, where we shall fish all winter, hooking up big ones, but losing the ones bigger still, hooking two trout at one throw,—three at a throw!—and for me, behind it all, the memory of my fishing pond darkening under the falling leaves. . . . At least it has made my friends happy.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Describe the writer's fishing pond. How did it originate?
2. What fishermen does the writer invite to his pond? Why?
3. What is the logic of the expert's satisfaction in catching no fish in the pond?
4. What part do "mere preparatives or preparations" have in the joys of fishing?
5. Explain: "like to try a running paternoster"; "these Japanese leads."
6. What are some of the superstitions of fishing?
7. How does the writer manage a restless guest who catches no fish?
8. How is whispering related to fishing?
9. Why doesn't the writer want to stock his pond?
10. Why is a fishless pond so much fun?
11. Explain how "life is like that!"
12. Define: *pagoda*, *punt*, *decanter*, *anchovy paste*, *stock* (verb).

Round Table

Discuss Dr. Leacock's philosophy of "That's it: illusion." How sound is it? Is actual accomplishment as satisfying as the illusion of accomplishment?

Paper Work

1. Write a theme on: (a) The Fish I Didn't Catch, (b) The Quail I Didn't Shoot, or (c) The Prize I Never Won.
2. Write a paper on Sport Ritual and Sport Patter—the formulas, equipment, and language of fishing, hunting, or some other sport.
3. Write on: A String, a Pin, and a Hickory Stick—the Days of Real Sport.
4. Assume that you are an "expert fisherman" called upon to write a retort to Mr. Leacock's essay; write the answer.
5. Write a book report on Izaak Walton's *Compleat Angler*.
6. Write a book report on Leacock's *Humor: Its Theory and Technique* (1934).
7. Make an analysis of the elements of Leacock's humor.

WESTBROOK PEGLER (1894—), one of the most widely known of American journalists, was born in Minneapolis and educated in Chicago. During the First World War he was correspondent on the European staff of the *United Press*, and for a few months was correspondent with the A.E.F. Then he served until the close of the war with the U. S. Navy. From 1919–1925 he was sports editor for the *United News of New York*, and then until 1933 he was correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*. Since 1933 he has become internationally known for his fearless and pungent articles syndicated in the *New York World-Telegram*, the *Chicago Daily News*, and other papers. In 1941 his courage and journalistic skill won him the Pulitzer award for reporting. Pegler is author of *Taint Right* (1936), from which the present article has been reprinted, and *Dissenting Opinions of Mister Westbrook Pegler* (1938), he is also an industrious magazine writer of fiction and articles on American sports.

FRANCE IN ONE EASY LESSON*

WESTBROOK PEGLER

LONDON—After a quiet study of the rules and tools of civilized table warfare your correspondent has decided that the French combine the greatest simplicity with the best results. The object of the game when a man sits down to the table is to put food into his physique, but certain refinements have been introduced since the days when people tore meat with their hands, and the problem is to conduct the sport with a minimum of ritual and form but without putting the feet into the trough.

The Frenchman, like the old Scotch golfer, endeavors to do what there is to be done without superfluous weapons or fancy gestures. He sits down, ties his napkin behind his ears, picks up a knife and fork and goes to work with admirable directness. He dunks his bread in the juice of the snail, he chases fragments of steak and gravy with a piece of crust, he licks his fingers, says "Ah!" and gets fed.

He is far too sensible ever to permit a desirable morsel to be carried back to the kitchen out of slavish respect for an arbitrary rule devised by somebody over in England whose idea of etiquette decreed that a man at the table should never appear to be hungry. If it is too small or too liquid to be played with a fork he will not hesitate to use his knife for a squeegee and wipe the knife on the bread.

That would be comparable to using a putter to play a ball out of a bunker, but the object of golf is to run the ball down the hole, and the Frenchman at his dinner knows only that he too wants to achieve the same objective with his groceries.

It is by no means a sordid spectacle. On the contrary, the Frenchman's enjoyment and the simple skill of his game give your correspondent moments of admiration. He does not require a special niblick to blast the peas out of the mashed potatoes or a tweezer to overcome asparagus.

* Reprinted from *Taint Right*, by Westbrook Pegler, by permission of George T. Bye, author's agent.

If a slice of mushroom reposes in a difficult downhill lie on the rim of the plate he doesn't ignore it, as the American or Englishman would, but goes after it and gets it even if he has to play three strokes off the tablecloth, which some of us would consider to be out of bounds. His tools are fewer, but he gets everything out of them, and he never picks up, so to speak, rather than try a difficult shot.

The affectation of Americans at table is notorious, and they hamper themselves by local artificial rules having no basis in common sense. They are afraid to dig for the best fragments of chicken or lobster, they avoid the gravy as though it were poison, and the last spoonful of soup always goes back to the kitchen because somebody once made a law that tipping the plate is comparable to teeing up on the fairway.

The Englishman's kit is even more complicated than ours, resembling in the same analogy the sort of bag with which a Sarazen or a Hagen bends the back of a caddy in an open championship. He can't eat berries or a dab of custard without fork and spoon, a trick which spatters dessert all over the ceiling when Americans try it, and his rules say it is proper to load the back of the fork with meat and potatoes all the way up to his wrist.

The American, on the contrary, considers that it is bad form to pack food on the hump of the fork, and, consequently, when they meet at table each regards the other as not much better than a cannibal, thus causing strained relations.

In Italy your correspondent discovered a great variety of styles in the manipulation of spaghetti and finally settled upon the Roman twirl as being the most convenient. Although the Genoese call it vulgar and the people of Milan abominate the Genoese method, the Romans spear a forkful of oily, steaming strands, jab the prongs of the fork into the bowl of a soup spoon and twirl vigorously.

The spaghetti quickly winds around the fork like yarn on the spindle of a spinning wheel and is then jammed into the countenance before it can recoil. The Genoese shun the spoon as an unethical implement, contending that any true Italian should be able to twirl his spaghetti in mid-air without artificial support; but the Milanese stab down through the mass and twirl against the bottom of the plate.

So there are three distinct schools, each claiming to be right and regarding the others as enemies of Italy. But, fortunately, in Italy there are no other problems of the kind which complicate life elsewhere, because after an Italian has had his spaghetti course he merely has some more spaghetti.

Those French, though, are the masters. They avoid no hazards, they take food as it comes without false restrictions on style or stance, and they make their victuals holler "Uncle!"

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What simile does Pegler use to describe French table manners?
2. Explain: "He dunks his bread in the juice of the snail;" ". . . use his knife for a squeeze."

3. Explain: "he never picks up . . . rather than try a difficult shot."
4. Who are Sarazen and Hagen?
5. How do the Romans eat spaghetti? What attitude toward this practice do the people of Genoa and Milan take?
6. What are the "three distinct schools" of Italian spaghetti eaters?
7. Explain: ". . . they make their victuals holler 'Uncle!'"
8. According to Pegler, which people have the most sensible table-manners?

Round Table

1. Discuss—pro and con: Pegler is not to be taken seriously in his defense of French table manners.
2. Discuss: Patterns of living reflect racial characteristics and attitudes.

Paper Work

WRITE A THESIS ON ONE OF THE FOLLOWING TOPICS:

1. Italians (French, English, Americans) Are Funny Eaters.
2. I Had Dinner in Chinatown.
3. Undergraduate Eating Habits Leave Much to Be Desired.
4. Good Manners at the Table Are Essentially Wasteful.
5. The Golf Simile in Pegler's Essay.
6. My Rules for Table Golf (or Dressing Golf, or Shaving Golf).
7. Doughboys at Mess.

LEE STROUT WHITE is a "synthetic" author, for this is the pen name that Richard Lee Strout and E. B. White use when they collaborate on an article for *The New Yorker*. Both authors were trained as journalists. Strout was born in Cohoes, New York, in 1898, and went into newspaper work after leaving Harvard. He has reported for the *Boston Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor*. Elwyn Brooks White is Strout's junior by a year. Born in Mount Vernon, New York, and graduated from Cornell, White was a reporter and free-lance writer before becoming a staff member of *The New Yorker*, and later, columnist for Harper's. *One Man's Meat* (1942) contains the best of his recent essays.

FAREWELL, MY LOVELY!*

LEE STROUT WHITE

I SEE BY the new Sears Roebuck catalogue that it is still possible to buy an axle for a 1909 Model T Ford, but I am not deceived. The great days have faded, the end is in sight. Only one page in the current catalogue is devoted to parts and accessories for the Model T; yet everyone remembers springtimes when the Ford gadget section was larger than men's clothing, almost as large as household furnishings. The last Model T was built in 1927, and the car is fading from what scholars call the American scene—which is an understatement, because to a few million people who grew up with it, the old Ford practically *was* the American scene.

It was the miracle God had wrought. And it was patently the sort of thing that could only happen once. Mechanically uncanny, it was like nothing that had ever come to the world before. Flourishing industries rose and fell with it. As a vehicle, it was hard-working, commonplace, heroic; and it often seemed to transmit those qualities to the persons who rode in it. My own generation identifies it with Youth, with its gaudy, irretrievable excitements; before it fades into the mist, I would like to pay it the tribute of the sigh that is not a sob, and set down random entries in a shape somewhat less cumbersome than a Sears Roebuck catalogue.

The Model T was distinguished from all other makes of cars by the fact that its transmission was of a type known as planetary—which was half metaphysics, half sheer friction. Engineers accepted the word "planetary" in its epicyclic sense, but I was always conscious that it also meant "wandering," "erratic." Because of the peculiar nature of this planetary element, there was always, in Model T, a certain dull rapport between engine and wheels, and even when the car was in a state known as neutral, it trembled with a deep imperative and tended to inch forward. There was never a moment when the bands were not faintly egging the machine on. In this respect it was like a horse, rolling the bit on its tongue, and country people brought to it the same technique they used with draft animals.

Its most remarkable quality was its rate of acceleration. In its palmy days the

* Reprinted from *The New Yorker*, May 16, 1938, by permission of *The New Yorker* and the authors.

Model T could take off faster than anything on the road. The reason was simple. To get under way, you simply hooked the third finger of the right hand around the lever on the steering column, pulled down hard, and shoved your left foot forcibly against the low-speed pedal. These were simple, positive motions; the car responded by lunging forward with a roar. After a few seconds of this turmoil, you took your toe off the pedal, eased up a mite on the throttle, and the car, possessed of only two forward speeds, catapulted directly into high with a series of ugly jerks and was off on its glorious errand. The abruptness of this departure was never equalled in other cars of the period. The human leg was (and still is) incapable of letting in a clutch with anything like the forthright abandon that used to send Model T on its way. Letting in a clutch is a negative, hesitant motion, depending on delicate nervous control; pushing down the Ford pedal was a simple, country motion—an expansive act, which came as natural as kicking an old door to make it budge.

The driver of the old Model T was a man enthroned. The car, with top up, stood seven feet high. The driver sat on top of the gas tank, brooding it with his own body. When he wanted gasoline, he alighted, along with everything else in the front seat; the seat was pulled off, the metal cap unscrewed, and a wooden stick thrust down to sound the liquid in the well. There were always a couple of these sounding sticks kicking around in the ratty sub-cushion regions of a flivver. Refuelling was more of a social function then, because the driver had to unbend, whether he wanted to or not. Directly in front of the driver was the windshield—high, uncompromisingly erect. Nobody talked about air resistance, and the four cylinders pushed the car through the atmosphere with a simple disregard of physical law.

There was this about a Model T: the purchaser never regarded his purchase as a complete, finished product. When you bought a Ford, you figured you had a start—a vibrant, spirited framework to which could be screwed an almost limitless assortment of decorative and functional hardware. Driving away from the agency, hugging the new wheel between your knees, you were already full of creative worry. A Ford was born naked as a baby, and a flourishing industry grew up out of correcting its rare deficiencies and combatting its fascinating diseases. Those were the great days of lily-painting. I have been looking at some old Sears Roebuck catalogues, and they bring everything back so clear.

First you bought a Ruby Safety Reflector for the rear, so that your posterior would glow in another car's brilliance. Then you invested thirty-nine cents in some radiator Moto Wings, a popular ornament which gave the Pegasus touch to the machine and did something godlike to the owner. For nine cents you bought a fan-belt guide to keep the belt from slipping off the pulley.

You bought a radiator compound to stop leaks. This was as much a part of everybody's equipment as aspirin tablets are of a medicine cabinet. You bought special oil to prevent chattering, a clamp-on dash light, a patching outfit, a tool box which you bolted to the running board, a sun visor, a steering-column brace to keep the column rigid, and a set of emergency containers for gas, oil, and water—three thin, dislike cans which reposed in a case on the running board during long, important journeys—red for gas, gray for water, green for oil. It

was only a beginning. After the car was about a year old, steps were taken to check the alarming disintegration. (Model T was full of tumors, but they were benign.) A set of anti-rattlers (98c) was a popular panacea. You hooked them on to the gas and spark rods, to the brake pull rod, and to the steering-rod connections. Hood silencers, of black rubber, were applied to the fluttering hood. Shock-absorbers and snubbers gave "complete relaxation." Some people bought rubber pedal pads, to fit over the standard metal pedals. (I didn't like these, I remember.) Persons of a suspicious or pugnacious turn of mind bought a rear-view mirror; but most Model T owners weren't worried by what was coming from behind because they would soon enough see it out in front. They rode in a state of cheerful catalepsy. Quite a large mutinous clique among Ford owners went over to a foot accelerator (you could buy one and screw it to the floor board), but there was a certain madness in these people, because the Model T, just as she stood, had a choice of three foot pedals to push, and there were plenty of moments when both feet were occupied in the routine performance of duty and when the only way to speed up the engine was with the hand throttle.

Gadget bred gadget. Owners not only bought ready-made gadgets, they invented gadgets to meet special needs. I myself drove my car directly from the agency to the blacksmith's, and had the smith affix two enormous iron brackets to the port running board to support an army trunk.

People who owned closed models builded along different lines: they bought ball grip handles for opening doors, window anti-rattlers, and deluxe flower vases of the cut-glass anti-splash type. People with delicate sensibilities garnished their car with a device called the Donna Lee Automobile Disseminator—a porous vase guaranteed, according to Sears, to fill the car with a "faint clean odor of lavender." The gap between open cars and closed cars was not as great then as it is now: for \$11.95, Sears Roebuck converted your touring car into a sedan and you went forth renewed. One agreeable quality of the old Fords was that they had no bumpers, and their fenders softened and wilted with the years and permitted the driver to squeeze in and out of tight places.

Tires were 30 x 3½, cost about twelve dollars, and punctured readily. Everybody carried a Jiffy patching set, with a nutmeg grater to roughen the tube before the goo was spread on. Everybody was capable of putting on a patch, expected to have to, and did have to.

During my association with Model T's, self-starters were not a prevalent accessory. They were expensive and under suspicion. Your car came equipped with a serviceable crank, and the first thing you learned was how to Get Results. It was a special trick, and until you learned it (usually from another Ford owner, but sometimes by a period of appalling experimentation) you might as well have been winding up an awning. The trick was to leave the ignition switch off, proceed to the animal's head, pull the choke (which was a little wire protruding through the radiator), and give the crank two or three nonchalant upward lifts. Then, whistling as though thinking about something else, you would saunter back to the driver's cabin, turn the ignition on, return to the crank, and this time, catching it on the down stroke, give it a quick spin with plenty of That. If this procedure was followed, the engine almost always responded—first with a few scattered explosions, then with a tumultuous gunfire, which you checked by

racing around to the driver's seat and retarding the throttle. Often, if the emergency brake hadn't been pulled all the way back, the car advanced on you the instant the first explosion occurred and you would hold it back by leaning your weight against it. I can still feel my old Ford nuzzling me at the curb, as though looking for an apple in my pocket.

In zero weather, ordinary cranking became an impossibility, except for giants. The oil thickened, and it became necessary to jack up the rear wheels, which, for some planetary reason, eased the throw.

The lore and legend that governed the Ford were boundless. Owners had their own theories about everything; they discussed mutual problems in that wise, infinitely resourceful way old women discuss rheumatism. Exact knowledge was pretty scarce, and often proved less effective than superstition. Dropping a camphor ball into the gas tank was a popular expedient; it seemed to have a tonic effect on both man and machine. There wasn't much to base exact knowledge on. The Ford driver flew blind. He didn't know the temperature of his engine, the speed of his car, the amount of his fuel, or the pressure of his oil (the old Ford lubricated itself by what was amiably described as the "splash system"). A speedometer cost money and was an extra, like a windshield-wiper. The dashboard of the early models was bare save for an ignition key; later models, grown effete, boasted an ammeter which pulsed alarmingly with the throbbing of the car. Under the dash was a box of coils, with vibrators which you adjusted, or thought you adjusted. Whatever the driver learned of his motor, he learned not through instruments but through sudden developments. I remember that the timer was one of the vital organs about which there was ample doctrine. When everything else had been checked, you "had a look" at the timer. It was an extravagantly odd little device, simple in construction, mysterious in function. It contained a roller, held by a spring, and there were four contact points on the inside of the case against which, many people believed, the roller rolled. I have had a timer apart on a sick Ford many times, but I never really knew what I was up to—I was just showing off before God. There were almost as many schools of thought as there were timers. Some people, when things went wrong, just clenched their teeth and gave the timer a smart crack with a wrench. Other people opened it up and blew on it. There was a school that held that the timer needed large amounts of oil; they fixed it by frequent baptism. And there was a school that was positive it was meant to run dry as a bone; these people were continually taking it off and wiping it. I remember once spitting into a timer; not in anger, but in a spirit of research. You see, the Model T driver moved in the realm of metaphysics. He believed his car could be hexed.

One reason the Ford anatomy was never reduced to an exact science was that, having "fixed" it, the owner couldn't honestly claim that the treatment had brought about the cure. There were too many authenticated cases of Fords fixing themselves—restored naturally to health after a short rest. Farmers soon discovered this, and it fitted nicely with their draft-horse philosophy: "Let 'er cool off and she'll snap into it again."

A Ford owner had Number One Bearing constantly in mind. This bearing, being at the front end of the motor, was the one that always burned out, because the oil didn't reach it when the car was climbing hills. (That's what I was

always told, anyway.) The oil used to recede and leave Number One dry as a clam flat; you had to watch that bearing like a hawk. It was like a weak heart—you could hear it start knocking, and that was when you stopped and let her cool off. Try as you would to keep the oil supply right, in the end Number One always went out. "Number One Bearing burned out on me and I had to have her replaced," you would say, wisely; and your companions always had a lot to tell about how to protect and pamper Number One to keep her alive.

Sprinkled not too liberally among the millions of amateur witch doctors who drove Fords and applied their own abominable cures were the heaven-sent mechanics who could really make the car talk. These professionals turned up in undreamed-of spots. One time, on the banks of the Columbia River in Washington, I heard the rear end go out of my Model T when I was trying to whip it up a steep incline onto the deck of a ferry. Something snapped; the car slid backward into the mud. It seemed to me like the end of the trail. But the captain of the ferry, observing the withered remnant, spoke up.

"What's got her?" he asked.

"I guess it's the rear end," I replied, listlessly. The captain leaned over the rail and stared. Then I saw that there was a hunger in his eyes that set him off from other men.

"Tell you what," he said, carelessly, trying to cover up his eagerness, "let's pull the son of a bitch up onto the boat, and I'll help you fix her while we're going back and forth on the river."

We did just this. All that day I plied between the towns of Pasco and Kennewick, while the skipper (who had once worked in a Ford garage) directed the amazing work of resetting the bones of my car.

Springtime in the heyday of the Model T was a delirious season. Owning a car was still a major excitement, roads were still wonderful and bad. The Fords were obviously conceived in madness: any car which was capable of going from forward into reverse without any perceptible mechanical hiatus was bound to be a mighty challenging thing to the human imagination. Boys used to veer them off the highway into a level pasture and run wild with them, as though they were cutting up with a girl. Most everybody used the reverse pedal quite as much as the regular foot brake—it distributed the wear over the bands and wore them all down evenly. That was the big trick, to wear all the bands down evenly, so that the final chattering would be total and the whole unit scream for renewal.

The days were golden, the nights were dim and strange. I still recall with trembling those loud, nocturnal crises when you drew up to a signpost and raced the engine so the lights would be bright enough to read destinations by. I have never been really planetary since. I suppose it's time to say good-bye. Farewell, my lovely!

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Describe a Model T car.
2. What were some of the accessories the Model T owner could buy?

3. What was the process of starting a Model T?
4. Describe some of the repair services a Model T was likely to require.

Round Table

1. What devices are used to make the essay humorous?
2. Is Henry Ford justly called a benefactor of civilization?
3. What changes has the automobile brought to civilization?

Paper Work

1. Write a descriptive theme on planetary transmission.
2. Write a humorous paper on "Grandfather's Gadgets."
3. Write a paper on Ford's marketing devices and procedures.
4. Contrast the Model T with a modern car.
5. Write a statistical paper on the Model T or on the Ford Automobile Industry.

FACTUAL AND INTERPRETATIVE ESSAYS

Stay-at-homes who have to get from moving pictures and travel books a vicarious contact with the exotic and thrilling South Seas owe much to ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE (1896—). He was born in Ohio and educated in Connecticut and California. For three years thereafter he was magazine editor and news reporter; then, in 1920, he became traveler, trader, navigator, and story teller in the magic islands and waters of the sub-tropics. He has delighted the readers of the Atlantic and Harper's with his shorter sketches, and is the author of several books—Book of Puka-Puka (1929), A Kanaka Voyage (1930), My Tahiti (1937), and Mr. Moonlight's Island (1939).

MRS. TURTLE LAYS HER EGGS*

ROBERT DEAN FRISBIE

I

FOR THE PAST four years I have lived as a trader on the atoll of Puka-Puka, in the South Pacific, but it was only recently that I became personally acquainted with the midnight ramblings of Mrs. Turtle. I had been dangerously ill from ptomaine poisoning, so I decided to close the trading station and take a two weeks' vacation on Frigate Bird Islet, one of the three islets which, with the reef and the lagoon, comprise the atoll. It is contrary to the local tabus for anyone to visit Frigate Bird Islet except during the copra-making seasons when the whole population moves; but as I am a white man, and had been very ill, the village fathers generously consented to my sojourn on Frigate Bird for the purpose of convalescence. Furthermore, it was then November, the season when the turtles come ashore to lay their eggs, and I had promised the natives to lie in wait for one.

—Taking with me an old retainer called Uiliamu (William), I paddled across the lagoon and was soon comfortably settled on Frigate Bird Islet, in a grove of tall puka trees. There the wind moaned with a pleasant dolorousness and innumerable sea birds were blown about the sky, settling from time to time on their perches in the tops of the trees. Frigate Bird was also a favorite nesting place for the *rupes*, island doves whose cooing is as lonely-sounding as the music of the wind in the branches of the puka trees.

Half an hour after our arrival on the islet, old William returned in great excitement from a reconnoitre along the beach. He had found a turtle track only a few hundred yards from our little thatched hut. I followed him to the spot. It must have been a huge turtle, for the track was a good three feet wide and ploughed deep into the sand.

Looking at the trail she had left behind her, I wondered that there are any

* Reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, 1929, by permission of the author and the editors.

of these great turtles left in the sea. The natives of all these islands know, of course, that a turtle lays her eggs every ten or twelve days, on four or five occasions during the months of November and December. So, when a trail is discovered, one has only to lie in wait during high tide, and *Mis. Turtle* may be caught when she returns to lay another batch of eggs; for she will lay her successive batches within a few hundred yards of the first one.

I have read that a turtle is very clever in hiding the spot where she lays her eggs, but this is *nonsense*. From the shallows to the upper beach she leaves a track behind her as plain as an armored tank's, and the spot where she lays is hollowed out much like a hog wallow, the sand being heaped over the eggs to the height of a foot or more. After the eggs are deposited and covered, she wobbles straight back to the reef, leaving another trail so plain and deep that, failing to see it, one would stumble into it.

When the eggs hatch, the first baby turtle digs a round hole to the surface and wobbles clumsily out. At his heels—or, better, his flippers—is a second, and a third, and so on, all the little turtles marching in single file to the shallows, where they dive happily in. Then the tragedy begins, for there is no morsel daintier than a baby turtle, and every sea creature seems to be waiting for the feast. Of the hundred or more baby turtles that leave the beach, not fifty will succeed in getting as far as the reef, where a dozen more will be gobbled down by spotted eels. The moment the rest of the little company are through the breakers, the large fish outside swirl into them, devouring them, usually, to the last turtle.

When I think of the innumerable enemies of the young turtle, I marvel that any of them escape to reach maturity. But some do, of course, for old Mother Turtle makes due allowance for casualties. She lays from four hundred to six hundred eggs yearly, so that, in the course of five hundred years, a few of her two hundred and fifty thousand offspring are bound to survive.

There are thousands upon thousands of eggs in a female turtle; some are clusters of just-forming eggs no larger than a pinhead, and from these they range in size to the fully developed ones. The smaller ones are a great delicacy, but somehow, with me, half the pleasure in eating them is lost when I think of the thousands of embryo lives I am destroying through the grind of my molars.

It is a law on Puka-Puka that sailfish and turtle belong to the entire population. When only one turtle is caught and shared among the five hundred and fifty-odd inhabitants, the individual portions, one would suppose, must be small. But they are larger than the uninitiated might think, for of an average green turtle's three hundred pounds weight not ten pounds are wasted. The Puka-Pukans eat the flippers, shell, and tail, while the head is given to the man who catches the turtle. The hard bony carapace and plastron shells are considered the most delicate parts, and the result is that when the turtle feast is over there is hardly enough refuse left to fill a hat.

II

Old William and I dug out one hundred and six round white eggs that day, each about the size of a hen's egg. The fully developed eggs are not particularly palatable, but quite good enough for a meal on Frigate Bird Islet. William

decided that this batch had been laid two days earlier, so that we might expect Mrs. Turtle to return in a little more than a week. We would lie in wait and catch her by the simple process of turning her over on her back; then go to the north side of the islet and light the signal fire which would inform the rest of the Puka-Pukans across the lagoon that a turtle had been caught, whereupon they would all paddle joyously over for the feast.

The following eight days passed as I should like all days to pass for the rest of my life. I swam in the lagoon with my water goggles on, looking down on the fantastic peaks of submarine mountains, watching the gorgeously colored fish swimming in and out of caves and crevices among the coral; or I would lie on the beach and sleep, or wander idly through the groves inland, listening to the lonely cries of the sea birds. Each day I grew stronger and soon reached that stage of health where one derives the keenest delight from the mere fact of being alive.

On the eighth night old William and I walked the beach during high tide, but old Mrs. Turtle failed to appear; so we returned to our little hut in the puka grove and went to sleep. William said that mother turtles seldom cross the reef at low tide, but this is not an invariable rule.

An hour later I awoke, as completely refreshed as though I had enjoyed a long and dreamless night's sleep. William was snoring at the other end of the hut, and I heard an owlish shearwater squawking a discordant love song to the moon.

I rose and crept out of the mosquito net, thinking that perhaps Mrs. Turtle might have stolen a march on us and might even now be fashioning the nest for her eggs somewhere up the beach. Sure enough; I had not gone more than a hundred yards along the shore when I came to a freshly ploughed track from the shallows to the shore brush. I halted and listened.

The water in the outer shallows lay steely-calm halfway to the reef, and the shadows of branching coral were outlined with striking clearness. But the first tiny wave of the incoming tide was moving shoreward, a wall of water about a foot high, jet-black in the moonlight save for flashing points of spray that rose and subsided as the tide wave foamed gently across the shallows to break with a faint hiss on the sandy beach. A moment later it was on its way back to the reef and soon the shallows were calm again, although the water was a few inches deeper than before.

I seated myself on the sand near Mrs. Turtle's track and gazed into the shadows of the shore brush. Once I thought I saw a dim ungainly shape moving there, and several times heard the crackle of breaking twigs as she broke through the bushes.

She rested for several moments, and then I heard a sharp scraping noise followed by the patter of sand against the foliage. I rose, crept close, and turned the light of my flash lamp into the bush. At my feet, so close that I might have touched her, was a green turtle weighing at least three hundred pounds. She turned her head to stare at me with cold passionless eyes; then with a deliberate, almost haughty motion she again turned, and without paying the least further attention to me went on with her work.

I sat down and placed my flash lamp on the ground so that the light was fully

upon her. I expected her to move away, but she did not, and the natives have told me that once a turtle has started to dig the pit for her eggs nothing can frighten her away. The eggs must fall and she will proceed, oblivious of everything, until she has them nested.

There was something solemn, almost religious, about that midnight labor so beset with danger. I watched with a feeling akin to awe, as though I were eavesdropping at an esoteric rite. What, I wondered, did old Mamma Turtle make of my flash lamp? Was she aware that death awaited her only a few feet away, that she would never again cross the reef to plunge into the cool sanctuary of the sea? If so, she gave no evidence of the fact. More than likely she was the stoic she appeared to be, a fatalist whose hundreds of years of experience had placed her above worrying over the vicissitudes of life and the fear of death. The light of my flash lamp was merely another of those strange phenomena turtles must expect on dry land. I wondered about all sorts of things as I watched her—a man will harbor curious thoughts in the wee hours of a moonlight night on the remote beach of an uninhabited islet.

She had already started digging her pit when I first approached her. She used her hind flippers, the right and left ones alternately. With one she would reach to a spot under her tail, scrape away about a handful of sand and gravel, and, cupping the bottom of her flipper, bring the sand to the surface and deposit it. The other flipper would then be swung into the hole, while with the first she would brush away the sand already brought out. This was done by scraping the flipper vigorously across the ground, and it was that sound I had first heard after discovering her track.

She worked automatically, for evidently she must dig her pit in the age-old manner or not at all. It was interesting to observe that, though one flipper was shorter than the other, when the hole became too deep for her to reach bottom with the shorter one she still went through the motions of scraping, cupping, and brushing the ground where the sand should have been. This somewhat lessened my opinion of Mrs. Turtle's wisdom.

When the pit was as deep as she could make it—about twenty inches—she dropped one hundred and fourteen eggs into it, filling the excavation to within three or four inches of the surface. Then, working both her hind flippers at once, she scraped the sand into the pit, patting it down firmly and pushing it under her until she had a mound a foot high over the eggs. Then she put her powerful front flippers to work for the first time. Reaching out, she scraped them across the ground so vigorously that a shower of twigs, sand, and gravel went flying into the air. This was done, I suppose, in an effort to cover and conceal the spot where the eggs were laid—an entirely futile attempt. Half of the first shower rained on me, with such force that I moved away at once. Deciding that I had seen enough of Mrs. Turtle's private affairs, I moved some distance away to sit on the beach near her track. For ten minutes longer I could hear her flinging the sand about; then she was silent.

III

I must have waited a full hour longer, for the moon had dropped to Arai Reef, and I could see the foam and spray where the long, smooth combers humped

their backs and broke over the sunken reef. Venus had risen, and in another hour the puka trees would be outlined in the first light of dawn. Twice I flashed my light into the bush, only to see Mrs. Turtle lying motionless, resting after her labors. Presently I nodded, and dozed off in the midst of a series of disjointed reflections.

I was roused by the sound of something dragging over the sand. It ceased the moment I looked up. There stood Mrs. Turtle, perfectly still, not more than ten feet from me. I was directly in her path; all I must do was to walk up to her, get a firm hold on her carapace shell above the tail, and tug her over—but there was plenty of time for that.

I watched her for fully ten minutes; then, of a sudden, she breathed. It was a raucous respiration, startlingly loud in the still night air. It may have been that my long exposure under the moon's full light had given me what the Puka-Pukans call "moon madness"; however that may be, it occurred to me that old Mamma Turtle was an exceedingly likable, human sort of creature. Therefore I decided to have a little confidential chat with her.

ad. Although at first the sound of my voice startled me a little, I explained to Mrs. Turtle the foolish risk she had taken in coming to an inhabited island to lay her eggs. "In your hundreds of years," I said, "you should have learned that only the loneliest sand banks are safe for you, and that your greatest danger is from an encounter with man.

"And now, madam," I went on with a little flourish, "see what your lack of foresight has brought you to! To-morrow you will be split in two—*vavaji-ake*, as the Puka-Pukans say—and eaten to the last corner of your shell. You will have ceased to exist. For many hundreds of years you have flopped across the reefs of lonely atolls, ploughed up the beaches, and laid your hundred eggs. For centuries you have paddled with dignity and deliberation about the seven seas, dining on the choicest turtle grass and contemplating the starry firmament through long tropic nights. All these centuries you have escaped being made into soup for aldermen's dinners; you have escaped the ropes and spears of savages; and most amazing of all, at about the time when William the Conqueror crossed the English Channel, when you hatched out on some remote and moonlit tropic beach such as this, you escaped your enemies in the sea and by some freak of chance managed to grow to maturity, safe from all sea creatures, only now to be unceremoniously flopped over by a mere South Sea trader.

ad. "Outside the reef old Papa Turtle is waiting for you. When he rises to breathe he gazes shoreward, wondering what is keeping you so late. But he will never see you again. He will wait beyond the reef for a few days, and then, doubtless, paddle off in search of another mate. To-morrow your body, from the tip of your nose to the end of your tail, will be crushed between the jaws of five hundred hungry savages. What a forlorn end to a life of adventure such as yours!"

Again Mrs. Turtle breathed hoarsely, and this time she struck her flipper on the sand, as though annoyed that I should keep her waiting. I rose and, stepping behind her, grasped her shell. I made a feeble attempt to turn her over, but she was very heavy, so I did not try again, for I was willing to believe that I was still weak from my recent illness. She waddled with stately deliberation down

the beach, while I stood where I was, watching her. When she had nearly reached the water I called after her: "Madam, I will give you three pieces of advice: Dive deeply and at once whenever you see a ship, boat, or canoe. Never go ashore at an island where you see fires at night. And above all, avoid man, your greatest enemy."

Old Mamma Turtle wobbled on without so much as a glance back. A moment later she flopped gracelessly into the water and I saw her no more. Dawn was at hand as I walked back to the puka grove. Old William was still asleep.

When he awoke he soon discovered the turtle track and my own as well, and all that day he would not speak respectfully to me. He knew at once what had happened, but he was unable to account for my strange behavior. Why, if I were unable to turn the turtle over, hadn't I called him? There was really no satisfactory reply to be made to that question. The next day when we returned to the main island William told the story, and I was in disgrace. For a week not one of the village fathers would consent to buy so much as a popgun from me, or a bag of marbles. Nevertheless I am glad that I acted as I did. And if old Mrs. Turtle is capable of emotion and reflection, I am sure she is glad, too.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Locate Puka-Puka more accurately than Mr. Frisbie does.
2. Define and use in sentences: *copra*, *carapace*, *plastron*, *submarine* (adj.), *shearwater*, *sanctuary*, *stoic*, *vicissitude*, *phenomena*, *comber*, *fumament*, *alderman*, *discordant*.
3. Is Old William effectively characterized? Is he individualized?
4. What figure in British history is suggested to the author by the process of association?

Round Table

1. Why did Frisbie let the turtle escape?
2. Is the author a sentimentalist?
3. What is the difference between sentimentalism and sensibility?
4. Would the narrative be more effective if the author had had a white companion of the same temperament?

Paper Work

1. Write a five hundred-word narrative of an encounter with a savage animal, for example, The Cerberus of My Grammar School Days.
2. Write a paper, with "Mrs. Turtle Lays Her Eggs" as a model, on some process in nature, in which you try, as Mr. Frisbie does, to personify the animals, etc. You may introduce imagined dialogue if it seems advisable to do so.

WILLIAM BEEBE is one of the few American scientists who can write of their investigations accurately and at the same time entertainingly. His clarity, his gusto, and his delightful humor have made his books immensely popular. He was born in 1877 in Brooklyn and educated at Columbia University. As curator of ornithology and director of the Department of Tropical Research of the New York Zoological Society, he has carried on researches in natural history in Mexico, Borneo, Brazil, British Guiana, and the Galápagos Islands. Of these adventures some of the most daring were his visits in the "bathysphere"—a deep-sea diving globe—to strange fishes of tropical seas. Among the most entertaining of his many popular scientific books are *Log of the Sun* (1906), *Jungle Peace* (1918), *Edge of the Jungle* (1921), *Jungle Days* (1925), *Beneath Tropic Seas* (1928), *Nonsuch, Land of Water* (1932), and *Half Mile Down* (1934). Mr. Beebe is an industrious, enthusiastic, and prolific writer.

THE JUNGLE SLUGGARD*

WILLIAM BEEBE

SLOTHS HAVE no right to be living on the earth today; they would be fitting inhabitants of Mars, where a year is over six hundred days long. In fact they would exist more appropriately on a still more distant planet where time—as we know it—creeps and crawls instead of flies from dawn to dusk. Years ago I wrote that sloths reminded me of nothing so much as the wonderful Rath Brother athletes or of a slowed-up moving picture, and I can still think of no better similes.

Sloths live altogether in trees, but so do monkeys, and the chief difference between them would seem to be that the latter spend their time pushing against gravitation while the sloths pull against it. Botanically the two groups of animals are comparable to the flower which holds its head up to the sun, swaying on its long stem, and, on the other hand, the over-ripe fruit dangling heavily from its base. We ourselves are physically far removed from sloths—for while we can point with pride to the daily achievement of those ambulatory athletes, floor-walkers and policemen, yet no human being can cling with his hands to a branch for more than a comparatively short time.

Like a rainbow before breakfast, a sloth is a surprise, an unexpected fellow breather of the air of our planet. No one could prophesy a sloth. If you have an imaginative friend who has never seen a sloth and ask him to describe what he thinks it ought to be like, his uncontrolled phrases will fall far short of reality. If there were no sloths, Dunsany would hesitate to put such a creature in the forests of Mluna, Marco Polo would deny having seen one, and Munchausen would whistle as he listened to a friend's description.

A scientist—even a taxonomist himself—falters when he mentions the group to which a sloth belongs. A taxonomist is the most terribly accurate person in the world, dealing with unvarying facts, and his names and descriptions of animals defy discretion, murder imagination. Nevertheless, when next you see

* From *Jungle Days*, by William Beebe, New York. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

a taxonomist disengaged, approach him boldly and ask him in a tone of quarrelsome interest to what order of Mammalia sloths belong. If an honest conservative he will say, "Edentata," which, as any ancient Greek will tell you, means a toothless one. Then if you wish to enrage and nonplus the taxonomist, which I think no one should, as I am one myself, then ask him "Why?" or, if he has ever been bitten by any of the eighteen teeth of a sloth.

The great savant Buffon, in spite of all his genius, fell into most grievous error in his estimation of a sloth. He says, "The inertia of this animal is not so much due to laziness as to wretchedness; it is the consequence of its faulty structure. Inactivity, stupidity, and even habitual suffering result from its strange and ill-constructed conformation. Having no weapons for attack or defense, no mode of refuge even by burrowing, its only safety is in flight. . . . Everything about it shows its wretchedness and proclaims it to be one of those defective monsters, those imperfect sketches, which Nature has sometimes formed, and which, having scarcely the faculty of existence, could only continue for a short time and have since been removed from the catalogue of living beings. They are the last possible term amongst creatures of flesh and blood, and any further defect would have made their existence impossible."

If we imagine the dignified French savant himself naked, and dangling from a lofty jungle branch in the full heat of the tropic sun, without water and with the prospect of nothing but coarse leaves for breakfast, dinner, and all future meals, an impartial onlooker who was ignorant of man's normal haunts and life could very truthfully apply to the unhappy scientist, Buffon's own comments. All of his terms of opprobrium would come home to roost with him.

A bridge out of place would be an absolutely inexplicable thing, as would a sloth in Paris, or a Buffon in the trees. As a matter of fact it was only when I became a temporary cripple myself that I began to appreciate the astonishing lives which sloths lead. With one of my feet injured and out of commission I found an abundance of time in six weeks to study the individuals which we caught in the jungle near by. Not until we invent a superlative of which the word *deliberate* is the positive can we define a sloth with sufficient adequateness and briefness. I dimly remember certain volumes by an authoress whose style pictured the hero walking from the door to the front gate, placing first the right, then the left foot before him as he went. With such detail and speed of action might one write the biography of a sloth.

Ever since man has ventured into this wilderness, sloths have aroused astonishment and comment. Four hundred years ago Gonzalo de Oviedo sat him down and penned a most delectable account of these creatures. He says, in part: "There is another strange beast the Spaniards call the Light Dogge, which is one of the slowest beasts, and so heave and dull in moving that it can scarcely goe fiftie paces in a whole day. Their neckes are high and streight, and all equall like the pestle of a mortar, without making any proportion of similitude of a head, or any difference except in the noddle, and in the tops of their neckes. They have little mouthes, and moove their neckes from one side to another, as though they were astonished; their chiefe desire and delight is to cleave and sticke fast unto trees, whereunto cleaving fast, they mount up little by little, staying themselves by their long claws. Their voice is much differing from other beasts,

for they sing only in the night, and that continually from time to time, singing ever six notes one higher than another. Sometimes the Christian men find these beasts and bring them home to their houses, where also they creep all about with their natural slownesse. I could never perceive other but that they love onely of Aire; because they ever tune their heads and mouths toward that part where the wind bloweth most, whereby may be considered that they take most pleasure in the Aire. They bite not, nor yet can bite, having very little mouthes; they are not venomous or noyous any way, but altogether brutish, and utterly unprofitable and without commoditie yet known to men."

It is difficult to find adequate comparisons for a topsy-turvy creature like a sloth, but if I had already had synthetic experience with a Golem, I would take for a formula the general appearance of an English sheep dog, giving it a face with barely distinguishable features and no expression, an inexhaustible appetite for a single kind of coarse leaf, a gamut of emotions well below the animal kingdom, and an enthusiasm for life excelled by a healthy sunflower. Suspend this from a jungle limb by a dozen strong hooks, and—you would still have to see a live sloth to appreciate its appearance.

At rest, curled up into an arboreal ball, a sloth is indistinguishable from a cluster of leaves; in action, the second hand of a watch often covers more distance. At first sight of the shapeless ball of hay, moving with hopeless inadequacy, astonishment shifts to pity, then to impatience, and finally, as we sense a life of years spent thus, we feel almost disgust. At which moment the sloth reaches blindly in our direction, thinking us a barren, leafless, but perhaps climbable tree, and our emotions change again, this time to sheer delight as a tiny infant sloth raises its indescribably funny face from its mother's breast and sends forth the single tone, the high, whistling squeak, which in sloth intercourse is song, shout, converse, whisper, argument, and chant. Separating him from his mother is like plucking a bur from one's hair, but when freed, he contentedly hooks his small self to our clothing and creeps slowly about.

Instead of reviewing all the observations and experiments which I perpetrated upon sloths, I will touch at once the heart of their mysterious psychology, giving in a few words a conception of their strange, uncanny minds. A bird will give up its life in defending its young; an alligator will not often desert its nest in the face of danger; a male stickleback fish will intrepidly face any intruder that threatens its eggs. In fact, at the time when the young of all animals are at the age of helplessness, the senses of the parents are doubly keen, their activities and weapons are at greatest efficiency for the guarding of the young and the consequent certainty of the continuance of their race.

The resistance made by a mother sloth to the abstraction of its offspring is chiefly the mechanical tangling of the young animal's tiny claws in the long maternal fur. I have taken away a young sloth and hooked it to a branch five feet away. Being hungry it began at once to utter its high, penetrating penny whistle. To no other sound, high or low, with even a half tone's difference does the sloth pay any heed, but its dim hearing is attuned to just this vibration. Slowly the mother starts off in what she thinks is the direction of the sound. It is the moment of moments in the life of the young animal. Yet I have seen her again and again on different occasions pass within two feet of the little

chap, and never look to right or left, but keep straight on, stolidly and unvaryingly to the high jungle, while her baby, a few inches out of her path, called in vain. No kidnaped child hidden in mountain fastness or urban underworld was ever more completely lost to its parent than this infant, in full view and separated by only a sloth's length of space.

A gun fired close to the ear of a sloth will usually arouse not the slightest tremor; no scent of flower or acid or carrion causes any reaction; a sleeping sloth may be shaken violently without awakening; the waving of a scarlet rag, or a climbing serpent a few feet away brings no gleam of curiosity or fear to the dull eyes; an astonishingly long immersion in water produces discomfort but not death. When we think what a constant struggle life is to most creatures, even when they are equipped with the keenest of senses and powerful means of offense, it seems incredible that a sloth can hold its own in this overcrowded tropical jungle.

From birth to death it climbs slowly about the great trees, leisurely feeding, languidly loving, and almost mechanically caring for its young. On the ground a host of enemies await it, but among the higher branches it fears chiefly occasional great boas, climbing jaguars and, worst of all, the mighty talons of harpy eagles. Its means of offense is a joke—a slow, ineffective reaching forward with open jaws, a lethargic stroke of arm and claws which anything but another sloth can avoid. Yet the race of sloths persists and thrives, and in past years I have had as many as eighteen under observation at one time.

A sloth makes no nest or shelter; it even disdains the protection of dense foliage. But for all its apparent helplessness it has a *cheval-de-frise* of protection which many animals far above it in intelligence might well envy. Its outer line of defense is invisibility—and there is none better, for until you have seen your intended prey you can neither attack nor devour him. No hedgehog or armadillo ever rolled a more perfect ball of itself than does a sloth, sitting in a lofty, swaying crotch with head and feet and legs all gathered close together inside. This posture, to an onlooker, destroys all thought of a living animal, but presents a very satisfactory white ants' nest or bunch of dead leaves. If we look at the hair of a sloth we shall see small, gray patches along the length of the hairs—at first sight bits of bark and débris of wood. But these minute, scattered particles are of the utmost aid to this invisibility. They are a peculiar species of alga or lichen-like growth, which is found only in this peculiar haunt, and when the rains begin and all the jungle turns a deep, glowing emerald, these tiny plants also react to the welcome moisture and become verdant—thus growing over the sloth a protecting, misty veil of green.

Even we dull-sensed humans require neither sight nor hearing to detect the presence of an animal like the skunk; in the absolute quiet and blackness of midnight we can tell when a porcupine has crossed our path, or when there are mice in the bureau drawers. But a dozen sloths may be hanging to the trees near at hand and never the slightest whiff of odor comes from them. A baby sloth has not even a baby smell, and all this is part of the cloak of invisibility. The voice, raised so very seldom, is so ventriloquial, and possesses such a strange, unanimal-like quality, that it can never be a guide to the location, much less to the identity of the author. Here we have three senses—sight, hearing, smell—

all operating at a distance, two of them by vibrations, and all leagued together to shelter the sloth from attack.

But in spite of this dramatic guard of invisibility the keen eyes of an eagle, the lapping tongue of a giant boa, and the amazing delicacy of a jaguar's sense of smell break through at times. The jaguar scents sign under the tree of the sloth, climbs eagerly as far as he dares, and finds ready to his paw the ball of animal unconsciousness; a harpy eagle half a mile above the jungle sees a bunch of leaves reach out a sleepy arm and scratch itself—something clumps of leaves should not do. Down spirals the great bird, slowly, majestically, knowing there is no need of haste, and alights close by the mammalian sphere. Still the sloth does not move, apparently waiting for what fate may bring—waiting with that patience and resignation which comes only to those of our fellow creatures who cannot say, "I am I!" It seems as if Nature had deserted her jungle changeling, stripped now of its protecting cloak.

The sloth, however, has never been given credit for its powers of passive resistance, and now, with its enemy within striking distance, its death or even injury is far from a certainty. The crotch which the sloth chooses for its favorite outdoor sport, sleep, is unusually high up or far out among the lesser branches, where the eight claws of the eagle or the eighteen of a jaguar find but precarious hold. In order to strike at the quiescent animal the bird has to relinquish half of its foothold, the cat nearly one-quarter. If the victim were a feathery bush turkey or a soft-bodied squirrel, one stroke would be sufficient, but this strange creature is something far different. In the first place, it is only to be plucked from its perch by the exertion of enormous strength. No man can seize a sloth by the long hair of the back and pull it off. So strong are its muscles, so vise-like the grip of its dozen talons, that either the crotch must be cut or broken off or the long claws unfastened one by one. Neither of these alternatives is possible to the attacking cat or eagle. They must depend upon crushing or penetrating power of stroke or grasp.

Here is where the sloth's second line of defense becomes operative. First, as I have mentioned, the swaying branch and dizzy height are in his favor, as well as his immovable grip. To begin with the innermost defenses, while his jungle fellows, the ring-tailed and red howling monkeys, have thirteen ribs, the sloth may have as many as twenty; in the latter animal they are, in addition, unusually broad and flat, slats rather than rods. Next comes the skin, which is so thick and tough that many an Indian's arrow falls back without even scratching the hide. The skin of the unborn sloth is as tough and strong as that of a full-grown monkey. Finally we have the fur—two distinct coats, the under one fine, short, and matted, the outer long, harsh, and coarse. Is it any wonder that, teetering on a swaying branch, many a jaguar has had to give up, after frantic attempts to strike his claws through the felted hair, the tough skin, and the bony lattice-work which protect the vitals of this Edentate bur!

Having rescued our sloth from his most immediate peril, let us watch him solve some of the very few problems which life presents to him. Although the Cecropia tree, on the leaves of which he feeds, is scattered far and wide through the jungle, yet sloths are found almost exclusively along river banks, and, most amazingly, they not infrequently take to the water. I have caught a dozen

sloths swimming rivers a mile or more in width. Judging from the speed of short distances, a sloth can swim a mile in three hours and twenty minutes. Their thick skin and fur must be a protection against crocodiles, electric eels, and perai fish as well as jaguars. Why they should ever wish to swim across these wide expanses of water is as inexplicable as the migration of butterflies. One side of the river has as many comfortable crotches, as many millions of Cecropia leaves, and as many eligible lady sloths as the other¹ In this unreasonable desire for anything which is out of reach, sloths come very close to a characteristic of human beings.

Even in the jungle, sloths are not always the static creatures which their vegetable-like life would lead us to believe, as I was able to prove many years ago. A young male was brought in by Indians, and after keeping it a few days I shaved off two patches of hair from the center of the back, and labeling it with a metal tag I turned it loose. Forty-eight days later it was captured near a small settlement of Bovianders several miles farther up and across the river. During this time it must have traversed four miles of jungle and one of river.

The principal difference between the male and female three-toed sloths is the presence on the back of the male of a large, oval spot of orange-colored fur. To any creature of more active mentality such a minor distinction must often be embarrassing. In an approaching sloth, walking upside down as usual, this mark is quite invisible, and hence every meeting of two sloths must contain much of delightful uncertainty, of ignorance whether the encounter presages courtship or merely gossip. But color or markings have no meaning in the dull eyes of these animals. Until they have sniffed and almost touched noses they show no recognition or reaction whatever.

I once invented a sloth island—a large circle of ground surrounded by a deep ditch, where sloths climbed about some saplings and ate, but principally slept, and lived for months at a time. This was within sight of my laboratory table; so I could watch what was taking place by merely raising my head. Some of the occurrences were almost too strange for creatures of this earth. I watched two courtships, each resulting in nothing more serious than my own amusement. A female was asleep in a low crotch, curled up into a perfect ball deep within which was ensconced a month-old baby. Two yards overhead was a male who had slept for nine hours without interruption. Moved by what, to a sloth, must have been a burst of uncontrollable emotion, he slowly unwound himself and clambered downward. When close to the sleeping beauty, he reached out a claw and tentatively touched a shoulder. Even more deliberately she excavated her head and long neck and peered in every direction but the right one. At last she perceived her suitor and looked away as if the sight was too much for her. Again he touched her post-like neck, and now there arose all the flaming fury of a mother at the flirtatious advances of this stranger. With incredible slowness and effort she freed an arm, deliberately drew it back, and then began a slow forward stroke with arm and claws. Meanwhile her gentleman friend had changed his position; so the blow swept or, more correctly, passed, through empty air, the lack of impact almost throwing her out of the crotch. The disdained one left with slowness and dignity—or had he already

forgotten why he had descended?—and returned to his perch and slumber, where, I am sure, not even such active things as dreams came to disturb his peace.

The second courtship advanced to the stage where the Gallant actually got his claws tangled in the lady's back hair before she awoke. When she grasped the situation, she left at once and clambered to the highest branch tip followed by the male. Then she turned and climbed down and across her annoyer, leaving him stranded on the lofty branch looking eagerly about and reaching out hopefully toward a big green iguana asleep on the next limb in mistake for his fair companion. For an hour he wandered languidly after her, then gave it up and went to sleep. Throughout these and other emotional crises no sound is ever uttered, no feature altered from its stolid repose. The head moves mechanically and the dull eyes blink slowly, as if striving to pierce the opaque veil which ever hangs between the brain of a sloth and the sights, sounds, and odors of this tropical world. If the orange back-spot was ever of any use in courtship, in arousing any emotion, aesthetic or otherwise, it must have been in ages long past when the ancestors of sloths, contemporaries of their gigantic relatives, the Mylodons, had better eyesight for escaping from saber-toothed tigers than there is need today.

The climax of a sloth's emotion has nothing to do with the opposite sex or with the young, but is exhibited when two females are confined in a cage together. The result is wholly unexpected. After sniffing at one another for a moment, they engage in a slowed-up moving-picture battle. Before any harm is done, one or the other gives utterance to the usual piercing whistle and surrenders. She lies flat on the cage floor and offers no defense while the second female proceeds to claw her, now and then attempting, usually vainly, to bite. It is so unpleasant that I have always separated them at this stage, but there is no doubt that in every case the unnatural affray would go on until the victim was killed. In fact I have heard of several instances where this actually took place.

A far pleasanter sight is the young sloth, one of the most adorable balls of fuzzy fur imaginable. While the sense of play is all but lacking, his trustfulness and helplessness are most infantile. Every person who takes him up is an accepted substitute for his mother, and he will clamber slowly about one's clothing for hours in supreme contentment. One thing I can never explain is that on the ground the baby is even more helpless than his parents. While they can hitch themselves along, body dragging, limbs outspread, until they reach the nearest tree, a young sloth is wholly without power to move. Placed on a flat bit of ground it rolls and tumbles about, occasionally greatly encouraged by seizing hold of its own foot or leg under the impression that at last it has encountered a branch.

Sloths sleep about twice as much as other mammals, and a baby sloth often gets tired of being confined in the heart of its mother's sleeping sphere, and creeping out under her arm will go on an exploring expedition around and around her. When over two weeks old it has strength to rise on its hind legs and sway back and forth like nothing else in the world. Its eyes are only a little keener than those of the parent, and it peers up at the foliage overhead with the most pitiful interest. It is slowly weaned from a milk diet to the leaves of the Cecropia, which the mother at first chews up for her offspring.

I once watched a young sloth about a month old and saw it leave its mother for the first time. As the old one moved slowly back and forth, pulling down Cecropia leaves and feeding on them, the youngster took firm grip on a leaf stem, mumbling at it with no success whatever. When finally it stretched around and found no soft fur within reach, it set up a wail which drew the attention of the mother at once. Still clinging to her perch, she reached out a forearm to an unbelievable distance and gently hooked the great claws about the huddled infant, which at once climbed down the long bridge and tumbled headlong into the hollow awaiting it.

When a very young sloth is gently disentangled from its mother and hooked on to a branch, something of the greatest interest happens. Instead of walking forward, one foot after the other, and upside down as all adult sloths do, it reaches up and tries to get first one arm then the other *over* the support, and to pull itself into an upright position. This would seem to be a reversion to a time—perhaps millions of years ago—when the ancestors of sloths had not yet begun to hang inverted from the branches. After an interval of clumsy reaching and wriggling about, the baby by accident grasps its own body or limb, and, in this case, convinced that it is at last anchored safely again to its mother, it confidently lets go with all its other claws and tumbles ignominiously to the ground.

The moment a baby sloth dies and slips from its grip on the mother's fur, it ceases to exist for her. If it could call out, she would reach down an arm and hook it toward her, but simply dropping silently means no more than if a disentangled bur had fallen from her coat. I have watched such a sloth carefully and have never seen any search of her own body or of the surrounding branches, or a moment's distraction from sleep or food. An imitation of the cry of the dead baby will attract her attention, but if not repeated, she forgets it at once.

It is interesting to know of the lives of such beings as this—chronic pacifists, normal morons, the superlative of negative natures, yet holding their own amidst the struggle for existence. Nothing else desires to feed on such coarse fodder, no other creature disputes with it the domain of the under side of branches, hence there is no competition. From our human point of view sloths are degenerate; from another angle they are among the most exquisitely adapted of living beings. If we humans, together with our brains, fitted as well into the possibilities of our own lives, we should be infinitely finer and happier—and, besides, I should then be able to interpret more intelligently the life and the philosophy of sloths!

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Explain the following allusions: Mars, where a year is over six hundred days long; the wonderful Rath Brother athletes; Dunsany . . . forests of Mluna, Marco Polo . . . Munchausen; a sloth in Paris, or a Buffon in the trees; Gonzalo de Oviedo; Golem . . . English sheep dog; *cheval-de-frise* of protection; alga or lichen-like growth; Bovianders; their gigantic relatives, the Mylodons . . . saber-toothed tigers.

2. Define the following words as they are employed by the author. What is the etymology of each? *ambulatory, taxonomist, Mammalia, Edentata, nonplus, savant, inertia, topsy-turvy, gamut, arboreal, stickleback, abstraction, stolidly, harpy eagle, lethargic, amadillo, débris, ventriloquial, quiescent, perai fish, traverse, presage, tentatively, stranded, iguana, languidly, urban, boa, jaguar, infantile, weaned.*
3. What was Buffon's estimate of the sloth?
4. Recount Gonzalo de Oviedo's description of the sloth.
5. What articulate sound does the sloth employ?
6. Explain the mother sloth's attitude toward her young.
7. What natural protection from its enemies does the sloth have?
8. Explain some of the living habits of the sloth.
9. Comment on the "love-life" of the sloth.
10. What are some of the characteristics of the baby sloth?

Round Table

1. Select from this essay five similes which you like, and be prepared to explain them and to defend their effectiveness.
2. Be prepared to point out in class the mixture of forms of discourse that appear in the essay.
3. Comment on evidences of the author's skill in making scientific observations.
4. What evidences of research by reading appear in the essay?

Paper Work

1. Make an analytical outline of "The Jungle Sluggard."
2. Compress into three hundred words an accurate definition of the sloth.
3. Imitate the author's essay by defining some other animal with which you are acquainted.
4. Write a theme on "William Beebe as a Humorist."
5. Write a review of one of William Beebe's books listed in the headnote to the essay.

That so few naturalists are poets has helped, without doubt, to give distinction to the writing of DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE, who seasons his botanical studies with the flavor of lyrical verse. He was born in Chicago in 1898, and was educated at the University of Chicago and at Harvard, where he took a cum laude degree in 1922. His winning that year of the Witter Bynner poetry prize seems a strange prelude to his appointment as botanist in the U. S. Office of Foreign Seed and Plant Introduction, but it was an early promise of the delicate style of his books on the green mantle of the earth. His work has received repeated recognition, including the gold medal of the Limited Editions Club for An Almanac for Moderns (1935) and the silver medal of the Commonwealth Club of San Francisco for Flowering Earth (1939). He studied abroad as Guggenheim Fellow (1936-1938), and has been a prolific writer. Some of his books he wrote in collaboration with his wife, Louise Redfield, an author in her own name; many others he has done alone. Beside those already mentioned as having earned special awards should be listed Calceos and Harvets (1926), Singing in the Wilderness (1935), Green Laurels (1936), A Book of Hours (1937), A Prairie Grove (1938), and The Road of a Naturalist (1941).

THE PRAIRIE *

DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

OF THE PRAIRIE province they say that the seas made it. Its bones are of coral, of diatoms, and protean microscopic animals. A little later, in the course of millennia that cannot be reckoned, the fishes made it. And then, when the bed of the sea was uplifted and it became dry land, rain fell on it, and the tropical club mosses grew in the marshes tall as trees. When the Carboniferous wind blew in their awkward branches, the golden spores were piled like snowdrifts in the peat. So were the coal measures laid down, and sometimes a fern leaf, broken by an amphibian foot, fell in the ooze to leave its imprint fossil there. Students go down into mines now to look for those superscriptions of past time. A fireman, flinging coal into the engine's firebox, burns them away, in the hot prairie night, and the train tears off more miles.

The seas came back, and the continent uneasily shouldered them off again. Each time the great waters came and went they laid down the deep layers of death, out of which life was born. It took all of that—all that growth and dying and time measured off by the millions of years of planetary revolution around the sun—to make the Indian corn grow so tall and taste so like an August day.

In the age of man come the glaciers. They say the glaciers came and went four times. The interval of years between the third and fourth was longer than the years elapsed since the last one. In Greenland, around the polar sea, the ice is still waiting to come back. It hangs on the sides of the Rockies, even in the Berkshires there are snow holes where the ice does not melt all summer. Lower the average temperature only a little, increase the precipitation, tamper a trifle with the small but vital carbon-dioxide content of the air,

* *A Prairie Grove*, by Donald Culross Peattie. Copyright, 1938, by Donald Culross Peattie and published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

and the ice might come again, sagging outward under its own weight, bulging southward, finding all ready for it—short summers, long winters.

The glaciers blocked the drainage into lakes and swamps. They made the five Great Lakes, the greatest reservoirs of pure fresh water in the world. They made old lakes now vanished, whose faint shore lines strewn with shell and gravel and clean sand are smothered now in the height of the prairie grasses.

For when a glacier leaves the field, it drops its scourings as it shrinks. That is where we got the boulders of Canada granite lying on the soft black velvet of our loam. My people mounted to the stirrup from such boulders, hauled to lie beneath the shady trees before the farmhouse door.

When their work was done, the glaciers had changed the life of this country. The elephant, the camel and the horse, or their ancient prototypes, were gone. So were the ferns and cycads, but the face of the land was covered swiftly, with harsh sedges in the swamps, high grasses on the upland, and a few old indomitable types of trees—the nut trees, the catkin-bearing trees, oak and hickory, cottonwood and beech and birch and elm. Add ash and linden and a low thorn forest of the stone fruits, hawthorn and crab, plum and chokecherry. The grass and the trees went to war, and they are still fighting for the land. No one knows why the forest suddenly stops, cleft away, vertical might giving place to limitless breadth. So the first explorers found it; so, the Indian said, was it always.

There are many wise guesses about the prairie. They say that grass grows best where most of the rain falls in summer. They say that if you make a map of the area having the most violent changes of temperature, it coincides precisely with the lay of the temperate savanna. Some think that the Indians held back the forest with fire, those fires laid to drive the game to the kill.

Of all things that live and grow upon this earth, grass is the most important. It feeds the world. Its hollow stems, its sheathing leaves and chaffy flowers, above all its unique freight of grain, describe only grass, and perhaps the sedges. These are the marsh cousins of the grasses, but they are useless, harsh, withdrawn and cryptic. Grass is generous, swift-springing, candid-growing, full of motion and sound and light. From the first oak openings of Ohio and Kentucky till it washed to the foot of the Rockies, grass ocean filled the space under the sky. Steppe meadow, buffalo country, wide wilderness, where a man could call and call but there was nothing to send back an echo.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Who are *they* referred to in the first sentence?
2. By what steps did the prairie province rise out of the seas?
3. What evidence still exists of the early geological history of the prairie?
4. How many times did the glaciers come and go?
5. Where are the Rockies? The Berkshires?
6. How were the Great Lakes formed?
7. Explain: "For when a glacier leaves the field, it drops its scourings as it shrinks."

8. Explain: "My people mounted to the stirrup from such boulders."
9. How did the glaciers change the life of this country?
10. What is a catkin-bearing tree?
11. Name and describe six of the trees which grew on the upland. Why does Peattie call them indomitable?
12. Explain: "The grass and the trees went to war"; "vertical might giving place to limitless breadth."
13. What are some explanations of the development of the prairie?
14. Why is grass important?
15. Define the following words: *diatom*, *protean*, *millennia*, *carboniferous*, *spore*, *peat*, *amphibian*, *planetary*, *glacier*, *carbon-dioxide*, *loam*, *cycad*, *savanna*, *chaffy*, *steppe*.

Round Table

1. What natural sciences form the basis of this essay?
2. Does Peattie's explanation of how the prairie came into being seem sound?
3. Peattie's simple method of explanation is preferable to a strictly scientific treatise on the same theme. Debate this assertion.

Paper Work

1. Outline Peattie's essay.
2. Write a paper on "The Lyrical Qualities of Peattie's Writing."
3. Write a paper on "Peattie as an Interpreter of Audubon" (based on *Singing in the Wilderness*).
4. Write a description of a fossil which you have found.
5. Write on the topic "I Prefer the Prairie to the Forest" (or conversely).
6. Write a book review of W. H. Hudson's *Idle Days in Patagonia*.

Son of Leonard Huxley (eldest son and biographer of Thomas Henry Huxley) and Julia Arnold (niece of Matthew Arnold and sister of Mrs. Humphrey Ward) and brother to Aldous Huxley the novelist, JULIAN SOREIL HUXLEY is hardly lacking in illustrious connections. Yet it is his own brilliance that has won him distinction as an essayist and biologist. Born in England in 1887, he was educated at Eton and Oxford, winning at the latter institution the Newdigate prize in poetry. For a time he was a lecturer in zoology at Balliol College, Oxford, and then came to the United States to teach biology at The Rice Institute in Texas. New College in Oxford elected him a fellow, and then he resumed his teaching of zoology. After holding a professorship in Kings' College, London, he became Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institute. Since 1935 he has been secretary of the Zoological Society of London.

THE SIZE OF LIVING THINGS*

JULIAN S. HUXLEY

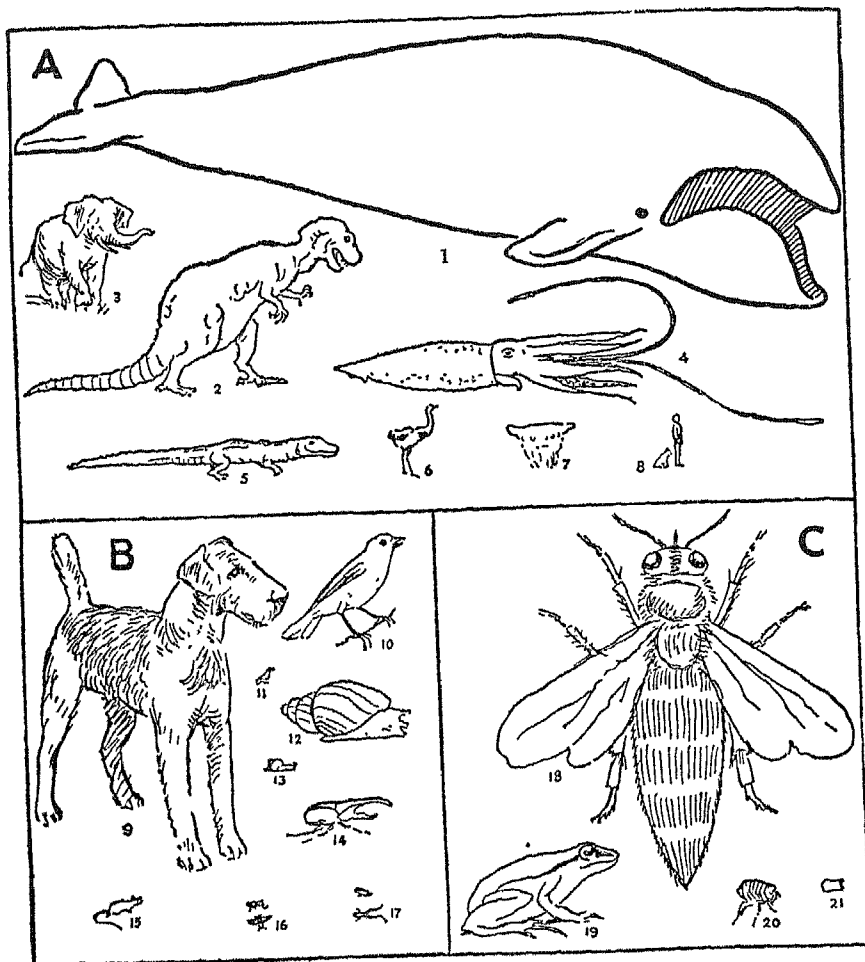
I

THE SIZE of things has a fascination of its own. There is a certain thrill in hearing that a fish weighing hundreds of pounds has been caught with rod and line; that one of the big trees of California has an archway cut through its bole capable of letting a stagecoach pass; that the bulkiest of men have attained a quarter of a ton weight; that it takes two harvest mice to weigh as much as a halfpenny; that an average man contains only about two and a half cubic feet; or that many bacteria, capable of producing virulent diseases, are so small that it would take over three hundred, end to end, to get from one side to the other of the full stop at the end of this sentence.

But when we look into the subject more systematically, the passing thrill of surprise gives place to a deeper interest. For one thing, we shall find ourselves confronted by the problem of the limitations of size. Why has no animal ever achieved a weight of much more than a hundred tons? Why are the predatory dragon flies never as large as eagles, or these social beings, the ants, as big as those other social beings, men? Why do lobsters and crabs manage to reach weights more than a hundred times greater than the biggest insect, but more than a thousand times smaller than the biggest vertebrates? Why, to choose something which at first sight seems to have nothing to do with size—why do you never see an insect drinking from a pool of water? As we follow up the clues, we shall begin to understand some of life's difficulties in a new way—the difficulties attendant upon very small size, the quite different difficulties attendant upon great bulk; and we shall realize that size, which we are so apt to take for granted, is one of the most serious problems with which evolving life has had to cope.

Reflection upon our own size will also help us toward an estimate of our position in the universe—of how we stand between the infinitely big and the infinitely little. It has been only in the last few decades that this estimate could be justly

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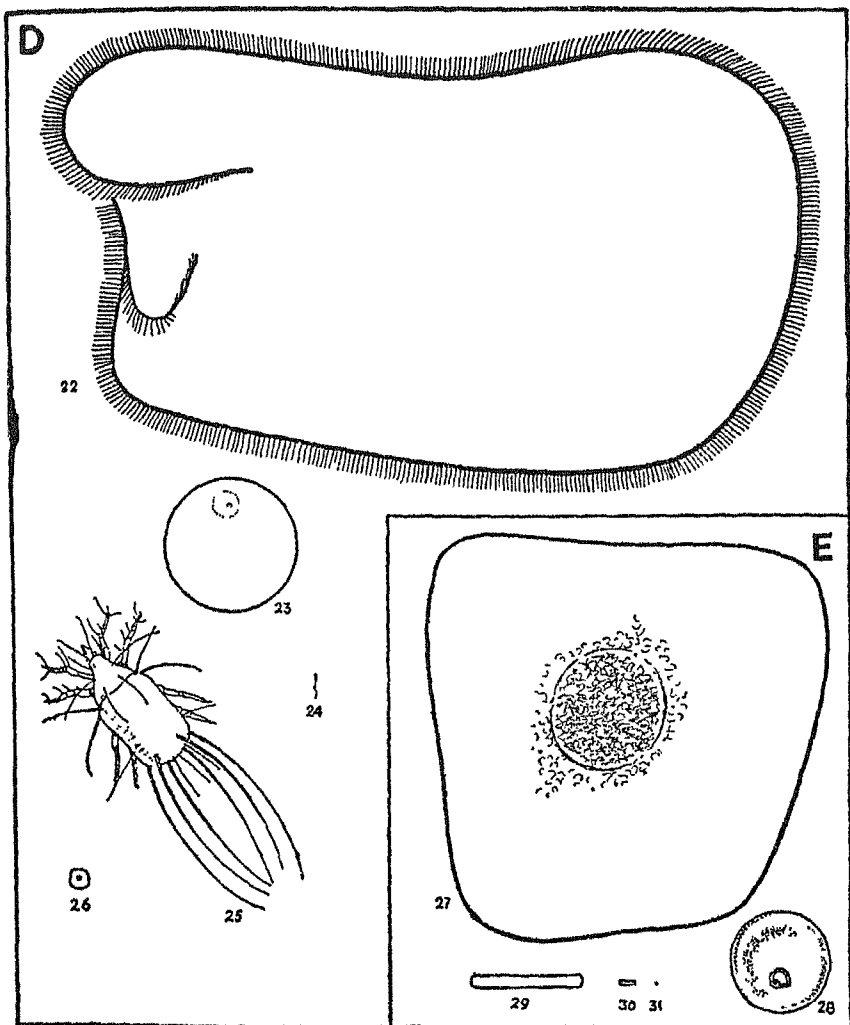
A diagram of relative sizes. In each major division (A, B, C, D, E) of the diagram, all the creatures are drawn to the same scale. The smallest of each division is enlarged to make the largest of the division following

A

1. A very large whale
2. The largest known land carnivore, the extinct reptile *Tyrannosaurus*
3. A large elephant
4. A giant cuttlefish
5. The largest recorded crocodile
6. An ostrich
7. The largest known jellyfish
8. A man and a dog

B

9. The dog (8) enlarged
10. A thrush
11. A hummingbird
12. A giant land snail
13. The common snail
14. The bulkiest insect
15. A mouse
16. A queen bee
17. The smallest vertebrate



- C
18. The queen bee (16) enlarged
 19. The frog (17) enlarged
 20. A flea
 21. A very large single-celled animal (Bursaria)
- D
22. Bursaria (21) enlarged
 23. A human unfertilized ovum
 24. A human sperm
 25. A cheese mite
 26. A human gland cell
- E
27. The gland cell (26) enlarged
 28. A human red blood corpuscle
 29. A very large bacterium
 30. A small bacterium
 31. An ultramicroscopic filter-passing virus

made. We knew the bulk of the big trees and whales; but not till quite recently did the existence of filter-passing viruses reveal to us the lower limit of size in life. And when we pass to the lifeless background, we seem, in discovering the electron, to have attained to the ultimate degree of smallness, to the indivisible unit of world stuff; and the development of Einstein's theory has made it possible to state at least a minimum weight for the entire universe. Where does the physical body of man stand? Is he nearer in size to whale or to bacterium? How many electrons are there in a man? And how does this number compare with the number of men it would take to weigh down the earth?—the sun?—the entire universe?

Let us begin with a foundation of hard fact, giving the weights in grams. A gram is about $1/28$ of an ounce; a thousand grams make a kilogram, close to $2\frac{1}{2}$ pounds; a thousand kilograms make a metric ton, almost identical with an English ton. A milligram is a thousandth part of a gram. But both upward and downward the weights prolong themselves to regions where we have no units to deal with them. The simplest way to bring them home is to express them all in grams, but in powers of ten. The exponent, or little number after and above the ten, represents the number of ciphers to put into the figure for grams. When, for instance, the weight of the moon is given as $10^{24} \times 7$ g., this means $7 \times 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000$ grams, or, since there are one million grams to the ton, seven million million million tons—that is, seven trillion tons. When the exponent has a minus sign in front of it, it denotes a fraction of a gram, and again the number of ciphers in the denominator of the fraction is given by the exponent. Thus one of the insulin-secreting cells of our pancreas weighs about 10^{-9} gram. This is $\frac{1}{1,000,000,000}$ gram, or one millionth of a milligram.

In most cases, since the specific gravity of protoplasm is very close to that of water, the weight in grams is close to the volume in cubic centimetres. With trees, this volume will be considerably greater than the weight; while with armored creatures like crabs or some dinosaurs the weight in grams will exceed the volume in cubic centimetres. Let us also remember that volumes go up as the cube of the linear dimensions. An animal weighing a ton, for instance, would be just balanced by a cubic vessel full of water measuring one metre each way. The corresponding cube of water which would balance a human insulin-producing cell would measure 10^{-3} centimetre along each side, which is $\frac{1}{1000}$ centimetre, or $\frac{1}{100}$ millimetre, or 10μ , one μ being $\frac{1}{1000}$ millimetre.

Since the weights of animals and plants are variable, since many are not very accurately known, and others have to be calculated, with a certain unavoidable margin of error, from their linear dimensions, we do not pretend to give precise weights, but only put organisms between certain limits of weight, the upper limit of each pigeonhole being ten times as heavy as the lower. Thus most men come in the class between 10^4 and 10^5 grams—between ten and a hundred kilograms. Men are near the upper limit of the class; in the same class, in descending order, come sheep, swans, and the largest known crustaceans.

II

So much for necessary introductions; now for the facts. The largest organisms are vegetables, the big trees of California, with a weight of nearly a thousand tons. A number of other trees exceed the largest animals in weight, and a still greater

number in volume. The largest animals are whales, some of which considerably exceed one hundred tons in weight. They are not only the largest existing animals, but by far the largest which have ever existed, for the monstrous reptiles of the secondary period, which are often supposed to hold the palm for size, could none of them have exceeded about fifty tons. Some of the lazy great basking sharks reach about the same weight; so, since we shall never know the exact size of the dinosaurs, the second prize must be shared between reptiles and elasmobranch fish.

The largest invertebrates are to be found among the mollusks; some of the giant squids weigh two or three tons. The runner-up among invertebrate groups is a dark horse; very few even among professional zoölogists would guess that it is the coelenterates. But so it is. In the northern seas, specimens of the jellyfish *Cyanea arctica* have been found with a disk over seven feet across and eighteen inches thick, and great bulky tentacles five feet long hanging down below. One of these cannot weigh less than half a ton, with bulk equal to that of a good-sized horse. The clams come next, if we take their shell into account, for *Tridacna* may weigh nearly as much as a man. If, however, we go by bulk of living substance, the giant clam is beaten by a crustacean, the giant spider crab from Japanese seas.

Then come a number of groups, all of which manage to exceed one kilogram, but fall short of ten. There are the hydroid polyps, with the deep-water *Branchiocerianthus* which, rooted in the mud, and with gut subdivided into hundreds of tiny tubes for greater strength, stands over a yard high and sifts the slow-passing deep-sea currents for food with its net of tentacles, adjusted by being hung from an obliquely set disk. There are the largest marine snails; the largest lamp shells; the largest sea urchins, starfish, sea cucumbers, and sea lilies; and, rather surprisingly, the largest bristle worms, both marine forms and earthworms. Possibly the largest tapeworms, such as *Bothriocephalus latus*, which may reach a length of over seventy feet of coiled living ribbon in human intestines, just come into this class, though their flatness handicaps them.

The insects and spiders come far below, the largest beetles and tarantulas not exceeding two or three ounces. The pigmy among animal groups is that of the rotifers or wheel animalcules, the most gigantic among which fails to weigh ten milligrams! They comprise, too, the smallest of all multi-cellular animals, some of their adult males weighing considerably less than a thousandth of a milligram, so that it would take about a thousand of them to equal one of our striated muscle fibres, and over a million of them to weigh as much as a hive bee.

Even the biggest rotifers are much smaller than the biggest among the Protozoa, or single-celled animals. Some of the extinct nummulites, flattened disk-shaped Foraminifera, were bigger than a shilling, and must have weighed well over a gram. They easily beat many small fish and frogs in size, and were bigger than the largest ants, which, though the most successful of all invertebrates, never reach one gram in weight, and are usually much less. The largest ant colonies known possess a million or so inhabitants. This whole population would weigh about as much as one large man. Indeed, the small size of most insects is at first hearing barely credible. Three average fleas go to a milligram. If you bought an ounce of fleas, you would have the pleasure of receiving over eighty thousand of them.

Even the solid hive bee weighs less than a gram—over five hundred bees to the pound, nearly a hundred thousand to outweigh a single average man!

The lower limit of size among the various groups is much more constant than the upper. The smallest insects, Crustacea, most groups of worms, and cœlenterates, all lie between one hundredth and one thousandth of a milligram. Some very primitive worms run down one class further, and rotifers two. The smallest mollusks, lamp shells, and echinoderms are between ten and a thousand times larger, while the smallest vertebrate is four classes up—ten thousand times as big. Even so the difference between the maximum sizes attained by different main groups is greater by a hundred thousand times than the difference between their minima.

There is clearly a lower limit set to a multicellular animal by the fact that it must consist of at least several hundred cells. But it seems to be impossible or unprofitable to construct a vertebrate out of less than several hundred million cells. The vertebrates, both at top and at bottom, are the giants of the animal kingdom.

It is a surprise to find a frog that weighs as much as a fox terrier. It is a still greater surprise to know that there exist fully formed adult insects—a beetle or two, and several parasitoid wasplike creatures—of smaller bulk than the human ovum and yet with compound eyes, a nice nervous system, three pairs of jaws and three pairs of legs, veined wings, striped muscles, and the rest! It is rather unexpected that the smallest adult vertebrate is not a fish, but a frog; and it is most unexpected to find that the largest elephant would have ample clearance top and bottom inside a large whale's skin, while a full-sized horse outlined on the same whale would look hardly larger than a crest embroidered on the breast pocket of a blazer.

Then we come to single cells. By far the largest is—or was—the yolk of the extinct *Æpyornis*'s egg, which must have weighed some ten pounds. But eggs are exceptional cells; so are multinucleated cells like striated muscle fibres and the biggest nummulites. Of cells with a single nucleus, some protists such as *Foraminifera* may reach over a milligram—gigantic units of protoplasm; and the ciliate *Bursaria* is nearly as big. But among ordinary tissue cells of Metazoa the largest are only about one hundredth of a milligram, while average cells of a mammal range between a thousandth and a ten-millionth of a milligram. In our own frames, the body of a large nerve cell is well over ten thousand times bulkier than a red blood corpuscle or a spermatozoön—a difference five or ten times greater than that between the largest whale and the average man. (In these calculations the outgrowth of the nerve cells have been left out of account, as peculiar products of cell activity. If they are included, then the spinal sensory and motor nerve cells, supplying the limbs of the giant dinosaurs and of giraffes, take the palm for size; but even they can only reach a few milligrams, in spite of being over ten feet long.)

The smallest free-living true cells are in the same size-class with the smallest tissue cells; but parasitic Protozoa, which live inside other cells, may be a hundred times smaller. Bacteria are built on a different scale. The largest of them are little bigger than the smallest tissue cell, and the average round bacterium or coccus is a thousand times smaller. These finally pass below the limits of microscopic vision, until, with the filter passers, such as the virus of distemper or yellow

fever, we reach organisms with only about a thousand protein molecules. Somewhere near these we may expect to find the lower limit of size proscribed to life; for several hundred molecules are probably as necessary in the construction of an organic unit as are several hundred cells for the construction of a multicellular animal.

III

Having made a little voyage of discovery among the bare facts, it is time to begin a quest for principles. The great bulk of land vertebrates range from ten grams to a hundred kilograms. What is it that has led to this comparatively narrow range of weight—not a fifth of that found in animal life as a whole—being most popular in the dominant group?

A disadvantage in being *very* small is that you are not big enough to be out of reach of annoyance by the mere inorganic molecules of the environment. The molecules of a fluid like water are rushing about in all directions at a very considerable speed. They run against any object in the water, and bounce off again. When the surface of the object is big enough for there to be thousands of such collisions every second, the laws of probability will see to it that the number of bumps on one side will be closely equal to that on the other; and the steady average effect of the myriad single bumps we know and measure as fluid pressure. But when the diameter of the object falls to about 1μ , it may quite easily happen that one side of it momentarily receives an unusually heavy rain of bumps while the other is spared, and the object will be pushed bodily in one direction. The result is that the smallest organisms (like the old lady in the nursery rhyme) can never keep quiet; they are in a constant St. Vitus's dance, christened Brownian movement after its discoverer.

Such hectic existences are only possible when the surface is absolutely very small; but let us not forget that an absolutely very small surface must be *relatively* a big one. This question of relative surface is perhaps the most important single principle involved in our dealings with size. Simply magnify an object without changing its shape, and, without meaning to, you have changed all its properties. For the surface increases as the square of the diameter, the volume as its cube; and so the amount of surface relative to bulk must diminish with size. Let us take an example or so. The filter-passing organisms photographed by Barnard with ultra-violet light are $\frac{1}{100}\mu$ across; the yolk or true ovum of an emu's egg is about 10 centimetres across—a million times greater. Both are of the same shape; but the proportion of surface to bulk is one million times greater in the filter passer than in the bird's egg. In other words, if the substance of the bird's egg were divided into round pieces each as big as one of the filter passers, the same weight of material would have a million times more surface than before. Or again, a big African elephant is roughly one million times as heavy as a small mouse. The amount of surface for each gram of elephant is only one hundredth of what it is in the mouse.

The most familiar effect of this surface-volume relation is on the rate of falling. The greater the amount of surface exposed relative to weight, the greater the resistance of the air. So that it comes about that the spores of bacteria or ferns or mushrooms, or the pollen grains of higher plants, are kept up by the feeblest air

currents; and even in still air they cannot fall fast. They float down, like Alice down the well, rather than falling. If a mouse is dropped down the shaft of a coal mine, the acceleration due to gravity soon comes up against the retardation due to air resistance, and after a hundred feet or so a steady rate is reached, which permits it to reach the bottom dazed but unhurt, however deep the shaft. A cat, on the other hand, is killed; a man is not only killed, but horribly mangled; and if a pit pony happens to fall over, the speed at the bottom is so appalling that the body makes a hole in the ground, and is so thoroughly smashed that nothing remains save a few fragments of the bones and a splash on the walls.

The same principles hold good for the much slower rate of falling through water; and consequently the microscopic animal will have to make much less effort to prevent itself sinking than any fish unprovided with a gas bladder.

Relative surface is also important for temperature regulation in warm-blooded animals; for the escape of heat must be proportional to the surface, through which it leaks away. As the heat is derived from the combustion of the food, a mouse must eat much more in proportion to its weight than a man to make up for this extra heat loss which its small size unavoidably imposes upon it. The reason that children need proportionately more food than grown-ups is not only due to the fact that they are growing, but also to the fact that their heat loss is relatively greater. A baby of a year old loses more than twice as much heat for each pound of its weight than does a twelve-stone man. For this reason, it is doubtful whether the attempt should be made to harden children by letting them go about with bare legs in winter; their heat requirements are greater than their parents', not less.

IV

The intake of food and oxygen is another function with which surfaces are concerned. When a cell doubles its linear size, the bulk to be nourished increases eightfold, but the surface through which nourishment is to be absorbed increases only fourfold. It is obvious that such a process could not go on indefinitely, any more than could the growth of a nation dependent on foreign trade if its ports and harbor facilities fell progressively behind the increase of its population. The biggest single cells (excluding such mere storehouses as egg yolks) have only attained their size by adopting some device for increasing relative surface—they are flattened, or cylindrical, or, like Foraminifera, have much of their substance in the form of a network of fine living threads, or possess long thin processes like nerve cells.

With many-celled animals, similar consideration still hold good. Food must be absorbed from a surface—the surface of the intestine. In small forms, enough surface is provided by a straight, smooth tube, but this would never work in larger animals. To get over the difficulty, all sorts of dodges have been adopted. In large flatworms, the whole gut is branched; in large Crustacea like lobsters and crabs, absorption mostly goes on in the feathery "liver," which provides thousands of tubes instead of one; in the earthworm, the absorptive surface of the intestine is nearly doubled by a projecting fold; in ourselves, not only is the effective inner surface of the intestine multiplied many times by the myriads of miniature fingerlike villi, but the intestine itself is coiled; and in some herbivores the coiling is prodigious. Among lower animals without a fixed adult size, the period

for which rapid growth can continue must often depend upon the inherited construction of the intestine. For instance, in flatworms, if the gut is a simple tube, increase of bulk rapidly brings down the relative surface, and the animal while still quite small can only eat enough to keep itself going, but not to grow; while if the gut is elaborately branched, growth will not be slowed down until a much larger bulk has been reached.

The same sort of arguments apply equally well to other processes, such as respiration and excretion, whose amount depends on amount of available surface. In small animals gills can be unbranched; in big ones they must be feathery. Large vertebrates like us could not breathe if their lungs were not partitioned off into millions of tiny sacs. The coiling and multiplication of kidney tubules in large animals are equally necessary. An embryo frog excretes by means of three pairs of kidney tubules. An adult frog would die from accumulation of waste substances if he possessed only six large tubes of equivalent proportions, even if their walls remained thin enough for secretion; what he needs is many thousands of small tubules.

When the animal is small, no transport system is necessary to get the food or water or oxygen to the cells from the original absorptive surface; all goes well by diffusion alone. But bulk brings difficulties here too. The flatness of the larger flatworms is partly due to the need for having every cell near enough to the surface to be able to get oxygen by diffusion. The elaborate branching of their intestines and all other internal organs is needed to ensure that no cell shall be more than a microscopic distance away from a source of digested food. Mahomet and the mountain meet halfway. With the biological invention of a blood system, this need for branching disappears. The enormous area of surface which is needed is now furnished by the linings of innumerable tiny vessels, and the organs themselves can revert to a compact form. Finally, insects and spiders have developed a breathing system which supplies air direct to the tissues, providing a large surface for gas exchange in the tiny end branches of the air tubes, which penetrate even into the individual cells.

In swimming and flying, too, surface comes into play. No large animal could move with sufficient rapidity by means of the microscopic "hairs" we call cilia, since the size of a single cilium *can* never be more than microscopic, and their number depends on the extent of surface. The largest animals provided with cilia are new-hatched tadpoles, and all they can achieve is an exceedingly slow gliding.

When muscles are employed in swimming, their force must be applied to the water through the intermediary of some surface—the body may be wriggled, or its motions communicated to an enlargement at the tail, or limbs developed as oars or paddles. When the animal is small, these swimming surfaces are relatively so big that little or no special adaptations are needed; but once it grows bulky, the swimming surface must be enlarged. The body itself is expanded sideways, as in leeches; or up and down, as in sea snakes; a regular tail fin is developed, as in most fish; or the limbs are expanded into flat plates, as in swimming crab or turtle.

The necessary increase of surface in swimming limb or tail can at first be achieved by stiffening and multiplying hairs and spines; but as soon as the

animal exceeds a few millimetres in length this ceases to be enough, and the organ itself must be expanded. The change is beautifully seen within the individual development of many Crustacea.

The same applies to wings. All flying animals more than a fraction of a gram in weight require a broad and continuous expanse to fly with, whether this be a sheet of skin, as in bats, a marvelous compound structure such as the wing of a bird, or the thin hinged flap of an insect's wing. But if they are much smaller, a double row of hairs on either side of a central rod will serve perfectly well. This is seen in some minute insects, such as the little thrips, which include several plant pests, and some of the tiny parasitoid wasps like the *Myrmaridæ*. The lovely plume moths are a little larger, and are intermediate in wing construction; their flight surface is made of hairs, but it is only rendered sufficient by a multiplication of the number of hair-fringed rods.

V

There are many other ways in which the big animal inevitably fails to be a mere scale enlargement of its smaller relatives. The relative size of many organs decreases instead of increasing with total absolute bulk, so that in a big animal they do not have to be proportionately so large as in a small one. Relative wing size is a case in point.

Then everyone knows the small-eyed look of an elephant or, still more, of a whale. To obtain a good image, an eye has to be of a certain absolute size; this is because the image even in our own eyes is really a mosaic, each sensory cell in the retina behaving as a unit. The image we see is built up out of unitary spots of color, just as a half-tone picture in a newspaper is built up out of combinations of single black and white dots. To get an image of a reasonably large field, they must be numerous. Once a certain absolute size of eye is reached, any advantage due to further enlargement is more than counterbalanced by the material used and the difficulties of construction, just as very little advantage is to be gained in photography by making a camera over full-plate size. Even in a giraffe, which has an exceptionally large eye for a big animal, the eye's relative weight is small compared with that of a rat.

Most sense organs behave in a similar way. This is especially true of the organs of touch and temperature in the skin. It matters to a mouse to be able to deal with things the size of bread crumbs. But such trivialities do not concern an elephant; the elephant accordingly can, and does, have its skin sense organs much more thinly spread over its surface.

This in turn has an effect on the size of the nervous system; for the fewer the sense organs, the fewer sensory nerve cells are needed, and the smaller the size of the ganglia on the spinal nerve roots which are composed of sensory nerve cells. Since the sense organs of touch are distributed over the surface, we should only expect these ganglia to grow proportionately to surface, and not to bulk, even if the sense organs were as thickly scattered over the skin of a big as of a small animal; but as they are more sparsely scattered in the big animal the weight of the ganglion does not even keep up with the size of the animal's surface, and its growth is actually only just more than proportional to the square root of the weight.

As a matter of fact, when the nervous system as a whole, or the brain by itself, is compared in a series of related mammals or birds of different size, it is found to increase only about as fast as the surface, instead of keeping pace with the weight; and the same is true of the heart. It would take us too far to go into the detailed reasons for this; but the fact that a large animal does not need a brain or heart of the same proportional size as a small model of the same type is important. It warns us not to be too hasty in drawing conclusions as to intelligence from *percentage* brain weight, or as to the efficiency of circulation from *percentage* heart weight. Size itself reduces the percentage weight; we must know the proper formula before we can tell whether an individual, a sex, or a species has a brain weight *effectively* above or below that of another individual, sex, or species of different magnitude. In man, comparisons (often invidious) have frequently been made between the brain size of men and women; but not until Dubois and Lapicque worked out the proper formulæ for change of brain proportion with size was it possible to say whether the smaller brain of women meant anything save that the bodies of women were smaller.

Another such example, but of a rather different type. We marvel at the size of an ostrich's egg, which would provide a large party with breakfast, and is the equivalent by weight of about twenty hen's eggs. But we forget to marvel at the ostrich itself, which weighs as much as about forty or fifty hens. The size of birds' eggs, in fact, does not increase as fast as the size of the birds that lay them. A humming bird lays an egg 15 per cent of its own weight; that of a thrush is 9 per cent, that of a goose some 4 per cent, and that of an ostrich only 1.6 per cent. Two competing forces are here at work. It is advantageous to have large eggs, since they give the young bird a better start in life; but the purely physical fact that all the new material for the egg enlargement must pass through the egg's surface will, as bulk grows, slow down egg increase below body increase. And, as a matter of fact, we find that in quite small birds, below the size of a goose or swan, egg weight increases only a little faster than body surface.

These figures apply to averages only. Adjustments can be made in response to special needs. In wading birds the young must run about immediately on being hatched; and accordingly their egg size is well above that of equal-sized birds whose young are born naked and fed in the nest. The common cuckoo, to deceive its hosts, must have an egg not too unlike theirs in size; and accordingly its egg is uniquely small—appropriate to a bird one-third of its body weight. The limitation of egg size is prescribed by laws which apply to dead as well as to living matter; its regulation within these inexorable limits is the affair of the interplay of biological forces

VI

We come back again to the advantages and disadvantages of size. At the outset, it is not until living units are quit of the frenzy of Brownian movement that they themselves become capable of accurately regulated locomotion. The first desirable step in size is to become so much bigger than ordinary molecules that you can forget about them.

But even then you are still microscopic, still wholly at the mercy of anything

but the most imperceptible currents. Only by joining together tens or hundreds of thousands of cells can you begin to make headway against such brute forces. About the same level of size is necessary for any high degree of organization to be achieved. Size also brings speed and power, and this is of advantage in exploring more of the environment. But the effective range (apart from involuntary floating with the wind or the current) of any creature below about half a million cells and a hundredth of a gram is extremely limited. Ants with fixed nests make expeditions of several hundred yards, and mosquitoes migrate for a mile or so. When we get to whole grams, however, winged life at least has the world before it. Many migratory birds that regularly travel thousands of miles weigh less than ten grams. Swimming life soon follows suit; think of the migrations of tiny eels across the Atlantic, or of baby salmon down great rivers. Most land life lags a little; though driver ants are always on the move, and mice shift their quarters readily enough, controlled migration hardly begins in land animals till weight is reckoned by the pound.

If a certain size is needed for any degree of emancipation from passive slavery to the forces of environment, it is equally needed to achieve active control over them. Before anything worthy of the name of brain can be constructed, the animal must consist of tens of thousands of cells. The insects with best-developed instincts run from a milligram to a gram. But while a very efficient set of instincts can be built up with the aid of a few hundred or thousand brain cells, rapid and varied power of learning demands a far greater number. For instincts are based on fixed and predetermined arrangements of nerve paths, while efficient learning demands the possibility of almost innumerable arrangements. The facts are that no vertebrates of less than several grams weight (such as small birds) show any power of rapid learning, and none below several ounces weight (such as rats) are what we usually call intelligent, while even the smallest human dwarf has a body weight to be reckoned in tens of pounds. We are far from knowing the precise size needed; but the intelligence of a rat would be impossible without brain cells enough to outweigh the whole body of a bee, while the human level of intellect would be impossible without a brain composed of several hundred million cells, and therefore with a weight to be reckoned in ounces, outweighing the very great majority of existing whole animals. In any case, a very considerable size was a prerequisite to the evolution of the human mind.

Size too means a disregarding of obstacles: the rhinoceros crashes through the bush that halts and entangles man; the horse gallops over the grass that is a jungle to the ant. Size may help to intimidate or to escape from enemies, or may enable the carnivore to attack new and larger prey; and it usually goes with longevity.

Size thus holds out many advantages for life. But size brings disadvantages as well as advantages, and so life finally comes up against a limit of size, where disadvantages and advantages balance.

The limits are different for different kinds of animals, for they depend upon the construction of the type, and upon the world which it inhabits. Single-celled animals, as we have seen, soon reach a limit on account of the surface-volume relation. Organisms that must swim and have only cilia to swim with come to a limit even earlier. Whether they be one- or many-celled, the limit is

at about a milligram. Those which use cilia not to swim, but to produce a food current, are not handicapped until much later; by folding the current-producing surface, and arranging neat exits and entrances for the current, many lamp shells and bivalve mollusks reach several ounces; but as the current-producing cilia are confined to a surface, there comes a limit, which is attained when the soft parts reach a weight of a few pounds.

With most slow-moving sea animals, it is the food question which restricts size. It is usually more advantageous to the race to have a number of medium-sized animals utilizing the food available in a given area than to put all the biological eggs into the single basket of one big individual. Without some greater degree of motility than these possess, sea urchins or sea cucumbers as big as sheep would be inefficient at exploiting the food resources of the neighborhood. The only such slow creatures above a few pounds weight of soft parts are jellyfish, the largest of which manage to obtain sufficient food in the crowded surface waters of cold seas by spreading prodigious nets of poisonous tentacles.

Insects and spiders have so low a limit of size because of their air-tube method of breathing, which is inefficient over large distances. Crustacea are limited by their habit of moulting. A crab as big as a cow would have to spend most of its life in retirement growing new armor plate. Land vertebrates are limited by their skeleton, which for mechanical reasons must increase in bulk more rapidly than the animal's total bulk, until it becomes unmanageable. And water animals are presumably limited by their food-getting capacities.

VII

At last we come to the position of man, as a sizable object, within the universe. Eddington begins his fascinating *Stars and Atoms* by pointing out that man is almost precisely halfway in size between an atom and a star.

The sun belongs to a system containing some 3000 million stars. The stars are globes comparable in size with the sun, that is to say, of the order of a million miles in diameter. The space for their accommodation is on the most lavish scale. Imagine thirty cricket balls roaming the whole interior of the earth; the stars roaming the heavens are just as little crowded and run as little risk of collision as the cricket balls. We marvel at the grandeur of the stellar system. But this probably is not the limit. Evidence is growing that the spiral nebulae are "island universes" outside our own stellar system. It may well be that our survey covers only one unit of a vaster organization.

A drop of water contains several thousand million million million atoms. Each atom is about one hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. Here we marvel at the minute delicacy of the workmanship. But this is not the limit. Within the atom are the much smaller electrons pursuing orbits, like planets round the sun, in a space which relatively to their size is no less roomy than the solar system.

Nearly midway in scale between the atom and the star there is another structure no less marvelous—the human body. Man is slightly nearer to the atom than to the star. About 10^{27} atoms build his body; about 10^{28} human bodies constitute enough material to build a star.

We can pursue this train of thought a little further. The size range of living beings, the amount by which the big tree is bigger than the filter passer, is 10^{24} ; in other words, the biggest single organism is a quadrillion times larger than the smallest. Among different phyla only one has a range over half as great, and this is the unexpected group of the Protozoa. Mollusks and coelenterates have a range of 10^{11} , and vertebrates, arthropods, and worms one of 10^{10} —ten thousand million. Echinoderms have only a range of a million times, rotifers even less. As proof of how soon the size of insects and of flying birds is cut short, we find they have ranges of only a million and ten thousand, respectively.

Man is a very large organism. During his individual existence he multiplies his original weight a thousand million, and comes to contain about a hundred million million cells. He is a little more than halfway up the size scale of mammals, and nearly two-thirds up that of the vertebrates.

Then we look at the range of life as a whole, and compare it with the size ranges of not-living objects above and below the limits of living things; here too there are surprises. The sun is almost precisely as much heavier than a big tree as the big tree is heavier than the filter passer; but the range from the filter passer downward to the ultimate and smallest unit of world stuff, the electron, is only half this—only as much as from the big tree to such an easily visible creature as the flea. It takes more tubercle bacilli to weigh one man than there are electrons in a tubercle bacillus.

It is possible to calculate, on the Einstein hypothesis, a minimum weight for the whole universe, a minimum figure for the totality of matter. This is nearly 10^{24} times as much as the sun—in other words, the sun is halfway between the big tree and the whole universe in size.

Although the molecules of living matter are, for molecules, enormous, yet the smallest living organisms are far down on the world's size scale. Once started, however, life has achieved a size range which is two-fifths of that from electron to star, and probably well over a quarter of the whole range of size within the universe. Man is almost halfway between atom and star; he is nearly two-fifths up the cosmic scale from electron to the all-embracing weight of the universe. But so vast is that scale that to be halfway up he would have to be as big as a million big trees rolled into one. Even if we were to take the thousand million people who now inhabit the globe as constituting but one single organism, this would still be more than ten times too small. The individual man is all but halfway between atom and star; humanity entire stands in the same position between electron and universe.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Cite some casual examples of difference in size that are interesting.
2. What are some of the questions raised by a systematic examination of the subject?
3. What revealed the lower limit of size in life?

4. What is the smallest unit of lifeless "world stuff"?
5. Who has made it possible to state a minimum weight of the entire universe?
6. How does the weight of the moon compare with that of an insulin-secreting cell in the pancreas?
7. How do volume and weight compare in regard to trees, men, crabs?
8. What is the largest organism in the world? The largest animal? How do prehistoric monsters compare?
9. What is an invertebrate? The largest invertebrate? How big may a jellyfish be? What is a crustacean?
10. What is a polyp? How does the deep-water *Branchiocerianthus* exist? How long may a tapeworm be?
11. What is the pigmy among animal groups? What is a striated muscle fibre?
12. How many inhabitants does the largest ant colony contain? To what is the weight of this population comparable? How many fleas are there in an ounce?
13. Define: *rotifer*, *Protozoa*, *Crustacea*, *cœlenterates*, *mollusk*, *Metazoa*, *herbivores*, *tubules*, *clia*, *ganglia*, *carnivore*, *motility*, *phyla*, *Echinoderms*.
14. What sets a lower limit to a multicellular animal? What are the "giants of the animal kingdom"?
15. How does the largest nerve cell compare with a red blood corpuscle? What are "the smallest free-living true cells"? What is a "filter passer"?
16. What might produce a sort of "constant St. Vitus's dance" in very small organisms?
17. Which has the larger proportion of surface, a gram of elephant or a gram of mouse? Explain what is meant by "the question of relative surface."
18. Show how the rate of falling is affected by the surface-volume relation. If water is the medium through which falling occurs, how is the rate affected?
19. Why must a mouse eat more in proportion to its weight than a man? Why is it particularly doubtful if children should be permitted to go about with bare legs in the winter? How much does a twelve-stone man weigh?
20. Give some examples of how "food surfaces" are increased in many-celled animals. What does Mr. Huxley mean by the "transport system" of a living thing? What was accomplished by "the biological invention of a blood system"?
21. How does surface come into play in swimming and flying? What is a *thrip* and how does it propel itself?
22. How is the development of the eye an example of the fact that large animals are not large scale reproductions of small ones? Explain why large animals have proportionately smaller nervous systems.

23. Proportions for brain and heart are approximately determined by what factor? Is brain capacity relative to size? How does Mr. Huxley use the word "effective"? Discuss some interesting points made about the size of birds' eggs.
24. What relation has size to environmental "slavery"? Why should a crab as big as a cow have to spend most of its life in retirement?
25. What interesting comparison involving man is made by Eddington? How does Mr. Huxley elaborate on that comparison?

Round Table

1. From a theoretical point of view, which should be harder to stalk, deer or elephants?
2. Who should be the cooler on a warm day, a fat man or a thin man? Discuss all the factors.
3. What are some of the most beautiful small objects you know? Living things?
4. Discuss the possibilities of developing articles out of this article.
5. Is the evolution of a race of supermen likely? Does the article touch evolution? Explain.

Paper Work

1. Write a theme on one of the following topics: "An Experience with Monsters," "An Experience with Pests."
2. Write a documented paper on termites.
3. Write a review of John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts' *Sea of Cortez*.
4. Write a report on a collection of natural objects you have made, for example, a paper on butterfly collecting.
5. Write a humorous paper on "But Size Counts in Sports (or the Army)."

Some years ago a widely syndicated cartoon feature in the newspapers, entitled "They Don't Speak the Language," owed its popularity to the fact that the artist was able to put into the mouths of the characters a dialect peculiar to their particular avocation but as unfamiliar as Cree to the average man. Slang is not, however, the only modern speech that needs interpretation. Specialization in industry has produced a vocabulary which would fill a sizable dictionary, and science especially has a language of its own. Hence the usefulness and importance of a person like GEORGE W. GRAY, who has dedicated his later years, after a scientific training, to helping the layman understand modern science. His most useful recent books are New World Pictures (1936) and The Advancing Front of Science (1937). A native of Texas, Mr. Gray now makes his home in New York.

DEEPER INTO THE ATOM*

GEORGE W. GRAY

WHEN THE FULL story of our times is critically appraised, perhaps a century hence, many occurrences will assume an order of importance quite different from that assigned by our contemporary historians. Just as the obscure invention of gunpowder was an event more truly momentous than the Battle of Waterloo, so there are little-known happenings of to-day that the sifting of the years will bring to the fore. They will become less obscure as time advances and their fundamental nature is more generally understood and their uses become manifest. For they mark permanent gains in man's ceaseless march and counter-march. Whatever the future of governments and individuals may be, the victories of the laboratories will stand as lasting assets of the race.

Among the recent victories is a discovery made in 1936 at Washington, D. C., at the high-voltage laboratory of the Carnegie Institution's Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism. It brought to knowledge an unknown force of the Universe, subjected the force to tests of measurement and analysis, and defined the law by which the force operates.

For an approximate analogy, to suggest the significance of this American discovery, one must go back to the seventeenth-century contribution of Sir Isaac Newton—his discovery of the law of gravitation. As the Newtonian discovery brought a new and clarifying interpretation to certain mysterious behavior of planets that seemed to violate Galileo's rules of motion, so does this American discovery brilliantly illuminate certain perverse behavior of atoms that seemed to violate the established rules of electricity. The former discovery provided a force and a law that gave scientific meaning to celestial mechanics; the latter has provided a force and a law that give scientific meaning to atomic mechanics. Since it seems certain that in atomic mechanics are the sources and repositories of the world's energy, the consequences of this recent discovery appear to be of the highest promise to mankind.

If the world is built of atoms, as we believe, we must know atoms before we

* From *The Advancing Front of Science*, published by Whittlesey House. Copyright, 1937, by George W. Gray.

can expect to comprehend the physical reality. Nothing seems nearer, more conveniently at hand for investigation, than atoms. They are the air we breathe, the water we drink, the soil and rocks and trees and leaves; they are our physical bodies. And yet, perhaps nothing else is so hidden, so alien to our accustomed techniques, so beyond our reach. Instead of being the round hard solid particles that our fathers imagined, the atom is an abyss. Its depths are more remote in our scale of dimensions than the dim galaxies. The darkness beyond the faintest nebula is not more tantalizing to our limited organs of vision than is the blackness of the chasm within the atom.

In these atomic depths, energy breeds other energy. Here the strange eruptions of radium are initiated and controlled. There is a suspicion that here cosmic rays are born. The nature of substances, that which makes oxygen gregarious and helium a hermit, which gives iron sensitivity to magnetism and caesium a responsiveness to light, which implants in the carbon atom such capacities as a "joiner" that the huge molecules of living substances are enabled to form and to hold together—all these and other distinguishing properties of elements, although apparently "external" attributes, are determined here in the innermost depths. In the atomic nucleus—and not in some far center of galactic rotation—is the power house of the Universe, multiplied endlessly, repeated in each of the innumerable hidden microcosmic systems. Are they the "mills of the gods"? the "looms of destiny"? the "mighty workings" that somehow spin our mortality? Physicists, as scientists, cannot answer, though some in their more metaphysical moods may venture to pronounce on such questions. As scientists they believe that in the nucleus is the mechanism of matter stripped to its prime mover; hence the preoccupation of experimental physicists to-day with this field. The nucleus is the battlefield for a score of brilliant strategists in America, Europe, and Asia. Against it the artillerylike discharge tubes, the mighty cyclotrons, and other atom-smashing devices are aimed. And it was along this front that the Washington experimenters won their 1936 victory.

The story of the discovery can be simply told. And I shall make the telling very simple, beginning with familiar concepts, recalling elementary features that are common knowledge, ignoring complications such as "wave behavior" and other items of quantum theory that are so important and indeed indispensable to the technician but not necessary to the present résumé, and shall focus attention only on features primary to our picture. Admit that we are imagists. All word pictures of atoms must necessarily be in the nature of parables, of moral tales, with the whites all white, and the blacks completely black. We understand among ourselves, of course, that white shades into black along gray no-man's lands; but these defy precise picturization, and attempts to include all details in one parable result only in confusion. So let us be realistic and, therefore, imaginative. Our parable is frankly an approximation devised to illuminate one facet of truth. If it does that it will have performed its intended function, and proved itself a useful parable.

I

A drop of water contains about 200 million million million molecules. No one has made an actual count of course—there are not enough years in which

to count that number of objects—but we know how much a drop of water weighs, we know how much a molecule of water weighs, and the rest is simple division. I mention the number to suggest the smallness of the scale of dimensions that we must accept in approaching the realm of the elementary particles. A drop of ordinary water weighs about 3,600,000,000,000,000,000 atomic units. A molecule of water weighs about 18 units. The molecule is far beyond the limit of visibility even with the ultramicroscope, but we have chemical and physical ways of isolating it, measuring it, dealing with it quite objectively. Let us enter this molecular world.

Send a current of electricity through the water. The molecules begin to break up into three pieces each: one piece of oxygen and two pieces of hydrogen. These are the atoms. And by further manipulation with electricity we can break the atoms into yet more fundamental units—hydrogen into a certain number and arrangement of particles, oxygen into a different number and arrangement.

This hydrogen is highly interesting. Apparently it is the most abundant element in the Universe. Its atom is the simplest material system we know—an arrangement of two charged particles, one massive and electrically positive, the other lighter and more diffuse and electrically negative. The negative charge is the electron, and it revolves as a swiftly moving satellite round the positive charge, the proton.

And now we have reached the solid land we seek, the nucleus. For the proton is the hydrogen nucleus. If we could magnify the hydrogen atom so that its proton became just barely visible, the encircling path of the spinning electron would be about six feet from that center. Both particles barely enough to be seen, and yet the revolving system outlines a sphere twelve feet in diameter? You can see why we think of the atom as an abyss, mostly empty space, its members relatively farther apart than the Earth is from the Sun.

The proton is the simplest nucleus known. Apparently it is a single particle. Physicists find no difficulty in breaking hydrogen atoms, stripping off of each its revolving electron, and leaving the proton naked. Then they subject this unprotected proton to concentrated bombardments, using projectiles even more massive than the target, and shooting them at velocities of thousands of miles a second. But somehow the proton holds together. No one yet has been able to break one—at least, we have no clear evidence of such breakage. And so we assume that the proton is an indivisible unit. It is extremely massive. If you could lay a single proton in one pan of the scales of an infinitesimal balance, you would need to pile 1835 electrons in the opposite pan to bring the weight to equilibrium. Protons represent a tremendous amount of energy concentrated in small space. And the stuff of this matter appears to be electricity.

Apparently the proton is nothing but electricity—electricity of a peculiar behavior which we label positive. Similarly, the electron is pure electricity, but negative. A curious unexplained fact of nature is that the two particles exactly balance each other in electrical characteristics. That is to say, a piece of positive electricity, which is equal to 1835 pieces of negative electricity in quantity of *mass*, is equal to only 1 negative particle in quantity of *charge*. And so we find that despite its relatively enormous weight, the proton is never attended by more than

one electron. You may surround the atom with electrons, penetrate its depths with speeding electrons, but none of them will stick.

Sometimes we find a hydrogen atom of double weight. But the extra weight is entirely within the nucleus, for only a single revolving electron is found in these as in all other hydrogen atoms. Examine the double-weight nucleus and we see why this is so: the nucleus is a two-particle affair, made of one proton and one neutron. The proton is our familiar positively-charged particle. But the neutron is a curiously neutral thing; for it has no charge, and, although its mass is about the same as that of the proton, it shows no electrical characteristics, neither attracts electrons nor repels them. More recently the atomic exploiters have turned up a hydrogen of triple weight; the nucleus here contains one proton and two neutrons; but even these swing only the single orbital electron. Apparently a nucleus, no matter how massive it is, can control only one electron with one proton.

With more protons, however, it can control more electrons. This we may demonstrate by examining that other partner in the water molecule, the atom of oxygen. Its nucleus is a complex of protons and neutrons. Some oxygen atoms contain eight neutrons, a few contain nine, and a still smaller proportion of the world's oxygen contains ten neutrons; but every last one of them contains eight protons, *and only eight*. And every last one of the oxygen atoms swings eight orbital electrons, *and only eight*. This arrangement of matching one orbital electron against each nuclear proton appears to be one of nature's immutable principles of architecture; for as we go up the scale of atoms the rule holds without an exception.

There is another rule of electrical behavior which we supposed held imperiously. This is the rule that if a body is positively charged and another body is negatively charged they will mutually attract each other; but contrarily, two bodies carrying the same kind of charge will be mutually repellent. Just before the upheaval of the French Revolution the Parisian scientist Charles Augustin Coulomb made very careful measurements of these electrical forces of attraction and repulsion and discovered the law by which they operate. The nearer together the bodies are, the stronger are the forces; and the forces increase inversely with the square of the distance. This is Coulomb's law.

To illustrate its operation by a very obvious example, recall our enlarged model of the hydrogen atom, with the proton just visible at the center and the electron revolving round it at a radius of 6 feet. Suppose we measure the electrostatic force of attraction between proton and electron at that distance. Then, if we bring the electron nearer, so that it is only half as far, or 3 feet, the force of attraction will not be two times; it will be the square of two, or four times as great. If we bring the electron still nearer, so that it is only a third of the original distance, the attraction will be magnified by the square of three, or nine times. It is easy to see from this why electrons in orbits closer to the nucleus move more rapidly. Just as the velocity of the Earth in its circuit generates centrifugal force to counterbalance the gravitational influence of the Sun, so does the velocity of the electron in its curving path engender such an effect to offset the attraction of the nucleus. Hydrogen atoms would collapse were it not that the electron

moves so swiftly. A velocity of 1350 miles a second has been calculated for the innermost orbit of ordinary hydrogen.

These mutual relations between the positively charged nucleus and the negatively charged satellite appear to conform strictly to Coulomb's law. This is true not only for the hydrogen atom; it has been observed also in the behavior of more complicated atoms. The eight electrons of the oxygen atom, for example, move in their orbits at velocities proportional to their distances from the eight protons in the oxygen nucleus.

Eight protons in a nucleus? The reader who has followed the parable thus far may reasonably object. How can the oxygen nucleus hold together?

This indeed is our dilemma. The nucleus of oxygen is very small, not much larger than the nucleus of hydrogen. But the primary objection is not that so many particles should exist in a space not much larger than one of them, but that the particles of positive electricity should stay together at all.

Coulomb's law insists that positive particles repel one another in the same degree that they attract negative particles. Abundant experience confirms the law. There are electric motors activated by this force of repulsion; it operates in telephone and telegraph circuits; it is used in other industrial applications. No behavior of electricity is better known among the large-scale phenomena of electrical engineering. Engineers only occasionally deal with pure charges of electricity; most of their work is with gross bodies carrying charges. But the chemist Frederick Soddy, after measuring the force of repulsion that exists between two free protons, made an interesting calculation.

A gram is a small quantity in our everyday world; it rates about the twenty-eighth part of an ounce. But Dr. Soddy's figures show that if it were possible to accumulate a gram of protons at one pole on the Earth's surface and another gram at the opposite pole on the other side of our globe, the mutually repellent force of these two small quantities of positive electricity would be equivalent to a pressure of 26 tons, even at that distance of about 8,000 miles. Try to imagine then what should be the repulsion of proton against proton within the narrow zone of the atomic nucleus, where dimensions are reckoned in tenths of million-millionths of an inch.

On the logic of Coulomb's law one could expect to find no atoms in the Universe except those of hydrogen, since it should be impossible for more than one proton to occupy a nucleus. And if by chance two or more high-speed protons collide and find themselves accidentally associated in close quarters, Coulomb's law required that they instantly fly apart at terrific speeds of repulsion. Instead of this, the searchers found that the physical world includes a complete sequence of "impossible" structures—the helium atom with 2 protons in its nucleus, the lithium with 3, beryllium with 4, boron with 5, carbon with 6, and so on up the scale to the heaviest, uranium, with its gigantic family of 92 protons housed with 146 neutrons in the diminutive confines of nuclear space.

This uranium atom, to be sure, is a wobbly structure. Every now and then one ejects a cluster of protons and neutrons from the center, to leave a less crowded residue. This residue we call radium, and its nucleus in turn also explodes with a series of ejections, breaking down to form the simpler polonium.

Finally polonium, after ridding itself of a cluster of 2 protons and 2 neutrons, settles into the stable structure we call lead. But why should lead be stable? Its nucleus, even after the successive explosions, still contains 82 protons, and each of them should waste no time in getting away from the hated presence of its fellows.

Such is the anomaly that for more than twenty years defied explanation.¹ Coulomb's law, which ruled precisely in the atomic environs and within the spaces between nucleus and orbits, did not apply to bodies in the central core. Why was it flouted there? By what supreme court, by what more powerful ordinance, was it overruled?

The Washington experiments of 1936 brought the first answer to that question. They penetrated the inner fortress to demonstrate directly the existence of a mighty force which is operative only within the small dimensions of the nuclear zone—a force more powerful than the Coulomb force of repulsion, more attractive than the Newtonian force of gravitation: a sort of central traffic control which dominates and directs the other material forces. Apparently it is responsible for the wide variety of atomic forms that matter may assume. Also we are to think of it as a unifying agency which underlies all physical reality. Without it there could be no metal, no carbon, no living cell, no Earth, no Sun, no Galaxy, no manifold Universe—there could be nothing more complex than hydrogen, and the Whole would be only a vast cloud of diffuse hydrogen gas interspersed or combined with free neutrons. At least, such is the picture we infer from the facts we know. Our new-found force is the medium that holds the world together. It is the invisible tie that binds.

II

Many of the great discoveries were accidental finds, but this binding force of the nucleus was not chanced upon by accident. Its detection is the culmination of ten years of experiments aimed directly at this mystery.

When the Carnegie Institution of Washington established a Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism in 1904, the specialists in charge realized that their studies must lead eventually to atomic physics. At that time no one dreamed of massive central nuclei surrounded by revolving electrons. But no one doubted that the secret of the earth's magnetism, of whose reality the quivering compass needle is perpetual witness, must be sought not only in the Earth and its atmosphere but also in the invisible molecules and atoms of the needle itself. Matter must be minutely explored for the magnetic mechanism within it. The early studies were directed at large-scale phenomena, magnetic surveys of the

¹ Until the discovery of the neutron (1932) atomic nuclei were thought to contain protons and a smaller number of electrons, but the nature and binding force of such a structure were a complete puzzle, outside all conception of theory. The neutron helped the situation but little, although it conceivably could act as the intermediary for binding protons together in spite of their repulsive forces. In fact, a whole theory of nuclear structure, now abandoned, was built up on this hypothesis as soon as specific forces, assumed to be attractive, were demonstrated by neutron-scattering experiments to exist between neutrons and protons. These forces, it is now known, assist the proton-proton and neutron-neutron forces in binding the nuclear particles together.

continents and seas, and mapping. But in 1926 a definite program of subatomic research was initiated.

By this time considerable data on the intimate behavior of atomic parts had been accumulated by laboratories in Europe, Canada, and the United States. Conspicuous among the anomalies thus brought to view was this curious inexplicable behavior of protons within the nucleus. The Coulomb forces are so fundamental to our idea of the response of the compass needle that any variation or suspension of their action in any region of the Universe must be a cause of concern to explorers of magnetism. And so, among the problems outlined for investigation by the department was that of the nature of the nuclear mechanism. A special laboratory was built to house the research. Special apparatus was designed and installed: first a high-voltage discharge tube capable of delivering momentary blows with a pressure of about 1,000,000 volts; then an electrostatic machine and tube continuously energized by 500,000 volts; and finally the present towering atom smasher of 1,200,000 volts capacity, with which the great detection was achieved.

The detectives in this search were led by Merle A. Tuve, and the group included L. R. Hafstad, O. Dahl, and N. P. Heydenberg, physicists all. At various times during the ten years other men were on the staff, and each contributed some spark of illumination to the slow plugging through the darkness. But I am naming above the fortunate four who were working with the big-atom gun that cold January day early in 1936 when the first rumors of the new result began to trickle in. Months were to pass before the discoverers made any public announcement of what they had done—for an effect so apparently exaggerated must be tested, checked and rechecked, and submitted to the penetrating eye of mathematical analysis before it could be announced as a certainty. Indeed, nearly as important as the observations themselves, which by direct inspection only showed the failure of the Coulomb law, was this mathematical analysis of the observations in terms of the “wave mechanics,” a service performed by Gregory Breit and two associates. All these tests and calculations, the checkings and recheckings, were concluded successfully, and the full story of the discovery was reported to the international group of scientists assembled at Cambridge in September of 1936 for the Harvard Tercentenary Conference.

The thing sought in the experiments was a definite measurement. We may outline the logic of the campaign in three steps. Observation had shown (1) that protons dwell together within a nucleus, and (2) that protons outside a nucleus are repelled; therefore, reasoned Tuve and Breit and their associates, there must be (3) a critical distance at which the force of repulsion is overcome and within which the protons become reconciled to one another's presence. To find that critical distance became the first objective.

The means used were those of bombardment. Suppose you have a vessel full of pure hydrogen gas of a measured density. And suppose you fire a stream of protons into this atmosphere of hydrogen. Each hydrogen atom, remember, has a proton in its core; so what you are doing is a bombardment of protons with protons. Some of the bombarding protons will approach the nuclear protons head on, others may pass close by on either side, and in every case the mutual forces of repulsion will act to rebuff the particles. They will

never touch; the collisions will be only approaches and the nearer the approach the more powerful will be the repulsion. Since targets and projectiles are of equal mass, the effect will be a scattering. But the scattering will not be heterogeneous; it will be quite systematic in its directions. Just as it is possible to predict the behavior of billiard balls from the angle at which the projectile ball strikes the target ball, so it is possible to predict the behavior of the protons. Some years ago the British physicist N. F. Mott made a careful mathematical study of this phenomenon, and predicted the relative number of protons that would be scattered from each angle of approach in obedience to Coulomb's law.

All these data of the ratios and numbers of particles that would be turned back at each angle were available for Dr. Tuve and his laboratory crew. They provided a sort of bench mark, a measurement of the norm of behavior to be expected of protons acting according to Coulomb's law of repulsion. Any departures from this norm might be regarded as evidence of the breakdown of the law. And what the Washington experimenters proposed was to bombard hydrogen gas with faster and still faster protons until they got a scattering different from that predicted by Mott's calculations. The greater the velocity of the protons, the greater would be their momentum, and therefore the greater would be their ability to overcome the repulsion and approach closer to the nucleus.

This game of aerial billiards with ultrascopic particles seems very simple in principle, but it proved almost infinitely difficult in execution. The measurement of the angles could mean nothing specific unless there were an equally accurate measurement of the purity of the particles, of the density of the particles in the hydrogen at the target end of the apparatus, and of the velocity of the stream of projectiles. Very precise control was required in each of these items. Without going into details of the successive steps, I can say that many expedients, many variations, many skills were tried before the actual scattering experiment was even attempted and before the present apparatus with its remarkably exact control was attained.

The atomic artillery-piece looks its part—a sort of super machine gun mounted on its sprawling tripod, towering twenty feet above the floor, with its muzzle pointing straight down and passing through the floor into the basement room below. At its top is an aluminum sphere of six feet diameter—the loading device. Descending from the sphere is a vacuum tube of sturdy glass, the aforesaid muzzle. Charges of positive electricity from a generator are fed by a traveling belt to the aluminum sphere and there are allowed to accumulate on the metal surface to build up a pressure as high as 1,200,000 volts, under conditions of accurate control and precise measurement. This pressure discharges steadily through the long vacuum tube; and by releasing protons into the tube at the top, the gunner provides projectiles for the voltage to work on. The protons may be speeded to any desired velocity, depending on the voltage applied; and, what is equally important, the installation includes clever focusing devices to concentrate the stream, and an analyzing magnet at the bottom to pull out stray particles, unwanted molecules, and stragglers along the fringes of the stream. Thus the instrument is able to deliver to the target chamber at the bottom of the tube a finely focused stream of homogeneous protons all moving in parallel lines and at the same velocity.

In effect, it is as though you had generated a continuous lightning bolt, had harnessed it within the confines of the vacuum, had sifted out all heterogeneous and diffuse elements, and concentrated its missiles into a steady beam narrowed for a measured attack on anything you choose to place as a target in its path.

The target chamber in which the scattering takes place is in the basement room, at the focus of the tube. This chamber is a small cylindrical compartment about six inches in diameter, into which highly purified hydrogen gas is released. And built into the compartment is an ion detector mounted on an axis so that it may be pointed toward the incoming stream of projectiles at any angle, ranging from zero to ninety degrees. Here is the final link in the chain of stratagems. For, by knowing precisely the original number of particles in the beam, and the number of particles (hydrogen gas) in the chamber, and then by counting the actual number of rebounding or swerving particles which strike the detector at each of its angular positions, you can tell whether or not the projectiles are being scattered according to Mott's calculations—i. e., according to Coulomb's law.

When the thing is operating there is an awesome hum, the drone of the generating mechanism. Occasionally, when affairs are not well adjusted, a spark will flash with a lively crackling from the charged belt to the ceiling above the sphere. And to stand on the floor of this room is to place oneself in the presence of invisible influences which curve through space along the mysterious lines of force which radiate from charged bodies. Indeed, one becomes a charged body. My finger put out toward another person sprayed sparks.

But the workers spend most of their time in the basement room where the targets are manipulated. Lead salts fused in the glass of the tube protects them from random X-rays and other stray radiation; that might be generated by chance collisions of the proton stream passing down the tube. Very accurate is the detector device which measures the number of protons scattered at each angle. Each of the bounced protons gives a signal, the signal is amplified by a powerful device, and thereby these infinitely small movements of infinitely small objects are brought within the range of man's perception.

Tuве and his associates began the bombardment with a stream energized by a pressure of 600,000 volts, which means that the protons had velocities of 6,720 miles a second. The detector registered the scattering for each angle, and found that Mott's calculations held, that Coulomb's law of repulsion was operating quite normally. Then the bombarders increased their artillery fire; the pressure was increased to 700,000 volts, speeding the particles to 7,200 miles a second—and Coulomb's law still held. They quickened the attack to 800,000 volts, producing velocities of 7,700 miles a second—and the ancient law began to show evidence of failure. Then the electrical potential was raised on up to 900,000 volts, the stream of protons moved with the momentum imparted by velocities of 8,200 miles a second, and now—something new began to happen!

Instead of recoiling or swerving as before, the projectiles moved in toward their nuclear targets. The change in the number of scatterings from certain significant angles said so—and spoke unmistakably. The inertia of the fast-moving protons carried them headlong through the zone of rapidly increasing force of repulsion until at last the critical distance had been attained by sheer brute momentum,

the long, steeply ascending barrier of the nucleus had been mounted, and the invading proton was admitted to the citadel.

Hundreds of experiments of this kind were performed. There could be no doubt that the Coulomb law had failed—but why?

The records of all the observations were forwarded to Gregory Breit for further analysis. Dr. Breit is a mathematical physicist, was long on the staff of the Department of Research in Terrestrial Magnetism—indeed, he was the leader of this atom-smashing crew at the beginning of the campaign back in 1926—and is still connected with the Washington laboratory as a research associate. But he is now professor at the University of Wisconsin, and in the winter of 1936, when this body of observational data reached him, chanced to be in Princeton attending the Institute for Advanced Study. Right in the neighborhood, across the corridor in Palmer Physical Laboratory, was Edward U. Condon, whose mathematical explorations of atomic behavior have given him wide experience with these technicalities. Dr. Breit called Dr. Condon into consultation, and together they began to dissect the batch of plotted curves and numerical tabulations. Certain details of the problem made it expedient to consult another expert, and R. D. Present of Purdue University made the third member of this mathematical team. By applying the highly complex calculations of “wave mechanics” to the experimental observations, Breit and his associates showed that beyond all doubt the observed failure was not attributable to a possible added repulsion (for a sudden sharp increase of repulsion might also distort the predicted scattering), but was actually a result of encountering for the first time the long-suspected *attractive* force which binds particle to particle within the nucleus.

The results of the mathematical analysis of these experiments may be conveniently summarized as four findings.

1. The critical distance at which the Coulomb force of repulsion between protons breaks down is about $1/12,000,000,000,000$ of an inch.

2. The sudden change which occurs in the relations between two protons separated by this critical distance can be explained if we assume the existence of a superior force of attraction which at that and lesser distances dominates the two particles.

3. The binding power of this force, as it operates between two protons at the critical distance, is approximately 10^{36} times more powerful than the Newtonian force of gravitation between the two protons.

4. Not only protons, but also neutrons are subject to this powerful force. The attractive force between a proton and a neutron or between two neutrons is the same as that between two protons, except for the absence of the Coulomb repulsion when the chargeless neutrons are involved. These conclusions regarding neutrons are derived indirectly from other data, but the evidence seems to indicate that the nuclear force of attraction is somehow intimately associated with the mass of these primary particles, and depends little, if at all, on whether or not they are electrically charged.

To grasp some concrete idea of the enormity of this force we must resort to a comparison. Remember that the proton is inconceivably small. Its weight is less than this almost infinitesimal fraction of a gram:

$1/600,000,000,000,000,000,000,000$

And a gram is $1/454$ th part of a pound.

Now the measurements show that the pull of proton for proton within the region of the nucleus is so great that the two tiny particles move toward each other as though impelled by a pressure of from 10 to 50 pounds. If the Newtonian force of gravitation operated on the same scale, a feather on the earth's surface would weigh billions of tons.

When free protons or neutrons are captured and incorporated into a nucleus, a certain proportion of the original mass of the particles is converted into energy. The nuclear force, by its bringing of the particles together, seems to take a toll out of their substance, and the whole nucleus becomes lighter than the sum of its separate parts. Thus if we weigh a single proton the scales show a mass of 1.0081; if we weigh a single neutron, 1.0091. The total weight of the two particles therefore is 2.0172. But when they unite to form the nucleus of a heavy hydrogen atom, the mass of the resulting nucleus is only 2.0147 in weight. The difference, .0025, represents the energy of the binding force which holds the two particles together. By computation we find that .0025 of mass is equivalent to 2,200,000 volts of energy. And experiment shows that to crack a heavy hydrogen nucleus and separate its neutron from its proton requires the blow of a projectile moving with an energy exceeding 2,200,000 volts.

III

By these means, and in other ways as well, the new-found phenomena check. There dwells within the centers of atoms—atoms of the rocks, atoms of the air, atoms of flesh and blood—this titan of forces, this indefinable dryad, if you will, which pulls masses together, expends tremendous energy to bind them into nuclear systems, and in the process makes the masses less massive.

Various names have been proposed for the new entity. One suggestion is that it be called the force of "levity," since the effect is to reduce the masses of the bound particles and, therefore, to make them lighter; but surely levity is not the most fundamental aspect of this tie that binds. Another suggestion is "super-gravitation"; but the new-found force is so superlatively super that this title sounds makeshift. The thing has also been referred to as the force of "nucleation," suggesting its effect in causing elementary particles to consolidate their influences, to nucleate into atomic cores. Since the force manifests itself as the central force of all physical nature it deserves an unequivocal name.

We may surmise that gravitation, magnetism, and the electrical properties of attraction and repulsion are only special cases, or conditioned reflections, reactions, or interactions, of this mighty central Something that holds the world together.

And what shall we say of atomic power—that dream of the modern alchemists who have said that energy sufficient to propel an ocean liner across the Atlantic is locked within a teaspoon of water? Surely its secret lies here. Reckon the billions of billions of protons and neutrons contained in water, remember that each is bound to its neighbor with a force of millions of electron-volts, that proton is linked to proton as if with a pressure of many pounds, and sum up the total. If it were possible to treat a teaspoon of water expeditiously, to cause

the protons of its hydrogen atoms to combine into more complex nuclear patterns and thus form atoms of heavier elements, the energy released in binding these interior particles together would total several hundred thousand kilowatt-hours—quite sufficient, if harnessed, to drive a steamship from New York to Havre. But we must admit that we know no means of harnessing the forces even if we were able to release them economically; and the plain fact is that our present methods of separating and synthesizing nuclear structures require more energy in the bombardment than we get back from the transmutations. The utilization of atomic energy is a goal for the future—as far as we can see to-day, for the very distant future—but a beginning has been made in the Washington experiments. The discovery and measurement of the forces provide a firmer basis for our dreamers and, let us hope, for our future engineers.

Dr. Tuve and his associates are planning deeper forays. In 1937 they began the construction of a new electrostatic generator and discharge tube designed to operate at potentials above 5,000,000 volts. Protons accelerated by this electrical pressure will hit the target with a velocity of 19,300 miles a second. The resulting momentum should carry the projectiles into the nuclear zones of massive atoms, such as those of the metals, whose inner cores present complexities in striking contrast with the simplicity of hydrogen. The problem is a peculiarly enticing one, and various laboratories in Europe and America are now engaged in a strong attack upon it. The frontiers have been crossed, but a vast hiddenness still awaits exploration. The nature of the internal structure, how the interior particles move and interact within their narrowly bounded zone, their degrees of freedom and compulsion—such questions beg for answers. There are inklings of news from within, fragmentary flashes of this and that, and theorists are never idle with their charming mathematical symbolism. But the ultimate battle must be won by the experimentalist. Theory must be tested and proved by experience before we can go in and possess the new land.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Explain the analogy between Newton's Law of Gravitation and this discovery of atomic energy.
2. Why may the atom be considered an "abyss"?
3. Define the following terms: *molecule*, *atom*, *electron*, *proton*, *neutron*.
4. What is Coulomb's law?
5. Show by diagram the difference in make-up between an atom of hydrogen and one of oxygen.
6. Define: *nebula*, *gregarious*, *galactic*, *satellite*, *subatomic*, *ultrascopic*.
7. Exactly how did the atom seem to flout Coulomb's law?
8. Why may the early stages of the experiments be described as "aerial billiards"?
9. Describe the atom-smashing machine.
10. What were the four results of mathematical analysis of these experiments?

11. What are the possibilities of utilization of atomic energy?
12. What further questions remain to be solved?

Round Table

1. Discuss the various names suggested for the new-found force.
2. For what type of reader was this article written?
3. Why may the article be considered a parable?
4. List the qualifications of a good physicist.
5. Compare the contributions to mankind by philosophers, physicists, and doctors.

Paper Work

1. List and defend in a paragraph each ten discoveries which you would call "lasting assets of the race."
2. Write a brief biography of one of the men who took part in this experiment.
3. Study a recent scientific discovery in any field, and write a report of it for the layman.

*As interesting and significant as are the researches of natural scientists, they usually find it hard to make them work clear to laymen. DR GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON (1898—), however, has written not only numerous technical articles but also many popular ones for the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's Magazine, and the Scientific American. He was born in California and educated at Stanford University, where he taught in the Department of Physics for many years. Since 1930 he has been Professor of Physics and Director of the Research Laboratory of Experimental Physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. In 1938 he was Lowell Lecturer, in 1939 he was awarded the Rumford Medal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences for his contributions to spectrum analysis and spectrum photometry. Nineteen-thirty-nine was also the year in which his *Atoms in Action* was published.*

THE DOCTOR AND THE PHYSICIST*

GEORGE RUSSELL HARRISON

Wisdom crieth without . . . Length of days is in her right hand.—Proverbs.

THE WONDRS which medical workers have already brought about in the diagnosis and treatment of disease suggest that a time may come when the physician will be able to analyze most illnesses as soon as they start, and cure them before damage results. How soon this "golden age of healing" arrives will depend greatly on how close is the collaboration between research workers in medicine and those who work in the sciences on which medicine depends. The physician has long relied on the chemist for curative drugs, and on the physicist for diagnostic instruments and healing rays. In the one field new materials and in the other new devices are being produced in increasing numbers, helping to make imminent new miracles of medicine.

The X-ray and the microscope have extended the vision of the medical observer until he can see through ten inches of living flesh or into a single tissue cell, yet similar but much more powerful tools still await development. Modern electrical devices enable him to listen to faint murmurings of the life processes, or to measure feeble currents arising from heart and brain and nerve; yet electrical body measurements are but little understood. Now newly discovered atomic rays are being brought to help him destroy malignant invaders of the human system, and there is every reason to believe that even more important curative rays await discovery.

Much of the aid which physics gives to medicine is of a deliberate sort: Here is a job to be done, says medicine; This is how to do it, says physics. But connections which are more striking can be traced between medical life-saving and some of the apparently impractical fundamental researches of the modern physicist. X-rays and radium, which have saved thousands of lives in the few

* From *Atoms in Action*, by George Russell Harrison, copyright 1937, 1938, 1939, 1941 by George Russell Harrison, by permission of William Morrow & Co., Inc.

years they have been available, are two early examples. Today, discoveries are being made which promise to be even more fruitful in their turn.

The X-ray, as we have seen, was stumbled on by Roentgen, a physicist, who had no inkling that the outcome of his experiments would prove so fruitful in relieving human suffering. Yet it would be incorrect to say that X-rays became available to mankind as the result of an accident. As well say that the sportsman landing a giant tarpon off the coast of Florida made his catch by accident because he could not predict in advance exactly what sort of fish he would hook. Most great experimental discoveries are made in a similar way. The accident, if such it must be called, is a planned accident, which could never occur if the scientist did not place himself in position for the lightning of discovery to strike.

Cancer now causes 135,000 deaths each year in the United States, but there is hope that eventually this number can be greatly reduced. During a recent year 76 per cent of the cancer patients in the principal hospitals in England were treated by radiation from X-ray tubes and from radium. The ray treatment would be far more effective than it is if only unhealthy cells were affected, but since to reach internal cancers the rays must first traverse normal tissue, where they produce electron bullets which fly in all directions, an undesirable number of healthy cells may be killed. Rays are wanted which will be more penetrating.

Even if radium could always be used effectively there is not enough radium in the world to fill the present need. Only about two pounds—roughly \$18,000,000 worth—is now available, and even this much radium, if gathered together and applied to one patient, would hardly be sufficient to treat some of the deep-seated malignancies which are found. Much comfort can therefore be derived from the knowledge that new super-giant X-ray tubes can be designed to produce rays that will out-radiate radium.

For bombarding malignant growths X-ray tubes are needed which will stand much higher voltages than those used for X-ray picture taking. Cancers on the surface of the body can be treated with X-rays produced at 100,000 to 200,000 volts, but a malignancy which lies deeper may require rays from tubes which operate on much higher voltages. The principal rays from radium are equivalent to those from an X-ray tube running on only two million volts. Since the immediate plans of the atom-smashers call for tubes which will stand five to ten million volts—and they have already reached nearly three million—medical investigators naturally have a weather-eye cocked to watch their success.

Several large hospitals in the United States now possess X-ray tubes to which a million volts or so can be applied safely. Some of these great tubes are twice the height of a man, and each of them will furnish rays in quantity equivalent to those given out by more than two pounds of radium—\$20,000,000 worth. Mere interest payments on the investment in so much radium would come to one hundred dollars for an hour's treatment. Yet the power to operate the most efficient of these giant X-ray outfits for an hour costs less than thirty cents.

A three-million-volt X-ray tube of the type which has been built for atom-smashing can readily be applied to medical purposes. Since such a tube would produce not only more rays but more useful rays than those of any obtainable

amount of radium, deeper-lying tumors could be reached with its aid, and treatment times greatly shortened. Such an X-ray outfit would cost less than many a sportsman's toy.

"Millions of volts" sounds rather alarming to a patient; but danger from electric shock has been completely eliminated in these giant tubes. All dangerous and scientific-looking gadgets can be kept bottled up in a room into which no one need go while the apparatus is running. The X-rays can be sent through the bottom of the tube into a room below, where the patient reclines comfortably amid attractive surroundings during the short periods required for treatment.

Some doctors believe that high-speed electrons may turn out to be even more useful than X-rays or radium emanations in treating cancer. The faster an electron moves the less does it affect tissue through which it passes, just as a fast bullet breaks a cleaner hole through a pane of glass than does a slow one. High-speed electrons might then be expected to affect less the healthy tissue cells in the first part of their paths, and to do most of their desired destructive work on the diseased cells at the end of their flight, like shells with fuses set to explode in the enemy's trenches. However, much higher voltages than have been available previously will be required to generate electrons with sufficient speed to replace X-rays for cancer treatment. Electron rays from a three-million-volt tube would be useful, but ten-million-volt electron rays would probably be better. The atom-splitting physicists are now close to being able to provide these.

2

Radium is the best-known radioactive element, but the radium atom is only one of forty kinds of atoms found in nature which are unstable and which will eventually, at some unpredictable time, explode. When an atom explodes it ejects an electron or an alpha particle (the heart of a helium atom) out of its nucleus at high speed, and also emits some penetrating gamma rays. These rays are identical with X-rays, and are of great value to the physician for destroying malignant cells. As far as he is concerned, a vial of radium is merely a very convenient and portable, but extremely expensive, two-million-volt X-ray outfit.

Before 1896 atoms were supposed to be the ultimate indivisible building stones of matter, and no one dreamed that they could be pulled to pieces, much less that some of them would occasionally blow up of their own accord. In that year the French physicist, Henri Becquerel, was experimenting with the radiant glow that appears on certain minerals when they are struck with light. Because it happened to be foggy in Paris for several days, and no sunlight was available for his experiments, Becquerel left some photographic plates in a drawer with a bit of the mineral, which was presumably not glowing. When he developed the plates he found them fogged. It appeared that illumination with sunlight was not needed in this particular case, and that the mineral had been glowing spontaneously. The glow was ultimately found to result from a combination of two minerals—one which became luminous when struck by rays, and another which was constantly emitting rays of its own accord. These rays, it developed,

were produced by the disintegration of certain atoms in the mineral; thus radioactivity was discovered.

As all the world knows, Pierre and Marie Curie later were able to concentrate the substance whose atoms were disintegrating in a portion of the material which Becquerel had been using; and this turned out to be a new element, radium.

Radium has had wide use in the treatment of malignancies, but unfortunately, as a result of the many cures associated with it, the word radium has come to have magical significance, and tonic remedies containing radium have had wide sale as nostrums, some of which are extremely dangerous. The rays from radium are useful, but to use these safely the radium which produces them must be placed where it can be fished out of the body at any time. If radium is eaten, drunk in radioactive water, or breathed into the lungs with air, it tends to be deposited in the bones and begins a slow poisoning process which will be fatal if enough radium is present. Though radium is extremely expensive, ten cents' worth is enough to kill a man if it gets into his bones. Eating five dollars' worth or breathing fifty cents' worth of radium salts will accomplish this. As little as one ten-millionth of an ounce of radium deposited in the bones has been found to cause death within ten years.

Fortunately many of the so-called radioactive waters which are sold as medicine contain a negligible amount of radium and are harmless, though their value may be open to question. However, there are some which do contain radium in relatively large quantities, and these are slow but deadly poison. A few unfortunates who have drunk "radium waters" have found themselves apparently improving in health for a time, presumably as the result of a stimulating irritation of the blood-cell-producing centers. But shortly thereafter, when enough of the radium has become fixed in the body, a poisoning process of a particularly horrible kind may set in, for the radium atoms lodge in the bones and from this vantage place can bombard the cells of the body to death.

Radium is chemically like the calcium from which bones are made, and the unsuspecting blood stream willingly deposits radium atoms wherever calcium atoms are needed for building purposes. Soon the deception becomes apparent, however, for previously healthy bones, attacked from within, begin to fester and decay. Even after an atom of radium has exploded, the damage it can do is not complete, for it changes into an atom of radon which can again explode, and over and over the same atom, like a six-ball Roman candle, can shoot out its violently destructive rays. It is of no use to wait for all the radium atoms which have been taken into the body to explode, for only half of them will have done so by the end of 1690 years. The only hope is to get some of them out, and this can be done more readily if it be attempted soon after they have been absorbed.

In a number of cases of radium poisoning, it has been found possible literally to rinse some of the dangerous atoms out of the patient's bones. First he is given a medical treatment which causes his bones to lose calcium, and, as the calcium departs, some of the radium is forced out with it, in keeping with its masquerade as calcium. The patient is kept in bed, and before his bones are appreciably softened the treatment is reversed and the body is encouraged to take up fresh clean calcium to rebuild them. When they are again sound the first procedure

can be repeated. This rinsing process can be carried out again and again until the patient improves.

The closest co-operation between physician and physicist is necessary for such treatment. The physicist is needed to make delicate measurements with sensitive detectors which tell, at every instant, just how much radium still remains in the various parts of the patient's body, how much is being eliminated through his breath, and how much through his other eliminative processes. Such control of the treatment is made possible only by the sensitive instruments which have recently been developed for research on cosmic rays, on atom-splitting, and on radioactivity. Measurements made with them cause no discomfort to the patient, as their extreme sensitivity makes possible measurements on the radium content of his body by means of a detector placed as much as a yard away.

To achieve such sensitivity all the resources of modern vacuum-tube amplifiers must be invoked, and to them must be added other tricks which have been developed to pick up the tiny burst of energy which is freed when a single atom explodes. A pebble from a slingshot can explode a percussion cap, which in turn can explode enough dynamite to blow up a mountain. Likewise, the energy of the exploding atom can be turned cunningly into channels which will produce an electrical result which is cataclysmic in comparison with the cause which touched it off. So sensitive have these instruments been made that they record a continuous rat-tat-tat when carried above an ordinary sidewalk, in the concrete of which not more than one atom in a thousand billion is radioactive. Small wonder that they will detect the presence of less than one cent's worth of radium in the human body.

While such instruments were developed primarily for studying atomic processes, their medical application is obvious. One can easily imagine the joy of a patient suffering from incipient radium poisoning when the instruments show that as a result of a course of special treatments he is eliminating radium eight times as fast as previously, and that the amount of radium left in his body is gradually being lowered to a safe level.

3

The creation of new kinds of atoms is commonly supposed to have been quite thoroughly completed some years ago, whether in 4004 B.C. or long before pre-Cambrian days. As this is written, however, atoms of varieties never before found are being artificially produced in physical laboratories throughout the world at a rate almost too fast to follow. Youths with cheeks still downy, who but a few years ago were struggling through the bewilderingments of the elementary physics textbooks, are discovering new building blocks of the universe. These discoveries will eventually produce profound effects on chemistry and medicine.

The physicist has succeeded in permanently changing one kind of material into another kind—true transmutation of the elements—by bombarding ordinary matter with atomic bullets. But contrary to the dreams of the Alchemists, the new atoms which result from a transmutation are at present of little interest except from an academic standpoint. Far more important are the new varieties

of temporary atoms which have been found to be produced as an intermediate step. These atoms are mortal, man-made, not in nature's plan.

Such temporary atoms duplicate the atoms of chemistry, but show surprising properties of instability. They may last but an hour, a day, or a month, and are like ghosts allowed to walk the earth but briefly, after which they must depart. They are much more real than ghosts while they last, however, for no chemist can distinguish them from their normal counterparts. Only deep within their hearts do they differ, and when the hour for their departure strikes, the tiny atomic cataclysm which results can be picked up by sensitive detectors which record the minute explosion as surely as an earthquake recorder will mark the explosion of a ton of dynamite.

Since these tricky atoms are chemically indistinguishable from normal atoms of the same material, they can be used as atomic spies to follow the movements of swarms of normal atoms with which they can be mixed. The airplane machine gunner finds advantage in having every tenth bullet a tracer which leaves a track of smoke behind it and so marks the path of all the bullets; in the same way the chemist and the biologist, to say nothing of workers in other sciences, are finding tracer atoms effective. Mixing undetected with their fellow atoms, these behave normally until the hour of its inevitable explosion arrives for each. Then, like an Oriental spy sworn to self-immolation, each reveals its presence as it is destroyed and so betrays the location of its atomic comrades.

The explosion which marks the demise of such a temporary atom results, in certain cases, in the ejection of an electron traveling as fast as four hundred million miles an hour—fast enough to encircle the earth three times while one snaps a finger. Such an electron is for all practical purposes identical with one produced in a million-volt vacuum tube. Gamma rays, equivalent to the X-rays from a high-voltage tube, are also emitted by the exploding atom. These two sorts of rays we have already seen to be of great medical importance. Now a patient who is to be treated with X-rays or electrons need no longer rest under a gigantic tube, for some ordinary table salt or other suitably chosen harmless material can be exposed for a few minutes to rays from such a tube, can thus be made artificially radioactive, and can then be applied to the proper spot on the patient. Exact dosage is made easy, for only as many radioactive atoms are produced in the salt as are needed, and if the material is left in place on the patient too long no harm results, most of the atoms having already exploded.

Another feature of the new radioactive atoms which has aroused medical interest is that suggested by the concentration of iodine by the thyroid gland. Some physicians who have worked on the problem believe that when iodine is fed to a patient, practically all of it is concentrated in the thyroid gland within twenty-five minutes. Radioactive iodine atoms can be made by bombarding iodine with protons, the hearts of ordinary hydrogen atoms. If such activated iodine mixed with ordinary iodine is fed to a patient, the physician is able to follow the course of all the iodine atoms through his system by counting the atomic explosions which will be registered on various detectors placed in suitable positions around him.

Now suppose that a patient has a malignant disease of the thyroid gland

which needs radioactive treatment. The radio-iodine atoms emit rays which are quite as effective as those of radium, and the bombarding atoms should be carried in the blood directly to the spot where they are needed. Exactly the proper amount of radio-iodine, costing only a few cents to produce in one of the new atom-splitting machines, could then be given to the patient so that when almost every atom has exploded and has done its minute bit of cell blasting, the proper treatment would have been completed. As each radio-iodine atom disintegrates it changes to xenon, an absolutely inert gas which is harmlessly carried off in the blood stream.

Biologists have always been interested in determining how phosphorus is utilized by various parts of the living body. Chemical methods of attacking this problem have a drawback in that it is necessary to destroy the tissue to analyze its contents, a procedure which may be impossible except in the case of certain parts which the patient can readily spare, such as fingernails or hair. Radio-phosphorus now enables biologists to investigate this problem without destroying tissue. Atoms of radio-phosphorus last two weeks on the average before they blow up. Inconceivably small quantities can be fed to a patient—in a radioactive lemon phosphate! Is phosphorus a brain food? Hold the detecting instrument near the patient's head and count the clicks. Do teeth grow, and do they use phosphorus atoms? Don't bother to pull a tooth, but hold the detector near the teeth and see how many atomic explosions occur.

With electrons and protons, deuterons, and even heavier atomic particles available to be hurled against each of the more than four hundred sub-varieties of atoms which the physicist has found included among the ninety elements of the chemist, dozens of new kinds of useful temporary atoms doubtless remain to be discovered. Already nearly two hundred new varieties of temporary atoms have been produced by physicists in the course of atomic transmutations, and it seems probable that every known element can be produced in one or two temporary radioactive forms. Some have already been created in four or five forms. As higher speeds for atomic bullets are achieved, increasing numbers of new super-chemical reactions should be found.

That one kind of atom can be changed into another by striking its nucleus with an atomic bullet was discovered in 1918 by Sir Ernest Rutherford. That new atoms so formed are often unstable, and hence radioactive, was first observed in 1933 by Irene and Frederic Curie-Joliot, daughter and son-in-law of the Curies who discovered radium, when they let rays from radium bombard other atoms. This method is still used to some extent, but greater yields of the radioactive atoms can be obtained by using one of the new atom-smashing machines which have been developed to make atomic particles move with high speeds. Two such devices have been particularly successful, one the cyclotron developed by Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence and his collaborators at the University of California, and the other the electrostatic generator which produces high voltages which can be applied to great vacuum tubes, developed by Dr. Robert J. Van de Graaff and his co-workers at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Several dozen of each of these devices for producing artificial radioactivity are now in operation or in process of construction in America and Europe.

The electrostatic generator, already mentioned in connection with the transmission of power, uses the static machine principle, modified and dressed up in modern form to produce voltages hundreds of times greater than those produced by ordinary static machines. The forte of the static machine, used so long in doctors' offices to titillate the skin and make patients' hair stand on end, has always been to produce a great deal of voltage without much current, and this is just what is needed to operate giant vacuum tubes.

In the cyclotron, atomic bullets of any one of three or four varieties are swung in circular orbits of constantly increasing diameter, just as David in his encounter with Goliath whirled a stone around his head by means of a leather sling. A huge magnet is used to keep the particles circling in the proper orbits within an evacuated chamber, and carefully timed electrical impulses keep them swinging around ever faster and faster until they finally emerge at high speeds, ready to smash into any atom in their paths.

A question frequently asked is, "Of what possible practical use is Relativity?" This question is difficult to answer simply, because the practical uses of Relativity are complex and indirect. A direct answer can be given at this point, however—it helps fight cancer and other diseases. The most useful radiations for this purpose thus far produced have been obtained with cyclotrons, and the cyclotron depends for its action on whirling atomic particles. But the weight of an atomic particle, according to Relativity, depends on its speed, and only by bringing Relativity into the picture can the proper paths of the particles in a cyclotron be deduced when particles of the highest speeds are used. An electron which has traveled through a vacuum under the impelling force of 1,000,000 volts weighs 3 times as much as when at rest, and if it has been accelerated through 20,000,000 volts it weighs 40 times as much as when at rest. Anyone who designs a modern high-efficiency cyclotron and neglects Relativity is likely to run up against difficulties.

4

Light, in addition to being useful for seeing, has its own curative effects. Some physicians consider sunlight the greatest of all healing agencies, but sunlight is not always available. Lamps have now been developed which can be made to radiate not only waves of every one of the visible and invisible colors which the sun sends us, but others as well which were never known before. Many of these new light rays are found to have definite germ-killing or curative properties, while others have not yet been tested for possible biological effects.

The spectroscopes and light filters which the physicist has developed to study the structure of matter, and the relationships of matter and energy, have proved very useful in separating light into its component parts for medical use. When a beam of white light produces a curative or stimulating effect, there is always the possibility that only the blue or the red light contained in the white beam was responsible for the effect. When the basic colors have been separated and tried individually, sometimes one color has been found partially to offset effects produced by another—a greater effect being produced by a part of the light than by all of it.

The same long-waved ranginess which enables infra-red rays to penetrate haze

for great distances serves the physician well, for it enables these rays to get through layers of skin and fat and thus reveal anomalies of underlying tissues. The sinuses and other body parts, which can often be usefully studied by sending ordinary light through them and looking for shadows, can be penetrated even better with the longer invisible waves. Heating lamps are frequently used to provide infra-red rays which are sent through the skin into the underlying tissue where they soothe cramped muscles and tired nerves. Their application increases the flow of blood, and is said to be beneficial in neuralgic and arthritic conditions.

The effects of light of various colors on mold spores have been strikingly shown by covering a flat plate of glass with gelatin soaked with some jelly-like material which becomes moldy easily. The plate was planted uniformly with the spores, and was then exposed to the light of the spectrum; long infra-red rays fell on one end of the plate, then came the rainbow array of visible colors, and finally the spectrum of invisible ultra-violet rays falling on the other end. After a short exposure to this complete spectrum, the plate was put in a warm place where any spores which were left alive might multiply and prosper. A few days later the spores were found to have photographed their own death records, for in regions exposed to light of colors which would kill the spores the plate was clear, while in other regions the plate was opaque with mold, the light there having permitted growth, and, with some waves, even stimulated it.

The curative value of sunlight for various serious skin diseases has long been known. Remarkable cures have also been made by focusing on the skin by means of quartz lenses the light from powerful electric lamps. Ultra-violet light kills germs, but in the early experiments the skin was sometimes badly burned while the germs were being killed. Fortunately the rays that did the burning and those that killed the germs were not the same, and it was found possible to filter out the former by sending the light a short distance through water.

When the tiny organisms which produce many diseases are watched under a microscope while they are illuminated with ultra-violet light, they can be seen to curl up and die. Short-wave ultra-violet rays are especially deadly to most germs, and ultra-violet lamps which emit germ-killing invisible rays are being increasingly installed in surgical operating rooms. If a beam of this invisible light be allowed to shine in one end of a solid rod of fused quartz, the light will follow any bends or twists in the rod for many inches, practically without diminution. Such transparent rods are now quite commonly used to pipe healing and disinfecting radiations into various passages of the body.

Much of the milk that is sold today is "ultra-violet rayed." In large creameries the milk is made to flow from a tank in a thin sheet, and bright batteries of mercury arcs shine germ-killing ultra-violet light all through it. In some large bakeries, loaves of bread and even cakes, of which almost one in seven were formerly lost through spoilage, are now exposed to ultra-violet light from special lamps for a few seconds, with the result that less than one in fifty becomes moldy. The effects of sterilizing meat in this way are also being studied.

Production of vitamin D is closely linked to light, and it is no longer necessary to rely on the ability of the codfish to store in his liver the energy of sun-

light which has been gathered up by the salt-water algae on which have fed the small fish which he eats. By exposing specific food materials to light under controlled conditions, the vitamin can be concentrated far more effectively than by any codfish.

The medical use of light has met with such a popular response that many fads have developed, some of which have been carried to an extreme. Indiscriminate exposure of large areas of the body to intense light may do much more harm than good. What is needed is more really scientific study of the effects of light of different colors, both visible and invisible, on human physiology and psychology. For the development of the light-emitting, the light-analyzing, and the light-measuring devices still needed for this purpose, medicine looks to the physicist.

5

The whirling force which causes a youngster to cling so tightly to the neck of his wooden horse on a merry-go-round, and the ticket-taker of the carrousel to lean inward at such a precarious angle as he makes his rounds, comes effectively to the assistance of medicine in the separation of viruses too delicate to handle otherwise. Mud will settle from murky water merely on standing, but the same mud will take much longer to settle from a viscous substance like honey. Centrifugal forces which pull more strongly than gravity can be used to speed the separation of the mud from the honey merely by whirling the mixture in a circle. If a mixture be whirled two thousand times in a second, a force several hundred thousand times its own weight will gently but compellingly urge each particle toward the outside of its container. Such a pull will quickly separate blood cells from the serum in which they float. A grain of wheat whirled in a tiny circle at so giddy a rate behaves as though it weighed more than fifty pounds.

Small rotating tops have recently been developed which will spin a tiny vial of biological serum at speeds up to a million revolutions a minute. To attain such speeds, friction must be reduced to a minimum, and the top, as it spins, touches nothing solid but is balanced in a whirling jet of air. The limitation which prevents attainment of still higher speeds is the difficulty of getting materials which will stand the great forces involved—the top itself tends to be torn apart by the terrific pull in its own substance. Yet even at the highest practicable speeds, a flashing light has been arranged to make the whirling tube seem to stand still, and an observer, looking through a microscope, has calmly watched a cell being pulled apart while it whirled under his nose at more than three hundred miles an hour.

Mechanics, as exemplified in the centrifuge, is the oldest branch of physics; but what of electricity, one of the newest? The body probably has more electric currents flowing through it than a telephone switchboard, but most of these currents are weak and difficult to measure, and the body is poorly equipped with electrical terminals. Variations in health and in the tone of various organs are undoubtedly reflected in changes of these currents, but as yet electrical methods of diagnosis have been but slightly developed. How tired a person feels and

his general state of health seem to be tied up in some mysterious fashion with differences between the resistance of his body to the passage of an alternating current and to a direct current. Just why this relationship exists, and how it can be used, are as yet not apparent.

In the treatment of disease the position of electricity is more secure. The electric knife has caused great progress in surgery. High-frequency alternating current is sprayed into the tissue from the edge of the knife, and as the tissue is cut the edges of the wound are electrically disinfected and seared, a process which reduces bleeding and promotes healing. In brain operations the radio knife has been found especially useful, for with it electric current can be sent through tumors to shrivel and destroy them, and the dried tissue can be removed through small openings in the skull. In cancer operations this knife may give greater safety, for cancerous cells which might be set free for distribution through the body in the blood stream can be killed by the heat and current, and the ends of the blood vessels which might carry them off are scared shut. The radio knife is operated by means of alternating current of very high frequency, and is a direct development of the investigations which made radio-telegraphy possible.

Only in recent years have doctors come to realize that a fever may be not the result of an illness but an attempt of the body to cure the illness. Many kinds of germs die at temperatures slightly above normal body temperatures. Doctors have even inoculated patients with malaria germs to produce intermittent fevers—the malaria was less disagreeable and easier to cure than the original disease. When it is found that a vacuum tube can produce just as good a fever as a malaria germ, with no malaria to be cured afterward, there is cause for rejoicing.

The heat generated by high-frequency currents first became noticeable when radio men who were working near high-power oscillating tubes developed temporary fevers. After all, if the insides of vacuum tubes could be heated white hot by such means, why could the insides of a patient not be warmed to a lesser degree?

Listing the contributions of physics to the new medicine could be continued almost indefinitely. Tiny super-candid cameras which, with their own lights attached, can be swallowed by a patient and used to snap a number of views of the inside of his stomach before they are fished up again; electrical speedometers invented specifically to measure cosmic rays but which immediately are found useful to count the rapid heartbeats of a rat; electrical stethoscopes and brain-wave measurers which give such an accurate indication of the state of vitality of a patient deep under the influence of drugs that mental cases hitherto considered incurable can be safely treated—hundreds of such examples can be brought forward to emphasize the great importance to mankind of close coöperation between the physician and the physicist.

Medicine is growing in effectiveness as it progresses from the status of an art to that of a science. Progress in a science depends to a great degree on the tools which can be forged to aid it in uncovering truth. For many years the principal tools of the physician were his own five senses, but human eyes have bounded vision as human hands have limited strength. With eyes and ears that see and hear where before were only darkness and silence, the modern healer finds in no mere poetic sense that his strength is as the strength of ten. These

more-than-human eyes and ears, this beneficent sharpening of the senses, it is the province of physics and the purpose of physicists to continue to supply.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Upon what scientists has the physician relied?
2. What are some of the physicist's contributions to the cure of the human body?
3. What are the "newly discovered atomic rays," and how are they used in healing?
4. How are experimental discoveries made?
5. Explain the difficulties of cancer treatment by X-ray tubes and radium.
6. What are atom-smashers?
7. Explain: "medical investigators naturally have a weather-eye cocked. . . ."
8. How has the X-ray tube developed in recent years?
9. What advantages for medical purposes does the X-ray tube have over radium?
10. Compare X-rays, radium emanations, and high-speed electrons in treating cancer.
11. What is an "unstable atom"?
12. Explain in what sense "a vial of radium is a . . . two-million-volt X-ray outfit."
13. Recount Henri Becquerel's discovery of radioactivity.
14. Explain: "he found [the plates] fogged."
15. How and by whom was radium discovered?
16. What are the dangers of using radium?
17. Explain the nature and process of radium poisoning.
18. What is the treatment for radium poisoning?
19. How must physicist and physician cooperate in the treatment of radium poisoning?
20. Describe some of the detectors for testing the presence of radium.
21. Explain: "whether in 4004 B.C. or long before pre-Cambrian days." What is the source of the first date?
22. Who are "the Alchemists"?
23. What are "temporary atoms"?
24. Explain the simile of "tracer bullets."
25. Explain: "an Oriental spy sworn to self-immolation."
26. Describe the "table salt" method of treating a patient with X-rays or electrons.
27. How may radioactive iodine atoms be made?
28. Describe the discovery of Sir Ernest Rutherford.

29. What devices are used for obtaining radioactive atoms?
30. What is the use made of the electrostatic generator?
31. Explain: "to produce a great deal of voltage without much current."
32. What is the cyclotron and how does it function?
33. Explain the allusion to David's encounter with Goliath.
34. What is Relativity? What is its medical use?
35. Explain the use of light-ray lamps in medicine.
36. What are infra-red rays and what are their medical uses?
37. How are ultra-violet rays used in medicine? In treating food?
38. How is centrifugal force used in medicine?
39. How does electricity function in the treatment of disease?
40. Define: *self-immolation, demise, electron, gamma rays, thyroid, protons, forte, sinuses, algae, carrousel, viscous.*

Round Table

1. Discuss: Medicine is a science rather than an art.
2. Discuss: The chemist has done more to help the physician than has the physicist.
3. Debate: The sale of popular therapeutic devices should be legally controlled.
4. Debate: The high cost of electrical and other medical devices has put treatments beyond the reach of persons of low incomes.

Paper Work

1. Tell the story of the discovery of the X-ray; or, of radium.
2. Write a research paper on "The Dreams of the Alchemists."
3. Write an account of the development of atom-smashing.
4. Write a theme on (1) My Health-Lamp Gives Me a Fine Tan; (2) The Doctor's Machine Failed to Function; (3) The Dentist X-rayed My Teeth; (4) How the Doctor Photographed My Stomach; (5) Electric Vibrating Machines Are Funny Things; (6) I Knew a Real Case of Radium Poisoning.

Though CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER (1893—) has served much time at the editorial desk—he has been on the staff of the Atlantic Monthly, of The Independent, and of The Bookman—he has also sampled vigorously some of the roughest experiences life affords. He was a lieutenant overseas in the First World War, and went into the steel mills on his return from the front, to gather pungent phrasing and vivid expression, as well as experience, for his writing. Author of short stories, plays, and a novel, he is known to most readers for his Steel—The Diary of a Furnace Worker (1922).

THE OPEN-HEARTH FURNACE*

CHARLES RUMFORD WALKER

THE STEEL starts in as "scrap"—scrap from anywhere in America—anything from a broken casting, the size of a man's trunk, down to corroded pipe, or strips the thickness of your nail salvaged in bales. The overhead crane gathers them all from arriving flat cars by a magnet as big as a cart wheel; the pieces of steel leap to meet the magnet with apparent joy, stick stoutly for a moment, and fall released into iron charge-boxes. By trainloads they pass out of the stock-yard and into the mill, where the track runs directly in front of the furnace-doors. There the charging machine dumps them quickly into the hot belly of the furnace. Old furnaces, charged by hand, hold about ten tons; the new, 250 to 300 tons a "heat."

That is the first step in starting to make a "heat," which means to cook a bellyful to the proper temperature for steel, ready to tap into a ladle for ingot-making. Next comes making "front-wall." No self-respecting brick, clay, or any other substance can stand a load of metal up to steel-heat, without being temporarily relined right away for the next draft of flame. We do that relining by shoveling dolomite into the furnace. The official, known as second-helper, wields a Brobdingnag spoon, about two inches larger than a dinner-plate and fifteen feet long, which a couple of third-helpers, among them myself, fill with dolomite. By use of the spoon, the second-helper spreads the protection over the front-wall.

But the sporting job on the open-hearth comes a bit later, and consists in making "back-wall." Then all the men on the furnace and all the men on your neighbor's furnace form a dolomite line, and, marching in file to the open door, fling their shovelfuls across the flaming void to the back-wall. It's not a beginner's job. You must swing your weapon through a wide arc, to give it wing, and the stuff must hop off just behind the furnace door, and rise high enough to top the scrap between and land high. I say it's not a beginner's job, though it's like golf—the first shovelful may be a winner. What lends life to the sport is the fact that everybody's in it: it's the team play of the open-hearth, like a house-raising in the community.

Another thing giving life is the heat. The mouth of the furnace gapes its

* Reprinted from the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1922, by permission of the author and the editors.

widest, and you must hug close in order to get the stuff across. Every man has deeply smoked glasses on his nose when he faces the furnace. He's got to stare down her throat, to watch where the dolomite lands. It's up to him to "place" his stuff—the line isn't marching through the heat to warm its hands. Here's a tip I didn't savvy on my first back-wall. Throw your left arm high at the end of your arc, and in front of your face; it will cut the heat an instant, and allow you to see if you have "placed" without flinching. It's really not brawn—making back-wall,—but a nimble swing and a good eye, and the art of not minding heat.

After that is done, she can cook for a while, and needs only watching. The first-helper gives her that, passing up and down every few minutes to look through the peepholes in her furnace doors. He puts his glasses down on his nose, inspects the brew, and notices if her stomach's in good shape. If the bricks get as red as the gas flame, she's burning the living lining out of her. But he keeps the gas blowing in her ends as hot as she'll stand it without a holler. On either end the gas, and on top of it the air. The first-helper, who is cook of the furnace, makes a proper mixture out of them. The hotter he can let the gas through, the quicker the brew is cooked, and the more "tonnage" he'll make that week.

"Get me thirty thousand pounds," said the first-helper when I was on the furnace that first night. Fifteen tons of molten metal! I was undecided whether to bring it in a dipper or in my hat. But it's not more than running upstairs for a handkerchief in the bureau. You climb to a platform near the blower, where the stuff is made, and find a man there with a book. Punch him in the arm and say, "Thirty thou' for Number 7." He will swear moderately and blow a whistle. You return to the furnace, and on your heels follows a locomotive dragging a bucket—the ladle—ten feet high. Out of it arise the fumes of your fifteen tons of hot metal. The overhead crane picks it up and pours it through a spout into the furnace. As it goes in, you stand and direct the pouring. The craneman, as he tilts or raises the bucket, watches you for directions, and you stand and make gentle motions with one hand, thus easily and simply controlling the flux of the fifteen tons. That part of the job always pleased me. It was like modeling Niagara with a wave of the hand. Sometimes he spills a little, and there is a vortex of sparks, and much molten metal in front of the door to step on.

She cooks in anywhere from ten hours to twenty-four. The record on this floor is ten, which was put over by Jock. He has worked on most of the open-hearths from Scotland to Colorado.

When it's time for a test, the first-helper will take a spoon about the size of your hand, and scoop up some of the soup. But not to taste. He pours it into a mould, and when the little ingot is cool, breaks it with a sledge. Everyone on the furnace, barring myself, looks at the broken metal and gives a wise smile. I'm not enough of a cook. They know by the grain if she has too much carbon, or needs more, or is ready to tap, or isn't. With too much carbon, she'll need a "jigger," which is a few more tons of hot metal to thin her out.

That's about the whole game—abbreviated—up to tap-time. It takes on an

average of eighteen hours, and your shift may be anything, from ten to twenty-four. Of course, there are details like shoveling in fluoi spar to thin out the slag. Be sure you clear the breast of the furnace, with your shovelful, when you put that into her. Spar eats the dolomite as mice eat cheese.

At intervals the first-helper tilts the whole furnace forward, and she runs out at the doors, which is to drain off the slag that floats on top of the brew. But after much weariness it's tap-time and the "big boss" comes to supervise.

Move aside the shutters covering the round peepholes on her doors, at this time, and you'll see the brew bubbling away like malt breakfast-food ready to eat. But there's a lot of testing before serving. When it is ready, you run to the place where you had your little flat manganese shovel, and take it to the gallery behind the furnace, near the tap-spout. There you can look down upon the "pit," strewn with those giant bucket-ladles, and sprinkled with the clean-up men who gather painfully all that's spilled or slobbered of hot metal and saved for a second melting. The whole is swept by the omnipresent crane.

At a proper and chosen instant, the senior melter shouts, "Heowl!" and the great furnace rolls on its side on a pair of mammoth rockers, and points a clay spout into the ladle, held for it by the crane. Before the hot soup comes rushing, the second-helper has to "ravel her out." "Raveling" is poking a pointed rod up the tap-spout, till the stopping is prodded away. You never know when the desired, but terrific, result is accomplished. When it is, you retire just as you would from an exploding oil-well. The brew is loose. It comes out red and hurling flame. Into the ladle it falls, with a hiss and a terrifying "splunch."

The first- and second-helpers immediately make matters worse. They stagger up with bags containing fine anthracite, and drop them into the mess. These have a most damning effect. The flames hit the roof of the pit, and sway and curl angrily along the frail platform on which you stand. Some occult reasoning tells them how many of these bags to drop in, whether to make a conflagration or a moderate house-burning.

The melter waits a few minutes, and then shouts your cue. You and another helper run swiftly along the gallery to the side of the spout. At your feet is a pile of manganese, one of the heaviest substances in the world, and seeming heavier than that. It's your job and your helper's to put the pile into the cauldron. You're expected to get it in fast. You do.

There are almost always two ladles to fill, but you have a "spell" between. When she's tapped, you pick up a piece of sheet-iron and cover the spout with it. That's another job to warm frost-bitten fingers.

One more step and the brew is an ingot. There are several tracks entering the pit, and at proper seasons a train of cars swings in, bringing the upright ingot moulds. They stand about seven feet high from their flats. When the ladle is full and slobbering a bit, the craneman swings her gingerly over the first mould. Level with the ladle's base, and above the train of moulds, runs the pouring platform, on which the ingot-men stand.

By means of rods, a stopper is released from a small hole in the bottom of the ladle. In a few seconds the stream fills a mould, and the attendant shuts off the steel like a boy at a spigot. The ladle swings gently down the line, and

the proper measure of metallic flame squirts into each mould. A trainload of steel is poured in a few minutes.

But this is when all omens are propitious. It's when the stopper-man has made no mistake. But when rods jam and the stopper won't stop, watch your step, and cover your face. That fierce little stream keeps coming, and nothing that the desperate men on the pouring platform can do seems likely to stem it. Soon one mould is full—but the ladle continues to pour, with twenty tons of steel to go. It can't be allowed to make a steel floor for the pit. It must get into those moulds. So the craneman swings her on to the next mould, with the stream aspart. It's like taking water from the tea-kettle to the sink with a punctured dipper. Half goes on the kitchen floor. But the spattering of molten metal is much more exciting. A few little clots affect the flesh like hot bullets. So, when the craneman gets ready to swing the little stream down the line, the workers on the platform behave like frightened fishes in a mill pond. Then, while the mould fills, they come back, to throw certain ingredients into the cooling metal.

These ingots, when they come as virgin steel from the moulds, are impressive things—especially on the night turn. Then each stands up against the night air like a massive monument of hardened fire. Pass near them and see what colossal radiators of heat they are. Trainloads of them pass daily out of the pit to the blooming-mill. But my spell with them is done. . . .

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Indicate the meanings of the following words or phrases as Mr. Walker uses them: *broken casting*, *corroded pipe*, *salvaged*, *charging*, a "*heat*," *sporting job*, *arc*, *savvy*, *flinching*, *crane*, *flux*, *ingot*, a "*jigger*," *brew*, *slobbered*, *cue*, *gingerly*, *spigot*, *stem*, *clots*, *spell*.
2. What use have dolomite, anthracite, manganese, and fluor spar, respectively, in making steel?
3. Explain "a Brobdingnag spoon."
4. What is the process of "raveling"? Of making "back-wall"?

Round Table

1. Could this material be presented for lay readers as effectively in a more formal fashion?
2. Are the incongruous comparisons strained after or do they appear to come in naturally?
3. Pick out such phrases in the essay as "stick stoutly" and decide whether the author has a nice car.
4. How is the point of view of the worker maintained?

Paper Work

1. After digging a bit in Joseph Hergesheimer's *The Three Black Pennies*, or some similar account, write a paper on Furnaces Old and New.

2. Describe in a thousand words an industrial process, which you try to make especially interesting by imitating the chatty, familiar style of *The Open-Hearth Furnace*.
3. Write, in a humorous fashion, a thousand-word paper on some industrial process.
4. Collect twenty-five picturesque words or phrases from any industrial or domestic process with which you are familiar. If you lack familiarity with any process, consult various reference books.

Professor of Economics in the University of California, PAUL SCHUSTER TAYLOR (1895—) nevertheless knows the Middle West very well. He was born in Sioux City, Iowa, of farming stock, his grandparents, like those of Hamlin Garland, being pioneers in Wisconsin. As a youth he worked as a farm hand in Iowa, and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin just in time to go overseas with the A.E.F. In 1922 he was appointed to the faculty of the University of California, where he has taught ever since. He has served on State and Federal commissions and is the author of many important books, notably Salois' Union of the Pacific (1923), which has been described as "a classic in trade-union historical writing"; Mexican Labor in the United States (1928, 1932), an important documented work in two volumes on Mexican migratory labor, and An American Exodus (1941), which touches the permanent movement of an important sector of agrarian workers and which was illustrated by Dr. Taylor's wife, Dorothea Lange, a well-known photographer.

GOOD-BY TO THE HOMESTEAD FARM*

PAUL SCHUSTER TAYLOR

... a race of virtuous and independent farmers, the true supporters of their country, and the stock from which its best defenders must be drawn.

They constitute the bone and sinew and the strength of your government. In the hour of peril and danger they are always ready to rally around the standard of their country.

—From Congressional Debates, 1824, 1826.

THE ANGLO-SAXON tradition of the importance to national security of a yeoman class of farmers traces from the victory of the English longbowmen at Crécy in 1346 through the successes of the Revolutionary American colonials. The tradition still survives. I am not surprised, therefore, when out in California I am asked, "What of the migrants and national defense?" The question comes naturally to those who view the landless families of the *Grapes of Wrath*, dispossessed in Oklahoma, wandering up and down the valleys of California. A century ago when the enclosure movement by which "One only master grasps the whole domain" drove British families from the land, the poet of "The Deserted Village" set down in prose "that countries are ever strongest which are internally powerful." The same sober thought is suggested by the drifting loads of the West to-day.

To most Americans "the migrant problem" seems a long way off. But it isn't a long way off. The trek to the Pacific Coast is not just the product of a great drought on the Plains. That stream of human distress is the end-result of a long process going on from New Jersey to California and from North Dakota to Florida. It's the most dramatic end-result, and most Americans do not know how pervasive and widespread are the forces which produce it. Nor do they realize how close home and how deep these forces strike.

Still fewer Americans know that in the Corn Belt, citadel of conservative, stable farming, the same forces are at work—excepting drought—which pro-

* Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1941, by permission of the author.

duced the loads. Like the Illinois newspaper which carried the headline, "Migrant Problem Western Worry," we dismiss it as curious, but remote.

During my boyhood in Iowa I knew plenty of farmers, native and immigrant, who had worked from the bottom up to become owners of good farms. I have worked beside farm hands and seen them save from wages of thirty-five dollars a month until they could buy a team, cultivator, and enough tools to operate a farm on shares. Later they would rent for cash, then buy, and years afterward clear the mortgage. These solid farmers of Iowa regularly voted Republican, more or less out of continuing gratitude to Abraham Lincoln and the Homestead Act which he signed.

But to-day opportunity for the common man is narrowing over the lands of the Corn Belt. Only last August a regional official of the United States Department of Agriculture told the House Committee on Interstate Migration that twenty-five thousand Middle Western farmers are not able to find a farm to rent! The question is arising, asked by country-life groups and editors, "What Future for Farm Youth?"

II

Why cannot farmers get farms in the region where only three generations ago the campaign slogan "Vote Yourself a Farm" was victorious? Causes seldom are single, and they are not in this instance. For a decade industry has failed to draw off surplus farm youth at more than a fraction of the previous rate. For two decades the area available for Corn Belt farmers has not been expanding as it used to on the western fringes into the Dakotas and Montana. More human steam and smaller safety-valves are raising the pressure. Then too there is the complex economic situation rising in the past decade or two, which is suggested in the phrases now grown familiar, of "parity prices," "farm foreclosures," and the "Triple-A." Underneath, and along with these trends, is another which broadly we call "mechanization." One result of mechanization is bigger farms and fewer men. Another is the transformation of the occupation itself. Steadily, and in recent years rapidly, it is doing to farming what machines have done to domestic handicraft production over the past century. The results of the process to both industry and agriculture are decidedly upsetting if not revolutionary. Where industrialization of agriculture runs its full course the term "farmer" no more suggests a man with hand on the plow than "manufacturer" now means what once it did—a maker of things by hand.

In simplest terms, the machine on the land to-day means this: The farmer buys a tractor. He thinks it will make work easier and hours shorter for him, with fewer chores. Also his wife will not have to feed and do the washing for the hired man. In short, it will bring the benefits of progress to the farm. After he gets the tractor he experiences the first joys of finishing plowing at five o'clock on Tuesday instead of six o'clock on Thursday, and of stowing the tractor away in the shed where it will quietly await the next seasonal work and consume no gasoline, oats, hay, or pasture while waiting.

This seems indeed like bringing progress to the farm. So it is, and there's even more to it than appears at first. After a while the farmer realizes that after all the tractor in the shed is "eating up" something while it sits. It is eating

"overhead costs"—interest and depreciation. Perhaps the farmer faces these facts and deliberately chooses what advertisements of farm machinery call "the warm glow of better family living"—as a man buys a fine phonograph and a pleasure car if he can afford them. But many a farm operator looks at his costs these days and cannot afford not to. He thinks of the time which he saved by fast plowing and few chores. These hours and days begin to look to him like idle time of a man and an idle machine. He sees that he could handle more land than he does, just as well and more economically. So he rents another 80 acres, or perhaps the whole of a neighboring farm.

If the farmer is slow to realize these possibilities, there are articles in the farm journals to help him. The *Prairie Farmer* tells him, "Perhaps you can estimate your tractor operating cost by comparison with a tractor operating cost study on 155 Illinois farms." The item goes on to point out that "Cost of two-plow tractors averaged 66 cents an hour when used 269 hours per year, 51 cents when used 512 hours, and 41 cents per hour when the tractor was used a total of 836 hours per year." Studies at the agricultural colleges and experiment stations of Corn Belt States commonly reinforce the point. A Purdue University bulletin, for example, says that "Noticeable economy is effected in the per acre cost, investment, and repair cost of machinery as size of farm increases." *The Outlook for Indiana Agriculture in 1941*, prepared at the same institution, has a summary which, by way of intimate and plain speaking, it puts into the mouth of "Farmer Jones." Leaning on the lower half of his barn door, pipe in hand, he says, "After studying the present economic situation and the outlook, here are some of the things I think it would be desirable for me to do in 1941: (1) Continue to rent that 60 acres of land adjoining my farm, as it is probable that a large volume of business will again be desirable. If I am going to buy this land within the next few years, this might be a better time to buy it than later. . . . Recognize that, although tractors and trucks and the large machines that go with them, such as the combine and corn picker, are likely to be even more justifiable than they were a few years ago, I must make sure, before I buy, that I will have enough use to make them economical and that I will be able to pay for them." If Farmer Jones didn't specifically say to "rent another 60," undoubtedly there are numerous farmers in Indiana and elsewhere who will decide to act as though he had said that or more. Most of them won't see—or heed it if they see it—the little 1936 pamphlet of the Federal Department of Agriculture which asks the farmer in black-faced type, "If you bought machinery to get increased returns, *what would happen if your neighbors did likewise?*"

On most of his new tractors our farmer has rubber tires, and even on his trucks and machinery. Lots of advantages are claimed for rubber—better traction, cushioning of shock, and speed. Buyers appear to be pretty well convinced. "The tractor or implement," urges the *Prairie Farmer* in January, 1941, "must also be pulled at the highest practicable speed with the widest implement it can pull satisfactorily." Speed will help him to use his machines to capacity. Speed will help him to farm more land. The *Prairie Farmer* says, "Rubber plays an important part in this era of expanding farm operations. Formerly it was difficult for farmers who wanted to work near-by land to move their implements from farm to farm. It took time and subjected the implements to considerable

pounding. To-day the farmer whizzes from farm to farm with his rubber-tired equipment over paved or bumpy roads—it makes no difference." *The Country Gentleman* cites an engineering authority who, reluctant in the days of steel wheels, since rubber tires have become available now approves renting more land in order to keep the man and his machine busy: "So when we are asked about expanding, our inclination is to say: 'Go ahead!'"

It isn't only tractors and rubber tires that give impetus to consolidation of farms. There are a host of machines—corn pickers, side-delivery rakes, pick-up hay balers, electric fences—and a variety of ingenuities which level fences, lengthen rows, mechanically elevate feed, develop assembly-line layout of buildings and feed yards. The amount of corn a man could cultivate in season always has been one of the factors which limited the size of farm. Small but tested beginnings have been made which promise under suitable conditions, by changed practices of ground preparation and planting, virtually to eliminate the necessity of cultivation. Likewise the combine harvester has just barely started to operate—picking and shelling corn in a single operation, delivering the kernels in sacks in the field like wheat. Thus the logical ultimate in mechanization of corn is approached; before long it can be machined from planting to harvest.

The same trend apparently is approaching a conclusion in the handling of forage. In acreage, hay ranks third among American crops, and is basic to the livestock industry. In *Agricultural Engineering* for January, 1941, Professor F. W. Duffee of the University of Wisconsin reports an analysis of a new forage harvester which chops grass for silage in the field. This machine, he states, shows comparative advantage in field labor requirement over the field baler of 13 to 1. "The forage harvester," he writes, "is of profound significance, as it represents the last link in the development of mechanized agriculture in so far as the three major crops outside the Cotton Belt are concerned." At point after point the bottlenecks which have held Corn Belt farming to a moderately small family operation are being broken.

III

This progress has another side, and the reason for this article is to examine it. I asked a local representative of the Department of Agriculture in Indiana last summer what it means in his county when enterprising farmers consolidate other lands with their own. He replied that in the river bottoms, where farm consolidation is extensive, "present owners have bought or foreclosed adjoining land until an owner often controls several sections of land. The use of larger tractor equipment has gradually displaced the tenants who used to occupy about every 80 acres." The trend was by no means so strong everywhere, but from county after county in the Corn Belt come reports similar to these: "It appears that farms are getting harder to rent each year. I believe the cause of this is the efficient power machinery that farmers have which permits one man to operate more land. If a landowner desires to retire he can rent his fields to a neighbor and continue to live on the farm. This just makes another farm less for a farm family to operate." "One farmer will take one or two tractor outfits and rent the total sum of three or four farms. When these farms are incorporated in this way, one man will farm about six or seven hundred acres."

The spider-web complexity of operations which can develop is described by John Hays in his recent doctoral dissertation at Purdue University. He writes, "Only 55 per cent of the operating units in Deercreek Township and 42 per cent of them in Johnson Township were located in one contiguous tract and owned by one individual. . . . Some of the operating units included as many as five different landowners, and as many as six separately located tracts of land some of which ranged from 7 to 15 miles from the home tract."

Last August we talked with an energetic and farsighted farm operator in Iowa. His family had established itself there shortly after the Civil War. Until about three years ago he operated the family farm of 200 acres. Now he has expanded his enterprise by leasing 40 acres three miles away, 440 acres six miles away, and 320 acres 75 miles away. He operates the entire 1,000 acres from a single headquarters with two hired laborers and only occasional help from his boys. He runs a large business in town besides, and serves the absentee owners of 3,000 additional acres, selecting and overseeing their tenants and collecting their rentals. All these farms he desires, so he told us, in order that his boys, faced in years ahead by restricted opportunities on the land, will each have ready for him at least a 1,000-acre farm to operate. From this, says their father, each boy can derive a good income, while living in town and using hired labor. His greatest fear is that public opinion hostile to consolidation of farms may deny by legislation that Iowa land offers a "commercial opportunity" to those like himself who can so use it.

The wage laborer in the Corn Belt has been hit hardest of all by mechanization. In the east north central States the average number of hired workers employed on farms declined from all causes by 25 per cent during the decade of the thirties. "But," as the El Paso, Illinois, *Journal* commented last Independence Day, "the farm laborer is a voiceless fellow who looks for a job somewhere else if he can't find it on the farm, and not much is heard from him." That is of course not on the farms where he used to find work.

Where do the Corn Belt tenant farmers go who are displaced by consolidation? So many go to town and on relief or WPA that the story becomes monotonous. Some become truckers, hauling for other farmers, or pick up some minor employment. Others become farm laborers, when they can get work. First, however, they seek another farm; for farming is the only occupation they know. If lucky enough to find one it is usually on poorer soil than they farmed before. In central Illinois an 80-acre farm owner explained, "There's a strip of country over east—we call it no man's land. They get shunted over there, and then they hang on there till they get shuck out. I give 'em about two years there, generally, till they go busted."

The effects of farm consolidation often are seen in a chain of successive displacements. As an Illinois farmer said last summer, "They go over like a row of dominoes." A western Iowa operator, who is expanding his own farm, traced the similar history of tenants displaced from his district: "The tenant farmer moved off the best land here by consolidation moves with his equipment south of town where land is poorer, and where he can outbid tenants already there because of his superior equipment and ability. The tenant he displaces there moves on to the still poorer land of the Ozarks in Missouri, and even Arkansas or

Oklahoma, displacing families there; either by leasing or purchasing land." If you will look at the maps of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics showing the origins of families which migrate to the Pacific Coast you will see how conspicuously the black dots cluster in these very areas. Thus consolidation of farms in the Corn Belt transmits a series of shocks, the last of which may be visible as the flight of an Arkansas or Missouri family across the country to Arizona or California. This is the direct, human link between the displaced farmers of the Middle West and the Joads.

IV

The displacement of farmers in the wake of achievements of the ingenuity of man is causing concern to the Corn Belt. I haven't heard anyone in the Middle West say that "Progress is ruining us," as one Indian street vender said to another in Guadalajara when I was in Mexico a few years ago. But there is real uneasiness. Those enterprising farmers who themselves are expanding are aware of it. Some of them face it, like the Iowan who declared flatly, "Every farmer in the State who is not secure in his ownership is scared that he may lose his land by consolidation. The tenant who loses his place has no chance, absolutely no chance, to find a farm here."

Others shy off. In answer to the question what happens to those without places, a large operator in Illinois replied vaguely, "Well, I don't know just where they do go to. I guess they kind of dwindle off." By way of justifying his own expansion he added, "With all that money tied up in machinery, you can't let it set around. You got to use it as much as you can. . . . We put in good long hours." Another conceded, "Of course it's kind of tough on the little fellow, but a man has to look out for himself." An expanding operator of several thousand acres in Ohio said reflectively, "I have often wondered if this is better, for it means fewer people on the land." Then a pause, and he added with mingled helplessness and self-reassurance, "It's like industry which gets machinery, which puts people out of work. What can we do? We can't go back."

Sometimes there is defiance and open contempt for those who complain that they can't find a farm. *Wallace's Farmer and Iowa Homestead* printed an expanding farm owner's ringing call to those who are displaced to show the courage of our ancestors. "Are we not Americans, and as such should we not be privileged to use land as we see fit? We pay taxes, and in farming more land employ yearly possibly as many or more married men than a renter often does. I suggest to these tenants, why not look to States where land is cheap? Try and buy a farm and pioneer and establish a home for yourself and your posterity, as did the forefathers of those who now possess good Iowa land." The editor's note simply asks skeptically, "What States, for instance?"

Those who have been displaced, or face the prospect of displacement, are filled with bitterness, despair, or fear. Many letters in farm journals reflect this. One in *Wallace's Farmer* said in August, 1939, "I've just been reading the letters about hog farming, one man farming two or three farms with tractors and letting the buildings set idle or renting the buildings out by the month. I am just like that. I did not get a farm last year. There are more like me. That is what

is driving people on relief, and once on relief they don't give a care, and say: 'Let the government keep me.'” In the “editor’s haymow” of the *Plaine Farmer* last September a woman pleads, “Is there any hope for a couple who started with absolutely nothing and in five years of farming have accumulated 14 head of cattle, a full line of equipment? We rented this 160-acre farm we are now on five years ago. . . . Is it any wonder that I feel desperate, when I think of again facing unemployment? Right now my husband is on the road looking for a place to rent, and for every place there are 40 or more applications.” An Iowa woman writes to an Iowa paper, “I was a farmer’s wife until this last year. We were unable to get a farm on account of farm hogs.” More letters are written each year when the annual reshuffle of farms and tenants takes place. Men think and talk about forming a renters’ union in the Corn Belt, but so far none has appeared.

Observers close in at the ringside of the unfolding drama are worried. In central Illinois last summer a country banker told us, “All year long you see them looking for farms. I’ll bet you I could go out and find fifty tenants for *any* farm of mine! You see some of them come in here, looking pretty sick because they’ve got to move. Maybe they’ve been years on one place, on a good piece of land. It used to be a good farmer could always get a good farm, but it’s not that way any longer. Sure they’re doubling up. Where they used to farm 160, now they’re farming up to a section, even up in that poor land. It’s no longer just in the good land that they’re farming so big. . . . It’s the machinery that’s doing it. They’re improving the machinery all the time. It worries me.” An editor of *Wallace’s Farmer*, returning from observations in the field, writes, “I have listened to a lot of talk, trying to size up attitudes. Not much is said, I find, when a man goes back on his own place. . . . Nor is there much talk when a farm is sold to an enterprising chap who has been a good tenant, or when a father helps his son to buy a place. . . . It’s when a landlord throws off a tenant and starts working the land with hired help . . . that voices raise and you see anger on men’s faces. Or when the farm is leased to a near-by owner-operator who, say the neighbors, already has ‘a God’s plenty.’ . . . I have been looking into the eyes of these landless men, and I see something there that is pretty sure to snap if they are pushed too far.”

V

The march of mechanization is not limited to corn. It has been sweeping at an accelerated rate over one section or another of the Wheat Belt for fifteen years. In 1932 Edwin Bates described the spread over the Inland Empire of what a leading wheat farmer called “virtually a factory system of production.” In his survey for the U. S. Department of Commerce he wrote, “There are two sides to this story. It is easy enough to reconcile the above statement of the wheat rancher with that of the implement dealer who estimates that every time he sells a tractor he drives at least five customers off the farms.” Last spring a North Dakota professor wrote an article which he called “Social-Economic Submergence in a Plains State.” In it he said, “Two or three men in Bottineau County are operating forty-five quarter sections of land. This alone has caused the displacement of many small farmers and scores of laborers. It is a most

serious situation for the young men and women on farms who are just coming to maturity. Farming no longer has power to absorb them; and after remaining idle parasites on the farmstead for a time, they float into towns and villages, marry, and join the Works Progress Administration forces." Last summer the Director of the North Dakota Public Welfare Board testified before the Tolan Congressional Committee that "A well-to-do farmer in the Red River Valley who has in the past operated 11 quarter sections increased his holdings to 21 quarter sections and forced three families off from the land into town, where they are on relief." *Capper's Farmer* carries news items like one last June, which tells how a "Truck Adds a Farm." The story relates that by loading his tractor on the truck and hitching the rubber-tired combine behind, a farmer travels in 5 hours between his two farms. This "makes it possible for Charles Neuforth to operate the farm where he lives in Barton County, Kansas, and a 320-acre wheat farm in Scott County, Kansas." Thus mechanization of travel speeds the spread of chain farming.

Power farming in important sections of the Cotton Belt is producing effects comparable to those in corn and wheat. The tractoring off of the loads is symbolic of what is occurring over large areas in the Southwest. In the Delta of Mississippi and Arkansas too mechanization reduces the dependence of planters on share-croppers, increases the role of migrants in cotton picking, and underlies the unrest which brought 1,200 cotton workers on to the United States highway north of Memphis in January, 1939, as a demonstration against their new insecurity.

Within the past generation fruit and vegetable production has run far on the course of mechanization. It is characterized by large-scale operations, in competition with which small family farmers find survival difficult. Often it is integrated under a single control from seed production to delivery of the product to consumer. Its industrialized character is clearly manifested also on the labor side. "Mass production," a government marketing specialist has written, "has thus brought about what may be called the mechanization of the human element in the industry. The harvesting gangs are called in when wanted just as the tractor and the gang plow are brought out of the sheds when needed. These waves of itinerant labor ebb and flow with the seasons." It is no accident, but a natural response to industrialized conditions, that when agricultural strikes first appear in Ohio they break out on the large-scale truck farms on the marshes of Hardin County, or in New Jersey on the great fruit and potato enterprises of the southern part of that State.

On the muck lands of the Florida Everglades the large-scale pattern of commercial truck farming is being repeated. Land development is in its infancy, the possibilities of expansion tremendous. Already progress there is showing its other side, submerging small farmers who try their fortune beside the large. The same process in the Glades also undermines the family farmers in other parts of the State whose vegetables constitute the main money crop on which they depend. It strikes them from a source so remote that "the little fellow here doesn't know what ails him"—unless perchance he may expect after he's worked in the packing sheds of the Glades to earn as a laborer the money he could no longer make as a farmer.

Even in the cattle industry similar forces are at work, with mechanization. Pasture improvement, now possible with great disk plows that kill the palmetto, and new cross-breeding of cattle, are giving real value to millions of Florida acres. Now the big and middle-sized cattlemen are beginning to fence great pastures, enclosing the little men with, say, only 100 head. Taught by experience from time immemorial to believe that, whoever may own the land, "the grass belongs to everyone," the little men have started to cut the fences, just as was done in the Texas fence-cutting wars of the eighties.

VI

What of it? Why should we be any more disturbed by the mechanization of agriculture than by the mechanization of industry? Some agricultural economists point out that the rate of farm consolidation over any part of the corn belt as large as a State is not yet over 1 or 2 per cent per annum—though in limited areas of course it is greater. If ultimately in some parts farm consolidation, as an economist suggested a decade ago, might remove 75 per cent of our independent farmers and make them wage workers, should we still, they ask, "view with alarm"? Or, like the man who made this prophecy, should we rather find cause for equanimity in a belief "that the level of entrepreneurship . . . is destined to be raised," and that the independent farmer would better "admit himself licked" and accept as his way out the efficiency of managers better than himself? Having watched the advance of the machine over the land during these late years of depression, seeing it throw off farm folk like sawdust from a buzz-saw, I find this optimistic view altogether too easy. This is not because I cling to the farming pattern of an inefficient past, the asperities of which are softened by sentiment and memory. Nor is it because of the tremendous drama of human tragedy being enacted slowly before our eyes on the land around us. There are other reasons, one or two of which can be indicated here.

The efficiencies of the machine are partly real, partly dependent on the set of books you keep. There are those of the enterprising operator who whittles down costs by working his machines to capacity, on the one hand, and there are those of the nation, on the other. Many items on the two sets of books are the same, but some are not. One item very important on the public books only, is represented by a statement of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics last July: "In general, it may be said that in the areas best adapted to commercial farming there was enough migration away from farms to bring about a reduction in farm population, but in the areas less well adapted to commercial farming there were increases." In other words, we face a growing unbalance between farm people and the land resources which maintain them—more people on poorer land and fewer people on good land. The great economies made by many operators contribute to this result. Unless we can find some way of turning these individual economies to better account, however, their net result on the national set of books will stand as very questionable economy.

Historically, the basic political importance of a wide distribution of land among those who work the soil has been well recognized. A century ago Daniel Webster said of our New England ancestors, "They left behind them the whole feudal policy of the other continent. They were themselves, either from their original

condition or from the necessity of their common interest, nearly on a general level in respect to property. Their situation demanded a parcelling out and division of the land, and it may fairly be said that this necessary act *fixed the future frame and form of their government*. . . . The consequence of all these causes has been a great subdivision of the soil and a great equality of condition; the true basis, most certainly, of popular government." In debate on the Homestead Bill in 1862 an Indiana Congressman voiced the traditional American ideal, "Instead of baronial possessions, let us facilitate the increase of independent homesteads. Let us keep the plow in the hands of the owner. Every new home that is established, the independent possessor of which cultivates his own freehold, is establishing a new republic within the old, and adding a new and strong pillar to the edifice of the state."

Our independent farming population has much diminished in relative importance over the past century, and there have been serious inroads upon its independence. But it remains true that to-day the working farmers are a great bulwark of democracy and curb upon dictatorship. Small wonder, then, that new sharp shifts in status of farmers cause men deep concern, that they begin to voice dim fears and to speak and to write vaguely of an alternative of "peasants on our farms or revolution on our land"; of "revolt" by men "denied the privilege of making an honest living for [their] family"; of "the rich finding themselves on the shelf"; of diminished incentive for our farm "boys sent out to fight." Small wonder that the chairman of a Corn Belt State Tenancy Commission is "fearful that unless something is done about it within the next decade it will bring about and develop such unrest among our people that it will threaten our democracy."

In the heat of conflicting views and interests, men often debate eloquently over spurious issues, and leap to doubtful remedies. Little clarification is likely to come from discussion framed by the question: "Is the goal of efficiency in agriculture socially desirable?" There is no point in attacking the machine. Proposals for graduated land taxes, and special taxes on farm machines are of questionable value, certainly unless they are fitted into a broader and more constructive program than their sponsors have yet propounded. They lead to altercations over false issues, and obscure real ones. An editorial in *Agricultural Engineering* for January, 1941, is intended perhaps to heal the smarts of these misdirected conflicts when it proclaims that "foremost among our preparations to prevent the battle of America must be more, not less, machinery for our farms." But need anyone question the patriotism of making more farm machinery?

The biggest operator of farm machines with whom I talked last summer in the Corn Belt was perturbed: If we have war and an unlimited urge to efficient production, what of the displaced farmers? Then what will the farm boys do when they come back after the war? Perhaps he was thinking that no longer can we issue land scrip to soldiers.

The real question is not: Are we for or against more farm machines? It is: How can we distribute the benefits that more machines in agriculture can confer? How can we use them to create, not poverty, fear, and disunity, but well-being, security, and unity among all our people on the land? So long as we leave that question unsolved we are neglecting a sure foundation of our defense.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is meant by "a yeoman class of farmers"?
2. Who are "the drifting loads of the West today"?
3. What false assumption about "the trek to California" does Dr. Taylor dismiss?
4. How did a man become a property owner in Iowa in Dr. Taylor's youth?
5. How many farmers in the summer of 1940 could not find a farm to rent in the Middle West?
6. What two factors, operative in the past, fail to relieve the pressure in the Corn Belt today?
7. Explain these phrases: "parity prices," "farm foreclosures," "Triple-A."
8. What is usually the first step in the mechanization of the farm?
9. What does the farmer naturally do if he has an idle tractor?
10. How is the farmer encouraged in the course he takes? Has there been any warning against that course?
11. How does rubber enter the picture?
12. What machine has recently entered the corn-harvesting business?
13. What formerly was the size of river bottom farms in Indiana? How many acres does a man now farm in that region?
14. What provision was an Iowa farmer making for his boys? What does this man fear?
15. What happens to labor on the mechanized farm? To tenant farmers?
16. Explain the figure: "They go over like a row of dominoes."
17. Explain the psychology of the consolidator.
18. Testimony indicates that approximately how many people are seeking to rent each farm in Iowa?
19. Besides corn, what other farm products feel the effects of general mechanization?
20. What optimistic view of the situation does Dr. Taylor find "too easy"?
21. How is the land being automatically redistributed?
22. What is the relationship of land to democracy, according to Daniel Webster?
23. Why is not the question "Is the goal of efficiency in agriculture socially desirable?" a valid one?
24. Does Dr. Taylor hint at a solution?

Round Table

1. Do you believe "there is no point in attacking the machine"?
2. Why not graduated land taxes, since the consolidators "hog" the best land?
3. Why not tax machinery?
4. Do you favor "nationalizing" farm land? Why or why not?

5. Do you favor pooling ownership and distributing land in the form of shares?
6. Have you a solution of your own?

Paper Work

1. Write a defense or an attack upon the consolidator.
2. Read Dr. Taylor's "Notes from the Field," *Land Policy Review* (January, 1942), and write a report on it.
3. Read "Chemistry Wrecks the Farm" by Wayne W. Parrish and Harold F. Clark in *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1935, and decide whether that article or this presents the gloomier view. Write a paper on "The Prospect of the Farmer in the United States."
4. Write a theme on "Agrarian Democracy" or "Agriculture Must Become an Industry."
5. Write a theme on "The Farm Laborer and the Industrial Worker—Now One."

Born in Rome, Italy, on December 5, 1905, ROBERT R. R. BROOKS was Rhodes Scholar from Connecticut, 1926-1929, after a notable career as an athlete at Wesleyan. Having overtaxed his heart rowing at Oxford, he was asked to coach the varsity crew there. On his return to America he did graduate study in economics at Yale, and is at present an assistant professor in that subject at Williams College. Possibly because he was in England during the General Strike, he has taken an especial interest in the relations of capital and labor. His writing illustrates how one can be temperate and impartial on a controversial issue. The following selection is Chapter IV in his book When Labor Organizes (1937).

THE STRIKE*

ROBERT R. R. BROOKS

IN A SMALL town outside a large Eastern industrial city there is an iron foundry which employs about seven hundred workers. There are between fifteen and twenty separate occupations in this foundry, varying in skill from trades as precise as that of a watchmaker to tasks which anyone with hands and feet can perform. The wages run from twenty-five to forty cents an hour, and the hours worked per week vary from sixty-five to eighty. Eighty hours a week means twelve hours a day on week days and eight hours on Sunday. Sanitary conditions are bad enough to constitute a violation of the minimum requirements set by state law. The workers are a polyglot group, but restricted immigration and common schooling have made communication in one language possible among them. They learn through the newspapers that the forty-hour week has been granted by "Big Steel" with minimum rates well above the maximum in their foundry. They learn that the coal miners are working thirty-five hours a week and are asking for thirty with compensatory wage increases. They hear that the clothing workers have won further wage increases and are working half as many hours as the foundry workers. During noon hour the men begin to talk things over. On the way back from Sunday mass, the women talk in groups and their age-old complaints take on a more specific form. The prices of fish, onions, spaghetti, butter, eggs and even bread are held up for comparison with the twenty or twenty-five dollars their men bring home after an eighty-hour week. One Saturday noon a man in a knot of fifteen or more says, "Let's get together on this." The others eye him suspiciously and say nothing. That night two or three of them mention it to their wives. One wife says, "Now don't do anything foolish, Hugo." Another, "Well, it's about time that bunch of dumb clucks showed they had some manhood left." A third, "Couldn't you get someone in from outside to help you who wouldn't have to risk his job?"

All the next week there are groups of men talking together in low tones. They keep an eye on the office door and when a foreman approaches, the group breaks up looking a little like a gang of children who have been caught smoking cigars. Someone suggests that they choose a committee to talk things over. Each natural

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grouping, by trade, nationality, shop or residence, selects a representative or two and the men begin meeting after hours at each other's houses. They decide to ask for a fifteen per cent increase; a fifty-hour week with time and a half for overtime; toilets, washbowls and towels in every shop; separate washrooms for the women workers. A natural leader has emerged and been made chairman. He is a little proud and a great deal worried.

In the meantime the employer sees that something is obviously going on and decides to offer a 5 per cent increase with other conditions remaining the same. He posts a notice to this effect on every time clock. When the workers see these notices, there are immediate sounds of protest. They hang around the gates in the half-light of dawn. Someone in the swelling crowd yells, "Let's walk out." The cry is quickly taken up and men begin to shove each other aimlessly in disorganized effort to get out of the entrance corridor. The chairman of the strike committee hurries up and says, "Come on boys, let's get outa this. Ten of you go to each shop gate and tell the rest we're not goin' in." With considerable confusion this is done. Most of the latecomers are turned away without trouble. A few who protest are numbed by the instantaneous fulmination of passion which greets their insistence on going in. There is a little shoving around with elbows, knees and hips but no damage is done. The chairman calls everyone together. He says, "Now fellas, we gotta stick together. We'll hire the Lithuanian Hall for a meeting place. The boss has closed down the plant so we don't need pickets, yet. Let's break this up before there's any trouble. Go home and talk it over with your wives. We'll meet at the hall at ten o'clock." There is a half-hearted cheer and the men begin to wander away. They are beginning to cool off. They feel a little foolish walking along the streets at eight o'clock and arriving at their homes just as their children are leaving for school. The children are curious. Their mothers are anxious and dismiss them curtly toward the front door.

At ten o'clock four hundred men and women are packed in a hall intended for half that number. The committee is meeting in a back room upstairs. There is a half-hour wait. Then the committee wedges its way into the hall and the chairman mounts the rostrum. The people sit or stand in rows, immobile, unseeing, wondering how they came to do it, what will happen tomorrow, how they are going to meet the payment on the gas stove. The chairman says, "Everything is all right folks. I went to see the boss. He says that our demands are unreasonable and that he won't deal with our committee. But he has an order that he wants filled. We got that from one of the stenogs in the front office. All we have to do is to sit tight and stick together. He'll come around." A business agent from a near-by coke and gas union is introduced. He says their demands are reasonable and that they need more committees, a soup kitchen and a shoe repair shop. He promises his help and the moral support of his union. A woman from the clothing workers' union promises the shoe repair shop. Three policemen shoulder their way importantly into the hall. They stand for a while in a cleared space with their day sticks under their arms. Nothing is happening so they stroll out again with a joke or two to cover their rear. "Guess we got the wrong place. This looks like a Quaker meeting."

A sympathetic reporter covers the story and the open shop paper in the near-by

city gives it the front page with generous headlines. Attention is called to the violation of state law with respect to sanitation in foundries. A college teacher who is also a member of the Teachers' Union offers his services in collecting statistics on wages and hours in the foundry industry. Five students do the job in twenty-four hours for two points extra credit on the term grade. The statistics show that conditions in the foundry are far worse than the average for the industry. An organizer from the Radio Workers' Union who happens to be in town appears the following morning and makes a speech. He secures by telegram a charter from the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and a union is hastily organized.

The employer hears of this and quickly reverses his position. He sends for the chairman and apologizes for his hasty action the other morning; says he hasn't been feeling well lately and doesn't know what makes him blow off the handle that way; agrees that the men's demands are reasonable enough and tells the chairman he's glad to be able to grant them. The chairman hurries back to the hall and gives the news. The settlement is accepted by acclamation. After work is renewed it takes the men a week to clean out and repair smelting furnaces "frozen" solid when the fires were allowed to die. The charter from the Amalgamated Association is allowed to lapse. The business agent from the coke and gas workers says, "Jeeze, that's a shame. If the old man had held out two days longer, we coulda had a swell local of iron workers out here, and we certainly need their support."

Every year in the United States hundreds of strikes as spontaneous, unspectacular and informal as this take place. They represent nothing more startling than a concerted withdrawal of labor. They are as legal as court decisions and the Constitutional prohibition of involuntary servitude can make them. They are precipitated by a variety of events including discharges of popular workers, arbitrary changes in time-honored shop practices, exchanges of personal insults between workers and foreman, as well as changes in or refusals to change wage rates and hours. Many of them take place without ruffling the surface of the social life which envelops them.

Although concerted withdrawal of labor is the essential element in all strikes, it is far from being the only element. If solidarity of group action could be achieved as easily in all strikes as in the one described above, it is quite possible that organized industrial workers would sometime since have rendered worthless the private ownership of the means of production. In the majority of instances, strikes are not effective unless attended by compulsion of both reluctant workers and resistant employers as well as by effective organization of procedure. It is the methods of compulsion which bring the strike into the courts. And it is the need for trained leaders and organized tactics which makes the backing of the labor movement necessary to the success of most strikes.

There is a variety of reasons for the reluctance of many workers to support a strike movement. Some feel a loyalty to their employer so great that any gesture of hostility toward him is extremely distasteful, even if it is clear that economic gain will follow. Others feel that they stand to gain more as individuals by refraining from strike action than by throwing in their lot with the group. Some are so impressed by the traditional social stigma attached to strike

action that they do not view the matter in economic terms. Others are already in such desperate economic want that they feel that a temporary cessation of income would mean disaster even if followed by appreciable gains as a result of the strike. Still others are workers who have been unemployed prior to the strike and look upon it as a heaven-sent opportunity to return to work. Some are young or old workers whose incomes are auxiliary to that of the head of the family and who, therefore, are not much interested in wage rates as long as they can secure some pin money by temporary employment. Others again are outsiders like college students working for short periods for tuition or "experience," who bring with them a reserve of strength which leaves them unimpressed by long hours or intensive application of the speed-up. Still others are workers who have been attracted by advertisements to the scene without knowing that a strike is in progress and who feel themselves forced to work in order at least to earn their return trip train fare. Finally, there are those who are not workers at all but professional strikebreakers employed through agencies to break up picket lines and give the appearance, at least, of operating the plant.

It is the task of the picket to dissuade or prevent by intimidation or force any of these classes of workers from entering the shop or mill. Persuasion may be all that is necessary. The picket attempts to substitute the idea of loyalty to the group for loyalty to the employer. To those who feel they will gain by not striking, the picket explains that if the strike fails, everyone sooner or later will suffer. "You may be better off than the rest of us now, but your turn will come if we don't all stick together. You help us now and we'll help you later." If the worker is worried about the stigma of strike action, the picket says that "Nobody strikes for the fun of it, but you can't take everything lying down." To those who are in desperate want the picket promises relief. Those who work for auxiliary income are told that if the strike succeeds they will not have to work as much, or at all, because the higher wage rates will increase their family incomes. Outsiders like college boys are asked to "have a heart" and allow the real workers to determine their own affairs. Imported workers are fended off by union publicity to the effect that a strike is in progress. If they actually appear at the shop, the union may volunteer to pay their return expenses. Against professional strikebreakers it is usually felt that persuasion is simply wasted breath. Even in this instance, however, strikebreakers may be asked to "take it easy, brother, you can earn your pay without gettin' rough." When individual pickets are used, the picket may simply carry a sign explaining that a strike is in progress or that the shop is "unfair to organized labor."

The transition from persuasion to physical force is accomplished through the medium of appeal first to shame and then to fear. During a recent strike of workers in a New York retail outlet, the pickets took pictures or pretended to take pictures of patrons who entered the place. In another recent strike in the hosiery industry, the pickets, including both men and women, lay down on the sidewalk side by side forming a continuous carpet of human bodies. Whether successful or not, these methods obviously involve an appeal to shame. The traditional appeal to shame is verbal. "Blackleg," "scab," "yellow belly" and "rat" are words expressing an ethical attitude toward strikebreakers which is sharply in contrast to the employers' concept of the "loyal worker." Whether

murmured under the breath as a strikebreaker passes the picket or shouted from a distance, their impact, under varying conditions, arouses shame, fear or fury. If fury is the product violence is likely to follow.

Violence, however, is most likely to take place either when use has been made of physical resistance through the mass picket line, or when pickets, because of the nature of the industry, are ineffective. The basic principle of the mass picket line is to form an impenetrable column of strikers which completely blocks entrance to the mill. When there is a sufficiently large number of pickets, several files in lock step and linked arms may be formed. When a determined effort is made to pass through this column by individuals or by flying wedges of professional strikebreakers, truck loads of "loyal" workers or mounted police, violence is almost certain to result. Individuals are beaten, trucks are stoned or their spark plug wires are yanked out, and open warfare between police and strikers takes place. In the shipping, taxicab, truck driving, building service, longshore, agricultural, lumbering and other industries in which picket lines are impossible and in which unions have been "militant," workers who "scab" are beaten singly or in groups; taxicabs and trucks are stoned, burned or tipped over; and the cars or houses of nonstrikers may be damaged. In some instances the families of "loyal" workers have been threatened if not attacked. Violence and mass picketing, therefore, are by no means identical. Much violence takes place in the absence of mass picketing, and in many instances this form of picketing actually reduces the likelihood of violence.

Conservative unions almost always avoid mass picketing if possible. This has resulted partly from the conservative union leaders' acceptance of the letter of court decisions or statute law forbidding it, and partly from the fact that the conservative craft union's reliance has been placed chiefly upon the paralyzing effect of withdrawing the labor of a minority of highly skilled operatives. The radical unions of the past and the progressive unions of the present have depended and now depend almost exclusively upon mass picketing whenever it is possible to arrange it. There are two reasons for this: The first, that temporary inconvenience to the employer, rather than paralysis of the plant, is likely to be the only result of withdrawing the semiskilled labor characteristic of the mass production industries in which the progressive unions operate. Without mass picketing, therefore, the strike is almost certain eventually to be broken. The second reason is the maintenance of discipline and morale. A strike in an automobile, rubber, or large textile plant is likely to create unruly crowds of workers. It is the union leader's job to control these crowds. This can be done far more easily in a massed moving picket line disciplined by squad captains and reduced to the almost mechanical movements of an animate conveyor than in a milling and disorganized mob. There is also the very important influence of the mass picket as a spectacle upon the mind of the participant and the observer. It creates a feeling of group solidarity and purpose difficult to achieve by any other method. For this reason some unions have insisted on employing a mass picket line even when the plant has been closed by the employer and no effort made to reopen it.

The legal status of the picket differs from one locality to another. Most courts allow peaceful picketing which does not pass beyond the stage of persuasion.

Some courts have held that picketing is never peaceful, always involves intimidation and consequently is illegal. Court decisions usually limit the number of pickets who may act in a given strike. Often the question of the legal status of picketing does not pass beyond the jurisdiction of the officers on the beat or, at most, the local police court. This leads to a great variety of decisions based upon compromises reflecting the varying political strength of workers and employers. A few states have passed laws legalizing even mass picketing while others have statutes specifically outlawing all forms except individual picketing. It has become common for labor sympathizers to speak of "the Constitutional right to picket." Although this has been effective publicity material, it is unlikely that the Supreme Court, in spite of the changed conditions of recent years, would countenance any form of picketing not clearly covered by the right to freedom of speech. This would outlaw anything but peaceful persuasion.

In spite of the dubious legal status of picketing, it has been accorded an increasingly large measure of social support. The attitude of the courts comes in many localities to be of only academic importance. Either employers are hesitant to risk legal procedures against massed pickets, or legal action is blocked by the subtle or open defiance of the strikers. One method of defying court orders against mass picketing consists of the union leader's announcing that although picketing has been outlawed by the courts, this does not prevent his taking a walk past the mill at six o'clock in the morning and inviting his friends along. The leader then makes it perfectly clear that no one is to picket, but that everyone is invited out for a morning constitutional. When the next morning arrives, it just happens that two or three thousand workers have chosen to work up an appetite by walking around the mill in lock-step formation.

Another method, initiated by the I.W.W. during their free speech campaigns in the far West and perfected during the 1934 Toledo automobile strikes, is to go on with mass picketing as though no court order had been issued. When the police patrol wagons arrive and just before the arrests begin, the picket line breaks up into details of ten. Each detail marches to the rear of the patrol wagon, enters, and quietly seats itself. As fast as new patrol wagons arrive, they are filled and dispatched in perfect order. Before long, the jails are full, no disturbance has been created and the only issue which has been raised is that of feeding the strikers in jail. This helps somewhat with the union's relief problem, and leaves a large force to picket the mill. Inside the jail, classes in parliamentary procedure, trade-union tactics or labor economics may be begun. A variation upon this method is to plant people in the picket line who have prominent social, banking, or legal connections in the community or in the country as a whole. Care is taken to see that these people are arrested and placed in jail. Once inside, they raise a terrific rumpus by demanding legal counsel, better accommodations, or talking to reporters who have been tipped off in advance. Immediately after their release, they continue the rumpus by asking why they have been accorded special consideration while others, guilty of the same offense, are still in jail.

A relatively recent variation of the mass picket line is the "flying squadron." The first large-scale use of the flying squadron in this country was made during the 1922 New England textile strike in the Rhode Island area which was under

the control of a "progressive" union, the Amalgamated Textile Workers. A group of active union workers calling themselves the "Iron Battalion" moved from town to town in automobiles, acting as pickets where the union was weak or the employer resistance was strong and also assisting with the organization of relief and the maintenance of discipline. In the 1933-34 silk strikes in northern New Jersey extensive use was made of flying squadrons each of which contained several thousand workers and moved from the highly unionized centers to non-union mills where efforts were made to induce the closing down of plants still operating. The method used in this case was to call upon the workers to come out, to picket entrances when workers tried to enter in the morning, engage in open battles with the police when they attempted to break the picket lines, and stone the windows of those plants which succeeded in continuing operations.

The most elaborate use of the flying squadron ever made took place during the 1934 general strike in the textile industry. The organization of the squadrons was carefully planned in advance by union leaders. When the call to strike was issued, workers in the well-organized plants, especially in the South, left their machines, pulled the power switches, and as soon as it was apparent that the place was effectively closed, quit the mill in a body and entered cars and trucks lined up along the road near by. The antiquity of most of the vehicles rendered the term "flying squadron" somewhat of a euphemism. When a line had been formed the squadron trundled off to the nearest nonunion mill. There the pickets drew up under the windows of the mill and the union workers began calling to those inside the plant to come out. The effect of the appearance of the squadron was almost immediately to arrest activities in the mill. Everyone crowded to the windows; sometimes they came out in a body; in other cases enough emerged to curtail production seriously; in others, the workers in the mill yelled defiance at those outside; in a few cases, the members of the squadron forced entrance to the mills, shut off the power and at least temporarily stopped production. As soon as martial law was declared by the governors of several states, the flying squadrons were called off in the face of machine guns posted along the highways. During the recent strikes in the Middle West, a further variation of the flying squadron appeared. Union leaders quietly arranged the transportation of thousands of workers from union communities to those in which strikers were faced with especially formidable forces of strike-breakers.

There are several forms of the strike which do not involve the use of pickets because the strikers do not leave their place of work. The first of these, the strike-on-the-job, was originally developed among the casual workers of the West in occupations which do not permit effective use of the picket line. In harvesting, lumbering, casual labor in road construction, longshore work, and so on, many gangs of workers developed to a fine art the technique of appearing to work without accomplishing anything. These strikes-on-the-job were often aimless, long drawn out and inconclusive. They were vague protests without effective organization or precise objectives. On the actual technique of "going slow" a great deal of individual ingenuity has been lavished with results which, from an artistic point of view, have been highly gratifying to the participants. But the objectives of this form of strike tend to run over into the field of "making the job last"

or "getting even with the boss" rather than the accomplishment of immediate positive results.¹

Out of the strike-on-the-job there developed the sit-down strike, or "quickie." Again the I.W.W. were first to make extensive use of this technique, but it has been rather generally used among unorganized workers and as a regular policy of some local unions in the clothing and mining industries. It is a short, sudden strike for limited objectives in which the workers simply sit with folded hands at their benches or by their machines while their representatives deal with the employer. The precipitating cause is likely to be relatively trivial although if there is some degree of organization before the strike, it may be planned days in advance to coincide with a rush order or a peak season. The advantage of these strikes is that they are unexpected; they do not allow the substitution of other workers; there is little problem of control since shop discipline remains more or less in force; and, since the demands are usually limited, there is a strong probability of success.

From the sit-down strike, the stay-in strike develops more or less as a matter of course. If the demands of a sit-down strike are not met within the working hours of one day and the workers remain determined, the employer almost automatically has a stay-in strike on his hands. Stay-in strikes are currently referred to as a foreign importation. Nothing, however, could be more indigenous than the strikes-on-the-job and the sit-down strikes out of which the stay-in strikes logically developed. As a matter of historical fact, the stay-in strikes of the Akron rubber workers anticipated by months the wave of stay-in strikes which attended the accession of Leon Blum to the premiership of France in 1936. The epidemic of American stay-in strikes in 1937, nevertheless, was undoubtedly stimulated by the success which met the French workers' use of this technique. The stay-in strike has also been condemned or praised as a revolutionary method. If revolution is defined as a transfer of power from one social group to another, all forms of union activity which involve a challenge to the power of owners and managers are revolutionary. From a symbolic point of view, however, the stay-in strike is more "revolutionary" than the orthodox strike. The ordinary strike involves a forceful stoppage of the income from property and the owner's power to operate it upon his own terms. The stay-in strike accomplishes the same result, but through the actual seizure of property. Even when the results of a stay-in strike are identical with those achieved by the ordinary methods, the dramatization of power which accompanies the workers' physical possession of the property is immensely greater than can be achieved by any other method under comparable conditions.

Stay-in strikes are also more "revolutionary" because they are more effective. Many modern plants in the heavy goods industries are built almost like fortresses. Possession of them, therefore, can be kept by a much smaller group than is necessary to make a picket line effective. Discipline of the strikers is easier to maintain since they are free from the demoralizing forces of the street. Warmth, shelter and amusement are provided within the plant to an extent

¹ The "slow-down" has recently reappeared in the automobile industry on the assembly lines. In this case the objectives are precise and the technique is carefully organized.

impossible to afford to a mass picket line outside. Violent physical conflict is rendered unnecessary unless an effort is made forcefully to recapture the plant. If this occurs, the initiative must be assumed by the management operating through the machinery of the law. This may often be both politically and financially embarrassing.

The legal status of the stay-in strike is even more dubious than that of the mass picket line. Managers and owners have almost unlimited ground in common law, statute law, court decisions and general Constitutional guarantees to which they may appeal in securing injunctions and in setting in motion the machinery of forceful eviction. It is improbable that the stay-in strike could be legalized without a significant modification of the concept of property rights. Such a change is unlikely in the near future. The stay-in strike, however, is equally unlikely to be surrendered as a method of achieving demands by organized or unorganized workers. The evolution of its status is likely to be comparable to that of the mass picket line. Its illegality has already been widely disregarded by both its friends and its foes. Court orders have been subtly or openly defied, in some cases by both sides of the dispute as, for example, when General Motors effected a compromise settlement with the Automobile Workers' Union in complete disregard of a court order issued many days before calling for the eviction of strikers from G.M.C. plants. In this case the governor of Michigan, the management and the union apparently felt that the existence of the court order was a relatively academic factor in the situation. The court subsequently issued a request that at least the nominal aspects of obedience to the court be complied with. This *de facto* recognition of the stay-in strike is little less formal than the similar recognition accorded the mass picket, the sympathetic strike and the simple strike itself in earlier labor history. It may be expected that the attention of society will gradually be shifted from the legality of the stay-in strike to the conditions which bring it into existence and the objects toward which it is directed. It might be predicted that many labor sympathizers will soon come to speak of "the Constitutional right to stay-in" as convincingly and with as little technical accuracy as they now speak of the "Constitutional right to picket."

While calling the roll of strike species, mention should be made of both the "sympathetic" and "general" strike. Although the sympathetic strike is called by one group of workers to help another, it often becomes a strike for new demands which emerge after the original sympathetic strike action. The strike of the East Coast sailors in 1936-37, for example, was originally called to help the West Coast sailors in their struggle for control of the hiring halls. The East Coast strike, however, soon developed demands of its own. Sympathetic strikes are likely to be successful only when they constitute an effective form of boycott. As such, they suffer from the legal and other limitations of the boycott pointed out in an earlier chapter. As the solidarity of the labor movement increases, they may be more frequently used. Sympathetic strikes may also be effective in plants to which orders have been transferred from plants in which strikes are in progress. In this case, the area of group action by workers is widened exactly in proportion to the area of coöperation among employers.

The word "general" may be applied to strikes covering a whole industry, a

whole economic area, or a whole political unit or country. The general textile strike of 1934, the general strike in San Francisco in the same year and the general strike in England in 1926 provide examples of each type. When the general strike covers a whole industry its purpose is to establish the power of a union over the entire industry at once in order that wage and hour conditions may be simultaneously imposed. In a highly competitive industry, such as textiles, unions may consider this necessary in order to establish themselves at all. Piecemeal action is likely progressively to destroy itself if the imposition of union rates and hours on a particular plant hurts the competitive position of that plant. If standard wages and hour conditions are simultaneously imposed on the whole industry by general strike action, the effect is to eliminate wages and hours as competitive factors in that industry, rather than to injure the position of any one producer.

A general strike in a given economic area such as San Francisco is a sympathetic strike with social and political implications. It subjects the entire community to the compulsions usually applied to the employer and his "loyal" workers. It therefore sharpens the issue and hastens decisive settlement. If carried on for long, it is likely to be self-defeating because the strikers are themselves subjected even sooner than the well-to-do classes to the privations which follow from the strike. This is not to say that this form of general strike is not effective. There are indications that the San Francisco strike, although terminated in a desultory and disorganized manner, was an important factor in the ultimate success of the maritime unions in securing control of the hiring halls.

The general strike covering a whole country may be a sympathetic strike called to help a union in one industry, as in the 1926 British general strike. The tacticians of the labor movement are gradually coming to agree, however, that the nation-wide general strike should be almost exclusively political in its objectives, provided that the word "political" is broadly defined. This leaves the general strike with two important functions in the labor movement. The first is that it may be used as a demonstration of the mass power of labor in opposition to other political forces such as Fascist parties, or as a means of demonstrating approval or disapproval of political programs being considered by legislatures. The general strike for these purposes, called for a stated number of hours, has recently been used on several occasions in France. The second function of the general strike is the actual assumption of power by organized labor at the instant of revolutionary crisis. Such a use of the general strike was, for example, long planned by the German labor movement to forestall the advent to power of the Nazis. That this did not take place was primarily due to the failure of the Socialist and Communist parties to agree to cooperate in carrying it out.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Interpret: "The workers are a polyglot group. . . ."
2. What is meant by the phrase "Big Steel"?
3. Describe how an "unorganized" strike gets its first start.

4. What does the word *fulmination* mean? Is it effectively used in "a few who protest are numbed by the instantaneous fulmination of passion. . . ."?
5. What support does Mr. Brooks' conjectural strike get from other laborers?
6. What part have statistics in the winning of a strike?
7. What particular episode brings the employer to terms?
8. What do the strikers lose by accepting the employer's terms?
9. List the "events" which might precipitate an "unorganized" strike.
10. What is the legal status of an "unorganized" strike?
11. If solidarity of group action were easily achieved, what might be one of the results, according to the author?
12. What motives might keep a worker from supporting a strike movement?
13. What is meant by the phrase "the traditional social stigma attached to strike action"?
14. What is "the speed-up"?
15. What are the duties of a picket? What arguments does he employ with different types of non-strikers?
16. What is meant by "the appeal to shame"?
17. What is the basic principle of the mass picket line?
18. In connection with what types of employment is strike-violence most common?
19. Why do conservative unions avoid mass picketing?
20. What advantages are gained by mass picketing in the mass production industries?
21. Under what constitutional right would the Supreme Court interpret "legal picketing"?
22. Interpret: "The attitude of the courts comes in many localities to be of only academic importance."
23. What advantage accrues to a union from mass arrests?
24. How may an outlawed picket line be "salted"?
25. What is a "flying squadron" and how does it work?
26. What is a "euphemism"? How is it applied to the flying squadrons of the 1934 general strike in the textile industry?
27. How efficient is the "strike-on-the-job"?
28. What was the I.W.W.? What techniques did it develop?
29. What is a "quickie" and when is it most effectively launched?
30. Where did the "stay-in" strike originate? Where was it first used on a national scale?
31. Why is the "stay-in" strike "revolutionary"?
32. What is the legal status of the "stay-in" strike? How will this affect its future?
33. Under what circumstances are "sympathetic" strikes effective?

34. What is the purpose of a "general" strike? Name some "general" strikes of the past.
35. Why is the "general" strike apt to be "self-defeating"?

Round Table

1. If you were an employer, how would you handle a strike?
2. Do labor strike techniques seem so effective to you that they give an unfair advantage to the striker?
3. Will plant managers and owners ultimately lose control of their property to union leaders?
4. If you were a laborer, under what circumstances would you strike?
5. Why haven't college men, working summers, a thorough appreciation of labor's point of view?
6. Does Mr. Brooks neglect some of the major aspects of the strike?

Paper Work

1. Using this essay as your model, write an analytical paper on a controversial issue, such as "One Labor Union for American Labor," "Labor Should Have a Share in Management," "Unions Should Be Incorporated," etc.
2. Review the facts as best you can ascertain them about the "stay-in" strike of Leon Blum's regime and its effect upon French war production. Write a carefully deliberated paper refuting or accepting the thesis that this strike and its consequences were partially responsible for the downfall of France.
3. Write a paper on what you think should be the future relations of capital and labor in the United States.
4. Write a paper on "Strikes That Have Affected Me."

Traditional American virtues have a way of surviving even the summer colonies of intellectuals in Vermont, and no other writer is a better symbol of those virtues than DOROTHY CANTILLD FISHER, though curiously enough, she is not a native Vermonter, having made her home there only since her marriage. But then, Robert Frost is not a native of New Hampshire, either. Mrs. Fisher was born in Lawrence, Kansas, in 1879, and was graduated from Ohio State University in 1899, when her father was president of that institution. Hillsboro People (1915) was the first of her books to gain wide recognition, but The Bent Twig in the same year promptly eclipsed it. Though she is known to the general public chiefly as a writer of fiction, there are a few more discerning followers who prefer her as an essayist—an essayist of salty sense and homely wisdom.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND*

DOROTHY CANFIELD

THE THOUGHTFUL intellectual people around the fire were talking with animation and conviction, and I hoped the one business-man present, a relative of mine, was appreciating his privileges. It was not often that you could collect before your fire so many brilliant people representing so many important varieties of human activity; and when you had collected them it was not often that the talk fell on a subject big enough to draw out of each one his most hotly held conviction.

The subject was big enough in all conscience: nothing more or less than what is the matter with the world in general and with our country in particular. They all had different ideas about what the trouble is and about the best cure for it. The head nurse of the big City Hospital had started the ball rolling by some of her usual scornful remarks about the idiocy with which most people run their physical lives, and the super-idiocy, as she put it, "which makes them think that doctors and nurses can put scrambled eggs back into the shell."

"We'll never have any health as a nation till we have health as individuals," she said. "See that the babies have clean milk; give the children plenty of space and time for out-door play; keep the young folks busy with athletic sports; run down all the diphtheria carriers and make it a misdemeanor not to be both vaccinated for small-pox and inoculated against typhoid . . . and we'd be a nation such as the world never saw before."

The political reformer was sincerely shocked by the narrowness of her views, and took her down in a long description of our villainously mismanaged government. "Much good mere physical health would do against our insane tolerance of such political ineptness and corruption!" he ended. "What we need is an awakening to the importance of government as every man's personal business."

Mrs. Maynard, the tragic-faced, eloquent Scotch expert on birth-control, now said in that low, bitter voice of hers which always makes every one stop to listen, "I would be obliged if you would point out to me how either physical health or the very best of municipal governments should alleviate in the slightest,

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the hideous ulcers of our so-called respectable married homes. When the very foundation of every-day human life is cemented in such unthinkable cruelty and suffering to defenseless women, I don't see how human beings with hearts in their bosoms can stop for an instant to consider such puerile non-essentials as athletics and party politics!"

The two or three happily married women in the group, startled by her fierce acrimony, were silent, feeling abashed by the grossly comfortable way we had managed to escape even a knowledge of the horrors which she so urgently assured us were universal. But Mr. Sharpless, the efficiency engineer, shook his head pityingly. "No, no, my dear lady, you can't cure anything by going at it with the hammer and tongs of direct action. The economic key is the only one that fits all locks, opens all doors. The women of what we call the 'upper classes' do not suffer as you describe. You know they don't. Now why do we *call* them the 'upper classes'? Because they have money. You know it! Hence, if everybody had money . . . ! I tell you the thing to do is to reorganize our wretched old producing machinery till ever so much more is produced, ever so much more easily; and then invent distributing machinery that will ensure everybody's getting his share. You may not think home life is much affected by the chemist in his laboratory, devising a way to get nitrogen chiefly from the air, or by the engineer struggling with the problem of free power out of the tides or the sun. But it is. Just once put *all* women in the comfortable upper classes. . . ."

He was interrupted here by a number of protesting voices, all speaking at once, the loudest of which, Professor Oleny's, finally drowned out the others, ". . . money without intelligence is the most fatal combination conceivable to man! Economic prosperity would spell speedy destruction without an overhauling of education." He spun like a pinwheel for a moment, in a sparkling, devastating characterization of American schools, and of their deadening effect on the brains which passed through them, and began on a description of what schools should be.

But I had heard him lecture on that only the day before and, looking away from him, sought out the face of my cousin, the business-man. He had sat through it all, and now continued to sit through the free-for-all debate which followed, without opening his mouth except to emit an occasional thoughtful puff of cigar-smoke. His thoughts seemed to be with the billowing smoke-rings, which he sent towards the ceiling rather than with the great sweep of the subjects being discussed. I knew well enough that his silence did not come in the least from any inability to follow the pyrotechnics about him, and I felt in his absent preoccupation something of the disdain, traditionally felt for talkers and reformers by men of action—when in the twentieth century and in the United States, you say "man of action" you mean of course, "business-man."

It nettled me a little, and after the others had gone and he was finishing the end of his cigar, I said challengingly, "I suppose you think they are all off! I suppose you think that you know what is the matter with the world and that it is something quite different."

He considered the end of his cigar meditatively and answered mildly, "I don't *think* I know, I *know* I know."

"Oh, you do, do you?" I said, amused and ironic. "Would you mind telling me what it is?"

He shucked further down in his chair, tipped his head back and looked up at the ceiling. "Well, if you really want to know, I'll tell you a story that happened just lately in one of the biggest mail-order houses in this country. Of course, I know that you don't fully appreciate the importance of mail-order houses, not being in business. And they're too thorough and through American a growth for people like your friends to-night to know about or talk about. But some of the best brains and real sure-enough genius in the United States have gone into creating the mail-order house idea. Maybe you might allow that to be a good enough reason for considering for a moment what goes on inside one of them . . . what?"

"As a matter of fact, the story isn't just about a mail-order house, but about what is the matter with the world . . . the very same subject your friends were debating. My story won't have so many long words in it as they use, nor so many abstract ideas . . . at least on the surface; but it won't do you any harm to soak it away and think it over. I'll tell you what, *I've* been thinking it over this evening, as I listened to the talk. I only heard the story this morning, and it's stuck in my head all day . . . and especially this evening, as they were all talking about how to hit on some organization of society that would really fix things up, once and for all."

He paused for a moment, stretched his legs out straight before him and put his hands into his pockets. "If I really told you all you ought to know, to understand the background and setting of the story, I'd be sitting here to-morrow morning still talking. So I won't try, I'll just tell you the plain story as it happened. You try to imagine the background: an organization as big, as complicated, with as many chances for waste motion, or overorganization, or poor organization as society itself. And not only power and glory, but *cash*, plenty of hard cash as immediate reward for the successful use of brains.

"Well now, into that arrives a smart youngster full of enthusiasm for making things run better, just like your friends to-night; dead sure just like them that *he* has the key; with lots of pep and brains and interest in his job, pushing his way right up from the stenographer's desk, with his eye on the Manager's. Do you get him? Well, he's laid awake nights, thinking how to improve the organization, partly because he wanted to improve it, partly because he wanted to get the credit for it . . . just like your friends again. And because he is a smart young fellow as keen as a razor, he soon figured out a way to increase business, to increase it like a house afire, and to handle it once it was increased.

"He went to the big man of the concern and laid out his plans. Now, you'd better believe the big men in any organization always have a glad hand out for anybody in the concern who'll show interest and brains; and the boy got treated like a king. Sure, he could try out his plan! On a small scale at first, to see how it would work. Let him take a county out of each of six selected states, and concentrate on them. And, sure, yes, indeed, he could have anything in the organization he wanted, to make his try with.

"So the boy went away bounding like a rubber-ball and planned his campaign.

I won't bother you by trying to tell you what it was. . . . It wouldn't interest you, and anyhow you couldn't understand the business details. It was a mixture of intensive publicity, special attention paid to detail, a follow-up system that meant personal care and personal acquaintance with the tastes of customers, and intimate knowledge of what past orders from customers had been. To get the right kind of assistants he went through the various departments of that big organization and hand-picked his staff; the very best of the publicity men, the smartest of the order-clerks, the brightest of the stenographers. And then they just tore in and ate up the territory they were practising on! They plowed it with publicity, and sowed it with personal service, they reaped, by George, a harvest that would put your eye out! Business increased by a twenty-five per cent, by a fifty per cent! At the end of a year, the boy, too big for his skin, paraded into the Manager-in-chief's office with statistics to prove a seventy-five per cent increase over any business ever done there before! Well, that was simply grand, wasn't it? Yes, the Manager would certainly sit up and take some notice of a system that had accomplished *that!*"

My cousin had finished his cigar, now threw the butt into the fire-place, and sat looking at the embers with a somber expression. I couldn't see anything to look somber about. Indeed I found myself stifling a yawn. What did I care how much business a mail-order house did or how they did it?

My cousin answered my thought, "Don't you see that the story is all about the same general idea you were all discussing this evening? It is about getting things done more intelligently, more efficiently, about avoiding fool mistakes, about rising to big opportunities, about learning how to scramble over the obstacles that prevent human beings from being intelligent and efficient and effective. Now, then, at the first take-off, the boy had soared right over those obstacles, hadn't he? But the Manager-in-chief knew a thing or two about them, too. In fact he had grown bald and gray trying to climb over those very same obstacles. But you can be sure the boy didn't once think that his chief might be just as anxious as he was to have things done better. Boys never do. . . . There was a pause, while my cousin considered the embers moodily.

"So, by and by, after the boy had fizzed the place all foamy with his wonderful statistics, the bald-headed, gray-haired Manager began to come down to brass tacks, and to inquire just how the thing had been done. The boy was crazy to tell him, went into every detail; and the Manager listened hard.

"And then he shook his old bald gray head. He said: 'Young fellow, you listen to me. It takes *sense* to run that system of yours. You're counting on everybody, from you right down to the boy that works your mimeograph, paying attention to what he's doing, using his brains and using them every minute. If everybody doesn't, you won't get your results, will you? Now, consider this, how did you get hold of a staff that would have any brains to use and would use them? *You* know how! We let you run a fine tooth comb through our whole organization, thousands and thousands of employees. You took out of every department the very best they had; three or four out of hundreds, and they are the only ones out of thousands who amount to anything after years of training at our expense. And then you put your very best licks

into it yourself. Now, who are you? You're the first stenographer we've had in ten years, who took enough interest in the business as a whole to have a single idea about it. You tell me something. Suppose we reorganized along your lines, who would I get to run all the other departments and keep up the high speed efficiency and red hot ambition you've shown, which is the *only* reason your scheme works? You know as well as I do I can't find another *one*, let alone the eighty or ninety I'd have to have, if we tried to do business on your plan. And if I could—supposing for the sake of argument that an angel from Heaven served such department heads to me on a silver platter, where am I going to find staffs to work with them. You've *got* all the really efficient employees we've been able to rake in from the whole United States in the past twenty years.

"Did you ever have to work with a plain, ordinary six-for-a-quarter stenographer, such as the business colleges turn out, such as you mostly get? You've built your machine so that only brains and sense will run it. How long would it take a couple of hundred of such stenogs to smash your system into splinters? Did you ever have to try and get work out of the average dressy young employee who puts ninety eight and a half per cent of what gray matter he has on his neckties and the bets he made on the horse-races, and the little flier he took on stocks, and one and a half per cent of his brains on his work when somebody higher up is looking at him? How do you suppose you can persuade a crowd of light-weights like that to care a whoop whether Mrs Arrowsmith in Cohoes, N. Y., is satisfied with the color of the linoleum rug she bought?"

My cousin looked at me hard, and again answered an unspoken thought of mine. "Are you wondering why hadn't the boy interrupted long before this, to hold up his end, if he was really so enthusiastic as I've said? This is the reason. Though he hadn't let on to the Manager, he really had had plenty of troubles of his own, already, keeping even his hand-picked crew up to the scratch. Many's the time he'd been ready to murder them! Drive as hard as he might, he couldn't keep them steadily up to the standard he'd set for his work. He'd noticed that. Oh, yes, of course, he'd noticed it all right, and he'd been furious about it. But until that minute, he hadn't thought of it—what it meant; and the minute the Manager spoke, he knew in his bones the old man was right. And he felt things come down with a smash

"It pretty nearly knocked him silly. He never said a word. And the old bald-head looked at him, and saw that in the last three minutes the boy had grown up . . . he'd grown up! That hurts, hurts more than any visit to the dentist. I know how he felt, probably the Manager knew how he felt. Anybody who's ever tried to get anything done has run his head into that stone wall.

"Well, he was sorry for the kid, and tried to let him down easy. He went on talking, to give the boy time to catch his breath. 'You understand, I'd like, maybe more than you, to reorganize the whole ball o' wax, on any lines that would work better. And there are lots of good points in your plan that we *can* use, plenty of 'em. This invention of yours about cross-indexing orders now, that is a splendid idea. I believe we could install that . . . it looks *almost* foolproof! And maybe we might run a special mailing-list along the lines you've worked out. Lemme look at it again. Well, I guess the mistakes the

stenogs would make *might* be more than offset by the extra publicity . . . maybe!"

"But the lad was feeling too cut up to pay any attention to these little poultrices. He stood there, and almost fell in pieces, he was thinking so hard. Not very cheerful thoughts, at that. When he could get his breath he leaned over the table and said in a solemn, horrified voice, 'Good God, Mr. Burton, why then . . . why then . . .?' He was all but plumb annihilated by the hardness of the fact that had just hit him on the head. He broke out, 'What's the *use* of inventing a better system as long as . . . as long as . . .?' he got it out finally. 'Why, Mr. Burton, there just ain't enough folks with sense to go around!'"

My cousin stood up, moved to the hall, secured his hat and looked in at me through the door-way. "Poor kid!" he commented pityingly. "Just think of his never having thought of that before!"

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What was the subject up for discussion?
2. What remedy did the head nurse propose? The political reformer? Mrs. Maynard?
3. How appropriate is Mrs. Maynard's use of the word *ulcer*?
4. Give the substance of the efficiency engineer's contribution to the discussion.
5. Interpret. "The economic key is the only one that fits all locks, opens all doors."
6. Why is it more effective to have the business-man give his views to the author alone?
7. Exactly why did the manager not adopt the bright young boy's scheme?
8. Find all the words used to describe the manager. Are they equally well chosen?
9. Define these expressions as used by the manager "red-hot," a "silver-platter," "gray matter," "flier," "whoop." Are they more effective than their more exact equivalents in formal writing?
10. Comment on the use of the word "shucked" used to describe the business-man settling in his chair.

Round Table

1. What remedy would you propose for the subject under discussion?
2. Would you characterize "the business-man" as a defeatist, a realist, or a pessimist?
3. Does the business-man's argument really meet the issues raised by others in the discussion?
4. Were you, like the bright young man, convinced by the manager's statements?
5. Would a completely efficient world be desirable?

Paper Work

1. Write a paper on "Youth *vs.* Conservatism in the World Today."
2. Discuss in an essay the contributions in modern American society of the efficiency engineer.
3. Describe a world entirely made up of "folks with sense" (Mr. Burton's phrase). Would it be Utopia?
4. Write a book report on either Frederick Winslow Taylor's *The Principles of Scientific Management* or Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*.

HANSON W. BALDWIN (1903—), was born in Baltimore and educated at the United States Naval Academy, from which he graduated as ensign in 1924. For the next three years he served on battleships and destroyers off the East Coast, in the Caribbean Sea, and in European waters: He was advanced to a junior-grade lieutenantcy but resigned in 1927 to become police reporter for the *Baltimore Sun*. Since 1929 he has been military and naval correspondent for *The New York Times* and a busy writer of books and magazine articles on military and naval affairs. He is the author (with W. F. Palmer) of *Men and Ships of Steel* (1935), *The Caissons Roll*—a Military Survey of Europe (1938), and *What the Citizen Should Know About the Navy* (1941).

MILITARY LESSONS OF THE WAR *

HANSON W. BALDWIN

WAR IS ONE of the most common manifestations of man's inhumanity to man.

Its principles are immutable, whether they be expressed in the homely language of a Nathan Bedford Forrest ("to git thar fust with the mostest men"), in the stilted official phraseology of an infantry manual, in the precise expressions of a Napoleon ("Nothing is more important in war than unity of command"), or in the cultured, rotund sentences of Vegetius.

And war's causes are legion, but they, too, do not fundamentally change. For centuries past, men have fought for bread, for honor, for life and a chance to live it as they wished; for centuries yet to come, men will fight for a variety of causes—economic, political, philosophical, emotional, and religious causes, causes which have the same impelling motivation to-day that they had in the Napoleonic era.

And the military objective of war has not been altered; in this era of mechanized slaughter, the objective is identically the same as in the scalp-hunting days of the French and Indian Wars. The object of war is conquest by killing, victory through blood.

These things, then, are constant—the strategical principles of war, war's causes, and war's objective.

But what does change—and changing, alters with it man's whole approach to living—are the methods and the mechanics of war, the arms with which men fight and the tactics evolved to permit the most effective use of those arms.

It is these changes that I want to discuss here. For the military lessons of this war, as exemplified by the *Blitzkrieg* in Poland, the conquest of France, the campaigns in the Balkans and the Middle East, the "battle of bombs," and the struggle at sea, are of fundamental importance, not alone to military tacticians and technicians but to all mankind. Not only will the new equipment and the new methods of warfare determine the outcome of this war, but they threaten quite definitely to shape the peace, and the world of to-morrow.

For this war is as revolutionary in military terms as the Industrial Revolution

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was in economic terms. Modern military methods are, indeed, but a perverted offshoot of the Industrial Revolution, which has at length come to malignant flower.

There have been, as I have said, no new strategical principles developed. In the campaign of the eighteen days in Poland, the Germans used the same basic principles—the principle of the double envelopment—which Hannibal immortalized in the annihilating Battle of Cannae (216 B.C.) twenty-one centuries ago. But the tactical methods, or the conduct of military operations in the presence of the enemy, and the equipment and machines which have given birth to these tactical methods, are as modern as the twentieth century. For they are methods which are built around the internal combustion engine in the air and on the ground; it is that engine—the gasoline engine and the Diesel—in planes and in tanks and in trucks which has made the present war a prototype for future wars and utterly different from past wars. The World War was in a sense a tactical child of our Civil War, but the totalitarian war of 1941 has transcended all past tactical experience and has outlined the grim shape of things to come.

We cannot, I think, in this discussion, gain a comprehensive picture of what modern war means, and the military lessons it has for us, unless we examine the tactics of war on the land, war in the air, war at sea, and unless we look, too, at some of the new machines that make this modern war of speed and horror possible.

Land warfare to-day has become a war of maneuver. Cavalry has returned to the battlefield; the hordes of Genghis Khan again sweep across Europe—but now in the form of crawling monsters with carapace of steel. In the long years since 1918, the Germans have searched for the answer to the stalemate of trench warfare; they have sought the answer to the machine-gun held line, and they have found it in the tank on the ground and the plane in the air.

In 1914–18 it took four years of sanguinary history to teach the bloody lesson that unarmored man, even though used in a mass assault, cannot prevail against automatic weapons. He might win, with the most prodigious preparation—3,000,000 shells a day, 500,000 lives—a few miles of shell-pocked earth, but to what avail? The war went on; the final victory was that of attrition.

In an attempt to break this stalemate, the tank was born; in an attempt to end the bath of blood, the tactics of infiltration were evolved—but the two were not at first mated. The tank is simply a moving gun-platform, powered by the internal combustion engine, with tractor tracks which permit it to traverse uneven or shell-torn ground, and with armored hide to protect its crew against automatic arms. The tactics of infiltration can best be likened to the actions of waves against a beach. As the tide rises, the waves wash up against the rocks or the highest citadels of sand. The assault is general but the advancing, foam-flecked water seeks the path of least resistance; it surges up the valleys and the lowlands of the beach, reaching out beyond and sweeping past the highlands. Finally, the engulfing tide encircles and isolates the citadels of sand; waves beat upon them from in front; and lapping water undermines them from behind. In exactly the same way, the tactics of infiltration were devised to break the machine-gun held line. The assault is general and persistent; the tide of men sweeps up to

break upon the line, to break but to recoil again and to rush on seeking the enemy's weak spots, and, once found, to "infiltrate" or surge in increasing torrent through the gaps, leaving behind the strong points or citadels of resistance, to be encircled and eventually engulfed.

It was by such methods that the Germans achieved their break-through of 1918—a break-through which, however, was patched up and repaired by the Allies, because infiltration was not married to the tank on the ground and to the plane in the air; the attack was principally by foot troops, and it could not be kept rolling. It has been to the effort to keep the attack rolling that the Germans have devoted so much thought and attention in the years since 1918. (Incidentally, if I refer so frequently in this discussion to the Germans it is because they have given more time and thought and energy to the building of a war machine than any other power; it is because the German tactical concept has been to risk much to gain much quickly, in contrast to the French, the British, the American; it is because the German doctrine of decentralized command has triumphed over the French system of rigid and fixed maneuver.)

Out of the German study of war has now evolved a kind of mechanized infiltration, a penetration through the weak points in the enemy line by tanks and motorcyclists and truck-transported infantry. These tactics are sometimes aided by the so-called "vertical envelopment," or the use of parachute troops and air infantry to attack the enemy's rear or flanks, seize strategic points, disrupt communications, and so on.

It was mechanization and motorization that made possible the roaring drive across Poland, the almost incredible victory over France, the sweep across Yugoslavia and through the mountains of Greece. A grey-green tide of men has surged across Europe, but it is a tide which is harnessed to the power of the internal combustion engine on the ground and in the air.

One of the first and greatest lessons of modern land warfare is, therefore, that that army which does not have a large portion of its strength organized in tank divisions and motor-transported or quick-moving infantry is an obsolescent army, probably a doomed army. There are exceptions to this stricture, of course, but they only serve to prove the rule. The brave Finnish army, which successfully withstood the assault of the Russian colossus for three months, was neither highly mechanized nor well-equipped, but it fought behind the awful ramparts of the northern snows against an enemy whose tactical concepts are still fundamentally linked to the weight of mass rather than to the mobility of maneuver.

But it is not sufficient, of course, to build great fleets of tanks and motor vehicles. The organization of a modern army, the war's lessons have clearly shown, must be complete to the last detail, or it may be worthless. There cannot be any omissions in war. "For want of a nail the battle was lost." The modern soldier must be a mobile arsenal; neither our own troops nor the British yet match the Germans in variety, quality, or combat efficiency of their equipment.

Just as tanks and great fleets of motor equipment (the first goal of our own army is 211,000 trucks, and that is only a start) are essential to any army, so, too, those tanks and trucks must be the best that men can devise and money can buy. As tanks have become of increasing importance in land warfare, methods

of defense against tanks have been improved; the old sea struggle between the armored ship and the gun has now been transferred to the land. Tanks must be more heavily armored, and they must carry guns of artillery caliber. One of the greatest and most obvious needs in tank warfare is some means of improving the accuracy of tank gunfire, for only if this accuracy is materially improved can tanks be expected to destroy tanks at other than point-blank range. Not only power-operated tank turrets, but gyro-stabilized ones, to "dampen"—for the gunner—the yawing, rolling, and pitching motion of the moving tank, are now necessary. More and more, tanks are in reality becoming "land battleships," and the tank fleets of to-morrow, as General de Gaulle has pointed out, will unquestionably include diverse types to perform, on land, somewhat the same functions that destroyers, cruisers, battleships do at sea.

The war has also shown that track vehicles, other than tanks, are essential for certain and rapid movement behind the battlefield, and in the zone of battle itself. Personnel carriers, or transports, which will enable the motorized infantry to keep pace with the tanks, are now a distinctive type. Most of these vehicles have a conventional front-wheel drive but with tracks of great power and traction substituted for the rear wheels; this gives them cross-country and hill-climbing ability; they are unarmored and the infantry dismounts from them in order to fight. Motorcycles, or some vehicle like our new "jeep wagons" (the quarter-ton, bantam trucks the army has ordered in some quantity), are essential for reconnaissance. A low-silhouette, tracked vehicle, or "self-propelled mount" as it is generally called, was apparently used with very considerable success by the Germans in Yugoslavia. This vehicle can be variously employed; in its conventional German use a two-purpose weapon, such as a light anti-aircraft gun, which can also be used as an anti-tank gun, is generally mounted on it. The tank and motorized divisions are thus assured of adequate anti-aircraft and anti-tank support.

Not only is the internal combustion engine now a major factor in actual combat but it has revolutionized the supply problem, making it more complex in some ways and far more flexible in others. Railroads are still important in the scheme of land warfare, but the Great German General Staff, which achieved its highest fame after the development of a railroad section in the last century, now solves its logistical problems primarily by means of the motor. (There is a curious anachronism in the fact that while Moltke directed campaigns from a railroad map, Brauchitsch might figuratively be said to use a road map.) This complicates, of course, the problem of gasoline supply—in the Battle of Flanders, the German army and its supporting air force probably consumed from 2,000,000 to 5,000,000 gallons of gasoline a day—but is the only possible way by which flexibility and rapidity of supply, essential to a war of movement, can be accomplished.

In some cases, the Germans, and notably enough the Italians, have used planes in the service of supply of ground troops to good effect. In Norway, in Yugoslavia, in Greece and North Africa, cargo planes have been utilized not only to carry food supplies, ammunition, and arms, but also gasoline, and in a few instances, fighter planes and light tanks. Large cargo-carriers are needed for this purpose and are being developed—planes like the Italian Savoia Marchetti

S.M. 75 (the Marsupial) or the S.M. 82 (the Kangaroo), which can take a light tank or a fighter plane in its pouch and make a long flight.

Planes, of course, are an absolutely essential tactical ingredient of *Blitzkrieg*. Their use, not yet of fundamental importance (save in rare instances) in the service of supply, is imperative in modern land warfare. They are not only the eyes of the army and troop transports, they are also a part of its artillery. For that attack by "mechanized infiltration" to which I have referred cannot be kept moving unless bombers and dive-bombers aid the fire power of the tanks to blast enemy resistance, for once the surging wave of assault sweeps through a breach in the enemy line (assisted by the fire power of all arms), the tanks and motorized vehicles quickly get beyond range of their artillery support. That artillery must then be displaced forward; batteries must be moved from positions in the rear, closer to the fighting front. While they are being moved, the fire support of the artillery is temporarily lost; this is the critical phase of the attack; this is the moment when a rallying enemy may be able by vigorous counter-offensive measures to shatter the spearhead that has been pushed through the breach and to stopper the hole in his line. But the dive-bomber and the bomber, the war's lessons clearly show, if properly used may now prevent the enemy from taking those counteroffensive measures—unless the enemy is so strong in the air that he can fight the bombers down. Thus the plane has extended the long arm of the artillery; it substitutes for the artillery during that period when the guns must be displaced forward; it supplements it during the attack when every means is needed to break strong resistance; it harries enemy lines of communication; and it is capable of turning defeat into rout, as it apparently did in Greece.

But the modern army, as the war's lessons have clearly shown, requires all sorts of other equipment for this war of movement. The infantryman is by no means outmoded, but he must take his cue from the "foot-cavalry" of Jackson's time, and he must be able to march thirty miles a day and still be fit to fight. But he should not be expected to carry his pack and heavy accoutrements when he makes these long marches; the German soldier is stripped for battle, and his luggage is transported for him. The modern infantryman must be equipped with every type of arm for every contingency. It is more and more clear that he must have his own light field-artillery weapon, so that he can keep his supporting fire with him in the front lines; he must have mortars and hand grenades and anti-tank guns and anti-tank rifles and light, mobile anti-aircraft guns, and above all, automatic arms. The Germans are using a variety of "Tommy" gun to great advantage; the British have built their tactical organization around the Bren light machine gun; our own army still believes in the rifle, but it has become the semi-automatic rifle rather than the bolt-action, single-shot Springfield.

The artillery, too, has changed. New guns of greater fire power and mobility—guns which combine the curved-fire trajectory of the howitzer with the straight-line, long-range trajectory of the gun—are now being used or developed in all the principal armies. For artillery, though supplemented by the bombing plane, has by no means lost its utility; it has become more mobile and more powerful and more quick-firing, and it has had to train its personnel to fire against tanks as well as against troops and areas.

The combat engineers of the modern army must have a veritable armory of

equipment—bulldozers, earth-borers, road-scrapers, steel and pontoon-bridge-building equipment, and assault boats, made preferably of non-sinkable rubber and kapok rather than wood. They may have to be armed, too, as some of them are, in the German army, with flame-throwers, which project great tongues of searing oil 150 feet into the portholes of a tank or pillbox.

And the modern cavalry, though limited in usefulness, still finds some role in the rough terrain of mountains or forests. But it now never fights on horseback; the bravely desperate charges of the lance-bearing, sabre-wielding Polish cavalry against the German tanks spelled *finis* to the age of the horse on the battlefield. But not to the horse in war. The German army still uses more than 1,000,000 horses—for transport, and so on—though to modern troopers the horse is now only a means of transport, of getting near the scene of battle; the trooper fights dismounted, armed like all other soldiers with a machine gun and rifle.

And the modern signal troops must be jacks of all trades and masters of them all. The field telephone is still important in the armory of Mars, but the radio, of every type and variety, is now perhaps the dominant means of communication in land warfare. No longer is there time in action for carefully phrased code messages; commands must be sent in the clear, such as the one from the Commander of a German Panzer Division in the Battle of Flanders: "Stukas, attack enemy. Cross Roads Twenty-six."

For aircraft to-day (not to mention seacraft) the radio is, of course, still more important as a means of communication. Radio sending stations have become first objectives of armies, and the radio has found new uses in modern warfare as a device for issuing faked orders as well as general propaganda.

Such are some of the technical and tactical lessons of the land warfare in Europe. They present, in toto, a grim textbook. Let us summarize the larger lessons:

1. The plane and the armored vehicle and great quantities of motorized equipment are the core around which a modern army must be built.
2. Supporting arms of great variety to produce the maximum possible fire power must be supplied.
3. The essence of modern tactical thought is speed and mobility and power; great risks must be taken in the hope of great achievement; the studied maneuvers of the past should no longer play a part in modern war.
4. Such an army and such a tactical concept require the most careful and precise preparation and training and planning; even the minutiae of combat cannot be ignored.
5. Completely co-ordinated effort is essential to success; planes and tanks and all the paraphernalia of battle must be under a single command and directed by a joint staff.
6. The worth of man is still, in the final analysis, the governing factor in modern land war, and the worth of man as a fighting unit is dependent upon the careful and protracted training of that man. The complexity of to-day's war machine is such that only intelligent and carefully selected men long trained in a rigorous school can service it; a combat army of quality, not an army of cannon fodder, is the only answer to modern military concepts.
7. And behind that army must be a great industrial machine, smoothly

whirring, to turn out in great and ever greater numbers the machines upon which modern war depends.

And now, more briefly, let us discuss some of the lessons of the war at sea.

"Control of the sea" can, obviously, no longer be fitted to the static concept of the past; sea power is no longer tailored to Mahan's definition. Sea war to-day is three-dimensional war; it is idle to talk of control of the sea unless one controls not only the surface, but the skies above and the seas beneath. For the submarine and the plane have threatened the rule of the surface ship, and the surface ship can maintain its sovereignty over blue water only with the aid of the plane and the submarine, and with the help of ships of special types built to operate against the plane and the submarine.

The plane has made naval operations in narrow waters hazardous. It has forced vast modifications in design of men-of-war. But sea power still retains its ancient validity; merchant ships still carry the bulk of the world's trans-oceanic cargoes, and offshore, where the roaring rollers pound, the fighting ship is to-day the only implement that can effectively protect or destroy the plodding merchantmen.

The war has shown with great clarity that the plane is a particular threat to the bascs of sea power, to ports and harbors, docks and machine shops and oil tanks, which are essential to service any ship.

And it is a threat to the fighting ship itself, though not in many ways so serious a threat as gunfire. It is idle to emphasize the ship-versus-plane duel. Any ship ever built can be sunk if enough force be brought against it; any plane ever built can be brought down if it is hit. Both have their place. But to retain its place, the fighting ship has had to put on new girdles of steel, equip itself with new protective deck armor, and sprout additional anti-aircraft guns. Anti-aircraft batteries are being increased from four to eight, or from eight to twelve large guns, plus large numbers of small quick-firers, like the British multiple-barrelled pom-pom. Radio-detecting devices to warn of the approach of enemy planes must now be installed. No longer can the navy entice recruits with its traditional plea, "Join the navy and see the world through a porthole," for there will be no more portholes on the new men-of-war. It has been found that in battle, explosions of bombs close alongside rip the glass and "battle ports," the steel "shutters" that cover the portholes, completely off their hinges and drive them, like projectiles, into the interior of the ship.

The lessons of this war have shown that the bomb is probably less of a threat to the ship than the torpedo, whether launched by plane, by submarine, or by destroyer. The torpedo, like the mine, assails the unarmored portion of the ship's underwater hull, and though five or six torpedoes may be required to sink a modern capital ship, one can do enough damage to reduce its speed and send it into dock for some weeks or months.

The aircraft carrier, the war has shown, is still, and probably will continue to be for some years to come, an essential type. Before the war, its vulnerability was stressed and its doom hailed; it could not operate close to coasts or within range of shore-based aircraft, it was said. But in this war, only two carriers have been sunk, one by a torpedo from a submarine, the other by gunfire. Carriers have operated repeatedly in narrow waters and in close proximity to

coasts, and yet only one other carrier, the *Illustrious*, struck by several 1,000-pound bombs, off Sicily, has been seriously damaged. And the *Illustrious*, contrary to all pre-war predictions, remained afloat, but only, I think, because she was the first of the British armored flight-deck carriers; her upper deck took the shock of the bombs and saved the hull from vital injury.

Not a single modern capital ship has yet been sunk by air attack, though some day one will surely be sunk when sufficient force is concentrated against it. The British battleship *Rodney* was struck squarely by a large bomb off Norway, but was little damaged. Three or four Italian battleships have, however, been damaged by torpedoes launched from British planes. These planes of the fleet air arm have, incidentally, had remarkable success with a form of dive-torpedo attack, rather than with the glide attack which our own naval fliers use.

But destroyers and other light vessels, and cruisers have proved vulnerable to bombing, and there can be no doubt that the plane over the sea, like the plane over the land, has increased the complexity of war. It has forced some modification in tactics—offensive as well as defensive; the so-called "carrier striking group," for instance—a group of ships including a fast carrier and several heavy cruisers or battle cruisers—is now used for far-flung strategic raids, or for wide-flung assaults around and behind the enemy's battle line. Cruisers and battle cruisers have become of increased importance for commerce raiding and commerce protection.

The same tendency that is noticeable on land is noticeable at sea; the old struggle between gun and armor, offense and defense, continues; speed and mobility—always at a premium at sea—are now more important than ever; fire power and gun range have increased with the advent of aerial spotting, and the thyatron and klystron tubes and other scientific developments make possible hitherto unbelievable accuracy in controlling gunfire.

But it is war from the air that threatens to shatter the substance of our civilization. It is war in the air and from the air that is the chief ingredient of totalitarian war. The shadow of wings looms over the future.

Many military lessons—technical and tactical—have been taught miles high above England. In the stratosphere, those few to whom the many owe so much have studied the primer of life and death. They have found many things.

The struggle between armor and armament has been extended from the oceans and the lands to the skies. Self-sealing gas tanks, armored head rests and back shields, pilot's seat and windshield to protect the pilot against .30-caliber machine-gun fire, are essential in modern air fighting. The problem of armoring the plane against broadside attack, which would involve adding about 1,000 pounds to its weight, has not been solved, but sooner or later some type of broadside protection must be developed.

Plane armament has necessarily increased in size and in quantity. The eight-gunned Hurricanes and Spitfires, which did such lethal work in the great air battles of last autumn, are now being superseded by twelve-gun fighters or by planes mounting .50-caliber machine guns, or 20-mm. or even 37-mm. cannon.

The trend in the air is the same as on the land and at sea—greater fire power, more protection.

Speed and mobility—the very essence of air power—are, of course, of primary

importance. But maneuverability and rate of climb are of co-equal importance, and service ceilings—the maximum altitudes at which fighting planes can operate—have been boosted higher and higher as supercharged engines have lifted great bombers far into the thin air of the heavens.

It is impossible to enumerate here all the technical lessons in aerial warfare—lessons which will find places in our aerodynamics textbooks for years to come. They can be summarized only by emphasizing that the whole science of plane and engine design is being revolutionized in the laboratory of combat and under the spur of exigency.

Tactically, the war in the air has underscored several conclusions. It is quite clear that the only kind of air bombardment to-day that is of major military importance is mass, continuous bombardment delivered from bases not more than 500 miles—preferably from bases only 100 or 200 miles—away. And contrary to pre-war concepts, the bombing plane, except in night raids, is not sufficient unto itself. The bomber may become a "flying battleship," but unless it becomes one in real truth—in armor as well as in armament—the superior speed and terrific fire power of the fighting plane will necessitate the protection of bombers by accompanying fighters. This was the first great tactical lesson of the aerial warfare; accompanying fighters are needed to provide adequate protection for day bombers. A "destroyer" type to be evolved, perhaps, from the example furnished by the German Me 110—to protect bombers on long raids, and to conduct long-range fighter patrols—seems an inevitable development of to-morrow. *Against* the night bomber a special type is also needed, preferably a two-seater, equipped with the new radio detector devices. The bomber itself must be equipped, if bombing accuracy is to result, with the gyro-stabilized bomb sight like our Norden or Sperry—a sight which compensates for the error due to the plane's motion.

Other developments of the war which have been tested and found essential are such varied items of equipment as steel, airport landing-mats to make runways out of soggy ground, radio homing beams, reflector gun sights, electrically operated turrets (like the tank, the modern plane is coming more and more to copy, in basic fundamentals, the design of the fighting ship); and, on the ground or operated from the ground, anti-aircraft guns of all calibers from machine guns to five-inch guns, searchlights, sound detectors, radio detectors, height finders, directors, barrage balloons, and all the varied paraphernalia of air defense. The so-called "aerial minefield"—a new and as yet undeveloped suggestion—gives promise that a new defense may be found against bombers. Many different types of such "minefields" have been suggested; in effect all of them consist of explosive charges of some sort laid in the path of approaching planes by gunfire and maintained in the air for some minutes by parachutes, small engines, or other means.

But the war has shown the truth of the adage—"Some bombers will always get through." And that fact has made a profound difference to our civilization. For the bomber has brought war to the home front and has forced the development of great civilian armies for defense behind the lines—armies without which successful resistance in war now obviously would be impossible. These new armies must be well supplied with fire-fighters, plumbers, and all sorts of engineers

for clearing wreckage, handling unexploded bombs, and repairing damage to streets, factories, and public utilities—as well as with all the equipment such work requires.

This brings us to the fundamental lesson of air war, perhaps the fundamental lesson of totalitarian war. I said at the outset that the strategical principles of war have remained constant; that weapons and methods have changed, but not the broad principles governing their use. That is broadly true, but we must, I think, remember that air war is new; until this war there had been no real development of the principles of aerial war.

There were, before the war, three differing schools of thought as to the employment of the air arm. There was the narrow point of view of the older services that the plane was but an auxiliary to the land and sea forces, chiefly useful for striking against the opposing military forces of the enemy. There was the Douhet school, the radicals at the other pole of opinion, who held that war could be won virtually by the air arm alone, by properly conducted bombardment in great force of factories, industries, power plants, cities, and centres of enemy resistance. And there was the third school—the military middle-of-the-roads—who believed that the plane was more than an auxiliary to the surface forces, that it obviously should conduct at times strategical independent missions against enemy factories, and so on, as well as purely military missions, but that armies and navies were still essential to victory in war.

The Germans espoused this latter point of view when the war started; they built an air force—not primarily to fight in the air, but to strike against ground objectives. The Stuka dive-bomber is in one real sense an arm of the artillery; the long-range Focke-Wulf Kourier bomber, the eyes of the submarine.

This theory has helped to win for Germany the Battle of France and the Battle of Europe, but it cost her last autumn the opening phases of the Battle of England, primarily because the German planes were built not for air fighting but for ground attack. So far, the Germans have not proved the truth of the Douhet theory, nor have the valiant men of the R.A.F.

Nevertheless, there remains a grave and ominous doubt about the future potentialities of air power. Douhet was an extremist, but history may yet prove him right.

There can be no doubt, in conclusion, that among the war's many lessons, four stand out.

First, modern defense means all-out attack. The day of the static concept of defense is done. Modern war, which is to say, totalitarian war, means the harnessed, co-ordinated, yet flexible total effort of the total people; it means armies, navies, air forces, capital, labor, and industry, the politician and the priest.

The second lesson is of equal importance: the plane has turned back the clock of history; cities are again under siege; as in the Middle Ages, the enemy now assaults with blazing oil and fire bombs the castle of our security—our homes. And this assault—vicious, unpredictable, sudden—has made the home front of equal importance with the military front; every citizen is now a soldier. And though the Douhet theory is still unproved, the frightful implications of the

plane remain, and it may be that in time the plane will leap above the earth-bound armies and navies, and striking directly against the enemy's will to resist, will render battles in the old sense, obsolete.

Third, it is quite clear, I think, that the plane at the present stage of its development has already forced a major alteration in the balance of the world's sea power. One of the essential elements of sea power, as Mahan so clearly pointed out, is secure bases. It is obvious that the insular bases of British sea power, lying as they do in close proximity to the continent of Europe, can never again provide that certain security which is the essential requirement in order that ships may be docked, fuelled, and repaired, without danger of assault. Britain is not an island any more.

The trident of sea power is passing with irrevocable finality to the Western Hemisphere. For even if Britain wins this war, sea power can never again provide for an insular state like Britain, lying close to a great continental land mass, that security which it did provide in the time of Drake and Nelson. No matter how greatly British air power may be strengthened, the principal bases of British sea power must henceforth be not in the British Isles but in the outposts of empire—Singapore, Australia, Canada (beyond the serious threat of hostile air power), where fighting ships may take up their now predestined tasks—patrol of the blue waters, rather than of the narrow seas, of the world. Moreover, there are other and compelling reasons for the inevitable decline of Britain as a sea power and the transfer of her trident of priority to the United States. These are economic reasons. Britain to-day and in the foreseeable to-morrows cannot maintain both great sea power and great air power, and the people of the "tight little island," bombed, battered, and bruised, will probably insist upon strength in the skies. And already the United States has, built and building, a far stronger fleet than Britain can ever hope to match. Just as the last war and its aftermath forced Britain to accept the United States as a naval peer (in principle), so this war and its aftermath must enthrone the United States (in fact) as the greatest single sea power of the world. If Britain loses, the United States will not be without challenge on the seas. But the totalitarian states cannot *singly* match this nation in shipbuilding capacity, or even in the ultimate essentials of naval strength (secure ports, steel capacity, and so on), though *collectively* their combined fleets could indeed be a menace to this country—particularly in the immediate future before our new navy has been completed. Clearly, future American destinies lie upon the seas.

Fourth, the complicated machines and tactics of modern land warfare have done much to invalidate the mass army concept that was born with Napoleon—that is, the mass army as a major combat force.

In modern war, three forms of armies are in reality required: (1) the highly trained, thoroughly equipped but relatively small force of shock troops who man the monstrous new machines of war; (2) a somewhat larger but slower-moving force of occupation, which mops up and polices conquered territory; and (3) the large civilian armies of the home front, who must be trained and mobilized against the threat of the plane. Considerable numbers of men may be required for the military police work of the occupying force, their number dependent,

however, upon the nature of the country to be occupied and the degree of recalcitrance of the conquered peoples. However, the strength of such forces can be, and often is, overestimated. For the plane is an effective police weapon, and revolution—in the military sense of armed, wide-scale revolt—is patently hopeless without planes and modern weapons. A few hundred planes, aided by a few mechanized vehicles on the ground, can therefore effectively accomplish military police work that might formerly have required thousands of men, as the British have shown on the Indian frontier. Economic revolt, however, is a different matter, and the Germans may discover (doubtless have already discovered in some places) that if their control over conquests is to be continued the military armies of occupation must be supplemented in the conquered countries by a fourth kind of army—an army of economic police, to patrol the factories, lines of communication, and so on—not so much to prevent armed revolt as to prevent sabotage.

As Hoffman Nickerson has so well pointed out in his book, "The Armed Horde," the casualties of mobile warfare have been far less than those of the old-fashioned war of attrition, though immeasurably greater conquests have been achieved. No longer is it sufficient to put a man in uniform and teach him how to shoot a rifle. What is needed is a combat army of quality—of high physical and mental standard; the "dumbbell" and the illiterate have no place under arms. The arm of to-day and to-morrow must be as finely trained and nicely articulated as a symphony orchestra.

These major lessons do not, I think, need much elaboration. It requires no great perspicacity to see what awful impact they have already made—are still to make—upon our mental processes, our social institutions, our economic resources, and our lives. The gigantic costs of modern war, the necessity of producing for waste instead of for consumption, the need for intensified and protracted training of a professional rather than a citizen combat army; the eternal threat of the plane, the smashing speed of *Blitzkrieg*—all these things mean that never again can we lapse into the somnolent complacency and easy security of the past. We must hereafter be forever ready. There will be no time to prepare in the years to come after the enemy strikes. We must in the future—regardless of who wins this war—devote a certain permanent and considerable percentage of our national effort (both financial and industrial) to defense preparations.

Total war has not only revolutionized military technique and military tactics but it is bound to shape the peace to come.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is the source of the phrase "man's inhumanity to man"?
2. Who was Nathan Bedford Forrest? Vegetius?
3. What are the principles of war? The causes? The objective? Do these alter?
4. What and when were the French and Indian Wars?

5. What does alter in war?
6. How are modern military methods "the malignant flower" of the Industrial Revolution?
7. Who was Hannibal? Against whom did he fight at Cannae?
8. What has made the present war different from past wars?
9. Explain: "The World War was in a sense a tactical child of our Civil War."
10. What are the characteristics of modern land warfare?
11. Who was Genghis Khan and what did he do?
12. Explain: "crawling monsters with carapace of steel."
13. How does Baldwin describe a military tank?
14. What is infiltration, and by what figure does Baldwin define it?
15. What is "vertical envelopment" and how is it related to infiltration?
16. Explain: "the weight of mass rather than the mobility of maneuver."
17. Explain and complete the quotation "For want of a nail, the battle was lost." Does Baldwin quote this proverb accurately?
18. What characteristics must the modern tank have? Why are they called "land battleships"?
19. Explain the need in modern warfare of track vehicles.
20. How do trucks and planes function in supplying an army on the march?
21. Explain why the Italian S. M. 75 and the S. M. 82 planes are called respectively the Marsupial and the Kangaroo.
22. What is the function of planes in a *Blitzkrieg*?
23. Who was Jackson?
24. How must the modern infantryman be equipped?
25. What changes have occurred in the artillery? The combat engineers? The cavalry? The signal troops?
26. Summarize the larger lessons of land warfare in Europe.
27. Explain: "Sea power is no longer tailored to Mahan's definition."
28. Explain the relationship of plane and submarine to surface ship.
29. What does Baldwin say on the ship-*versus*-plane duel?
30. Compare the destructive value of bomb and torpedo.
31. What does Baldwin say about the aircraft carrier?
32. What is "the chief ingredient of totalitarian war"?
33. What is the trend in air fighting?
34. How has the bomber made a difference to our civilization?
35. What were the three schools of thought on the air arm?
36. What four lessons of the war stand out?
37. What prediction does Baldwin make regarding the distribution of sea power?
38. What forms of armies are required in modern war?

39. Define: *immutable, stilted, Blitzkrieg, totalitarian, stalemate, attrition, anachronism, Tommy gun, kapok, pillbox, pom-pom, thyatron, klystron, lethal, trident.*

Round Table

1. In the light of events subsequent to the date of Baldwin's article (June, 1941) challenge and modify whichever of his statements now seem unsound.
2. Debate on (a) the relative military values of air, land, and sea power; (b) the battleship versus the bomber; (c) the battleship and the airplane carrier.
3. Discuss the soundness of Baldwin's prophesy that dominant sea-power will pass from Britain to the United States.
4. Comment on the soundness of Douhet's theory of the supreme value of airpower.

Paper Work

1. Make an analytical outline of this essay.
2. Write a report on Baldwin's use of transitions in the essay.
3. Write a theme in which you show which of Baldwin's ideas are fundamental and which are changeable.
4. From a study of a single issue of a good newspaper write a theme on: Changing Concepts of Warfare on Land (or at Sea, or in the Air).

Written especially for the Reader's Digest, where it appeared in August, 1935, this article attracted national attention and discussion. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN FURNAS, who was only thirty when he wrote the article, has since become one of the most successful feature writers in the business. In 1939 he got Michael MacDougall to tell him about the "smoke-fire" devices with which gamblers please the public, and from the interviews he wrote the convincing book Gamblers Don't Gamble. Two years later his surveys of the incomes and expenditures of American families with a salary range of twenty-six dollars to one hundred thousand dollars annually kept the readers of The Ladies' Home Journal interested and were collected later in the book How America Lives. A dozen carefully documented articles in a twelve-month period is not beyond his capacity.

—AND SUDDEN DEATH*

J. C. FURNAS

PUBLICIZING the total of motoring injuries—almost a million last year, with 36,000 deaths—never gets to first base in jarring the motorist into a realization of the appalling risks of motoring. He does not translate dry statistics into a reality of blood and agony.

Figures exclude the pain and horror of savage mutilation—which means they leave out the point. They need to be brought closer home. A passing look at a bad smash or the news that a fellow you had lunch with last week is in a hospital with a broken back will make any driver but a born fool slow down at least temporarily. But what is needed is a vivid and *sustained* realization that every time you step on the throttle, death gets in beside you, hopefully waiting for his chance. That single horrible accident you may have witnessed is no isolated horror. That sort of thing happens every hour of the day, everywhere in the United States. If you really felt *that*, perhaps the stickful of type in Monday's paper recording that a total of 29 local citizens were killed in week-end crashes would rate something more than a perfunctory tut-tut as you turn back to the sports page.

An enterprising judge now and again sentences reckless drivers to tour the accident end of a city morgue. But even a mangled body on a slab, waxily portraying the consequences of bad motoring judgment, isn't a patch on the scene of the accident itself. No artist working on a safety poster would dare depict that in full detail.

That picture would have to include motion-picture and sound effects, too—the flopping, pointless efforts of the injured to stand up; the queer, grunting noises; the steady, panting groaning of a human being with pain creeping up on him as the shock wears off. It should portray the slack expression on the face of a man, drugged with shock, staring at the Z-twist in his broken leg, the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward, a realistic portrait of an hysterical woman with her screaming mouth opening a

* *Sudden Death, and How to Avoid It*, by J. C. Furnas and Ernest A. Smith. Copyright, 1935, by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

hole in the bloody drip that fills her eyes and runs off her chin. Minor details would include the raw ends of bones protruding through flesh in compound fractures, and the dark red, oozing surfaces where clothes and skin were flayed off at once.

Those are all standard, everyday sequels to the modern passion for going places in a hurry and taking a chance or two by the way. If ghosts could be put to a useful purpose, every bad stretch of road in the United States would greet the oncoming motorist with groans and screams and the educational spectacle of ten or a dozen corpses, all sizes, sexes and ages, lying horribly still on the bloody grass.

Last year a state trooper of my acquaintance stopped a big red Hispano for speeding. Papa was obviously a responsible person, obviously set for a pleasant week-end with his family—so the officer cut into papa's well-bred expostulations: "I'll let you off this time, but if you keep on this way, you won't last long. Get going—but take it easier." Later a passing motorist hailed the trooper and asked if the red Hispano had got a ticket. "No," said the trooper, "I hated to spoil their party." "Too bad you didn't," said the motorist, "I saw you stop them—and then I passed that car again 50 miles up the line. It still makes me feel sick at my stomach. The car was all folded up like an accordion—the color was about all there was left. They were all dead but one of the kids—and he wasn't going to live to the hospital."

Maybe it will make you sick at your stomach, too. But unless you're a heavy-footed incurable, a good look at the picture the artist wouldn't dare paint, a first-hand acquaintance with the results of mixing gasoline with speed and bad judgment, ought to be well worth your while. I can't help it if the facts are revolting. If you have the nerve to drive fast and take chances, you ought to have the nerve to take the appropriate cure. You can't ride an ambulance or watch the doctor working on the victim in the hospital, but you can read.

The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is. It is tragically difficult to realize that it can become the deadliest missile. As enthusiasts tell you, it makes 65 feel like nothing at all. But 65 an hour is 100 feet a second, a speed which puts a viciously unjustified responsibility on brakes and human reflexes, and can instantly turn this docile luxury into a mad bull elephant.

Collision, turnover or sideswipe, each type of accident produces either a shattering dead stop or a crashing change of direction—and, since the occupant—meaning you—continues in the old direction at the original speed, every surface and angle of the car's interior immediately becomes a battering, tearing projectile, aimed squarely at you—inescapable. There is no bracing yourself against these imperative laws of momentum.

It's like going over Niagara Falls in a steel barrel full of railroad spikes. The best thing that can happen to you—and one of the rarer things—is to be thrown out as the doors spring open, so you have only the ground to reckon with. True, you strike with as much force as if you had been thrown from the *Twentieth Century* at top speed. But at least you are spared the lethal array of gleaming metal knobs and edges and glass inside the car.

Anything can happen in that split second of crash, even those lucky escapes you hear about. People have dived through windshields and come out with

only superficial scratches. They have run cars together head on, reducing both to twisted junk, and been found unhurt and arguing bitterly two minutes afterward. But death was there just the same—he was only exercising his privilege of being erratic. This spring a wrecking crew pried the door off a car which had been overturned down an embankment and out stepped the driver with only a scratch on his cheek. But his mother was still inside, a splinter of wood from the top driven four inches into her brain as a result of son's taking a greasy curve a little too fast. No blood—no horribly twisted bones—just a gray-haired corpse still clutching her pocketbook in her lap as she had clutched it when she felt the car leave the road.

On that same curve a month later, a light touring car crashed a tree. In the middle of the front seat they found a nine-months-old baby surrounded by broken glass and yet absolutely unhurt. A fine practical joke on death—but spoiled by the baby's parents, still sitting on each side of him, instantly killed by shattering their skulls on the dashboard.

If you customarily pass without clear vision a long way ahead, make sure that every member of the party carries identification papers—it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off. The driver is death's favorite target. If the steering wheel holds together it ruptures his liver or spleen so he bleeds to death internally. Or, if the steering wheel breaks off, the matter is settled instantly by the steering column's plunging through his abdomen.

By no means do all head-on collisions occur on curves. The modern death-trap is likely to be a straight stretch with three lanes of traffic—like the notorious Astor Flats on the Albany Post Road where there have been as many as 27 fatalities in one summer month. This sudden vision of broad, straight road tempts many an ordinarily sensible driver into passing the man ahead. Simultaneously a driver coming the other way swings out at high speed. At the last moment each tries to get into line again, but the gaps are closed. As the cars in line are forced into the ditch to capsize or crash fences, the passers meet, almost head on, in a swirling, grinding smash that sends them caroming obliquely into the others.

A trooper described such an accident—five cars in one mess, seven killed on the spot, two dead on the way to the hospital, two more dead in the long run. He remembered it far more vividly than he wanted to—the quick way the doctor turned away from a dead man to check up on a woman with a broken back; the three bodies out of one car so soaked with oil from the crankcase that they looked like wet brown cigars and not human at all; a man, walking around and babbling to himself, oblivious of the dead and dying, even oblivious of the dagger-like sliver of steel that stuck out of his streaming wrist; a pretty girl with her forehead laid open, trying hopelessly to crawl out of a ditch in spite of her smashed hip. A first-class massacre of that sort is only a question of scale and numbers—seven corpses are no deader than one. Each shattered man, woman or child who went to make up the 36,000 corpses chalked up last year had to die a personal death.

A car careening and rolling down a bank, battering and smashing its occupants every inch of the way, can wrap itself so thoroughly around a tree that front and rear bumpers interlock, requiring an acetylene torch to cut them apart. In

a recent case of that sort they found the old lady, who had been sitting in back, lying across the lap of her daughter, who was in front, each soaked in her own and the other's blood indistinguishably, each so shattered and broken that there was no point whatever in an autopsy to determine whether it was broken neck or ruptured heart that caused death.

Overtuning cars specialize in certain injuries. Cracked pelvis, for instance, guaranteeing agonizing months in bed, motionless, perhaps crippled for life—broken spine resulting from sheer sidewise twist—the minor details of smashed knees and splintered shoulder blades caused by crashing into the side of the car as she goes over with the swirl of an insane roller coaster—and the lethal consequences of broken ribs, which puncture hearts and lungs with their raw ends. The consequent internal hemorrhage is no less dangerous because it is the pleural instead of the abdominal cavity that is filling with blood.

Flying glass—safety glass is by no means universal yet—contributes much more than its share to the spectacular side of accidents. It doesn't merely cut—the fragments are driven in as if a cannon loaded with broken bottles had been fired in your face, and a sliver in the eye, traveling with such force, means certain blindness. A leg or arm stuck through the windshield will cut clean to the bone through vein, artery and muscle like a piece of beef under the butcher's knife, and it takes little time to lose a fatal amount of blood under such circumstances. Even safety glass may not be wholly safe when the car crashes something at high speed. You hear picturesque tales of how a flying human body will make a neat hole in the stuff with its head—the shoulders stick—the glass holds—and the raw, keen edge of the hole decapitates the body as neatly as a guillotine.

Or, to continue with the decapitation motif, going off the road into a post-and-rail fence can put you beyond worrying about other injuries immediately when a rail comes through the windshield and tears off your head with its splintery end—not as neat a job but thoroughly efficient. Bodies are often found with their shoes off and their feet all broken out of shape. The shoes are back on the floor of the car, empty and with their laces still neatly tied. That is the kind of impact produced by modern speeds.

But all that is routine in every American community. To be remembered individually by doctors and policemen, you have to do something as grotesque as the lady who burst the windshield with her head, splashing splinters all over the other occupants of the car, and then, as the car rolled over, rolled with it down the edge of the windshield frame and cut her throat from ear to ear. Or park on the pavement too near a curve at night and stand in front of the tail light as you take off the spare tire—which will immortalize you in somebody's memory as the fellow who was mashed three feet broad and two inches thick by the impact of a heavy duty truck against the rear of his own car. Or be as original as the pair of youths who were thrown out of an open roadster this spring—thrown clear—but each broke a windshield post with his head in passing and the whole top of each skull, down to the eyebrows, was missing. Or snap off a nine-inch tree and get yourself impaled by a ragged branch.

None of all that is scare-fiction; it is just the horrible raw material of the year's statistics as seen in the ordinary course of duty by policemen and doctors,

picked at random. The surprising thing is that there is so little dissimilarity in the stories they tell.

It's hard to find a surviving accident victim who can bear to talk. After you come to, the gnawing, searing pain throughout your body is accounted for by learning that you have both collarbones smashed, both shoulder blades splintered, your right arm broken in three places and three ribs cracked, with every chance of bad internal ruptures. But the pain can't distract you, as the shock begins to wear off, from realizing that you are probably on your way out. You can't forget that, not even when they shift you from the ground to the stretcher and your broken ribs bite into your lungs and the sharp ends of your collarbones slide over to stab deep into each side of your screaming throat. When you've stopped screaming, it all comes back—you're dying and you hate yourself for it. That isn't fiction either. It's what it actually feels like to be one of that 36,000.

And every time you pass on a blind curve, every time you hit it up on a slippery road, every time you step on it harder than your reflexes will safely take, every time you drive with your reactions slowed down by a drink or two, every time you follow the man ahead too closely, you're gambling a few seconds against this kind of blood and agony and sudden death.

Take a look at yourself as the man in the white jacket shakes his head over you, tells the boys with the stretcher not to bother and turns away to somebody else who isn't quite dead yet. And then take it easy.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What single purpose did the author have in writing this article?
2. What means did he employ to make his point vivid?
3. What statistics on casualties are given in the article?
4. What three types of accident are indicated?
5. How do accidents often occur on straight stretches of road?
6. Why does the rate of speed have an effect on the seriousness of an accident?

Round Table

1. Has the author achieved his purpose in this article? Is it unnecessarily gruesome?
2. Discuss the statement: "The automobile is treacherous, just as a cat is."
3. Find out from statistics whether this article actually had any results. Discuss this point.
4. What has been the effect of the war on automobile casualties? Give exact figures and interpret them if you can.
5. What solution would you suggest for the problem?
6. Should a forty-mile speed limit be made national and permanent?
7. What changes would you suggest in an automobile to increase its safety?
8. How can examinations for driver's licenses in your state be improved to decrease accidents?

Paper Work

1. Formulate and discuss a set of rules for safe driving.
2. Write a description of an automobile accident you have witnessed.
3. Write an imaginative story of the family in the red Hispano, using the climax given in the article.

Housewife and mother of four children, MARGARET CULKIN BANNING is the author of sixteen books, all of which deal more or less directly with the stable and enduring things in love and marriage, though more than half of them are fiction. A native of Buffalo and a graduate of Vassar, Mrs. Banning now claims two homes, one in Duluth, Minnesota, and the other in Tryon, North Carolina. Liberal in her understanding of the problems of youth, Mrs. Banning has used the art of gentle persuasion, rather than dogmatism, to point the way back to the traditional values which her own faith, that of the Roman Church, assures her are the perdurable ones.

THE CASE FOR CHASTITY *

MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

IF THERE is a case for chastity, it should be stated. Religion and obedience to moral codes still settle the question for many. But the increasing secularization of thought and the frequent denial that any moral issue is involved in sex conduct leaves uncounted thousands of young people today supposedly free to "make up their own minds," if such a phrase can be used concerning conduct which is nearly always the result of runaway emotion.

They make up their minds with insufficient knowledge and without hearing the full argument. They are told that "everyone does it" and that unchastity or even promiscuity "doesn't make any difference any more." Thus misled, they may proceed to action which will almost surely have a permanent effect on the life of any girl involved and which in most cases alters her psychology as well as her physiology.

There are parked and lightless cars on side roads everywhere. There is a "couple trade" at tourist cabins which cater to a few hours of intimate occupancy. The dean of a coeducational university said to me that almost every hotel in the city adjoining the campus was open to boys who wanted to take girls to them for the night. From 1100 questionnaires sent to college students, 200 to post-college students, and from 300 interviews, it seems plainly apparent that there remain few taboos about sex in the college groups, and that while some girls prefer to wait until marriage, they are not shocked by the sex experiences of their friends. And we know that there are 50,000 unmarried mothers registered yearly in the United States; that through wealth and influence many unmarried mothers are not registered; that many couples marry after pregnancy is discovered; and that birth control and abortions prevent motherhood in most illicit affairs.

Nevertheless, we must remember that unchastity, common though it may be, is not the norm. That still is chastity. Society does not approve nor is it set up for the general practice of unchastity. Every adult must know, as I do, many young girls who are not troubled by this problem, and others whose lives offer no opportunity for it. They keep regular hours. They are preoccupied with study, sports, domestic tasks and wholesome social activities.

Yet they cannot but hear, and hence we adults cannot ignore, the widespread

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whispering campaign that is now condoning unchastity and even advocating premarital relations. So there is sound reason for going right after the facts and unveiling a few that may still be shrouded even in a period of frankness. Some parents believe that the subject should not be given publicity, lest argument increase undue curiosity or foster morbid interests. But it is secret rather than open discussion which creates morbidity; and, what is more, young people are increasingly frank among themselves, and adult silence only serves further to separate generations which are already quite far enough apart in matters of advice and sympathy.

Boys urging sex experience often say, "Why not?" and treat it as a matter of light concern. But it is revealing that no reputable physician who has handled thousands of cases and thousands of confidences is equally casual. No psychologist who has seriously investigated the problems of sexual relations outside of marriage treats them as trivial. That conscience and emotion will make the final decision in each case is obvious. But the personal and social consequences of unchastity, as they are apparent to those in a position to know, ought to be matters of public information.

First of all, there are the facts about venereal disease and abortion. The American Social Hygiene Association estimates that five percent of the American people have syphilis and ten percent have gonorrhea. The highest attack rate for syphilis occurs during the early adult years, 16 to 30. If venereal disease is ultimately stamped out, one risk of unchastity will be destroyed. But we are a long way from that yet. In the meantime, there is a serious and constant danger of disease in premarital relations because a girl does not go freely to her doctor for advice.

Some information comes her way—a great deal of it wrong. She is apt to believe she is safe from conception because of certain contraceptives. Here is a comment on that by Dr. Hannah Stone, Medical Director of Margaret Sanger's birth control clinic in New York:

The best concerns offer absolutely unreliable contraceptives. A firm enjoying the respect of the medical profession advertises a vaginal jelly that is only about 60 percent safe. Suppositories on the market are between 40 and 50 percent safe. The strongest douche is successful about 10 percent of the time. The situation is further complicated by the fact that different women are susceptible to different contraceptives.

This is borne out by Dr. Maurice Bigelow, director of the Institute of Practical Science Research. His institute tested hundreds of rubber condoms bought from a reliable manufacturer and discarded 25 out of every 100 as being imperfect. The equipments involving chemicals lose their effectiveness unless perfectly fresh. In other words, "You're perfectly safe" is not only an ugly and abnormal statement but it happens to be untrue. The conditions commonly surrounding acts of unchastity make it doubly untrue.

Figures show beyond a doubt that a tremendous number of unmarried young women go to abortionists. No doubt many of them have heard the current claptrap about an abortion being nothing at all to endure. Let them also hear this: Ten thousand girls and women lose their lives each year at the hands of abortionists. Dr. Frederick J. Taussig says:

The risk of infection is approximately ten times greater than at ordinary childbirth for the reason that the uterine cavity must be invaded, while in childbirth this is rarely the case. Also, for every woman who dies as a result of abortion, several women are disabled, sometimes permanently, or rendered sterile, or, at a subsequent pregnancy, suffer from the aftereffects of the abortion.

The medical point of view is not the only aspect to consider. The psychological effects of abortion are equally serious. Girls often suffer horror for the rest of their lives, as well as increasing grief for the lost child. An abortion may injure not only the woman's health but also her emotional outlook. In hours of childbirth a woman often resents the results of her sex experience. But later she has the child to make up for the pain, and she has the protection of her husband and the respect of the community. The unmarried girl who goes to an abortionist has the resentment but neither the child nor a husband's protection to balance what may easily grow into hate of a man she loved, or perhaps dread of sex relations in a subsequent marriage.

These dangers—disease, abortion, emotional disasters, and even death—surround every premarital relation. But many people run the risks and escape. If the girl does escape, is there still no case for chastity? The argument for it certainly is not sound or effective if it rests only upon the fear of consequences. Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the United States, says, "I have always hoped that we could divest our social hygiene program from the fear motive. If gonorrhea and syphilis were unknown diseases, the ideal of monogamous sex relationship should, and I believe would, still stand upon its own intrinsic merits."

What, then, are these intrinsic values that make the case for chastity? Here is the conclusion of one young woman who went through an extra-marital experience:

Much is talked of the evils of frustration in the case of the woman who denies herself the physical expression of love. In my opinion that vague and generally periodic torment is as nothing compared to the frustration suffered by the woman who seeks happiness in love outside of marriage. With all the latent instincts of her sex released and intensified by the mating experience, awake for the first time in her life to the full design of married love, she realizes with a sense of dumb defeat that for her the fulfillment of that design must remain, perhaps forever, an unaccomplished thing. It is a trapped, blind-alley feeling that only one who has experienced it can appreciate. The conflict set up as a result casts its dark shadow over an experience which one had expected to be all light and freedom.

There is far more to be said. Early and casual sex experience often inhibits and spoils mature experience. "Coming too soon," writes L. S. Hollingsworth in his *Psychology of the Adolescent*, "it may block maturity by putting the emphasis on physical release"—as against the mature satisfaction which includes mental and esthetic elements. There are plenty of girls who pride themselves on never "going any farther than petting" without any idea of how disastrously far they have already gone. The dean of a woman's college, after considerable research, states that petting is apt to create habits which give a semblance of satisfaction without intercourse and so unsuit a girl emotionally for marriage. One authority has declared flatly that petting is far more dangerous than the complete sex act, for it can ruin normal sex experience. Following many con-

sultations, a psychologist of the Y.W.C.A. says that substitute satisfactions tend to make intercourse an anti-climax. Over-stimulated and wrongly stimulated, girls who have indulged in petting find it difficult to respond to normal sex relations, and their chances of satisfaction and compatibility in marriage are very poor indeed.

The question of where to stop is not easy to answer. But any girl can differentiate between the romantic embrace which is a natural expression of young love and experiments in sexual sensation. She can differentiate, that is, as long as she is reacting normally, and here one cannot possibly ignore the influence of drinking. Alcohol inflames the senses, is an acknowledged aphrodisiac in most cases. A girl who has been drinking, and especially the girl who is not used to drinking, cannot possibly stand guard over her judgment or her conduct. And even if she keeps command of herself and "knows what she is doing," I doubt if she knows that doctors and psychologists think that by petting she may be doing herself a possibly permanent injury.

And if the girl goes, as they say, "all the way," what does she confront? Each girl's chastity is the interweaving of her moral code, her nervous system, her physical being, and her mind. Does she realize how profoundly that interwoven fabric may be altered in a few yielding moments?

In the breaking down of chastity, her moral code is often violated. True, she may think she has none. Yet the great weight of tradition and poetry and romance is pressing on her, even if she is without a belief in orthodox religion. Hence many girls cannot but carry with them into early sexual experience a sense of sin which they never lose. This "guilt sense" is spoken of by almost all the doctors who have investigated such things. Even without a sense of actual sin against religion, the "guilt sense" persists in a large majority of cases.

The girl who thus feels that she is doing wrong suffers shockingly. The wound in her conscience may heal and harden and make her into a liar, or it may never heal so that she will go about with an actual fear of punishment and retribution. Often she confuses her sexual disappointments with the punishment due to sin.

On the other hand, there are girls who have really cast off conventions—who feel no spiritual or moral connection with their sex conduct. How do they come out? Usually they are deserted. If a woman has this point of view, she almost always believes—and says so once too often—that she can look out for herself. In many cases that is what her lover ultimately allows her to do. And then she becomes an outlaw. Society provides no protection for her. She may have the bravado of the outlaw, but she also has his loneliness.

One authority points out that there is growing up a large body of women who, because they were deserted by their first lover, or have found emotional release without the responsibility of marriage, are remaining unmarried and childless. This group is not only dangerous to other marriages but tragic in itself. Many are intellectual, healthy people who should be reproducing themselves instead of leading one-sided, uncreative lives.

So though people may say that morality is no longer involved in this question, I think they talk nonsense. Unchastity does affect the moral system, if only to set a girl's hand against society. Many girls fancy themselves in that rôle,

rebels against a social system they consider stuffy, and religions they consider obsolete. But these girls do not know what they combat, what protections they will strip from their future life, and what a weight of experience and history is against them.

The effect of unchastity on the nervous system is as serious. Being clandestine, it is rarely either well housed or comfortable. It lodges but does not live. Think of the wayside cabins, the cheap hotels, the back seats of cars, as an environment for what we call love. Hurried, watchful, fearful of interruption or discovery—these are inevitable descriptions of unchastity.

On this point it is hard to find any more competent conclusions than those of Dr. Oliver M. Butterfield, director of the Family Guidance Service in New York:

The sexual adjustment is not a simple thing to make under the best of conditions and when hampered by guilt and apprehension it is almost impossible. At a time when man and woman may need expert advice they are forced to hide their relationship. Because of this secrecy many things are likely to happen. If the woman is a virgin she may need medical attention before she can have intercourse. The sex act is not instinctive. Pre-marital relationships can build up, through ignorance, incorrect, unsatisfying behavior that must be painfully unlearned after marriage.

The ordinary situation of unchastity is the case, then, of an apprehensive pair of people, in an uncongenial or uncomfortable environment, wondering if any one has seen them. What harm such experiences do to the nervous systems of young girls, who are at such times under the added strain of great excitement, cannot be measured.

It is generally agreed that repressions are bad for almost everyone, and that argument is often given for indulgence in unchastity. But it works the other way too. Loudly as it may boast of its freedom, unchastity carries repression right along with it. There are places where it cannot go. The unchaste girl often lacks escort and open companionship. There are times when she may not speak to the one person she cares about. As long as passionate love or even excitement is growing and deeply shared, this may not matter. Secrecy is then a delicious privacy. But every recorded experience shows that such secrecy has the seeds of bitterness in it. The girl usually becomes resentful, hating to be hidden and unacknowledged, and yet more fearful of the discovery of her relation.

Of course, the couple may marry. But they still are cheating themselves. They enter on the responsibilities and adjustments of living together, take up the hard work that marriage is, without the delights and fresh discoveries which make those responsibilities pleasurable and easy. Even with its natural rewards and emotional impetus, marriage is difficult enough. But if the end of romance has already been reached before a couple marry, they face its problems without the natural compensation for them. They are apt to be jealous, for each knows the other as an experimenter.

On the other hand, the relationship is more than likely to be broken off. Remember, it is with the immature that we are chiefly concerned—the young people who are thinking only of an immediate pleasure, an adventure. They have heard that youthful sex experiments may be casual, carefree and harmless. But have the girls who act on this heard also what the best medical and psy-

chological authority has to say—that a first sex adventure can rarely be either casual or carefree to any normal girl? That it will not satisfy the mating instinct, but will only arouse it more powerfully, and fix it upon one individual? Most girls feel that there is a tie-up between sexual and spiritual experience, and associate sexual experience closely with the identity of the lover. But if the adventure is, as it very well may be, casual in fact to the boy in the case, who passes on to other conquests, the consequences to the girl can only be torments of jealousy, frustration and despair.

Such breaks and the resultant sense of inferiority and pain often make a woman promiscuous. Not a voice of the slightest authority is raised for promiscuity. Doctors may and do differ in their vehemence as to what harm the premarital relation does, but as far as the harm of promiscuity is concerned, for either a woman or a man, they are completely agreed.

The promiscuous woman is usually in doubt of her own attractiveness and is seeking reassurance by repeated and varied experience with men. The fact of inferiority is also true of promiscuous men, who in such ways prove a virility which they secretly doubt. It is bad for a man who ultimately wants a happy home relation because he soon becomes neither romantic nor patient enough to give his wife satisfaction. Also, the promiscuous man or woman finds adjustment to monogamy almost impossible. An unchaste past is intrusive and a troublemaker. Sex loses charm, but the craving for satisfaction and the nervous search for it goes on. Promiscuity makes people lose the greatest experience in life—love.

It is all very well to say, "People look at these things differently today." They may look at them differently, but they feel about the same.

Jealousy, for example, is still very much alive. It is true that reason is having a quieting effect among well-bred people. But, on the other hand, it is reason itself which often argues with a man that if his wife was unchaste before marriage, she has already destroyed certain inhibitions, which makes her more apt to be unfaithful. Psychologists say, too, that the promiscuous woman often suffers the most of all from jealousy.

Again, we cannot ignore man's preference for a virgin as wife. As to this we have the testimony of those who have built up records from cases. The preference is both modern and historic truth. Westermarck's *History of Marriage* bears testimony to that. Though boys of today may talk big and pretend to indifference, they still don't want the girl they love to have had previous possessors. So it is as true now as ever that in sacrificing chastity a girl may be gambling away her later chances of lifelong married happiness.

As a matter of fact, we have not so much that is new to add to what history teaches about sex. It is incorrect to say that we are reverting to savagery when sex conduct becomes lax. Among savage tribes, sex behavior was always subject to rules, though they were not like our own. What history very clearly reveals is that there have always been laws governing chastity. These are often the oldest primary laws, and infringement of them was subject to grave punishment because it presented complications of life and excited angers and conflicts which were bitter.

Unless sexual relations are to become disintegrating, there is always a neces-

sity of trust between the individuals concerned. Such trust is usually not sustained after the first height of passion has been reached and passed, unless it is connected with the religion or the philosophy of man or woman—whatever ties the person up to life itself. It is not sentimental but hard fact that sex relationship either has to be connected with a moral code which is self-sustaining (and this is very rare indeed), or it has to be based on a belief that sexual relations involve a duty to the race as well as to the individual. Olga Knopf puts the case plainly when she says that "sexual relations are not private affairs alone. They are the concern of the whole of society."

That is what young people, those who are still only curious and those who are already on the defensive, should be helped to understand. Without scolding, or without minimizing the rights of individual love, it ought to be shown that though the laws involving marriage may be evaded and broken, they do exist and penalties are still exacted for their infraction.

Now if you could make the young couple in the back of the car or in the tourist cabin believe this in advance, nothing would be better. But how? The boy and girl are young, eager, and together. They have to be shown first of all that those who wish to control the mating instinct are by no means plotting against their attraction for each other, but against the influences that will do violence to their love—or what might in the end become love.

The thing to do is to help these young couples out, and, if their attraction is not casual, to encourage their marriage. As the authorities who were interviewed on this subject of chastity made their comments, the statement came again and again with repeated emphasis that the best solution was early marriage. This is not by any means synonymous with hasty marriage. But if a boy and a girl felt that they did not have to face an indefinite postponement of sex relations, their attitude would change. It is the hopelessness cast in their faces, the long gap between the awakening of their passion and its decently authorized expression which makes for rebellion against conventions and accepted rules.

We hear on all sides that economic conditions make early marriage difficult now. But it has never been very easy for young people to marry. Throughout history we see that parents have always had to help them out at the start. And modern parents, say those who know best, should be ready to do likewise; should encourage early marriage. But they should also frankly state the case for premarital chastity.

For there is, as we have seen, such a case. Men have devised no way of protecting the unchaste woman, except in some cases from childbearing and disease. She is in danger of moral and psychological breakdown. Unchastity gives the richest experience in life the poorest and most ignoble surroundings. It checks and stunts the development of love. It breeds lonely women and selfish men.

Finally, normal young men and women do not want unchastity. They are searching for an ethic to guide them. College investigations show that students believe in fidelity, want marriage. They want an emotional life with vitality in it, one that will wear. The case for chastity does not need much pleading before young people thus disposed. Given proper ideals, decent upbringing, half a chance, it is what girls and boys want.

Experts, doctors, psychologists and friends may advise. But they do not decide in the end. This is one of the social problems which is broken up into individual cases for decision. Out of this tangle of impulses, some of them inherited and some the product of immediate environment, the burden of the race as well as individual happiness is laid upon each boy and girl. The attitude toward chastity is as important a matter as may come to each one of them in a whole lifetime. That means that the effort of their elders should be to keep plainly before them all these scientific, spiritual and historical arguments for chastity which will strengthen their own normal resistance to the laxness they are aware of around them.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What was the author's purpose in writing this article?
2. Is the title well-chosen? Explain.
3. What use does the author make of authorities she has consulted?
4. What are some of the arguments which the author uses for chastity?
5. Does the author treat the problem wholly as a social, moral, or religious matter?

Round Table

1. Does the author of this article seem to you like (a) a prude, (b) a wise and impassionate judge, (c) a moral crusader, or (d) a tiresome old lady?
2. What is the effect of a national economic depression on this problem? Of a war?
3. Is the oft-repeated statement, "Youth should learn by experience," always valid?
4. Should a young man marry a girl before he has money enough to support her?
5. It is sometimes asserted that morals are the product of the dominant social order. If one is at "outs" with that order, is one justified in being deceitful to its representatives?

Paper Work

1. Make a brief for the arguments used in this essay.
2. Write an essay on one of the following topics: (a) The Case for Honesty; (b) The Case for Temperance; (c) The Case for Tolerance.
3. Discover what the Middle Ages thought were the Seven Deadly Sins. Write a report on the status of the Seven Deadly Sins today.

To the editors of Harper's Magazine who published her essay in March, 1940, ELISABETH CUSHMAN wrote, "The one thing in the world I want to do is to start this country thinking what's wrong with its education. Because of it, women are off on the wrong track, seeking business careers when they don't belong in business, shirking their real responsibilities of home and children or thinking they're unable to realize them because of economic pressure." Earnestness of this sort bespeaks conviction born of experience. "Office Women and Sex Antagonism" was not written by a bright young woman who thinks up "ideas," but by one who had been both stenographer and private secretary before she became a feature writer for the leading magazines.

OFFICE WOMEN AND SEX ANTAGONISM *

ELISABETH CUSHMAN

EVERY GIRL should have some business experience, even if she doesn't want it, but no girl should remain in business more than five years. There are few exceptions to be noted to this rule. The whole purpose of the relatively short business career should be to make the girl a better homemaker.

Business has much to contribute to a woman's life and, through her, to the home. When we emphasize what women have to give to business our emphasis is entirely misplaced, for it smacks of the totalitarian. In a democracy our interest must lie in the richest flowering of the individual, not in the deflowering of the individual for the sake of an impersonal concept such as "business." Our national emphasis must be upon what women can take from business to the home, not on what they can bring from the home into business. Business must be a means to an end—the living of the good life—and not an end in itself. We are, unfortunately, through our education and our consequent outlook, making it an end in itself.

Experience at working before marriage might possibly lessen the number of nagging wives in the country, for it gives the women a chance to learn, out in the world, what a man's responsibilities there often are. Business can also give the working girl a perspective on herself, possibly for the first time in her life. It can teach her what it is to be no longer the center of an adoring home circle, the important little something on whom the teachers concentrate and over whom teachers and parents confer. In the great competitive world of business she's got to get along on her own and not because she is the daughter of somebody or other, lives on a certain street, or goes to a certain school. That perspective ought to help in marriage, for there surely every girl has to get along on her own; her father's title or her mother's social position won't help her one bit to find true happiness with her husband.

If a girl knows nothing of the value of money, she can learn it in business, particularly if she has to live on what she makes while working. It will not teach her a complete lesson of course if she can wire home for the rent any time she has squandered her salary, but at least she will find out more about the

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meaning of money than she ever knew previously. She will come in contact with workers who when they say, "I've only got a dollar until pay day," mean exactly that; the only people from whom they could borrow, their fellow-workers, usually have a dollar each also, if that much.

Before she becomes a wife the girl in business can acquire a decent regard for workers and a decent consideration for them. If she has ever been "snooted" by the wife of the boss, as most of us have at one time or another, she may remember her manners when she is brought up against her husband's employees.

But if she is looking for money and experience, she ought to know, at the end of five years, that she won't make the money and that she has had enough experience. Five years is the longest stretch of time a girl can afford to take out of her life in order to learn how to live the rest of it. That applies to every girl but those who really must work (their number is more limited than is generally supposed) and those women with glandular deficiencies who find physical love abhorrent, who honestly do not desire children, who can never find warmth on a glowing hearthstone.

What is in it for us who stay on the job permanently?

Very little money and plenty of hard work. Millions of workers are needed in this modern mechanized world. The big question is: who will do the most for the least hire? The answer is: the women—because industry and commerce have sold the women a bill of goods. Be independent! Be self-reliant! Raise your living standards! Give your children more advantages than you had!

Look into any industry or for that matter any profession, and you will see how pitiful is the amount of money for which women have forsworn the intrinsic riches of their lives. Before the Seventh International Management Congress in Washington, D. C., in September, 1938, Mrs. Ralph Borsodi of the School of Living, Suffern, New York, stated: "The most frequent cash income for women at the peak of prosperity in 1929 was about \$800 a year. To-day the most frequent annual income of women is probably less than \$600." That means about \$13 a week in times of prosperity and \$11 a week now. Most women in business offices and in the professions do a good deal better than this; but compare their incomes with those of their male contemporaries of equivalent education and intelligence and you will see why it is a bargain to employ them.

The idea that women don't have to work as hard in "gainful occupations," that their tasks in business offices aren't as burdensome and dull as housework is supposed to be, is ridiculous. Working women's jobs are harder because they are bound to be unsatisfactory in the long run; the work is empty and leads to no goal.

There are two reasons why business is a blind alley for the great majority of women. The first is that they aren't made for it. The second is that even when they do good work they have to face an unacknowledged sex antagonism.

II

The business girl evidences her fundamental feminine preoccupations in everything she does and says, during as well as after business hours. The talk in the rest rooms, when it does happen to verge on business topics, is usually in the form of criticism or complaint about individuals or conditions; and as for the

conditions, there's not much understanding of why they exist and very little idea as to whether they could be corrected. For women, in or out of business, are in the main intensely personal in their approach to whatever scene they find themselves part of; a job doesn't alter them in this respect.

"Butter, split peas, baking soda, graham crackers. . . ."

I found this list scrawled one day by an absentminded pencil on the bottom of the carbon copy of a letter I wanted to consult to refresh my mind on something fairly important. It did refresh my mind on something vastly important, on the fact that I had forgotten to check my own grocery list that morning.

While I had great sympathy for the married stenographer who had made the notes and filed the carbon without noticing what she had done, it made me wonder how many stenographers are taking dictation while their minds are trying to decide whether to buy meat or fish for that night's dinner.

The mind of a working woman is like a river. On the surface, in plain sight, sail the busy craft carrying the office thoughts; underneath runs the deep channel of her persistent and unavoidable concern with her feminine interests. The man becomes successful—when he does—because he usually thinks about business even when he is not in the office; the woman does not become successful largely because she has her personal concerns on her mind even when she is in the office. She still thinks like a housewife; business has not changed her fundamental preoccupations.

If she's young and unmarried and if she's parked patiently beside the boss's desk, pencil in hand, waiting for him to puzzle out how to say what he means in the letter he is trying to dictate, she is probably turning over in her thoughts the problem of whether to wear the printed silk or the blue crepe for her date that evening. If she is married and has children, she may not even be acutely aware that while she totals a column of figures on the adding machine her real problem is whether it might not be cheaper, in the long run, to buy new shoes for Junior instead of having the old ones resoled.

The mother in the office is up against a situation no man faces. When a wife calls on the phone, the man at the desk can say to her impatiently, "I can't talk to you now; I'm in conference."

It is different with the business mother. The well-trained maid doesn't interrupt the working mother during business hours. If she does call, and she *is* a well-trained maid, there's apt to be something pretty wrong at home. The mother's mind immediately flies to the children when the voice says, "This is Lena." She can't very well say to the maid, "Don't bother me; I'm in conference." The business mother loses her identity as such and becomes a plain frantic mother, however outwardly well-disciplined, the minute the voice on the phone says, "Junior's throwing another of those tantrums," or, "Sister just swallowed a safety pin."

Business girls know about business, but do they talk about it? They do not, excepting for those cracks and complaints already mentioned. If you go to lunch with a bunch of working females and you listen to their discourse with a critical ear, what do you hear? Women in the executive class may talk about the tax rate, political corruption, or office problems—but just bring up the maid-question and watch the vestments of public concern slip from their very

feminine shoulders! The girls below the executive class have a few inexhaustible topics. These include social functions (the shower for Jennie, the party Marge is having Saturday night, the boat ride the club is planning), the movies, their "boy friends," and, particularly, clothes and bargains.

The subjects are not only discussed orally but pursued physically during that all-too-short luncheon hour. We women gobble up our food to get to the stores; we wander, bemused, through the aisles leading past the counters filled with the ravishing objects we wish we could afford to buy. We penetrate to the little specialty shops to discuss those blouses in the window with the superior salesgirl who knows instinctively that we're not having any.

If you think women do not have their femininity constantly on their minds, have you ever noticed women's efforts to make more homelike the once barren wastes called offices? How about that little bunch of flowers on the stenographer's desk? Even the busy social editor, working in the highly unfeminine atmosphere of the newspaper office, will take time out to unpin the rosebud from her jacket and to stick it in a glass of water, where, incidentally, it is apt to stay until the water has completely evaporated, the rosebud is a bit of crumbling black petals, and the janitor decides he ought to do something about it.

The movement to try to fix up our offices to look like living rooms is another pathetic indication that we do not like what we've found in business and that we're shying away from it as far as we can get. We're trying to take the home into the office, because we aren't made for office work.

III

The other reason why we don't get along better in business is sex antagonism.

For generations we were fed up on the men in our own families. One of the reasons why we fought so hard to free ourselves from the vacuums and vapors of Victorian living was our longing to escape from those same men, to enjoy the triumph of showing them how far we could go if we once got away from their dictatorial influence.

We didn't stop to reflect, and certainly nobody pointed out to us, that in getting out from under the thumbs of our own men we should be getting in under the thumbs of other men who wouldn't be any appreciable improvement over our own kin. They aren't.

For one thing, these strangers are not constrained, as Papa and the boys were, to show some consideration for us when we are not feeling so well. Every working woman has heard her boss evidence sympathy for his wife when she isn't so well. "I think if you stay in bed to-day, dear," he will say in the ten o'clock phone call, "it will do you a world of good." No doubt it will. It would do the business woman a world of good too when such days arrive in her life; yet few if any business or industrial organizations have adequate accommodations for everybody to relax properly and to rest thoroughly during the day. It's invariably the days when business backs are breaking and business heads are splitting that the men pick out, with unerring instinct, to act particularly hellish, to discover overtime work for us to do, to growl and snap and bellow round the office as though they were in training for a little putsch of their own. We working women just have to take it.

We women have gone into nearly every business and profession, and wherever we go we are received with a surface courtesy that gives rise to the notion that sex antagonism has vanished from business. But it hasn't.

Being pent up and unexpressed vocally, the antagonism is probably bitterer now than it ever was. Nor is there any reason why it should not be worse than previously. By following man from the schoolroom and the home into his working fields and, for that matter, his playing fields, his clubs, his bars, his barber shops, we have stolen from him his last retreats. Now he never gets away from our sex. He is surrounded by women all day in his business life just as he has always been in his domestic and his social life. Our presence may have improved his manners slightly, though not in all cases. But it is questionable whether it has improved his morale.

The men have become either ashamed or afraid to say openly that they harbor resentment against women in their working life. Some of them probably don't resent it, for in the offices especially we women have carried on the age-long custom of making our men's lives easier and smoother. The man who says, "Wait till I ask my secretary about that," adding with a laugh, "She knows more about my business than I do," is speaking a truth wild horses couldn't drag from him unless he thought his remark were to be taken facetiously. Men don't resent women as long as we remain underlings, but I have yet to see a man who could take orders from a woman and like it. The boss will usually listen to a suggestion from a woman, remarking when she has finished that it isn't very practical and accompanying his remark with oratorical proof until she feels crushed at ever having imagined that such a thing could possibly benefit the business. Then a few months later he'll tell her what a smart new thing he has done, or she'll hear about it in some roundabout way. Thought it all up himself too, the bright little fellow! By that time he probably believes earnestly that he did think it up himself. But that's really all right. He pays her to have ideas; somebody's got to have them. The picture is entirely different if a woman happens to be the boss.

As for that, women themselves generally don't like women bosses. It's the eternal cat in them—both of them. The women workers have a very correct presentiment that another woman will understand what they mean no matter what they say; in fact, she'll understand what they mean whether or not they say it. That doesn't always work out to one's disadvantage. I have had a woman boss for ten years, and I now find dealing with men pretty slow going. She's fairer, ninety-nine per cent of the time, than any man I ever knew, and I've worked for plenty of them. She gives you a boost if you deserve it, and she smacks you down if that's what you rate. Moreover, if you're sick or sore or sorry you don't have to tell her about it. She tells you, usually after she's made arrangements for correcting your condition. She can get more work out of people than any man in the outfit ever could; she can do it not merely because she is a superior type of executive but because she is a superior type of human being. Men are quick to admit this last, probably because it's obvious even at a glance; but when she starts acting like an executive more than one of them will back up and begin to think of reasons why what she says doesn't make sense.

I remember chatting informally not long ago with a group of gentlemen who happened to be newspaper editors. After a bit of shilly-shallying, one of the men had the common sense to say flatly that he didn't give a damn what the women reporters wrote. "The minute I see women's copy come over the wire to our office," he said honestly, "I reach for my pencil and get ready to slash the hell out of it."

Another editor spoke up. "I don't," he said thoughtfully, "I don't even read it. I don't pretend to understand what it's all about." If his waistcoat hadn't been buttoned, he would have burst with pride as he enunciated this incontestable proof of his masculine superiority.

At this point a woman reporter in the room interrupted. "Well," she remarked humbly, "at least we know where we stand. We women reporters are writing about State electrification, slum clearance, release of production—things like that. With our limited vision, we had considered these to be subjects of consummate interest to all intelligent citizens. We had failed to recognize them as having essentially sexual characteristics."

But the first gentleman stuck to his guns in a way that you couldn't help admiring. "Well, what of it?" he asked, just as Papa used to, the loudness of his utterance evidently meant to compensate for its lack of logic. "Even if you women are writing about such things, you haven't any right to! Women shouldn't be messing round with such things."

He turned to his magnificent male confrères. "I don't know about you fellows," he said, "but that's the way I feel about it and I'm glad to get it off my chest. I don't expect to be able to do anything about it, either, but I guess it doesn't do any harm to face the fact." He relapsed into the huffy complacency of a small boy who has announced he isn't going to learn any new games just in case he might get licked if he played them.

I do not blame women for not getting farther than they have got in journalism. (At this point somebody will pipe up with, "Yes, but look at Dorothy Thompson and Anne O'Hare McCormick." But they're the exceptions, just what we're not talking about.) Women's slow progress in journalism is due, just as women's slow progress in every other field has been due, largely to the same old sex antagonism which makes editors relegate women to the social page and, if they can, keep them there.

This antagonism has a natural economic basis. Every new employee is a potential menace to the other workers, particularly in any line of work where originality or initiative counts. Why should not a man, who may have a family to support and who may be trying to support it, resent the appearance in his office of some sprightly young thing just out of college who may have more ideas in her head or more skill in her fingers than he has? He would be inhuman if he didn't resent it; he would be stupid in the bargain.

He will fear and resent the young man too, but he knows the young man should get on in business, that it's a man's natural field. He knows it isn't a woman's natural field; that, even if she doesn't get on, she has a chance to get married and to work out her destiny that way. He knows too that the boss will judge the young man on his work alone—but supposing that witch gets around him? It's been done, you know. If, incidentally, you're ever anxious

for a glimpse of black hatred you can find it in a bunch of girls who have to put up with the airs and graces of the girl who walks round the corner to step into the office manager's car. It's hard to tell whom they hate more, the girl or the office manager.

It's absurd to pretend, as we do, that sex antagonism has vanished in business, as though we parked our glands in the cloakroom with our hats and as if life stopped automatically at the office door. Our ductless glands don't stop functioning merely because we're sitting behind a desk instead of on a divan, or before a typewriter instead of before a piano. Nor do a man's.

In one of my first jobs I worked for a man who boasted that his motto was "I buy brains." He had never been to college, but he "bought brains" from Yale and Princeton and Harvard and he got a particular kick out of commenting proudly that every man on his staff was a college man—"excepting myself," he'd always add modestly, leaving you to draw your own conclusions. He had the notion common enough to many who have not dawdled away four years on a campus that there's something mysterious and elevating about a college education, so-called. It gave him, the unacademic, a feeling of particular pleasure and power to be able to shout orders at somebody who had won a bachelor's hood. He confused that feeling with "buying brains."

There was an opening for a salesman at one time, and one afternoon while the boss and I were brooding over the gap in the staff, I said, "I'll take the job."

Never shall I forget the look of amusement that crossed his face. "I only wish I could give it to you," he remarked kindly, without the remotest wish of the sort, "but we don't hire women to sell advertising for this magazine."

"How do you figure that one?" I asked very politely. "Look at this presentation one of your salesmen got up to show an automobile manufacturer how much appeal our publication has to prospective customers. Do you know where that salesman got his data? From me. I stayed here three nights to dig out that particular dope for him. He turned the statistics I gave him into paragraphs; that required the gigantic mental effort of dictating from my copy to a stenographer. I admit he supplied the conjunctions during the dictation. When it was over his woman stenographer typed it and bound it in that elegant form. Yet you've just put through a raise for him, a twenty-dollar-a-week raise.

"None of your salesmen, your 'college graduates,' ever goes out on a big job without coming in here first and getting his material from me. Each of them specializes in selling to one type of advertiser. To keep your 'college men' up to date, I have to have the information on every type of advertiser. I know every phase of the magazine. I certainly can talk as much and as long as any of these men. I can't drink as much, but maybe I could learn. You seem to think them sacrosanct and apart because they're 'college men.' Well, I'm a 'college woman.' And you 'buy brains.' Why can't I have the job? Or have I been making a mistake all this time and is it just sex you buy?"

The boss wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and scrawled something on the bottom of the memorandum I had just typed, the memorandum raising the salesman's salary. "Whew!" he said inelegantly, "you're certainly a hellcat when you get going."

P. S. I did not get the job. I got a raise of five dollars a week.

To this day no woman sells advertising for that national publication on the door of which the current boss hangs out the sign "I buy brains."

Sex antagonism is not entirely to blame for this situation, to be sure. Stenography has quite a lot to do with it. The girl who admits she knows stenography and typewriting is as good as lost. An employer doesn't want to lose a competent secretary, used to his ways, any more than his wife wants to lose a competent domestic.

If the secretary gets a chance to do anything else she'll have to fight like a vixen for it. Too many college girls crowd business subjects into their courses and by so doing jeopardize their own chances to be anything but a "secretary," a polite name, in many instances, for a super-slave.

College men don't do that. The secretarial job is supposed to be a spring-board from which one will dive gracefully into the deeper waters of salesmanship, management, or some other branch of business. Like as not, however, it will be the anchor holding your little boat firmly moored in the office-harbor, while some of the great big Vikings who were graduated the same year with you, or even years later, sail bravely forth to battle business storms you never will know. No boss I ever met, particularly one who hadn't been to college himself, would dream of asking the fine, upstanding young man from Amherst or Dartmouth how fast he can take dictation, the kind that is to be transcribed later, I mean. (At that, the question itself is usually a piece of front. You find out shortly that you could knit a whole afghan during the time most of the questioners spend trying to figure out what word they need next.) But even when a "college man" turns secretary, he usually draws down more pay than a girl in a similar job.

I think the chief reason why women as a sex take lower wages than men is our genetic consciences. We know we have no right to desert our homes and our families; so we take whatever we can get and say, smirking, "We haven't been in business long enough yet. . . ."

IV

We are not fooling anybody but ourselves. We are not fooling the men. That is particularly true in government. Did you ever know any women deputies? A woman deputy is the gal who knows all the answers. The bland gent who wears the good clothes, drinks with the boys, and makes a knockout toastmaster, knows just one answer: "Just a minute. I'll call Miss So-and-so. She's more familiar with the details of that than I am." She is, no doubt about that. Of course he has the great problems of government on his mind, and he can't have that powerful vehicle cluttered up with picayune detail. What the taxpayer usually pays for in government is personality, and if we get a good personality, why complain? If the taxpayer doesn't complain, why should the deputy? It would do her a lot of good, her salary being set by a group of males.

When the clerk of one New York State county board of supervisors died, his deputy got the job, after holding it unofficially for quite a while, while the honorable board of supervisors made up its composite mind about establishing the precedent of appointing a woman clerk.

The salary at which the woman was formally appointed was \$2,000 a year

less than the man had got. No doubt her picture in the newspapers, the flowers and the candy she received, were worth to her what the county saved. But why appoint an experienced person to a \$5,000 job and pay her only \$3,000? She was experienced; she'd been deputy for a good many years. Why jeopardize the efficiency of that county by taking on cheap labor? Why was the higher salary ever paid if there was only \$3,000 worth of work to be done? The excuse given was that the "new" clerk had a lot to learn. She certainly started off with a bang; few of us get a lesson worth \$2,000 a year right smack with the job we land.

The worst part of this, from the feminists' point of view—the best part of it from mine—is that the woman herself thought it was perfectly lovely. Quite apart from the honor and the encomiums, she no doubt considered she had done a big thing for her sex in getting a job no other woman had held. Actually, she was merely holding back a sex, part of which is loudly insistent on "equal rights." Where could the county have found a man who knew as much about the job as she knew? And what do you suppose will happen in that county when another woman applies for an appointive job in which she has had no experience? That new clerk weakened the possibilities of having any other woman ever appointed to office in this county at a salary a man would receive.

We women are so mealy-mouthed because of our genetic consciences that we think it's just wonderful when we get a break at all. We're grateful to men for letting us do their dirty work. We think we're doing pretty well in getting one portion of the male population to let us work for them so that we can help support the other portion.

If we had any pride we should refuse to work for the support of a healthy man or his children; if we had any pride, we should refuse to work at less than the price a man would be paid.

But we have no pride and no reason for pride, and the men know it, from the boss to the office boy. To be sure, we "saw through" our menfolk in other generations, but we gave them a personal service and we received a personal return, just what our glands lead us to demand. Now we render impersonal service, we receive impersonal returns. The men know that our flouncings round the business world are just a pose. They know that we shouldn't be there and that we know it. If they have a scorn and contempt for us, we have earned it by our willingness to work so hard for so little.

They know also that we can't answer back in business, most of us, any more than we could answer back at home. We can do our answering back of course from platforms of one kind or the other, or as we speak at public functions. But though those words may be well chosen and bravely delivered, they're really a blend of despair and of that long-ago unuttered impudence we were never allowed to blow off at home because Papa was such an old tyrant. He was just that because he was a male. His sons have been made in his image and likeness. We have found that out, we women in "gainful occupations."

We should do better to realize that we shall never wipe this sex antagonism out of the world. It is one of the prices we pay for being women. It is just one of the inescapable and permanent conditions in the world. Yet, when it gets too tough to take we can cry it off in the ladies' room.

Later, years later, if we've been so unwise as to continue to be business women, we shall not be able to cry off our wasted lives. Nor will society be able to cry off its own stupidity in having failed to fit us for our real work, in having taught us that we cannot do two jobs at once, and that in preparing ourselves for the business careers we are now seeking and finding, we are headed for the wrong job in life and, to go a bit Biblical, as we sow so shall we reap—or weep.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. The author states her thesis in the opening sentence. What is it?
2. What are the advantages of a short business experience for a girl?
3. Why should most girls not stay in business over five years?
4. Explain the statement: "The mind of a working woman is like a river."
5. What is the author's opinion of a knowledge of stenography and typing as part of a business girl's experience?
6. What is meant by the term "genetic conscience"?

Round Table

1. Is the author fair in her statements about woman's contributions to the business world?
2. Do you think business is a "blind alley" for most women?
3. Discuss the case of the woman who combines marriage and motherhood with a business career?
4. The author bases much of her argument on what she calls "sex antagonism." Is this as potent a force as she makes it?
5. Do you believe that the author's opinions are generally held by women? By men?

Paper Work

1. Consider the other side of this question—the story of the housewife who left business to marry.
2. Read Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows* and write a review of it.
3. Write a story incorporating this sentence as the theme: "It's the eternal cat in them—both of them."



Long ago in his famous description of the titanic encounter between Neate and the Gasman, William Haslitt demonstrated what perfection sports writing could achieve to. In our own time there have been some very expert practitioners of the art. Every sports reader has his favorites, but probably there would be some agreement that W. O. McGeehan, Paul Gallico, John Kieran, and JOHN R. TUNIS are somewhere near tops. All have had an eye on the implications of athletics in the modern scene, and the last named has not been alone in writing on other things than sporting events. The following essay, for example, is taken from his book, *This Writing Game* (1941), which has fully as much to say about the function of the reporter as it does about the performance of the superior athlete. In both things John R. Tunis speaks with an assurance born of experience. He was himself something of an athlete before he became a short story writer and reporter. He excelled in tennis, in particular, a fact which gives force to his commentary on that game.

WHAT THEY CALL SPORTSMANSHIP*

JOHN R. TUNIS

What is sportsmanship? Over the years I've seen as many definitions of this word as of terms like patriotism and democracy. Just what is sportsmanship? Certainly not the travesty under which it masquerades much of the time in our high-powered athletic set-up. Then exactly what is it?

One evening the idea crystallized in my mind thanks to some mawkish remarks made by a prominent athletic badger at a public dinner. In the pages that follow I therefore tried to define the word. The result was called bitter. Maybe so. As Somerset Maugham remarked: "Tolerance is a good quality in a man, I am not so sure it is a good quality in a writer."

"I'M GLAD," he wrote me last summer after the finals at Wimbledon, "that you like Mrs. Moody. Personally after observing her the day of the famous default at Forest Hills, she was ruled 'out' for me. I'm a stickler for good sportsmanship in any game."

Of course what my reproving friend really meant was that he is a stickler for the goofy, sentimental, and unthinking approach of the American to what for lack of a better term we call sports. All the while knowing in our hearts perfectly well that there is precious little sport in it.

Now if you can stagger along with me I shall try to show how false and spurious the attitude of the average American is toward what he likes to regard as sport, I shall attempt to prove that terms such as "sportsmanship" and "games" have no relationship whatsoever with the phenomenon of modern athletic exhibitionism as practiced in the United States, and I shall suggest that inasmuch as we live in the year 1939 we might as well face that fact. And cease pretending in relation to organized athletics that we are still back in the happy days of 1900.

But first of all maybe we'd better settle that question my friend raised about Mrs. Moody.

The facts are as follows. After an absence of three years from competitive

* From *This Writing Game*, by John R. Tunis, copyright, 1941, by A. S. Barnes and Company, New York.

tennis, Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, at the age of thirty-two, crossed to England last spring to regain at Wimbledon the title which she had won in 1935 by defeating Miss Helen Jacobs in the finals after once being within a point of defeat. The odds were certainly four or five to one against her success. "She can't do it," said George Lott before she left. "I'm thirty-two myself and I know." He was so sure that he was even willing to risk money on his judgment.

Many tennis players felt the same way. They were sure Mrs. Moody was to fail when she lost several small tournaments in England. Yet somehow she defeated the same players and reached the finals at Wimbledon a few weeks later. Imagine her surprise on entering the Center Court to find her rival Miss Helen Jacobs waiting.

The first nine games of that match were fine tennis. At an important point toward the end of the ninth game Miss Jacobs unfortunately pulled her Achilles' tendon, went lame and lost the set. From then on there was no match. There was only one player on the court. However Miss Jacobs asked for no quarter and was offered none. Mrs. Moody did not make the slightest gesture of regret or sympathy. She never once suggested that her adversary should take time out or rest for a few minutes. Instead she went along relentlessly, won the next seven games in as many minutes, and with them the match and the Wimbledon title for the eighth time. For this behavior she was castigated by the public both in England and in this country. Many felt she should have acted differently.

Now the rules of lawn tennis state that play must be continuous from the time of the first service. No breather could therefore have been permitted or any rest allowed, and a suggestion to that effect from her would have been as phony as the Townsend Plan. It is true she showed no sympathy. She made no move such as Fred Perry, for instance, or Bill Tilden would have made under similar circumstances. Any gesture of this kind would have been immensely popular with the sentimental British gallery, but it would have been equally phony. As Mr. A. Wallis Myers, writing in the *London Telegraph* put it succinctly:

"Mrs. Moody was criticized by many onlookers for her apparent indifference to her adversary's affliction. She offered no sympathy on court. That is her way and by this mental detachment and complete abstraction in the game itself she has come to her fame and her record."

It is, incidentally, a record no woman, not even the great Suzanne Lenglen has ever equaled. To win the Wimbledon singles championship eight times stamps Mrs. Moody as the greatest player of her sex of her time, if not of all time.

By winning the four major tennis titles in the year 1938, Don Budge did something no player has ever done before. The performance was clouded, however, because he beat only mediocre players. The fact is that the giants of the game no longer exist. His opponents in the four finals: Bromwich in Australia, Menzel in Paris, Austin in London and Mako in New York were all second raters. (They won't like this designation, but facts are facts.) Mrs. Moody, on the other hand, by returning after three years' absence to win the Wimbledon title from one of the strongest fields ever to play there, performed a far more remarkable feat. Certainly it was by all odds the outstanding athletic triumph of 1938. But because it was not done in the hoopla manner, because Mrs.

Moody went ahead remorselessly to accomplish what she had planned to do, this feat was not recognized as it should have been.

Over the air the night of the finals at Wimbledon I tried as dispassionately as possible to explain to American listeners what an amazing feat she had performed. The sporting Babbitts of the new world were instantly aroused. One man even wasted fifteen dollars to call on the telephone from the United States to my room in the Cumberland in London to objugate me for having praised the victor. Letters, for the most part anonymous and for the most part from California, poured upon me. They were invariably from persons who had not seen the match, but were sure I was wrong. Even the newspaper sportswriters and even the players heaped scorn on Mrs. Moody. Thus Miss Alice Marble writing for the International News Service directly after the match said: "It is difficult for those of us who love the game not to let it remain a sport—after all, it's only a sport."

Only a sport? But Alice, intercollegiate football, the Olympic Games and the championship tennis you play have no more relation to sport than you have to Eleanor Roosevelt. Anyone who believes that sort of tripe ought to have his head examined. My guess is that Miss Marble, whose intelligence is beyond question, dashed off that parrot-like phrase without thinking. Surely, she must know better than anyone that tennis at Wimbledon is different from garden party tennis; that precisely what it is *not* is sport; that nowadays it is business. Sometimes indeed big business.

If you win, that is. For to be champion at Wimbledon means, among other things, a \$25,000 lecture contract throughout this broad and pleasant land (Kansas City tonight, Topeka tomorrow, and Wichita on Friday.) It means contracts with newspaper syndicates at flattering terms, opportunities to sing at the Waldorf with Coleman's Band, articles in the big magazines, chances to place the "Eleanor Tennant tennis frock," the "Eleanor Tennant sports shoe," the "Eleanor Tennant pantie," and the "Eleanor Tennant girdle" in Fifth Avenue department stores. It means chances to—but why go on? Miss Alice in Wonderland must know all this far better than anyone. When she calls this sort of thing sport she insults the intelligence of her readers.

To return to that match at Wimbledon. Afterward my feeling was that Miss Jacobs might have been wiser had she retired after her injury, thus saving us all a rather painful half-hour. But she chose to continue, as was her right in a free country, for this, remember, was in June before Mr. Chamberlain was turning both cheeks to Mr. Hitler. Mind you, I'm not defending Mrs. Moody. Nor would she want me to, doubtless preferring some friend nearer Wimbledon in that role. I'm simply saying Mrs. Moody's attitude toward the system is consistent and highly intelligent as things stand in the world at present. Hers is a 1939 approach to a 1939 problem. We live in a realistic epoch in which young men and women champions demand something more for their talents than silver cups, the smiles of old men with badges and three banquets and speeches yearly.

Mrs. Moody never pretends. If I read her attitude correctly, she says in effect something like this: "Athletics today are tough. I wish to win. Victory is important. To win you must be hardboiled. Gestures of sympathy which

would deceive and gladden the hearts of the childish British public might be pretty but they would upset my concentration. Once my concentration is gone, my strongest weapon is broken. I'm out here in this court for one thing: victory. If Helen Jacobs can't stand on her pins, that's her misfortune. My job is to get the ball over the net once oftener than she does." Game, set and match, Mrs. Moody 6-4, 6-0. Thanks very much and thank you, Helen. . . .

There will be a short pause for station announcement.

Now if all this annoys you, if you begin to bristle as you read these lines, be sure of one thing. Your approach to sport is Edwardian. You prefer not to believe. You are an ostrich. You are still living, athletically speaking, in the dear departed days when Walter J. Travis was national golf champion, when Larned and the two Wrenns were defending the Davis Cup. When Yale and Harvard were without benefit of Athletic Directors, Graduate Managers, Public Relations Departments, head coaches, trainers, rubbers, doctors, and all the rest of the mob who batten off commercialized athletics today. In other words, when football still had some vague resemblance to a game, when amateurs like Joshua Crane and Edgar Wrightington were fumblingly and unsuccessfully trying to coach the Crimson, when Walter Camp was the god, the Zeus, the All-Highest of football.

Today we ask only one thing of our athletic heroes and heroines: the impossible. That's all. We merely ask them to possess at one and the same time characteristics which are quite incompatible: to be generous, to be sweet, attractive, sensitive citizens of the world. And at the same time to be winners. To be victorious in a rough and tough racket. In a survival-of-the-fittest-with-rules. That's what we send boys and girls into. Then we wonder why, after a few years' climbing over other folk's prostrate bodies, they are unsuitable for human intercourse. Watch the lines in the faces of the champions at twenty-five or thirty. Observe the selfish mouths, the hard lips, the cruel eyes. We've done it, you and I, and all the Moronic American sports public, ever demanding, always insisting on more and more thrills, bigger and bigger records.

It occurs to me that so far I've only mentioned two sports, and those both of the elite: tennis and football. The same thing is to be found in the sports of the mob, in games like professional hockey and prize-fighting. The crowd claims it loves the speed, the thrill of ice hockey, but what it really goes for is to see the men mixing it up with their sticks. That's what brings them to their feet. So in prize-fighting. It isn't the element of sport, the science and skill of the boxer that attracts most spectators, it's the hope of seeing a man knocked out, the human lust for blood.

When Joe Louis dropped Max Schmeling a year ago in the first round of their bout in New York, everyone spoke of the Negro's savage attack and attributed it to his dislike of the German. When he met his friend, John Henry Lewis, in January of this year, the experts wondered whether the champion would "carry" his friend along for a few rounds. Actually, he murdered him in less than one round, taking only twenty-five seconds more than he did to finish Schmeling. There's no such thing as friendship in big time sport today, too much is at stake. And it doesn't matter whether the sport is tennis or tiddlywinks or prize-fighting, either.

"What is a fight," asks Richards Vidmer, "except an exhibition of savagery?" What indeed? Mr. Vidmer, the boxing expert of the *New York Tribune* tells about a girl after the Louis-Lewis bout remarking that she didn't like Joe Louis. "He's so cruelly cold, like something out of a jungle. He has no heart at all."

"To which," says Mr. Vidmer correctly, "I would say that's just what makes a great fighter. After all he isn't supposed to be a violinist or a ballet dancer or a Don Juan. He's supposed to be a prize-fighter. And his cruel, vicious performance in the ring is what it should be. It's all very well to talk about the science of self-defense, but the fight fans don't get much satisfaction watching a couple of Fancy Dans in a toe dance. They want something as close to murder as legally possible." Certainly. Let's admit this frankly as Mr. Vidmer does and stop talking about sport and sportsmanship.

What is sportsmanship? Ever think it over? Sportsmanship is generosity, that's all. Fair play, yes, decent treatment for the other man, by all means. But chiefly, it's generosity. Let me assure you if you are not already aware of it that generosity has little place in the prize ring or the gridiron today. Of course there are incidents which seem to belie this. The throwing of points in a Davis Cup match, that false and completely untrue gesture. (I never saw Mrs. Moody make it.) The pulling to his feet of a fallen opponent on the football field. Yes, occasionally one does see these things. What you do not see are the dented tin cups in the locker room as the men take their trousers off after a big game. What you never hear are the remarks in the Ladies' Dressing Room when the match is over, and the term "bitch" refers to either or both contestants.

Generosity? Don't be funny. How on earth can generosity flourish in an atmosphere of greed and extreme selfishness? And how can a great athlete win, save by asserting his personality, by using his will power to break up the other man's game: This goes for them all. Do you imagine this sort of thing makes for real generosity?

If sportsmanship really existed, would it be necessary today to have seven or eight men to regulate a match of football, and fourteen officials on the court to supervise a tennis game between a couple of twenty-two-year-old boys? Ostensibly these men are there to judge, to pass on the rules, to settle technical questions that may arise. Actually, they are there because there isn't any sportsmanship between the various contestants. How can there be when so much is at stake? The important thing in every branch of athletics today is victory. That's what counts.

An illustration of real sportsmanship happened in my sight last summer. At a baseball game, played by two amateur teams there was a green second baseman, on one side. A runner on first started for second, and the baseman took the wrong side of the bag so that the runner had either to spike the man or slide in such a way he would risk breaking his own leg. He chose the latter course and did break his leg. In college or professional ball the baseman would have been spiked. Why not?

Today when equal meets equal in big time athletics, sportsmanship doesn't exist save on the surface. As soon expect asparagus to grow in Death Valley. "Sportsmanship," say the football coaches. "Forget it. Go in there and fight.

Fight, you men. What the hell are you doing, playing ring-around-a-rosy? For Christ's sake, block, will you? Sportsmanship . . . just forget that Sunday School stuff, get in there and fight."

In this connection it's interesting to note that modern football games have become completely pageantized, with bands on the field almost as important as the players. Time was when the bands were composed of a dozen feeble musicians who helped the student singing. Today in many universities there is almost no singing by the undergraduates, but a show put on by a couple of professionalized musical performers for the entertainment of the customers, musicians who have been bought to come to college exactly like the players. The average undergraduate has no more connection with this band than with his eleven.

Yet sometimes I wonder whether, after all, the ostriches aren't right. Because the fact is (and why bring that up?) that the goofy, sappy American sports public adores the fictions with which since childhood it has surrounded its famous athletes. It likes to believe that our football players are starry-eyed Sir Galahads spurred on by the cause of sound learning and inspired by the zeal for an education. The American public has become so conditioned to all sorts of athletic humbuggery that it prefers to pretend the thing it knows at heart is a racket, is really good clean sport between chivalrous and sportsmanlike adversaries; that the Wimbledon Amazons are virgins who toil not neither do they spin, who live without work or worry. Or money, either. What rot it all is. Will someone please open a window?

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What type of man could be characterized as "a prominent athletic badger"?
2. Locate Wimbledon and Forest Hills.
3. How does Mr. Tunis characterize the approach of the American who expects sportsmanship in major athletic contests?
4. What does the phrase "modern athletic exhibitionism" imply?
5. Who predicted that Helen Wills Moody could not win at thirty-two, and why did his opinion carry weight?
6. Describe what happened in the Jacobs-Moody match.
7. Interpret: "as phony as the Townsend Plan."
8. What might Perry or Tilden have done in Mrs. Moody's stead? How would Tunis have regarded it?
9. What defense was offered of her conduct in the *London Telegraph*?
10. Compare Mrs. Moody's victory with Don Budge's record in the same year, 1938.
11. What reception did Tunis' broadcast of the match to America have?
12. To whom does Tunis apply the epithet "Miss Alice in Wonderland"?
13. What are some of the rewards of victory at Wimbledon?

14. What is a newspaper syndicate?
15. How does Tunis analyze Mrs. Moody's reaction to Miss Jacobs' determination to continue?
16. Interpret: "Now if all this annoys you . . . your approach to sport is Edwardian."
17. What impossible demands do we make of athletic heroes and heroines today?
18. What really attracts crowds to professional hockey and prize-fighting?
19. What word is the perfect synonym for "sportsmanship," according to Mr. Tunis?
20. In what connection does Mr. Tunis cite college bands?

Round Table

1. In "amateur" athletics where does the area of "sportsmanship" end? Are any sports exempted from Mr. Tunis' generalization? Star-boat racing?
2. Is "sportsmanship" worth preserving? How would you go about preserving it?
3. Is "sportsmanship" a survival of chivalry, and as such, a thing happily outmoded anyway?

Paper Work

1. Describe an instance of sportsmanship to which you were witness.
2. Describe a notorious instance of the "dog eat dog" attitude.
3. Is there any sportsmanship in modern warfare? Write a paper giving your ideas on this subject.
4. Write a paper on one of the following topics: (a) Let's Abolish Extramural Athletics; (b) Football: Too Much of a Luxury; (c) None but Undergraduates and Alumni May Attend; (d) Football Finances the Things You Like; (e) I Learned More from the Coach than from Any Professor; (f) High Power Athletics Provides the Best Training for the Competitive Experiences of Life.

Speaking and writing English well is regarded by the average person as so easy a task that better results are expected from teachers of the subject than seem to be obtained. With no apologies for the existence of her work, a college teacher of English writes here of some of the fallacies in the charges made against it. ADELINE COURTNEY BARTLETT was born in Tennessee and educated at Vanderbilt University and at Columbia, where she got her Ph.D. degree. She has taught English to a whole generation of students in many institutions, and has been since 1929 a member of the English Department of Hunter College in New York City. So it is that she speaks with good-humored and patient authority and not as a self-confident but essentially ignorant layman.

"THEY WRITE WORSE AND WORSE" *

ADELINE COURTNEY BARTLETT

"FROM ALL sides, academic and nonacademic, we hear complaints of the inability of the average Harvard graduate to write, either correctly or fluently." This old familiar statement, lifted from President Conant's report for 1938-1939, stared at me from the editorial page of the *New York Times* for January 25, 1940. There too was its inseparable companion: "Why is this decline and fall-off? There are English courses to burn."

With a change of one word, President Conant's sentence (with its Siamese twin from the *New York Times*) will serve me as text, as it has served so many thousands before me and will unfortunately serve thousands after me. For *Harvard* read *college*. Now the sentence has become an extract from the report of any college president in any year, a springboard for an editorial in any newspaper on any day of the year. And it is now the text of magazine articles to burn.

What should boys and girls learn in their high-school and college English classes? How to express themselves "correctly" and fluently of course, snort the complainers. That is a very simple thing, they add.

No. Expressing one's self in writing is a very complex operation. It never has been simple since the first scratches were made on the cave walls of the Dordogne. To be sure, back in the days when I was in high school and college our English work was relatively uncomplicated. There was no public demand that we should learn in our English classes all sorts of things only remotely connected, if at all, with writing and English literature. Yet even then there were some who could write passably and some who could not. Those who could, oftener than not, could also read Latin and solve geometry. Those who could not, oftener than not, also gave a mediocre performance in Latin and geometry. Boys and girls of 1940 are not entirely different from those of my undergraduate days.

Long ago the complaint that students do not write so well as they used to write began to seem to me a mere variation on the *Ubi Sunt* theme. ("*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!*") In almost twenty-five years of teaching, chiefly Eng-

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lish, but now and then a Latin class, in various schools and colleges in Tennessee, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, the Orient, and New York City, I have found students at all times and in all places to be by and large the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. Some are amazingly good. Some are unspeakably bad. The vast majority are, as I rather imagine they always have been, just indifferent, indifferent in both senses.

Who makes this double-barreled complaint that students cannot write so well as they used to write? A competent judge? Not always. I hear it almost as often as I hear the wind blowing, and chiefly from the Academic World and the Business World, hereinafter to be known by their first initials as Professor A and Mr. B.

When Professor A was an undergraduate he was an excellent student. He majored in mathematics or in history or in physics, but he also and somewhat incidentally, I am afraid, acquired the habit of writing in conventional form, with some ease, and with a certain degree of clarity. Professor A had not only a good brain, which enabled him to acquire whatever mental habits he cared to acquire, but also subjects of study in which he was thoroughly interested. Whether young A understood what was happening to him or not, he must soon have become aware that he had something to say to others and that the task of communication was his responsibility, not theirs. But nowadays Professor A, as a college teacher of mathematics or history or physics, finds in his classroom hordes of students who write in anything but conventional form, with evident unease, and with a muddiness of thought that drives Professor A to drink. He goes about shouting openly that students are not so good as they used to be, and less openly—though very little less—he whispers that the English department is not doing its duty. Why can't these students be made to write "correctly" and fluently?

For the same reason, Professor A, that your teachers could not make some of your classmates do it. When you were an undergraduate a class of twenty-five to thirty members might have had two A students, five or six B students, eighteen to twenty-three C, D, and F students. The classes you teach divide in much the same way. What you seem to forget is that back in the good old days you read your own paper and possibly that of another A student. Few C, D, and F papers are read for their entertainment value. Is it not likely too, Professor A, that in twenty-five years you have attained to a higher degree of discrimination, a keener feeling for style? We cannot throw away our mature taste if we would—but we can be honest. We can set the A students of 1915 up against the A students of 1940 and the D students of 1940 up against the D students of 1915. Like many other college teachers, I was an A student when I was an undergraduate, but I am sure that some of my best students to-day write better than I did then. And I firmly believe the slipshod habits and muddled thinking that exasperate me—and Professor A—in the work of our poorer students were equaled if not surpassed in the D and F papers of our contemporaries.

Professor A, although he writes clearly and "correctly" himself, is the victim of the common delusion that the English language is a science, its content as orderly and as immutable as the multiplication table or the dates of the Punic

and the Peloponnesian Wars. Yet words are fluid and unstable things, and English usage and idiom shift too, in most instances with the slow movement of a glacier but in some with a speed more suggestive of an avalanche. Few persons not actively engaged in the study of English realize how many of their notions of "correctness" and "incorrectness" were established by eighteenth-century grammarians, none too well qualified for the work they did. To lexicographers and grammarians to-day the eighteenth-century worship of fixed laws and regularity at the expense of truth is almost as amusing as it has been mischievous. A grammarian or lexicographer to-day would not set down in print that the best English usage (for he would not use the word "correct") is thus and so unless his careful research proved that the best writers and speakers of English actually do use thus and so. More important still, if such research should prove that some of the best writers and speakers use "thus" but that others undeniably use "so," he would not make his personal choice between "thus" and "so" and attempt to impose that choice on the public, with its naïve faith that grammars are "correct," no matter who writes them. Eighteenth-century grammarians were seldom so inhibited, or rather, most of them cared far less what people actually say than what people, in their judgment, "ought" to say. They were classically trained, and they knew little (and understood less) of the Germanic origins of English syntax and idiom. They seemed to feel snobbishly that English, an unkempt and sprawling tongue, might come to be as well-groomed and respectable as the Latin of Cicero *if* they could only get English into a straitjacket and keep the unruly thing there.

They succeeded admirably. The teacher of English to-day, fully appreciating the difficulty and trying in some small measure to free students from the straitjacket and to release their pent-up fluency, is met by puzzled questions. "But Professor A told us the other day in history class that a split infinitive is always and absolutely 'incorrect.'" "But Professor A marked my physics quiz down because I ended a sentence with a preposition." "But Professor A says it's always wrong to begin a sentence with *and*."

It never enters Professor A's head that I may be more liberal in these matters than he is, for the rules are "correct" and I presumably know the rules. Presumably. Professor A sometimes stops me in the corridor or as I lift my teacup in the faculty room at four o'clock. "Tell me, you're an English teacher, you ought to know. My students put adverbs between the parts of verb phrases—like this, 'I should never have gone.' That's not right, *is* it?" "I wish you'd settle something for me. My daughter says, 'Dad, that tie looks good on you,' and I tell her she ought to say, 'That tie looks well.' Good's an adjective and well's an adverb." Then there is that time-honored triad, "I feel ill," "I feel bad," and "I feel badly." I sometimes feel as if I could devote all my time to teaching Professor A instead of the students, except that he would never pay me the slightest attention, and just now and then they do. He never believes a word I say, despite his invariable preamble that I'm an English teacher, I ought to know. Instead he believes what he remembers of what he learned from Woolley's *Handbook of Composition* twenty-five years ago.

Just let me tell Professor A that English usage in many instances has never been rigidly fixed, that semantic change goes on forever, and that much of the

spelling foisted on the English-speaking world by the "correct" and classical minds of the eighteenth century is unhistorical, illogical, and, worst of all, unnecessary. What happens? Either he does not listen or he blinks at me suspiciously and departs to wonder to the president if I am a fit person to be teaching English, I seem to have very radical ideas, and he doubts that I hold my students to any sound standards at all. Nevertheless, I am only uttering what, to a philologist, are elementary truths.

Mr. B, on the other hand, may not have been a good student in high school and college, assuming that he was exposed to such influences. In that case Mr. B wants a girl to take his stuttering and incoherent dictation and effect its metamorphosis into clear and "correct" English. He does not, naturally, expect to pay liberally for such simple work as that, although he may be a trifle more liberal toward the ghosts who write his after-dinner speeches and his addresses for the XYZ convention and his signed magazine articles. But whether he went to college or not, whether he was a good student or not, Mr. B springs to action in behalf of outmoded and never-too-securely-based rules of English usage just as quickly as Professor A does, and if possible a bit more arrogantly.

Some years ago the National Council of Teachers of English sponsored a study of English usage made by the late Professor Sterling Andrus Leonard of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Leonard and his associates consulted authors, editors, teachers of English, specialists in English philology, and business men, with reference to such matters of divided usage as: "it's me" or "it's I"; "the chapter whose contents" or "the chapter the contents of which"; and "go slow" or "go slowly." *Current English Usage*, a statement of the survey findings, would seem to indicate that the business men were the most—shall we say conservative?—of the group. They were also, significantly, the only ones who would not allow their names to be used in the published results.

It is certainly Professor A and Mr. B who make this familiar complaint to me. It is they, I believe, who reiterate to the *New York Times* and to President Conant that students of to-day cannot write "correctly" or fluently. As if anyone genuinely interested in anything, from the nebular hypothesis to artificial eyelashes, could escape fluency on that subject—unless afflicted by a speech impediment or tormented by the self-conscious fear of being "incorrect."

II

Is the complaint justified? Yes and no. It is double-barreled, I said. The first barrel I think amply justified, except that I prefer "The average student does not write correctly or fluently" to "The average student cannot write correctly or fluently." Even the average student, I fancy, could write much better than he does, but I am handicapped by a lack of acquaintance with the average student. My own students vary in native ability and in acquired habits of precision quite as much as do workers in any field in the outside world. Even my C and D students have their own individuality, sometimes admirable, very often charming.

Therefore they do not always write alike. They show indeed remarkable ingenuity in the changes they ring on stereotyped blunders. Teachers of English composition are at their wits' end, moreover, to devise some way to make a mark register discrimination between Mr. (or Miss) Jones, whose ideas are feeble

and obviously second-hand but who rarely commits a major crime against the handbook and the spellingbook, and Mr. (or Miss) Smith, whose ideas are vigorous and fresh and entertaining but who is not yet convinced that attention to form and mechanics is worth the sacrifice of time better spent at the movies or on the tennis court. Mr. Smith knows that he is going into business and will ultimately, if not immediately after leaving college, turn those piffling details over to a stenographer, who had better know her stuff or else. He is aware that his father, a successful manufacturer of rubber bands, and his father's friends have little truck with margins and commas, pronoun reference and dangling participles. Miss Smith, if she plans a career, may wish to be a dancer or to model furs and evening gowns. Professor A and Mr. B should know as well as I do how much stress is put on good writing in her chosen professions. However others may feel about it, I cannot altogether condemn the Smiths. They are young, they take the world as they find it. If the world honored and rewarded "correct" and fluent writing as the world honors and rewards tennis and dancing and rubber bands, you may be very sure that the Smiths would write "correctly" and fluently.

As a matter of cold fact, the Smiths write abominably—just as the Smiths have always written abominably—not only because they don't care but also because they have never had from their overburdened English teachers the individual attention that is essential for good results in teaching composition to a Smith. Any competent English teacher (by which I do not mean the athletic director who is assigned a class in English composition because anybody can teach English) knows that a student will often hear and heed a piece of advice given in individual conference, even though the same piece of advice given in the class hour will pass in at one ear and out at the other. That is why the teacher of composition should have fewer students than other teachers, instead of more. In many colleges, composition classes are so large that little individual teaching can be done, and that little—little only from the students' point of view—is a back-breaking load in addition to the instructors' regular schedules. If the world were really concerned about the way the Smiths write, teachers of composition would be given opportunities more nearly commensurate with the difficulties of the task.

There is something else that adds to those difficulties. Now and then a hard-won sixth sense warns me that Smith's theme was prepared for him by some student service at nine cents a page or was copied from a book in the college library or was bequeathed to him by a sister at Barnard or a cousin at California State. It is, however, one thing to be aware that Smith is cheating and another thing to prove it to the satisfaction of Smith himself, the college administration, and Smith's family, who by some quirk of fate often seem to know the right people. If Professor A and Mr. B, hearing that such lapses from honesty are frequent, growl that this is indeed a disheartening state of affairs, they only faintly guess how sick it makes me. Nevertheless, even here I cannot think Smith primarily to blame. When his mother pays her ghost to write club papers and his father pays more than one ghost to write after-dinner speeches and business addresses, who is Smith to criticize the family ethics? The holier-than-thou attitude is almost as distasteful to me as dishonesty is—perhaps not

quite. I think that Smith is logical, that he has as much right to his ghost as his father and mother have to theirs.

As for the other barrel of the complaint, it must be more than apparent that I think the students of the past are overrated by Professor A and Mr. B. The Smiths, I believe, do as well as they ever did. To me, students of to-day seem quite as alert and quite as able as they were a generation ago, and quite as well informed. They do not always know the things we thought we knew a generation ago, but they sometimes know things that we did not dream of.¹ I find them, on the whole, satisfactory young men and women, and I find their English, in particular, not notably worse than that of my own college generation.

Why is it that anyone who points to a college class of twenty-five years ago, or one hundred and twenty-five years ago, invariably points to the brilliant members of the group and the brilliant members alone? Thoreau, mentioned in the *Times* editorial as representative of the good old days when students were writers, was certainly not the only representative of Harvard, 1837. How well did the others write? Furthermore, several young men and young women able to write "correctly" and fluently, if not with distinction, have graduated from college since 1837, even since 1937. And such a reputation as Thoreau's is not made in the years immediately following graduation, is not always made in the writer's own lifetime. Thoreau's, for instance, was not. How can Professor A and Mr. B know what posterity will have to say of the young now writing?

Oh, they reply, we don't mean the professionals. We mean, says Professor A, the students in our advanced classes. We mean, says Mr. B, the boys and girls who want jobs with us. They are the ones who cannot write "correct" English.

Are they? I repeat that you, Professor A and Mr. B, often seem to have no adequate idea of "correct" English yourselves, and that you, Mr. B, get from your young jobhunters an English that is quite possibly as good as your own and quite certainly as good as you deserve.

Remember, Professor A and Mr. B, that there is no other subject of so-called study in college that Smith is obliged to have on parade in his intercourse with you, his judges. If he is a C student in mathematics, do you detect his mathematical weakness in his letters and his conversation? Luckily for the reputation of mathematics classes, social demonstrations of the binomial theorem and parabolic curves are rare. Nor do most prospective employers demand, as a prerequisite for their twenty dollars a week, absolute accuracy in the dates of the kings of England. I have never heard of Mr. B's requiring a young jobhunter to sit down and discuss in masterly fashion the industrial revolution or the fourth dimension. Until I have definite evidence to the contrary, I am willing to wager more dollars than I shall ever see that Smith's English is just about as good, on a percentage basis, as his history or his mathematics.

III

If you retort, Professor A and Mr. B, that the history and mathematics percentage is not good enough for English, I quite agree. If you argue that English

¹ I did that on purpose.

expression is not, like mathematics and history, a matter of contents to be learned, but a matter of fundamental skill and power, on which all other subjects of study ultimately depend, I agree with even greater fervor. And if you insist that you *must* have better English from Smith—as you could have—there are three simple aids to his improvement that would, without any conscious cerebration, immediately occur to the mind of almost any teacher of English composition.

It would help somewhat, Professor A and Mr. B, if you yourselves learned more about the English language. If, for instance, you should ever grasp the fact that some of the usages you dearly love are, in the opinion of competent philologists, not merely not the only “correct” locutions, but sometimes actually “incorrect,” you might have more charity when some expression on the lips or the paper of a new student or a new stenographer happened to conflict with your own pet notions. You might even learn to see the spacious confines of the wood, which you have heretofore missed, because you have always been so busy pruning the trees.

It would help rather more if you both, as taxpayers, saw to it that the English departments in your high schools and colleges had programs at least no more burdensome than those of other departments. Any English teacher is flatteringly assumed by most boards of education, high or low, to be capable of handling twice as many students in class as a teacher of biology or mathematics, and of dealing with a cartload of weekly themes besides. After sitting up all night to criticize and mark the themes, she—a composition teacher is nearly always she—must use any and all free hours in her day for conferences with students who misunderstand the criticism or resent the mark or both. She then misses promotion because she is not a “productive scholar” with a learned book each year, a learned article each month. It is possible that a lighter load for the teacher of composition would produce more satisfactory results in the students’ writing. At least, it might be tried.

But it would help most, Mr. B, if you discouraged cheating in academic work, even that done by your own sons and daughters. If you had, instead of a half-contemptuous lip service, a genuine respect for scholarly standards and scholarly achievements, my students—your young jobhunters—would have it too. They would write “correctly” and fluently.

In short, the millennium would have arrived.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Why is the title in quotation marks?
2. Explain the phrase “its Siamese twin.”
3. What does Dr. Bartlett say about the simplicity of writing “correctly and fluently”?
4. What are “the cave walls of the Dordogne”?
5. What new demands have been thrust upon English classes?
6. Explain: “variation on the *Ubi Sunt* theme.” Translate: “*Mais où sont les neiges d’antan!*” Who was the original author of this line?

7. In what two senses does Dr. Bartlett use the word *indifferent*?
8. For what "worlds" do "Professor A and Mr. B." stand?
9. How does Dr. Bartlett answer Professor A's complaint?
10. What comparison of the students of 1915 and those of 1940 would be logical and fair?
11. What were the Punic and the Peloponnesian Wars?
12. Explain the delusion under which Professor A suffers in believing the English language to be a science.
13. What is "semantic change"?
14. Explain the allusion to "the ghosts" who write Mr. B's after-dinner speeches.
15. Explain what Dr. Bartlett means by saying that the complaint is "double-barreled."
16. Why do "the Smiths write abominably"?
17. Why is individual teaching needed in English classes?
18. Explain: "Smith's family . . . often seem to know the right people."
19. What "family ethics" lead the student to feel justified in cheating in his paper work?
20. In Dr. Bartlett's opinion how do contemporary students compare with those of twenty-five years ago.
21. Why are weaknesses in English expression so frequently observed by Professor A and Mr. B.?
22. How can Professor A and Mr. B help Smith improve his English?

Round Table

Propositions for discussion:

1. More English composition is learned from individual conferences than from class work or theme writing.
2. A student's employment of a "Ghost-Writing Bureau" is ethical and fully justified.
3. Any teacher can teach English.
4. In the world of business, matters of correctness and fluency concern the stenographer and not the business man.

Paper Work

1. Write a book review of Sterling Leonard's *Current English Usage*.
2. Make an outline of Dr. Bartlett's essay.
3. From Professor A's point of view write a reply to Dr. Bartlett's essay.
4. From Mr. B's point of view reply to some of the charges which the author makes against the average business man.
5. Write a theme in which you reply to one of Dr. Bartlett's comments on the character and capacity of the contemporary college student.

"Human engineering," or the scientific adjustment of men to their labors, is of such recent birth that its successful practitioners are relatively few. Among them is Professor JOHNSON O'CONNOR (1891—). He was born in Chicago, educated at Harvard, and trained in scientific research and in personnel work. In 1922 he organized for the General Electric Company a "Human Engineering Laboratory" for the study of employees and applicants for positions. In 1931 he became Associate Professor and Director of Psychological Studies at the Stevens Institute of Technology, and later Director of the Human Engineering Laboratories in Boston and Chicago. Besides numerous occupational studies and reports, he has written *Born That Way* (1928), *Psychometrics* (1934), and *Johnson O'Connor English Vocabulary Builder* (1937).

VOCABULARY AND SUCCESS*

JOHNSON O'CONNOR

WHAT IS SUCCESS? And how is it gained? Whether one thinks of success as financial reward, or as assured social position, or as satisfaction in able work accomplished and recognized, or as a combination of the three and something more, many factors contribute. Most of them elude our understanding and remain intangibly beyond definition. A vital force drives some individuals over every obstacle. With others that great generalization, character, adds strength of a different sort. Neither may ever be restricted to a hard and fast formula; certainly, at the moment, neither can be measured. But other more concrete constituents of success have been isolated and studied in the laboratory. One of these is a large English vocabulary.

An extensive knowledge of the exact meanings of English words accompanies outstanding success in this country more often than any other single characteristic which the Human Engineering Laboratories have been able to isolate and measure.

What is meant by vocabulary? Just what the word signifies. Does the word *enervating* mean *soothing*, *exciting*, *distressing*, *invigorating*, or *weakening*? For most well-educated persons the choice is between *invigorating* and *weakening*. Fifty-two per cent of the college graduates whom we have measured choose *invigorating* as the synonym; only sixteen per cent choose *weakening*, the dictionary definition. Does *stilted* in the phrase, "his stilted manner," mean *irresolute*, *improper*, *cordial*, *stiffly formal*, or *vicious*? A majority of educated persons mark *stiffly formal*, but more than a third mark *irresolute*. Answers to the meaning of *scurrilous*, in the phrase, "scurrilous rogue," divide themselves more or less evenly between *hurrying*, *desperate*, *abusive*, *frantic*, and *diseased*, with *desperate* the most popular. For *peremptory*, a majority mark *decisive*, but many choose *persuasive*, *uncertain*, and *angry*. *Pleasant*, the fifth choice, is not as popular. *Linguist* and *glutton* are equally enticing as synonyms for *polyglot*. For *refulgent*, in "a refulgent smile," *repellent* is most intriguing and *very bright* next, with *mischievous*, *flattering*, and *sour* all following closely in popularity.

* Introduction to the *Johnson O'Connor English Vocabulary Builder*, published, 1937, by the Human Engineering Laboratory. First published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1934. Reprinted by permission of Johnson O'Connor.

For *monograph* forty per cent choose *soliloquy* and less than twenty per cent *treatise* and *epitaph* each.

The word *vocabulary*, as used in this article, signifies a knowledge of the dictionary meaning of just such words as *enervating*, *stilted*, *scumious*, *peremptory*, *polyglot*, *refulgent*, and *monograph*. Not until one attempts to pick an exact synonym does one realize the difficulty. One may like the sound of a word and use it in a picturesque way without being accurate in its meaning.

To measure the vocabulary of an individual, the Laboratory uses a list of one hundred and fifty test words. Each is printed in italics in a short phrase and is followed by five choices, all of which fit the phrase but only one of which is a synonym of the test word. The instructions are: "Underline that one of the five choices which is nearest in meaning to the word in italics." The words to be defined were selected by Alexander Inglis of the Graduate School of Education, Harvard University. His intention was to include words which appear once or twice in 100,000 words of printed matter. It is a general reader's vocabulary from which technical terms have been excluded. The test words vary from some that are quite easy, such as

Thrilling experiences—dangerous, exciting, unusual, disgusting, profitable,

to others that are more difficult, such as

Glabrous heads—bald, over-sized, hairy, squate, round,

which only twenty-one per cent of college graduates mark correctly. Since one fifth, or twenty per cent, should guess the correct answer, the meaning of *glabrous* is practically unknown. The test measures knowledge of words one recognizes, not necessarily of those one uses. The words one uses accurately are, no doubt, fewer than those one recognizes, but there is probably a relation between the two.

Three hundred high-school freshmen average 76 errors in the list of 150 words. Seven hundred college freshmen average 42 errors. One thousand college graduates from a wide variety of colleges—most of them, however, in the eastern part of the United States—average 27 errors, and vary from the one person in a thousand who achieves a perfect score to the one who knows less than 50 of the 150 items. The college professors whom we have measured average 8 errors; major executives average 7 errors. Major executives score higher in this English vocabulary test than any other selected group with which we have experimented.

By the term "major executives" is meant all individuals who, for five years or longer, have held the position of president or vice president in a business organization. Such a definition includes both successful and unsuccessful executives, provided only that they have survived five years; it includes alike forceful personalities and figureheads; but it has the great advantage of excluding our personal judgment from the process of selection. Major executives as thus defined average in the top ten per cent of college graduates as a whole.

Although it is impossible to define success rigidly or scientifically, it seems to be true, nevertheless, that a large vocabulary is typical, not exclusively of executives, but of all successful individuals. It happens that in the business world successful men and women are designated by this special appellation, "executive."

The successful lawyer or doctor is marked by no such name. But if, to the best of one's ability, one selects successful persons in the professions, they also score high in vocabulary.

For one meaning of success the Century dictionary gives "a high degree of worldly prosperity." The measured English vocabulary of an executive correlates with his salary. This does not mean that every high-vocabulary person receives a large salary, but the relation between the two is close enough to show that a large vocabulary is one element, and seemingly an important one.

Furthermore, the executive level which a man or woman reaches is determined to some extent by vocabulary. In many manufacturing organizations the first step in the executive ladder is the leading hand, called sometimes the working foreman. This man is in charge of half a dozen or a dozen others. He works at the bench or at a machine as they do, but is the executive of the group. The next step is the foreman, who may be in charge of as many as a hundred or more individuals. He does no bench work, he is not a producer, but devotes full time to his executive duties, to the keeping of records and to the handling of the personnel. The next step in many large organizations is the department head or superintendent or manager, who ordinarily does not come in direct contact with the workers, but handles them through his foremen. The final step is the major executive or official, the vice president or president of the organization.

These four executive ranks represent four degrees of success, in one sense in which that word is used. One is *advanced* from leading hand to foreman, from foreman to manager, from manager to president. As far as we can determine by measurements, the leading hand and the official have much the same inherent aptitudes. They differ primarily in vocabulary. Typical non-college-graduate shop foremen average, as a group, about as high as college graduates. Department heads score higher, roughly fifteen errors, and major executives the highest of all, averaging only seven errors. Whether the word "executive" refers only to the major group or is used in the broader sense to mean anyone in charge of other workers, it is still true that the executive scores higher than those under him and higher than other persons of similar age and education.

An interesting sidelight on the high vocabulary scores of executives is that they were unforeseen. When a scientist expects a result and finally achieves it there is always the feeling that, regardless of the care he has taken, personal bias may have entered. Six or eight years ago the Human Engineering Laboratories tested forty major executives of the Telephone Company who had offered themselves as victims to be experimented upon in a search for executive characteristics. At the same time the Laboratory was also revising the vocabulary test, not with the notion of using it with executives, but with the hope that it might prove of value in education. One day, with no thought of the consequences, I gave it to an executive, and from then on was asked for it regularly because of the interest it aroused. I paid little heed to the results until one day an executive refused to take the test. He had been obliged by lack of money to leave school at fourteen, and had earned his own living since. With no further formal education, he had worked his way to a major position. He had taken the aptitude tests without hesitation, but vocabulary seemed to him so directly the result of

schooling that he knew in advance he would fail. His own words were that he had made his way without being found out and he was not willing to give himself away. But in scientific work one cannot test only those who think they will do well, and we finally persuaded him to try the vocabulary test. He made two errors where the average college graduate makes twenty-seven.

Was it luck? Or was it significant of something which we had not recognized? The Laboratory listed the vocabulary scores of one hundred executives and, parallel with them, the scores of one hundred miscellaneous college graduates. The difference between the two arrays was striking. Only nine per cent of the college graduates scored as high as the average major executive.

Why do large vocabularies characterize executives and possibly outstanding men and women in other fields? The final answer seems to be that words are the instruments by means of which men and women grasp the thoughts of others and with which they do much of their own thinking. They are the tools of thought.

Before accepting so far-reaching a conclusion several more obvious explanations must be examined and excluded. The first and most natural supposition is that successful persons acquire words with age and with the experiences of life. Success does not usually occur early. The successful group were necessarily older in both years and experience than the general run of college graduates with whom they were compared; and their large vocabularies might be the inevitable result of age.

To probe this point a study of the growth of vocabulary with age was undertaken. From twelve, the earliest age for which we have a large number of measurements, to twenty-two or twenty-three vocabulary expands steadily and at a uniform rate. Through this school period the score on the vocabulary test of one hundred and fifty items improves five words a year. From twenty-three to fifty vocabulary continues to increase, but changes no more in these twenty-five years than in two school years—not enough to explain the high scores of executives. Normally, vocabulary is acquired early in life, before most men have made appreciable progress toward a responsible position. The large vocabularies of successful individuals come before success rather than after. Age and the experiences of life may contribute new words, but certainly do not explain in full the high vocabulary scores of business executives.

The next thought is that effective schooling may be the source both of a wide vocabulary and of executive success. It is known, from the work which the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has undertaken, that there is a relationship between school success and business success later in life. Although not everyone who leads his class becomes a brilliant executive, and although not everyone who fails in school fails in life, in general school success preludes executive success. Schooling may be the vital factor of which the large vocabularies which we are measuring are but by-products.

To obtain evidence bearing on this point, we measured the vocabularies of twenty men who had left school at the age of fifteen and who had worked their way into major positions. They also averaged only seven errors. Their scores equaled those of the college-graduate executives. In the case of these twenty men it is their vocabularies which are important rather than their formal school

education. Their large vocabularies are not the result of schooling and must, we therefore conclude, be significant for some other reason than as a by-product of an educational background.

Is, then, a college background of no importance? Has the non-college man the same chance of becoming an executive as has the college graduate? This fact seemed worth determining. Of the major executives in a large industrial organization, sixty per cent are college graduates, forty per cent non-college. At first glance, college would seem to have done little, for almost half are not college men. But, to be fair to education, there is another angle from which to view this result. Of the college graduates with this same company, more than three quarters are in executive positions, whereas, of the non-college men, well under a tenth are in similar positions. College graduates, in general, average measurably higher in vocabulary than do non-college persons. Furthermore, of the college group a significantly larger percentage are executives.

One would like to conclude without further preamble that the vocabularies of the college group are large because of directed effort and that these purposefully gained vocabularies have contributed to executive success. Non-college executives, then, are those rare individuals who pick up words so easily that their vocabularies are large without effort. But there is one further possibility which must be investigated.

Although the vocabulary test was designed to measure knowledge which must have come through books or by word of mouth, a high score may reveal an underlying aptitude for language. It may be this flair which is the contributing factor in both vocabulary and success later in life.

It should be possible to isolate and measure diathesis apart from knowledge. We have worked on this approach for a number of years, thus far unproductively. For the time being we must leave the conclusion of this part of the research in abeyance and admit that the vocabularies of successful executives may reveal an aptitude.

Vocabularies may always be consciously increased regardless of the presence or absence of any gift. A knowledge of the meaning of each word at one's command must have been obtained by word of mouth or through reading, by some educational process.

Furthermore, with groups of individuals of apparently similar aptitudes, the amount of vocabulary added in a given period varies with different educational techniques. At Stevens Institute of Technology the freshman class is divided alphabetically into four sections. Each of these studies freshman English under a different member of the faculty. Four years ago the entire class took the vocabulary test the first week of freshman year. The four sections averaged about the same in vocabulary, and there was no reason to suppose that, selected as they were, one would score higher than another or have more ability. Yet, when remeasured nine months later, two of the sections had improved more than average academic freshmen, one section had improved only half this amount, and the fourth had retrogressed slightly.

The improvement of one section may have been due to the fact that the instructor was interested in the vocabulary test and its implications. The important fact is that differences in vocabulary improvement were caused by

differences in teaching techniques—in other words, that an improvement in vocabulary score can be produced by education.

Those boys and girls whom the Laboratory has measured and urged to better their vocabularies, and then remeasured at the end of two or three years, have shown more than average improvement. Here again vocabulary is induced independent of aptitude. It is for this reason that the Human Engineering Laboratories, in helping a youngster to find himself and start in the right direction, use a vocabulary test in lieu of a general intelligence test.

We come now to the question of whether or not that increment of vocabulary directly due to educational stimulation contributes to success. The four sections of the freshman class at Stevens Institute of Technology to which reference has been made, which took freshman English with different members of the faculty and improved different amounts in vocabulary, were followed to see the effect of these new vocabularies on school work the next year. The four sections averaged nearly the same in school marks freshman year. Sophomore year the two sections which had enlarged their vocabularies the previous year showed general gain in all school subjects—not strikingly, not enough to prove the point once and for all time, but enough to suggest that a vocabulary acquired consciously reflects in general school improvement the next year.

It is always possible that the improvement in school work was due to inspired teaching, to added incentive, but if this were true it would seem as if the improvement in school work should appear immediately in freshman year, whereas it did not appear until sophomore year after the vocabulary had been acquired. This seems to indicate that it is the additional words themselves which are the tools used the next year, that words are important in and for themselves.

Granted that diction is important, and many would agree without elaborate proof of the point, how, from the standpoint of the school, can it best be given; and, from that of the individual, how best achieved? Is it a knowledge of Latin and Greek which lays a sound foundation for a real understanding of words? Or is it constant reading? Or the assiduous perusal of the dictionary? Probably all contribute; as yet we have found no straight and easy road.

In the search for a road to vocabulary we have unearthed several facts which throw light on the learning process. One of these, which, if rightly interpreted, may prove to be of far-reaching importance to education, is that vocabulary advances with an almost unbroken front. The words at the command of an individual are not a miscellany gathered from hither and yon. With a very few exceptions they are all of the words in the dictionary up to those of an order of difficulty at which his vocabulary stops abruptly, and almost no words beyond. In the revised form of the test which is now available for school use, the items are arranged in order of difficulty as determined by actual test results. The first fifteen or twenty words of the test are known to the average high-school freshman or sophomore. The next thirty to forty are on the border line of his knowledge. Some he recognizes, others are vaguely familiar, and others he has not yet encountered. The balance are so far beyond him that he marks correctly no more than the one in five which he guesses by pure chance.

For convenience of scoring, the words are divided into ten groups of constantly increasing difficulty. One who knows the words of Group II, second in

difficulty, almost invariably marks correctly every word of Group I. Another youngster who may know the words of, let us say, Group VI rarely fails on a single word in any of the first five easier groups. Similarly, one who fails on twelve of the fifteen words in any one group—that is, marks correctly only the one word in five which he guesses—almost never knows a word in any more difficult group. There are not, as we had expected, stray words in the difficult part which one who fails earlier in the test has stumbled upon and remembered. These unusual words, if previously encountered as they must have been in reading and conversation, are too far beyond the point he has reached to make any lasting impression.

The one exception to this rule is the foreign student who may know difficult words because of their similarity to his own language, but miss much easier ones. Thus the Southern European often marks correctly such difficult words as *cephalic*, *garrulity*, and *piscatorial*, because of knowledge of Italian and French, but fails to know much easier words of Old English origin, such as, for instance, *knack*, *blotch*, and *cope*.

In the region where learning is taking place, the commonest error is the confusion of a word with its exact opposite. Among seventh- and eighth-grade and first-year high-school pupils, nearly a third mark *found guilty* as the correct meaning of *acquitted*. *Upright* is the most popular misconception for the meaning of *reclining*; and, strange as it may seem, *neat* is the commonest misconception of *untidy*. The seventh-grade youngster berated for keeping an untidy room quite often evidently receives the impression that he is too orderly. The failing is not limited to the high-school group. For *incontrovertible* the correct answer *indisputable* is usually marked by college men, but of the remaining four choices *unsound* is by far most popular. In the phrase "You *allay* my fears,"—where the five choices are *justify*, *calm*, *arouse*, *increase*, and *confirm*,—*calm* is usually answered by the educated group, but *arouse* is next most popular. In the phrase "He *retracts* his criticism" *withdraws* is the correct answer and *repeats* is the most common delusion. In "He *vented* his wrath," *poured forth* is correct and *restrained* is the commonest misapprehension.

One need but turn to words of which one is not quite certain to see how difficult it is to distinguish opposites. One evening at dinner with a delightful Dean of education, we fell to discussing this question. He recognized *cathode* and *anode* instantly as electrical terms designating the two poles, but hesitated a moment before saying which was which. *Port* and *starboard* he admitted he had never straightened out and resorted to some such phrase as "Jack left port." *Gee* and *haw* were beyond him. He surmised that they meant *up* and *down*, but said frankly he did not know the words. When told that they were used in ploughing, he was instantly interested, but did not care at all which was which. He was taking the first step in the learning process, placing them in their correct environment. The fifty-two per cent of college graduates who choose *invigorating* as the meaning of *enervating* are on the verge of knowing the word. The dictum of modern education, never to teach what a thing is not, has perhaps come from a realization of this confusion of opposites. The confusion seems, however, to be a natural step in the learning process.

In the study of human beings the factors involved are so numerous and so

intertwined with one another that the experimenter, in unraveling the strands, must pause periodically to make certain that he is progressing. What then has been discovered? An exact and extensive vocabulary is an important concomitant of success. So much is known. Furthermore, such a vocabulary can be acquired. It increases as long as an individual remains in school or college, but without conscious effort does not change materially thereafter.

There may be some subtle distinction between a natural vocabulary picked up at home, at meals, and in reading, and one gained by a study of the dictionary. The latter may not be as valuable as the former. But there is nothing to show that it is harmful and the balance of evidence at the moment suggests that such a consciously, even laboriously, achieved vocabulary is an active asset.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. How does Mr. O'Connor define *success*?
2. What are the Human Engineering Laboratories?
3. How does Mr. O'Connor define *vocabulary*?
4. How does the Laboratory measure the vocabulary of an individual?
5. What is the comparative vocabulary knowledge of the high-school freshmen, college freshmen, college graduates, college professors, and major executives?
6. What is Mr. O'Connor's definition of "major executive"?
7. What is the relationship of large vocabulary and success?
8. What are the four executive ranks in manufacturing organizations?
9. In vocabulary tests how do the different executive ranks compare?
10. Is formal education a necessary element in acquiring a large vocabulary?
11. How do executives and college graduates compare in vocabulary?
12. What does Mr. O'Connor mean by "words . . . are the tools of thought"?
13. What is the relationship of age and success?
14. In what period of life is vocabulary normally acquired?
15. What is the relationship of school success and executive success?
16. How does Mr. O'Connor answer the question: "Is, then, a college background of no importance?"
17. How is "an underlying aptitude for language" an element in large vocabulary?
18. What is *diathesis*?
19. Can vocabularies be consciously increased?
20. Report the result of the vocabulary tests at Stevens Institute of Technology
21. Does teaching technique affect vocabulary growth?
22. What apparent effect does student vocabulary growth have on success in college studies?
23. What is the best method of increasing a vocabulary?

24. What peculiar handicaps do foreign students meet in enlarging their English vocabularies?
25. What is the commonest error in learning new words?
26. Why is it difficult to distinguish words that are opposite in meaning?

Round Table

1. Discussion: Does a large vocabulary produce success, or does success produce a large vocabulary?
2. Proposition: Success as represented by an executive position and the possession of a large vocabulary both come from great natural ability and are otherwise unrelated.
3. Discussion: The best way to increase a vocabulary is by (a) reading the dictionary, (b) wide general reading, (c) formal vocabulary drill in class, (d) prolonged practice in speaking and writing.

Paper Work

1. Write a research paper on "The History of Human Engineering."
2. Write a review of the *Johnson O'Connor English Vocabulary Builder*.
3. Write a research paper on "The Development of the Vocabulary Test in Education."
4. Write a theme on "The Relation of a Large Vocabulary and Success in College Studies."
5. Following the methods described in this essay and using the general and special dictionaries listed on pp. 37-39, construct a vocabulary test of twenty-five basic words.

In alphabetic order in Who's Who in America are ABRAHAM FLEXNER and his two brothers, Bernard and Simon—all members of a Louisville family. Simon, the eldest, taught pathology at the Johns Hopkins University and at the University of Pennsylvania, becoming eventually Director of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Bernard, the second-born, is a distinguished lawyer, particularly esteemed for his books on juvenile delinquency and the juvenile court. Abraham, the youngest of the triumvirate, is an educator, with a career stretching from his first teaching position in Louisville High School to the directorship of the famous Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton. He is the author of an awful lot of books. His Medical Education in the United States and Canada (1910) created a great furor, for it exposed the diploma mills and led ultimately to the closing of most of them

THE USEFULNESS OF USELESS KNOWLEDGE*

ABRAHAM FLEXNER

IS IT NOT a curious fact that in a world steeped in irrational hatreds which threaten civilization itself, men and women—old and young—detach themselves wholly or partly from the angry current of daily life to devote themselves to the cultivation of beauty, to the extension of knowledge, to the cure of disease, to the amelioration of suffering, just as though fanatics were not simultaneously engaged in spreading pain, ugliness, and suffering? The world has always been a sorry and confused sort of place—yet poets and artists and scientists have ignored the factors that would, if attended to, paralyze them. From a practical point of view, intellectual and spiritual life is, on the surface, a useless form of activity, in which men indulge because they procure for themselves greater satisfactions than are otherwise obtainable. In this paper I shall concern myself with the question of the extent to which the pursuit of these useless satisfactions proves unexpectedly the source from which undreamed-of utility is derived.

We hear it said with tiresome iteration that ours is a materialistic age, the main concern of which should be the wider distribution of material goods and worldly opportunities. The justified outcry of those who through no fault of their own are deprived of opportunity and a fair share of worldly goods therefore diverts an increasing number of students from the studies which their fathers pursued to the equally important and no less urgent study of social, economic, and governmental problems. I have no quarrel with this tendency. The world in which we live is the only world about which our senses can testify. Unless it is made a better world, a fairer world, millions will continue to go to their graves silent, saddened, and embittered. I have myself spent many years pleading that our schools should become more acutely aware of the world in which their pupils and students are destined to pass their lives. Now I sometimes wonder whether that current has not become too strong and whether there would be sufficient opportunity for a full life if the world were emptied of some of the useless things that give it spiritual significance; in other words, whether our conception

* Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, October, 1939, by permission of the author.

of what is useful may not have become too narrow to be adequate to the roaming and capricious possibilities of the human spirit.

We may look at this question from two points of view: the scientific and the humanistic or spiritual. Let us take the scientific first. I recall a conversation which I had some years ago with Mr. George Eastman on the subject of use. Mr. Eastman, a wise and gentle far-seeing man, gifted with taste in music and art, had been saying to me that he meant to devote his vast fortune to the promotion of education in useful subjects. I ventured to ask him whom he regarded as the most useful worker in science in the world. He replied instantaneously: "Marconi." I surprised him by saying, "Whatever pleasure we derive from the radio or however wireless and the radio may have added to human life, Marconi's share was practically negligible."

I shall not forget his astonishment on this occasion. He asked me to explain. I replied to him somewhat as follows:

"Mr. Eastman, Marconi was inevitable. The real credit for everything that has been done in the field of wireless belongs, as far as such fundamental credit can be definitely assigned to anyone, to Professor Clerk Maxwell, who in 1865 carried out certain abstruse and remote calculations in the field of magnetism and electricity. Maxwell reproduced his abstract equations in a treatise published in 1873. At the next meeting of the British Association Professor H. J. S. Smith of Oxford declared that 'no mathematician can turn over the pages of these volumes without realizing that they contain a theory which has already added largely to the methods and resources of pure mathematics.' Other discoveries supplemented Maxwell's theoretical work during the next fifteen years. Finally in 1887 and 1888 the scientific problem still remaining—the detection and demonstration of the electromagnetic waves which are the carriers of wireless signals—was solved by Heinrich Hertz, a worker in Helmholtz's laboratory in Berlin. Neither Maxwell nor Hertz had any concern about the utility of their work; no such thought ever entered their minds. They had no practical objective. The inventor in the legal sense was of course Marconi, but what did Marconi invent? Merely the last technical detail, mainly the now obsolete receiving device called coherer, almost universally discarded."

Hertz and Maxwell could invent nothing, but it was their useless theoretical work which was seized upon by a clever technician and which has created new means for communication, utility, and amusement by which men whose merits are relatively slight have obtained fame and earned millions. Who were the useful men? Not Marconi, but Clerk Maxwell and Heinrich Hertz. Hertz and Maxwell were geniuses without thought of use. Marconi was a clever inventor with no thought but use.

The mention of Hertz's name recalled to Mr. Eastman the Hertzian waves, and I suggested that he might ask the physicists of the University of Rochester precisely what Hertz and Maxwell had done; but one thing I said he could be sure of, namely, that they had done their work without thought of use and that throughout the whole history of science most of the really great discoveries which had ultimately proved to be beneficial to mankind had been made by men and women who were driven not by the desire to be useful but merely the desire to satisfy their curiosity.

"Curiosity?" asked Mr. Eastman.

"Yes," I replied, "curiosity, which may or may not eventuate in something useful, is probably the outstanding characteristic of modern thinking. It is not new. It goes back to Galileo, Bacon, and to Sir Isaac Newton, and it must be absolutely unhampered. Institutions of learning should be devoted to the cultivation of curiosity and the less they are deflected by considerations of immediacy of application, the more likely they are to contribute not only to human welfare but to the equally important satisfaction of intellectual interest which may indeed be said to have become the ruling passion of intellectual life in modern times."

II

What is true of Heinrich Hertz working quietly and unnoticed in a corner of Helmholtz's laboratory in the later years of the nineteenth century may be said of scientists and mathematicians the world over for several centuries past. We live in a world that would be helpless without electricity. Called upon to mention a discovery of the most immediate and far-reaching practical use we might well agree upon electricity. But who made the fundamental discoveries out of which the entire electrical development of more than one hundred years has come?

The answer is interesting. Michael Faraday's father was a blacksmith; Michael himself was apprenticed to a bookbinder. In 1812, when he was already twenty-one years of age, a friend took him to the Royal Institution where he heard Sir Humphry Davy deliver four lectures on chemical subjects. He kept notes and sent a copy of them to Davy. The very next year, 1813, he became an assistant in Davy's laboratory, working on chemical problems. Two years later he accompanied Davy on a trip to the Continent. In 1825, when he was thirty-four years of age, he became Director of the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, where he spent fifty-four years of his life.

Faraday's interest soon shifted from chemistry to electricity and magnetism, to which he devoted the rest of his active life. Important but puzzling work in this field had been previously accomplished by Oersted, Ampère, and Wollaston. Faraday cleared away the difficulties which they had left unsolved and by 1841 had succeeded in the task of induction of the electric current. Four years later a second and equally brilliant epoch in his career opened when he discovered the effect of magnetism on polarized light. His earlier discoveries have led to the infinite number of practical applications by means of which electricity has lightened the burdens and increased the opportunities of modern life. His later discoveries have thus far been less prolific of practical results. What difference did this make to Faraday? Not the least. At no period of his unmatched career was he interested in utility. He was absorbed in disentangling the riddles of the universe, at first chemical riddles, in later periods, physical riddles. As far as he cared, the question of utility was never raised. Any suspicion of utility would have restricted his restless curiosity. In the end, utility resulted, but it was never a criterion to which his ceaseless experimentation could be subjected.

In the atmosphere which envelops the world to-day it is perhaps timely to emphasize the fact that the part played by science in making war more destructive and more horrible was an unconscious and unintended by-product of scientific activity. Lord Rayleigh, president of the British Association for the Advance-

ment of Science, in a recent address points out in detail how the folly of man, not the intention of the scientists, is responsible for the destructive use of the agents employed in modern warfare. The innocent study of the chemistry of carbon compounds, which has led to infinite beneficial results, showed that the action of nitric acid on substances like benzene, glycerine, cellulose, etc., resulted not only in the beneficent aniline dye industry but in the creation of nitroglycerine, which has uses good and bad. Somewhat later Alfred Nobel, turning to the same subject, showed that by mixing nitroglycerin with other substances, solid explosives which could be safely handled could be produced—among others, dynamite. It is to dynamite that we owe our progress in mining, in the making of such railroad tunnels as those which now pierce the Alps and other mountain ranges; but of course dynamite has been abused by politicians and soldiers. Scientists are, however, no more to blame than they are to blame for an earthquake or a flood. The same thing can be said of poison gas. Pliny was killed by breathing sulphur dioxide in the eruption of Vesuvius almost two thousand years ago. Chlorine was not isolated by scientists for warlike purposes, and the same is true of mustard gas. These substances could be limited to beneficent use, but when the airplane was perfected, men whose hearts were poisoned and whose brains were addled perceived that the airplane, an innocent invention, the result of long disinterested and scientific effort, could be made an instrument of destruction, of which no one had ever dreamed and at which no one had ever deliberately aimed.

In the domain of higher mathematics almost innumerable instances can be cited. For example, the most abstruse mathematical work of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was the "Non-Euclidian Geometry." Its inventor, Gauss, though recognized by his contemporaries as a distinguished mathematician, did not dare to publish his work on "Non-Euclidian Geometry" for a quarter of a century. As a matter of fact, the theory of relativity itself with all its infinite practical bearings would have been utterly impossible without the work which Gauss did at Göttingen.

Again, what is known now as "group theory" was an abstract and inapplicable mathematical theory. It was developed by men who were curious and whose curiosity and puttering led them into strange paths; but "group theory" is to-day the basis of the quantum theory of spectroscopy, which is in daily use by people who have no idea as to how it came about.

The whole calculus of probability was discovered by mathematicians whose real interest was the rationalization of gambling. It has failed of the practical purpose at which they aimed, but it has furnished a scientific basis for all types of insurance, and vast stretches of nineteenth century physics are based upon it.

From a recent number of *Science* I quote the following:

The stature of Professor Albert Einstein's genius reached new heights when it was disclosed that the learned mathematical physicist developed mathematics fifteen years ago which are now helping to solve the mysteries of the amazing fluidity of helium near the absolute zero of the temperature scale. Before the symposium on intermolecular action of the American Chemical Society Professor F. London, of the University of Paris, now visiting professor at Duke University, credited Professor Einstein with the concept of an "ideal" gas which appeared in papers published in 1924 and 1925.

The Einstein 1925 reports were not about relativity theory, but discussed problems seemingly

without any practical significance at the time. They described the degeneracy of an "ideal" gas near the lower limits of the scale of temperature. Because all gases were known to be condensed to liquids at the temperatures in question, scientists rather overlooked the Einstein work of fifteen years ago.

However, the recently discovered behavior of liquid helium has brought the side-tracked Einstein concept to new usefulness. Most liquids increase in viscosity, become stickier and flow less easily, when they become colder. The phrase "colder than molasses in January" is the layman's concept of viscosity and a correct one.

Liquid helium, however, is a baffling exception. At the temperature known as the "delta" point, only 2.19 degrees above absolute zero, liquid helium flows better than it does at higher temperatures and, as a matter of fact, the liquid helium is about as nebulous as a gas. Added puzzles in its strange behavior include its enormous ability to conduct heat. At the delta point it is about 500 times as effective in this respect as copper at room temperature. Liquid helium, with these and other anomalies, has posed a major mystery for physicists and chemists.

Professor London stated that the interpretation of the behavior of liquid helium can best be explained by considering it as a Bose-Einstein "ideal" gas, by using the mathematics worked out in 1924-25, and by taking over also some of the concepts of the electrical conduction of metals. By simple analogy, the amazing fluidity of liquid helium can be partially explained by picturing the fluidity as something akin to the wandering of electrons in metals to explain electrical conduction.

Let us look in another direction. In the domain of medicine and public health the science of bacteriology has played for half a century the leading role. What is its story? Following the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, the German Government founded the great University of Strasbourg. Its first professor of anatomy was Wilhelm von Waldeyer, subsequently professor of anatomy in Berlin. In his *Reminiscences* he relates that among the students who went with him to Strasbourg during his first semester there was a small, inconspicuous, self-contained youngster of seventeen by name Paul Ehrlich. The usual course in anatomy then consisted of dissection and microscopic examination of tissues. Ehrlich paid little or no attention to dissection, but, as Waldeyer remarks in his *Reminiscences*:

I noticed quite early that Ehrlich would work long hours at his desk, completely absorbed in microscopic observation. Moreover, his desk gradually became covered with colored spots of every description. As I saw him sitting at work one day, I went up to him and asked what he was doing with all his rainbow array of colors on his table. Thereupon this young student in his first semester supposedly pursuing the regular course in anatomy looked up at me and blandly remarked, "*Ich probiere.*" This might be freely translated, "I am trying" or "I am just fooling." I replied to him, "Very well. Go on with your fooling." Soon I saw that without any teaching or direction whatsoever on my part I possessed in Ehrlich a student of unusual quality.

Waldeyer wisely left him alone. Ehrlich made his way precariously through the medical curriculum and ultimately procured his degree mainly because it was obvious to his teachers that he had no intention of ever putting his medical degree to practical use. He went subsequently to Breslau where he worked under Professor Cohnheim, the teacher of our own Dr. Welch, founder and maker of the Johns Hopkins Medical School. I do not suppose that the idea of use ever crossed Ehrlich's mind. He was interested. He was curious; he kept on fooling. Of course his fooling was guided by a deep instinct, but it was a purely scientific, not an utilitarian motivation. What resulted? Koch and his associates established a new science, the science of bacteriology. Ehrlich's ex-

periments were now applied by a fellow student, Weigert, to staining bacteria and thereby assisting in their differentiation. Ehrlich himself developed the staining of the blood film with the dyes on which our modern knowledge of the morphology of the blood corpuscles, red and white, is based. Not a day passes but that in thousands of hospitals the world over Ehrlich's technic is employed in the examination of the blood. Thus the apparently aimless fooling in Waldeyer's dissecting room in Strasbourg has become a main factor in the daily practice of medicine.

I shall give one example from industry, one selected at random; for there are scores besides. Professor Berl, of the Carnegie Institute of Technology (Pittsburgh) writes as follows:

The founder of the modern rayon industry was the French Count Chardonnet. It is known that he used a solution of nitro cotton in ether-alcohol, and that he pressed this viscous solution through capillaries into water which served to coagulate the cellulose nitrate filament. After the coagulation, this filament entered the air and was wound up on bobbins. One day Chardonnet inspected his French factory at Besançon. By an accident the water which should coagulate the cellulose nitrate filament was stopped. The workmen found that the spinning operation went much better without water than with water. This was the birthday of the very important process of dry spinning, which is actually carried out on the greatest scale.

III

I am not for a moment suggesting that everything that goes on in laboratories will ultimately turn to some unexpected practical use or that an ultimate practical use is its actual justification. Much more am I pleading for the abolition of the word "use," and for the freeing of the human spirit. To be sure, we shall thus free some harmless cranks. To be sure, we shall thus waste some precious dollars. But what is infinitely more important is that we shall be striking the shackles off the human mind and setting it free for the adventures which in our own day have, on the one hand, taken Hale and Rutherford and Einstein and their peers millions upon millions of miles into the uttermost realms of space and, on the other, loosed the boundless energy imprisoned in the atom. What Rutherford and others like Bohr and Millikan have done out of sheer curiosity in the effort to understand the construction of the atom has released forces which may transform human life; but this ultimate and unforeseen and unpredictable practical result is not offered as a justification for Rutherford or Einstein or Millikan or Bohr or any of their peers. Let them alone. No educational administrator can possibly direct the channels in which these or other men shall work. The waste, I admit again, looks prodigious. It is not really so. All the waste that could be summed up in developing the science of bacteriology is as nothing compared to the advantages which have accrued from the discoveries of Pasteur, Koch, Ehrlich, Theobald Smith, and scores of others—advantages that could never have accrued if the idea of possible use had permeated their minds. These great artists—for such are scientists and bacteriologists—disseminated the spirit which prevailed in laboratories in which they were simply following the line of their own natural curiosity.

I am not criticising institutions like schools of engineering or law in which the usefulness motive necessarily predominates. Not infrequently the tables are turned, and practical difficulties encountered in industry or in laboratories

stimulate theoretical inquiries which may or may not solve the problems by which they were suggested, but may also open up new vistas, useless at the moment, but pregnant with future achievements, practical and theoretical.

With the rapid accumulation of "useless" or theoretic knowledge a situation has been created in which it has become increasingly possible to attack practical problems in a scientific spirit. Not only inventors, but "pure" scientists have indulged in this sport. I have mentioned Marconi, an inventor, who, while a benefactor to the human race, as a matter of fact merely "picked other men's brains." Edison belongs to the same category. Pasteur was different. He was a great scientist; but he was not averse to attacking practical problems—such as the condition of French grapevines or the problems of beer-brewing—and not only solving the immediate difficulty, but also wresting from the practical problem some far-reaching theoretic conclusion, "useless" at the moment, but likely in some unforeseen manner to be "useful" later. Ehrlich, fundamentally speculative in his curiosity, turned fiercely upon the problem of syphilis and doggedly pursued it until a solution of immediate practical use—the discovery of salvarsan—was found. The discoveries of insulin by Banting for use in diabetes and of liver extract by Minot and Whipple for use in pernicious anemia belong in the same category: both were made by thoroughly scientific men, who realized that much "useless" knowledge had been piled up by men unconcerned with its practical bearings, but that the time was now ripe to raise practical questions in a scientific manner.

Thus it becomes obvious that one must be wary in attributing scientific discovery wholly to any one person. Almost every discovery has a long and precarious history. Someone finds a bit here, another a bit there. A third step succeeds later and thus onward till a genius pieces the bits together and makes the decisive contribution. Science, like the Mississippi, begins in a tiny rivulet in the distant forest. Gradually other streams swell its volume. And the roaring river that bursts the dikes is formed from countless sources.

I cannot deal with this aspect exhaustively, but I may in passing say this: over a period of one or two hundred years the contributions of professional schools to their respective activities will probably be found to lie, not so much in the training of men who may to-morrow become practical engineers or practical lawyers or practical doctors, but rather in the fact that even in the pursuit of strictly practical aims an enormous amount of apparently useless activity goes on. Out of this useless activity there come discoveries which may well prove of infinitely more importance to the human mind and to the human spirit than the accomplishment of the useful ends for which the schools were founded.

The considerations upon which I have touched emphasize—if emphasis were needed—the overwhelming importance of spiritual and intellectual freedom. I have spoken of experimental science; I have spoken of mathematics; but what I say is equally true of music and art and of every other expression of the untrammelled human spirit. The mere fact that they bring satisfaction to an individual soul bent upon its own purification and elevation is all the justification that they need. And in justifying these without any reference whatsoever, implied or actual, to usefulness we justify colleges, universities, and institutes of research. An institution which sets free successive generations of human souls is amply

justified whether or not this graduate or that makes a so-called useful contribution to human knowledge. A poem, a symphony, a painting, a mathematical truth, a new scientific fact, all bear in themselves all the justification that universities, colleges, and institutes of research need or require.

The subject which I am discussing has at this moment a peculiar poignancy. In certain large areas—Germany and Italy especially—the effort is now being made to clamp down the freedom of the human spirit. Universities have been so reorganized that they have become tools of those who believe in a special political, economic, or racial creed. Now and then a thoughtless individual in one of the few democracies left in this world will even question the fundamental importance of absolutely untrammelled academic freedom. The real enemy of the human race is not the fearless and irresponsible thinker, be he right or wrong. The real enemy is the man who tries to mold the human spirit so that it will not dare to spread its wings, as its wings were once spread in Italy and Germany, as well as in Great Britain and the United States.

This is not a new idea. It was the idea which animated von Humboldt when, in the hour of Germany's conquest by Napoleon, he conceived and founded the University of Berlin. It is the idea which animated President Gilman in the founding of the Johns Hopkins University, after which every university in this country has sought in greater or less degree to remake itself. It is the idea to which every individual who values his immortal soul will be true whatever the personal consequences to himself. Justification of spiritual freedom goes, however, much farther than originality whether in the realm of science or humanism, for it implies tolerance throughout the range of human dissimilarities. In the face of the history of the human race what can be more silly or ridiculous than likes or dislikes founded upon race or religion? Does humanity want symphonies and paintings and profound scientific truth, or does it want Christian symphonies, Christian paintings, Christian science, or Jewish symphonies, Jewish paintings, Jewish science, or Mohammedan or Egyptian or Japanese or Chinese or American or German or Russian or Communist or Conservative contributions to and expressions of the infinite richness of the human soul?

IV

Among the most striking and immediate consequences of foreign intolerance I may, I think, fairly cite the rapid development of the Institute for Advanced Study, established by Mr. Louis Bamberger and his sister, Mrs. Felix Fuld, at Princeton, New Jersey. The founding of the Institute was suggested in 1930. It was located at Princeton partly because of the founders' attachment to the State of New Jersey, but, in so far as my judgment was concerned, because Princeton had a small graduate school of high quality with which the most intimate cooperation was feasible. To Princeton University the Institute owes a debt that can never be fully appreciated. The work of the Institute with a considerable portion of its personnel began in 1933. On its faculty are eminent American scholars—Veblen, Alexander, and Morse, among the mathematicians; Meritt, Lowe, and Miss Goldman among the humanists; Stewart, Riefler, Warren, Earle, and Mitrany among the publicists and economists. And to these should be added scholars and scientists of equal caliber already assembled in Princeton Univer-

sity, Princeton's library, and its laboratories. But the Institute for Advanced Study is indebted to Hitler for Einstein, Weyl, and von Neumann in mathematics; for Herzfeld and Panofsky in the field of humanistic studies, and for a host of younger men who during the past six years have come under the influence of this distinguished group and are already adding to the strength of American scholarship in every section of the land.

The Institute is, from the standpoint of organization, the simplest and least formal thing imaginable. It consists of three schools—a School of Mathematics, a School of Humanistic Studies, a School of Economics and Politics. Each school is made up of a permanent group of professors and an annually changing group of members. Each school manages its own affairs as it pleases; within each group each individual disposes of his time and energy as he pleases. The members who already have come from twenty-two foreign countries and thirty-nine institutions of higher learning in the United States are admitted, if deemed worthy, by the several groups. They enjoy precisely the same freedom as the professors. They may work with this or that professor, as they severally arrange; they may work alone, consulting from time to time anyone likely to be helpful. No routine is followed; no lines are drawn between professors, members, or visitors. Princeton students and professors and Institute members and professors mingle so freely as to be indistinguishable. Learning as such is cultivated. The results to the individual and to society are left to take care of themselves. No faculty meetings are held; no committees exist. Thus men with ideas enjoy conditions favorable to reflection and to conference. A mathematician may cultivate mathematics without distraction; so may a humanist in his field, an economist or a student of politics in his. Administration has been minimized in extent and importance. Men without ideas, without power of concentration on ideas, would not be at home in the Institute.

I can perhaps make this point clearer by citing briefly a few illustrations. A stipend was awarded to enable a Harvard professor to come to Princeton: he wrote asking,

"What are my duties?"

I replied: "You have no duties—only opportunities."

An able young mathematician, having spent a year at Princeton, came to bid me good-by. As he was about to leave, he remarked:

"Perhaps you would like to know what this year has meant to me."

"Yes," I answered.

"Mathematics," he rejoined, "is developing rapidly; the current literature is extensive. It is now over ten years since I took my Ph.D. degree. For a while I could keep up with my subject; but latterly that has become increasingly difficult and uncertain. Now, after a year here, the blinds are raised; the room is light; the windows are open. I have in my head two papers that I shall shortly write."

"How long will this last?" I asked.

"Five years, perhaps ten."

"Then what?"

"I shall come back."

A third example is of recent occurrence. A professor in a large Western

university arrived in Princeton at the end of last December. He had in mind to resume some work with Professor Morey (at Princeton University). But Morey suggested that he might find it worth while to see Panofsky and Swarzenski (at the Institute). Now he is busy with all three.

"I shall stay," he added, "until next October."

"You will find it hot in midsummer," I said.

"I shall be too busy and too happy to notice it."

Thus freedom brings not stagnation, but rather the danger of overwork. The wife of an English member recently asked:

"Does everyone work until two o'clock in the morning?"

The Institute has had thus far no building. At this moment the mathematicians are guests of the Princeton mathematicians in Fine Hall; some of the humanists are guests of the Princeton humanists in McCormick Hall; others work in rooms scattered through the town. The economists now occupy a suite at The Princeton Inn. My own quarters are located in an office building on Nassau Street, where I work among shopkeepers, dentists, lawyers, chiropractors, and groups of Princeton scholars conducting a local government survey and a study of population. Bricks and mortar are thus quite inessential, as President Gilman proved in Baltimore sixty-odd years ago. Nevertheless, we miss informal contact with one another and are about to remedy this defect by the erection of a building provided by the founders, to be called Fuld Hall. But formality shall go no farther. The Institute must remain small; and it will hold fast to the conviction that The Institute Group desires leisure, security, freedom from organization and routine, and, finally, informal contacts with the scholars of Princeton University and others who from time to time can be lured to Princeton from distant places. Among these Niels Bohr has come from Copenhagen, von Laue from Berlin, Levi Civita from Rome, André Weil from Strasbourg, Dirac and G. H. Hardy from Cambridge, Pauli from Zurich, Lemaitre from Louvain, Wade-Gery from Oxford, and Americans from Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Cornell, Johns Hopkins, Chicago, California, and other centers of light and learning.

We make ourselves no promises, but we cherish the hope that the unobstructed pursuit of useless knowledge will prove to have consequences in the future as in the past. Not for a moment, however, do we defend the Institute on that ground. It exists as a paradise for scholars who, like poets and musicians, have won the right to do as they please and who accomplish most when enabled to do so.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What does Dr. Flexner announce as his purpose in this essay?
2. To what problems especially are students diverted at the present time?
3. From what two points of view does the author approach his "problem"?
4. Who was Mr. George Eastman? Whom did Eastman pick as the most useful worker in science in the world?

5. Why does Flexner pick Clerk Maxwell and Heinrich Hertz as more important than Marconi? What did each contribute?
6. Name two problems solved by Michael Faraday.
7. How is "useless" knowledge sometimes turned to the disadvantage of the race? Who was Alfred Nobel?
8. Who was Gauss of Göttingen and what did he do?
9. What is an "ideal" gas? How does liquid helium behave to satisfy the definition? Who first suggested the possibility of an "ideal" gas?
10. Tell the story of Paul Ehrlich.
11. How did "dry spinning" originate?
12. Identify: Hale, Rutherford, Bohr, Millikan.
13. What two inventors "picked other men's brains"?
14. Cite some examples of "pure" scientists doing useful work directly.
15. Interpret: "Almost every discovery has a long and precarious history."
16. In the estimation of Dr. Flexner, what is of "overwhelming importance" to scientific advance? Who is the real enemy to such an advance?
17. Who were Humboldt and Gilman, and what did they do?
18. Describe the founding and organization of the Institute for Advanced Study.

Round Table

1. Is all "useless knowledge" fairly represented by the efforts of the "pure" scientists?
2. Ought the "pure" scientist to be a teacher? Or should he be endowed for pure research, and should education be entrusted to the specially trained teacher?
3. Are most laboratory teachers or directors "scientists"? When does one become a scientist?
4. Are certain men born to have their brains picked?
5. Take one side in the debate: "Mathematics Should Be Dropped as a College Entrance Requirement."

Paper Work

1. Write a brief life of one of the men mentioned in this essay.
2. Imagine and write an interview with one of the men cited in the essay.
3. Write a review of Sinclair Lewis' *Arrowsmith*.
4. Write a review of Paul de Kruif's *Microbe Hunters*.
5. Write a review of Sidney Howard's *Yellow Jack*.

The titles of a few of the books of LEWIS MUMFORD (1895—) indicate the extraordinary range of his interests; The Story of Utopias (1922), Sticks and Stones, a Study of American Architecture and Culture (1924); Aesthetics, a Dialogue (1925), The Golden Day, a Study in American Experience and Culture (1926), Herman Melville (1929); The Brown Decades, a Study of the Arts in America (1931), Technics and Civilization (1934), The Culture of Cities (1938); Men Must Act (1939). Probably the fact that Mr. Mumford got his higher education at the College of the City of New York, where he was thrown among eager and inquiring foreign students, had much to do with the diversity of his interests, though the British writer, Sir Patrick Geddes, taught him how to integrate these interests. Writer and lecturer (he is today on the faculty of Stanford University), Lewis Mumford has also been a radio operator, an editor of an architectural magazine, and an anthologist who has had an eager eye for the promising efforts of young writers; in a word, his experience has been as diverse as his interests and a proper basis for his career. The following selection is from Technics and Civilization.

THE MONASTERY AND THE CLOCK *

LEWIS MUMFORD

WHERE DID the machine first take form in modern civilization? There was plainly more than one point of origin. Our mechanical civilization represents the convergence of numerous habits, ideas, and modes of living, as well as technical instruments; and some of these were, in the beginning, directly opposed to the civilization they helped to create. But the first manifestation of the new order took place in the general picture of the world: during the first seven centuries of the machine's existence the categories of time and space underwent an extraordinary change, and no aspect of life was left untouched by this transformation. The application of quantitative methods of thought to the study of nature had its first manifestation in the regular measurement of time; and the new mechanical conception of time arose in part out of the routine of the monastery. Alfred Whitehead has emphasized the importance of the scholastic belief in a universe ordered by God as one of the foundations of modern physics: but behind that belief was the presence of order in the institutions of the Church itself.

The technics of the ancient world were still carried on from Constantinople and Baghdad to Sicily and Cordova: hence the early lead taken by Salerno in the scientific and medical advances of the Middle Ages. It was, however, in the monasteries of the West that the desire for order and power, other than that expressed in the military domination of weaker men, first manifested itself after the long uncertainty and bloody confusion that attended the breakdown of the Roman Empire. Within the walls of the monastery was sanctuary: under the rule of the order surprise and doubt and caprice and irregularity were put at bay. Opposed to the erratic fluctuations and pulsations of the worldly life was the iron discipline of the rule. Benedict added a seventh period to the devotions

* From *Technics and Civilization* by Lewis Mumford, Copyright, 1934, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

of the day, and in the seventh century, by a bull of Pope Sabinianus, it was decreed that the bells of the monastery be rung seven times in the twenty-four hours. These punctuation marks in the day were known as the canonical hours, and some means of keeping count of them and ensuring their regular repetition became necessary.

According to a now discredited legend, the first modern mechanical clock, worked by falling weights, was invented by the monk named Gerbert who afterwards became Pope Sylvester II near the close of the tenth century. This clock was probably only a water clock, one of those bequests of the ancient world either left over directly from the days of the Romans, like the water-wheel itself, or coming back again into the West through the Arabs. But the legend, as so often happens, is accurate in its implications if not in its facts. The monastery was the seat of a regular life, and an instrument for striking the hours at intervals or for reminding the bell-ringer that it was time to strike the bells, was an almost inevitable product of this life. If the mechanical clock did not appear until the cities of the thirteenth century demanded an orderly routine, the habit of order itself and the earnest regulation of time-sequences had become almost second nature in the monastery. Coulton agrees with Sombart in looking upon the Benedictines, the great working order, as perhaps the original founders of modern capitalism: their rule certainly took the curse off work and their vigorous engineering enterprises may even have robbed warfare of some of its glamor. So one is not straining the facts when one suggests that the monasteries—at one time there were 40,000 under the Benedictine rule—helped to give human enterprise the regular collective beat and rhythm of the machine; for the clock is not merely a means of keeping track of the hours, but of synchronizing the actions of men.

Was it by reason of the collective Christian desire to provide for the welfare of souls in eternity by regular prayers and devotions that time-keeping and the habits of temporal order took hold of men's minds: habits that capitalist civilization presently turned to good account? One must perhaps accept the irony of this paradox. At all events, by the thirteenth century there are definite records of mechanical clocks, and by 1370 a well-designed "modern" clock had been built by Heinrich von Wyck at Paris. Meanwhile, bell towers had come into existence, and the new clocks, if they did not have, till the fourteenth century, a dial and a hand that translated the movement of time into a movement through space, at all events struck the hours. The clouds that could paralyze the sundial, the freezing that could stop the water clock on a winter night, were no longer obstacles to time-keeping: summer or winter, day or night, one was aware of the measured clank of the clock. The instrument presently spread outside the monastery; and the regular striking of the bells brought a new regularity into the life of the workman and the merchant. The bells of the clock tower almost defined urban existence. Time-keeping passed into time-serving and time-accounting and time-rationing. As this took place, Eternity ceased gradually to serve as the measure and focus of human actions.

The clock, not the steam-engine, is the key-machine of the modern industrial age. For every phase of its development the clock is both the outstanding fact and the typical symbol of the machine: even today no other machine is so

ubiquitous. Here, at the very beginning of modern technics, appeared prophetically the accurate automatic machine which, only after centuries of further effort, was also to prove the final consummation of this technics in every department of industrial activity. There had been power-machines, such as the water-mill, before the clock; and there had also been various kinds of automata, to awaken the wonder of the populace in the temple, or to please the idle fancy of some Moslem caliph: machines one finds illustrated in Hero and Al-Jazari. But here was a new kind of power-machine, in which the source of power and the transmission were of such a nature as to ensure the even flow of energy throughout the works and to make possible regular production and a standardized product. In its relationship to determinable quantities of energy, to standardization, to automatic action, and finally to its own special product, accurate timing, the clock has been the foremost machine in modern technics: and at each period it has remained in the lead: it marks a perfection toward which other machines aspire. The clock, moreover, served as a model for many other kinds of mechanical works, and the analysis of motion that accompanied the perfection of the clock, with the various types of gearing and transmission that were elaborated, contributed to the success of quite different kinds of machine. Smiths could have hammered thousands of suits of armor or thousands of iron cannon, wheelwrights could have shaped thousands of great water-wheels or crude gears, without inventing any of the special types of movement developed in clockwork, and without any of the accuracy of measurement and fineness of articulation that finally produced the accurate eighteenth century chronometer.

The clock, moreover, is a piece of power-machinery whose "product" is seconds and minutes: by its essential nature it dissociated time from human events and helped create the belief in an independent world of mathematically measurable sequences: the special world of science. There is relatively little foundation for this belief in common human experience: throughout the year the days are of uneven duration, and not merely does the relation between day and night steadily change, but a slight journey from East to West alters astronomical time by a certain number of minutes. In terms of the human organism itself, mechanical time is even more foreign: while human life has regularities of its own, the beat of the pulse, the breathing of the lungs, these change from hour to hour with mood and action, and in the longer span of days, time is measured not by the calendar but by the events that occupy it. The shepherd measures from the time the ewes lambed; the farmer measures back to the day of sowing or forward to the harvest: if growth has its own duration and regularities, behind it are not simply matter and motion but the facts of development: in short, history. And while mechanical time is strung out in a succession of mathematically isolated instants, organic time—what Bergson calls duration—is cumulative in its effects. Though mechanical time can, in a sense, be speeded up or run backward, like the hands of a clock or the images of a moving picture, organic time moves in only one direction—through the cycle of birth, growth, development, decay, and death—and the past that is already dead remains present in the future that has still to be born.

Around 1345, according to Thorndike, the division of hours into sixty minutes

and of minutes into sixty seconds became common: it was this abstract framework of divided time that became more and more the point of reference for both action and thought, and in the effort to arrive at accuracy in this department, the astronomical exploration of the sky focussed attention further upon the regular, implacable movements of the heavenly bodies through space. Early in the sixteenth century a young Nuremberg mechanic, Peter Henlein, is supposed to have created "many-wheeled watches out of small bits of iron" and by the end of the century the small domestic clock had been introduced in England and Holland. As with the motor car and the airplane, the richer classes first took over the new mechanism and popularized it: partly because they alone could afford it, partly because the new bourgeoisie were the first to discover that, as Franklin later put it, "time is money." To become "as regular as clockwork" was the bourgeois ideal, and to own a watch was for long a definite symbol of success. The increasing tempo of civilization led to a demand for greater power: and in turn power quickened the tempo.

Now, the orderly punctual life that first took shape in the monasteries is not native to mankind, although by now Western peoples are so thoroughly regimented by the clock that it is "second nature" and they look upon its observance as a fact of nature. Many Eastern civilizations have flourished on a loose basis in time: the Hindus have in fact been so indifferent to time that they lack even an authentic chronology of the years. Only yesterday, in the midst of the industrializations of Soviet Russia, did a society come into existence to further the carrying of watches there and to propagandize the benefits of punctuality. The popularization of time-keeping, which followed the production of the cheap standardized watch, first in Geneva, then in America around the middle of the last century, was essential to a well-articulated system of transportation and production.

To keep time was once a peculiar attribute of music: it gave industrial value to the workshop song or the tattoo or the chantey of the sailors tugging at a rope. But the effect of the mechanical clock is more pervasive and strict: it presides over the day from the hour of rising to the hour of rest. When one thinks of the day as an abstract span of time, one does not go to bed with the chickens on a winter's night: one invents wicks, chimneys, lamps, gaslights, electric lamps, so as to use all the hours belonging to the day. When one thinks of time, not as a sequence of experiences, but as a collection of hours, minutes, and seconds, the habits of adding time and saving time come into existence. Time took on the character of an enclosed space: it could be divided, it could be filled up, it could even be expanded by the invention of labor-saving instruments.

Abstract time became the new medium of existence. Organic functions themselves were regulated by it: one ate, not upon feeling hungry, but when prompted by the clock: one slept, not when one was tired, but when the clock sanctioned it. A generalized time-consciousness accompanied the wider use of clocks: dissociating time from organic sequences, it became easier for the men of the Renaissance to indulge the fantasy of reviving the classic past or of reliving the splendors of antique Roman civilization: the cult of history, appearing first in daily ritual, finally abstracted itself as a special discipline. In the seventeenth century journalism and periodic literature made their appearance: even in dress,

following the lead of Venice as fashion-center, people altered styles every year rather than every generation.

The gain in mechanical efficiency through co-ordination and through the closer articulation of the day's events cannot be overestimated: while this increase cannot be measured in mere horsepower, one has only to imagine its absence today to foresee the speedy disruption and eventual collapse of our entire society. The modern industrial régime could do without coal and iron, and steam easier than it could do without the clock.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is meant by "the application of *quantitative* methods of thought to the study of nature"?
2. Identify: Alfred Whitehead, Sabinianus, Gerbert, Sylvester II, Coulton, Sombart, Heinrich von Wyck, Hero, Al-Jazari, Bergson, Thorndike, Peter Henlein, Franklin.
3. What is a "scholastic" belief? What are "the canonical hours"? What, conjecturally, was Gerbert's clock? What modern economic institution was fostered by the Benedictines? Where did this order get its name? What is the Benedictine "rule"?
4. What disadvantages attended the use of the sundial and the water clock in the monastery? Elucidate: "Eternity ceased gradually to serve as the measure and focus of human actions."
5. In urban existence time-keeping has evolved into what, according to Mr. Mumford? What argument is advanced to support the contention that the clock "helped create the belief in an independent world of mathematically measured sequences"?
6. What is meant by "abstract" time? What were some of the natural ways of keeping track of the passage of time?

Round Table

1. Do you believe that science awaited the development of an accurate clock?
2. Is it wholly plausible to trace "regular production and a standardized product" back to the clock?
3. Are all adages connected with time (or punctuality) typically bourgeois?
4. How far do you think clock "sanctions" go?

Paper Work

1. Make an outline of "The Monastery and the Clock."
2. Write a paper on "Shop Time and College Time."
3. Write a paper on "The Working Hours of Laborers and of Professional People."

4. Write a brief and documented report on some mechanism other than the clock which has played a vital role in human affairs.
5. Write a paper on "The Story of Daylight Saving Time."
6. Research paper: "Time Lines Around the Globe."
7. Explain the operation of the electric clock.
8. Write a paper on "Modern Time-consciousness."

No name in American jurisprudence is so justly revered as that of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR. (1841-1935), the son of the celebrated Cambridge poet and wit, whose name he bore. He was five times wounded in our Civil War, thrice seriously, and bore at its close the rank of lieutenant-colonel. After completing his law course at Harvard in 1866 and practicing in Boston for four years, Holmes became a teacher of constitutional law at his alma mater. In 1881 he published *The Common Law*, a book which gave him international fame. Shortly afterwards, he was appointed to the Supreme Court of the State of Massachusetts. Here he served for twenty years, resigning in 1902 to become a justice on the highest bench in the land. Alone frequently in his dissenting opinions during the first of his thirty years in that court, Holmes had the loyal support of Brandeis, Stone, and Cardozo as his term of valiant service drew to an end. He was an unswerving liberal and one of the keenest intellects the Court has known.

NATURAL LAW * †

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JR.

IT IS NOT enough for the knight of romance that you agree that his lady is a very nice girl—if you do not admit that she is the best that God ever made or will make, you must fight. There is in all men a demand for the superlative, so much so that the poor devil who has no other way of reaching it attains it by getting drunk. It seems to me that this demand is at the bottom of the philosopher's effort to prove that truth is absolute and of the jurist's search for criteria of universal validity which he collects under the head of natural law.

I used to say, when I was young, that truth was the majority vote of that nation that could lick all others. Certainly we may expect that the received opinion about the present war will depend a good deal upon which side wins (I hope with all my soul it will be mine), and I think that the statement was correct in so far as it implied that our test of truth is a reference to either a present or an imagined future majority in favor of our view. If, as I have suggested elsewhere, the truth may be defined as the system of my (intellectual) limitations,¹ what gives it objectivity is the fact that I find my fellow man to a greater or less extent (never wholly) subject to the same *Can't Helps*. If I think that I am sitting at a table I find that the other persons present agree with me; so if I say that the sum of the angles of a triangle is equal to two right angles. If I am in a minority of one they send for a doctor or lock me up; and I am so far able to transcend the to me convincing testimony of my senses or my reason as to recognize that if I am alone probably something is wrong with my works.

Certainty is not the test of certainty. We have been cock-sure of many things that were not so. If I may quote myself again, property, friendship, and truth

* Suggested by reading François Geny, *Science et Technique en Droit Positif Privé*, Paris, 1915. (*Harvard Law Review*, Vol. XXXII.) (1918.) [Author's note.]

† From *Collected Legal Papers* by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Copyright, 1920, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

¹ *Ante*, Ideals and Doubts. [Author's note.]

have a common root in time. One cannot be wrenched from the rocky crevices into which one has grown for many years without feeling that one is attacked in one's life. What we most love and revere generally is determined by early associations. I love granite rocks and barberry bushes, no doubt because with them were my earliest joys that reach back through the past eternity of my life. But while one's experience thus makes certain preferences dogmatic for oneself, recognition of how they came to be so leaves one able to see that others, poor souls, may be equally dogmatic about something else. And this again means skepticism. Not that one's belief or love does not remain. Not that we would not fight and die for it if important—we all, whether we know it or not, are fighting to make the kind of a world that we should like—but that we have learned to recognize that others will fight and die to make a different world, with equal sincerity or belief. Deep-seated preferences can not be argued about—you can not argue a man into liking a glass of beer—and therefore, when differences are sufficiently far reaching, we try to kill the other man rather than let him have his way. But that is perfectly consistent with admitting that, so far as appears, his grounds are just as good as ours.

The jurists who believe in natural law seem to me to be in that naïve state of mind that accepts what has been familiar and accepted by them and their neighbors as something that must be accepted by all men everywhere. No doubt it is true that, so far as we can see ahead, some arrangements and the rudiments of familiar institutions seem to be necessary elements in any society that may spring from our own and that would seem to us to be civilized—some form of permanent association between the sexes—some residue of property individually owned—some mode of binding oneself to specified future conduct—at the bottom of all, some protection for the person. But without speculating whether a group is imaginable in which all but the last of these might disappear and the last be subject to qualifications that most of us would abhor, the question remains as to the *Ought* of natural law.

It is true that beliefs and wishes have a transcendental basis in the sense that their foundation is arbitrary. You can not help entertaining and feeling them, and there is an end of it. As an arbitrary fact people wish to live, and we say with various degrees of certainty that they can do so only on certain conditions. To do it they must eat and drink. That necessity is absolute. It is a necessity of less degree but practically general that they should live in society. If they live in society, so far as we can see, there are further conditions. Reason working on experience does tell us, no doubt, that if our wish to live continues, we can do it only on those terms. But that seems to me the whole of the matter. I see no *a priori* duty to live with others and in that way, but simply a statement of what I must do if I wish to remain alive. If I do live with others they tell me that I must do and abstain from doing various things or they will put the screws on to me. I believe that they will, and being of the same mind as to their conduct I not only accept the rules but come in time to accept them with sympathy and emotional affirmation and begin to talk about duties and rights. But for legal purposes a right is only the hypostasis of a prophecy—the imagination of a substance supporting the fact that the public force will be brought to bear upon those who do things said to contravene it—just as we talk of the

force of gravitation accounting for the conduct of bodies in space. One phrase adds no more than the other to what we know without it. No doubt behind these legal rights is the fighting will of the subject to maintain them, and the spread of his emotions to the general rules by which they are maintained; but that does not seem to me the same thing as the supposed *a priori* discernment of a duty or the assertion of a preëxisting right. A dog will fight for his bone.

The most fundamental of the supposed preëxisting rights—the right to life—is sacrificed without a scruple not only in war, but whenever the interest of society, that is, of the predominant power in the community, is thought to demand it. Whether that interest is the interest of mankind in the long run no one can tell, and as, in any event, to those who do not think with Kant and Hegel it is only an interest, the sanctity disappears. I remember a very tender-hearted judge being of opinion that closing a hatch to stop a fire and the destruction of a cargo was justified even if it was known that doing so would stifle a man below. It is idle to illustrate further, because to those who agree with me I am uttering common-places and to those who disagree I am ignoring the necessary foundations of thought. The *a priori* men generally call the dissentients superficial. But I do agree with them in believing that one's attitude on these matters is closely connected with one's general attitude toward the universe. Proximately, as has been suggested, it is determined largely by early associations and temperament, coupled with the desire to have an absolute guide. Men to a great extent believe what they want to—although I see in that no basis for a philosophy that tells us what we should want to want.

Now when we come to our attitude toward the universe I do not see any rational ground for demanding the superlative—for being dissatisfied unless we are assured that our truth is cosmic truth, if there is such a thing—that the ultimates of a little creature on this little earth are the last word of the unimaginable whole. If a man sees no reason for believing that significance, consciousness and ideals are more than marks of the finite, that does not justify what has been familiar in French skeptics; getting upon a pedestal and professing to look with haughty scorn upon a world in ruins. The real conclusion is that the part cannot swallow the whole—that our categories are not, or may not be, adequate to formulate what we cannot know. If we believe that we come out of the universe, not it out of us, we must admit that we do not know what we are talking about when we speak of brute matter. We do know that a certain complex of energies can wag its tail and another can make syllogisms. These are among the powers of the unknown, and if, as may be, it has still greater powers that we cannot understand, as Fabre in his studies of instinct would have us believe, studies that gave Bergson one of the strongest strands for his philosophy and enabled Maeterlinck to make us fancy for a moment that we heard a clang from behind phenomena—if this be true, why should we not be content? Why should we employ the energy that is furnished to us by the cosmos to defy it and shake our fist at the sky? It seems to me silly.

That the universe has in it more than we understand, that the private soldiers have not been told the plan of campaign, or even that there is one, rather than some vast, unthinkable to which every predicate is an impertinence, has no

bearing upon our conduct. We still shall fight—all of us because we want to live, some, at least, because we want to realize our spontaneity and prove our powers, for the joy of it, and we may leave to the unknown the supposed final valuation of that which in any event has value to us. It is enough for us that the universe has produced us and has within it, as less than it, all that we believe and love. If we think of our existence not as that of a little god outside, but as that of a ganglion within, we have the infinite behind us. It gives us our only but our adequate significance. A grain of sand has the same, but what competent person supposes that he understands a grain of sand? That is as much beyond our grasp as man. If our imagination is strong enough to accept the vision of ourselves as parts inseparable from the rest, and to extend our final interest beyond the boundary of our skins, it justifies the sacrifice even of our lives for ends outside of ourselves. The motive, to be sure, is the common wants and ideals that we find in man. Philosophy does not furnish motives, but it shows men that they are not fools for doing what they already want to do. It opens to the forlorn hopes on which we throw ourselves away, the vista of the farthest stretch of human thought, the chords of a harmony that breathes from the unknown.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. With what does this essay concern itself?
2. What does Holmes mean by "a demand for the superlative" in all men?
3. Elucidate: "truth is absolute."
4. What is Holmes' position in regard to "the majority view"? How has it changed since his youth?
5. Elucidate: "certitude is not the test of certainty."
6. What is the common source, according to Holmes, of a man's attitude towards things?
7. Interpret: "the *Ought* of natural law."
8. Why is it an "arbitrary" fact that people wish to live?
9. Elucidate: "I see no *a priori* duty to live with others. . . ."
10. Elucidate: "for legal purposes a right is only the hypostasis of a prophecy."
11. What censure does Holmes direct at French skeptics?
12. Interpret: ". . . our categories are not, and may not be, adequate to formulate what we cannot know."
13. Identify Fabre, Bergson, and Maeterlinck?
14. What two views of man are contained in: "If we think of our existence not as that of a little god outside, but as that of a ganglion within, we have the infinite behind us"?

Round Table

1. Assuming that "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are commonly held to be "natural" rights, why does Holmes treat only one of these?

2. Is Holmes' list of the necessary elements in any civilized society too broad or too narrow?
3. Is it just to say that Holmes' whole argument is based "on the permanence of ignorance"?

Paper Work

1. Read Chapter II in John Locke's second treatise *Of Civil Government* and discuss it in the light of this essay.
2. Using the observation "the private soldiers have not been told the plan of the campaign" as evidence of the author's attitude towards metaphysical questions, write a critique of "Natural Law."
3. Write a brief but thoughtful paper on the similarities or dissimilarities of natural and civil law.

Called "the gloomy Dean" because of his pessimistic view of the outlook for culture, WILLIAM RALPH INGE, Dean of St. Paul's from 1911 to 1934, really held his readers by the penetration of his thought and the humaneness of his erudition. Dean Inge was born at Crayke, Yorkshire, and educated at Cambridge, where he came under the influence of Neo-Platonic mysticism, which is one of the sources of his own philosophy. After teaching at Eton and at Oxford, Inge became a professor of divinity in Cambridge University. He is the author of many books, of which the best known are *Outspoken Essays* (1919) and *Outspoken Essays, Second Series* (1922). "The Idea of Progress" is found in the latter volume.

THE IDEA OF PROGRESS*

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

THE BELIEF in Progress, not as an ideal but as an indisputable fact, not as a task for humanity but as a law of Nature, has been the working faith of the West for about a hundred and fifty years. Some would have us believe that it is a long neglected part of the Christian revelation, others that it is a modern discovery. The ancient Pagans, we are told, put their Golden Age in the past; we put ours in the future. The Greeks prided themselves on being the degenerate descendants of gods, we on being the very creditable descendants of monkeys. The Romans endeavoured to preserve the wisdom and virtue of the past, we to anticipate the wisdom and virtue of the future. This, however, is an exaggeration. The theory of progress and the theory of decadence are equally natural, and have in fact been held concurrently wherever men have speculated about their origin, their present condition, and their future prospects. Among the Jews the theory of decadence derived an inspired authority from Genesis, but the story of the Fall had very little influence upon the thought of that tenaciously optimistic race. Among the Greeks, who had the melancholy as well as the buoyancy of youth, it was authorized by Hesiod, whose scheme of retrogression from the age of gold to the age of iron was never forgotten in antiquity. Sophocles, in a well-known chorus imitated by Bacon, holds that the best fate for men is "not to be born, or being born to die." Aratus develops the pessimistic mythology of Hesiod. In the Golden Age Dike or Astraea wandered about the earth freely; in the Silver Age her visits became fewer, and in the Brazen Age she set out for heaven and became the constellation Virgo. Perhaps Horace had read the lament of the goddess: "What a race the golden sires have left—worse than their fathers; and your offspring will be baser still." In the third century after Christ, when civilization was really crumbling, Pagans and Christians join in a chorus of woe. On the other side, the triumphs of man over Nature are celebrated by the great tragedians, and the Introduction to the First Book of Thucydides sketches the past history of Greece in the spirit of the nineteenth century. Lucretius has delighted our anthropologists by his

* From *Outspoken Essays: Second Series*, reprinted by permission of Longmans, Green & Co., publishers.

brilliant and by no means idealized description of savage life, and it is to him that we owe the blessed word Progress in its modern sense.

Usus et impigrae simul experientia mentis
paulatim docuit pedetentum *progre*dientes.
sic unum quicquid paulatim protrahit actas
in medium, ratioque in luminis eiegit oras.

Pliny believes that each age is better than the last. Seneca, in a treatise, parts of which were read in the Middle Ages, reminds us that "not a thousand years have passed since Greece counted and named the stars, and it is only recently that we have learned why the moon is eclipsed. Posterity will be amazed that we did not know some things that will be obvious to them." "The world," he adds, "is a poor affair if it does not contain matter for investigation for men in every age. We imagine that we are initiated into the mysteries of Nature; but we are still hanging about her outer courts." These last are memorable utterances, even if Seneca confines his optimism to the pleasure of exploring Nature's secrets. The difference between Rousseau, who admired the simple life, and Condorcet, who believed in modern civilization, was no new one; it was a common theme of discussion in antiquity, and the ancients were well aware that the same process may be called either progress or decline. As Freeman says, "In history every step in advance has also been a step backwards." (The picture is a little difficult to visualize, but the meaning is plain.) The fruit of the tree of knowledge always drives man from some paradise or other; and even the paradise of fools is not an unpleasant abode while it is habitable. Few emblematic pictures are more striking than the Melencolia (as he spells it) of Dürer, representing the Spirit of the race sitting mournfully among all her inventions: and this was at the *beginning* of the age of discovery! But the deepest thought of antiquity was neither optimistic nor pessimistic. It was that progress and retrogression are only the incoming and outgoing tide in an unchanging sea. The pulse of the universe beats in an alternate expansion and contraction. The result is a series of cycles, in which history repeats itself. Plato contemplates a world-cycle of 36,000 solar years, during which the Creator guides the course of events; after which he relaxes his hold of the machine, and a period of the same length follows during which the world gradually degenerates. When this process is complete the Creator restores again the original conditions, and a new cycle begins. Aristotle thinks that all the arts and sciences have been discovered and lost "an infinite number of times." Virgil in the Fourth Eclog tries to please Augustus by predicting the near approach of a new Golden Age, which, he says, is now due. This doctrine of recurrence is not popular to-day; but whether we like it or not, no other view of the macrocosm is even tenable. Even if those physicists are right who hold that the universe is running down like a clock, that belief postulates a moment in past time when the clock was wound up; and whatever power wound it up once may presumably wind it up again. The doctrine of cycles was held by Goethe, who in reply to Eckermann's remark that "the progress of humanity seems to be a matter of thousands of years," answered:

Perhaps of millions. Men will become more clever and discerning, but not better or happier, except for limited periods. I see the time coming when God will take no more pleasure in

our race, and must again proceed to a rejuvenated creation. I am sure that the time and hour in the distant future are already fixed for the beginning of this epoch. But we can still for thousands of years enjoy ourselves on this dear old playground of ours.

Nietzsche also maintained the law of recurrence, and so did the Danish philosophic theologian Kierkegaard. Shelley's fine poem, "The world's great age begins anew," is based upon it. Still, I must admit that on the whole the ancients did tend to regard time as the enemy: *damnosa quid non imminuit dies?* They would have thought the modern notion of human perfectibility at once absurd and impious.

The Dark Ages knew that they were dark, and we hear little talk about progress during those seven centuries which, as far as we can see, might have been cut out of history without any great loss to posterity. The Middle Ages (which we ought never to confuse with the Dark Ages), though they developed an interesting type of civilization, set their hopes mainly on another world. The Church has never encouraged the belief that this world is steadily improving; the Middle Ages, like the early Christians, would have been quite content to see the earthly career of the race closed in their own time. Even Roger Bacon, who is claimed as the precursor of modern science, says that all wise men believe that we are not far from the time of Antichrist, which was to be the herald of the end. The Renaissance was a conscious recovery from the longest and dreariest set-back that humanity has ever experienced within the historical period—a veritable glacial age of the spirit. At this time men were too full of admiration and reverence for the newly recovered treasures of antiquity to look forward to the future. In the seventeenth century a doctrine of progress was already in the air, and a long literary battle was waged between the Ancients and the Moderns. But it was only in the eighteenth century that Western Europe began to dream of an approaching millennium without miracle, to be gradually ushered in under the auspices of a faculty which was called Reason. Unlike some of their successors, these optimists believed that perfection was to be attained by the self-determination of the human will; they were not fatalists. In France, the chief home of this heady doctrine, the psychical temperature soon began to rise under its influence, till it culminated in the delirium of the Terror. The Goddess of Reason hardly survived Robespierre and his guillotine; but the belief in progress, which might otherwise have subsided when the French resumed their traditional pursuits—*rem militarem et argute loqui*—was reinforced by the industrial revolution, which was to run a very different course from that indicated by the theatrical disturbances at Paris between 1789 and 1794, the importance of which has perhaps been exaggerated. In England above all, the home of the new industry, progress was regarded (in the words which Mr. Mallock puts into the mouth of a nineteenth-century scientist) as that kind of improvement which can be measured by statistics. This was quite seriously the view of the last century generally, and there has never been, nor will there ever be again, such an opportunity for gloating over this kind of improvement. The mechanical inventions of Watt, Arkwright, Crompton, Stephenson, and others led to an unparalleled increase of population. Exports and imports also progressed, in a favorite phrase of the time, by leaps and bounds. Those who, like Malthus, sounded a note of warning, showing that population increases, unlike

the supply of food, by geometrical progression, were answered that compound interest follows the same admirable law. It was obvious to many of our grandparents that a nation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilized as one which travels only twelve, and that, as Glanvill had already declared in the reign of Charles II, we owe more gratitude to the inventor of the mariner's compass "than to a thousand Alexanders and Cæsars, or to ten times the number of Aristotles." The historians of the time could not contain their glee in recording these triumphs. Only the language of religion seemed appropriate in contemplating so magnificent a spectacle. If they had read Herder, they would have quoted with approval his prediction that "the flower of humanity, captive still in its germ, will blossom out one day into the true form of man like unto God, in a state of which no man on earth can imagine the greatness and the majesty." Determinism was much in vogue by this time; but why should determinism be a depressing creed? The law which we cannot escape is the blessed law of progress—"that kind of improvement that can be measured by statistics." We had only to thank our stars for placing us in such an environment, and to carry out energetically the course of development which Nature has prescribed for us, and to resist which would be at once impious and futile.

Thus the superstition of progress was firmly established. To become a popular religion, it is only necessary for a superstition to enslave a philosophy. The superstition of progress had the singular good fortune to enslave at least three philosophies—those of Hegel, of Comte, and of Darwin. The strange thing is that none of these philosophies is really favourable to the belief which it was supposed to support. Leaving for the present the German and the French thinkers, we observe with astonishment that many leading men in Queen Victoria's reign found it possible to use the great biological discovery of Darwin to tyrannize over the minds of their contemporaries, to give their blessing to the economic and social movements of their time, and to unite determinism with teleology in the highly edifying manner to which I have already referred. Scientific optimism was no doubt rampant before Darwin. For example, Herschel says: "Man's progress towards a higher state need never fear a check, but must continue till the very last existence of history." But Herbert Spencer asserts the perfectibility of man with an assurance which makes us gasp. "Progress is not an accident but a necessity. What we call evil and immorality must disappear. It is certain that man must become perfect." "The ultimate development of the ideal man is certain—as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith; for instance, that all men will die." "Always towards perfection is the mighty movement—towards a complete development and a more unmingled good."

It has been pointed out by Mr. Bradley that these apocalyptic prophecies have nothing whatever to do with Darwinism. If we take the so-called doctrine of evolution in Nature as a metaphysics of existence, which Darwin never intended it to be, "there is in the world nothing like value, or good, or evil. Anything implying evolution, in the ordinary sense of development or progress, is wholly rejected." The survival of the fittest does not mean that the most virtuous, or the most useful, or the most beautiful, or even the most complex

survive: there is no moral or æsthetic judgment pronounced on the process or any part of it.

Darwinism (Mr. Bradley goes on to say) often recommends itself because it is confused with a doctrine of evolution which is radically different. Humanity is taken in that doctrine as a real being, or even as the one real being; and humanity (it is said) advances continuously. Its history is development and progress toward a goal, because the type and character in which its reality consists is gradually brought more and more into fact. That which is strongest on the whole must therefore be good, and the ideas which come to prevail must therefore be true. This doctrine, though I certainly cannot accept it, for good or evil more or less dominates or sways our minds to an extent of which most of us perhaps are dangerously unaware. Any such view of course conflicts radically with Darwinism, which only teaches that the true idea is the idea which prevails, and this leaves us in the end with no criterion at all.

It may further be suggested that Spencer's optimism depends on the transmissibility of acquired characters; but this is too dangerous a subject for a layman in science to discuss.

Although the main facts of cosmic evolution, and the main course of human history from pithecanthropus downwards, are well known to all my hearers, and to some of them much better than to myself, it may be worth while to recall to you in bald and colourless language, what science really tells us about the nature and destiny of our species. It is so different from the gay colours of the rhapsodists whom I have just quoted, that we must be amazed that such doctrines should ever have passed for scientific. Astronomy gives us a picture of a wilderness of space, probably boundless, sparsely sown with aggregations of elemental particles in all stages of heat and cold. These heavenly bodies are in some cases growing hotter, in other cases growing colder; but the fate of every globe must be, sooner or later, to become cold and dead, like the moon. Our sun, from which we derive the warmth which makes our life possible, is, I believe, an elderly star, which has long outlived the turbulent heats of youth, and is on its way to join the most senile class of luminiferous bodies, in which the star 19 Piscium is placed. When a star had once become cold, it must apparently remain dead until some chance collision sets the whole cycle going again. From time to time a great conflagration in the heavens, which occurred perhaps in the seventeenth century, becomes visible from this earth; and we may imagine, if we will, that two great solar systems have been reduced in a moment to incandescent gas. But space is probably so empty that the most pugnacious of astral knights-errant might wander for millions of years without meeting an opponent worthy of its bulk. If time as well as space is infinite, worlds must be born and die innumerable times, however few and far between their periods of activity may be. Of progress, in such a system taken as a whole, there cannot be a trace. Nor can there be any doubt about the fate of our own planet. Man and all his achievements will one day be obliterated like a child's sand-castle when the next tide comes in. Lucretius, who gave us the word progress, has told us our ultimate fate in sonorous lines:

Quorum naturam triplicem, tria corpora, Memmi,
tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,
una dies dabit exitio, multosque per annos
sustentata ruet moles et machina mundi.

The racial life of the species to which we happen to belong is a brief episode even in the brief life of the planet. And what we call civilization or culture, though much older than we used to suppose, is a brief episode in the life of our race. For tens of thousands of years the changes in our habits must have been very slight, and chiefly those which were forced upon our rude ancestors by changes of climate. Then in certain districts man began, as Samuel Butler says, to wish to live beyond his income. This was the beginning of the vast series of inventions which have made our life so complex. And, we used to be told, the "law of all progress is the same, the evolution of the simple into the complex by successive differentiations." This is the gospel according to Herbert Spencer. As a universal law of nature it is ludicrously untrue. Some species have survived by becoming more complex, others, like the whole tribe of parasites, by becoming more simple. On the whole, perhaps the parasites have had the best of it. The progressive species have in many cases flourished for a while and then paid the supreme penalty. The living dreadnoughts of the Saurian age have left us their bones, but no progeny. But the microbes, one of which had the honour of killing Alexander the Great at the age of thirty-two, and so changing the course of history, survive and flourish. The microbe illustrates the wisdom of the maxim, *λίθε βιώσας*. It took thousands of years to find him out. Our own species, being rather poorly provided by nature for offence and defence, had to live by its wits, and so came to the top. It developed many new needs, and set itself many insoluble problems. Physiologists like Metchnikoff have shown how very ill-adapted our bodies are to the tasks which we impose upon them; and in spite of the Spencerian identification of complexity with progress, our surgeons try to simplify our structure by forcibly removing various organs which they assure us that we do not need. If we turn to history for a confirmation of the Spencerian doctrine, we find, on the contrary, that civilization is a disease which is almost invariably fatal, unless its course is checked in time. The Hindus and Chinese, after advancing to a certain point, were content to mark time; and they survive. But the Greeks and Romans are gone; and aristocracies everywhere die out. Do we not see to-day the complex organization of the ecclesiastic and college don succumbing before the simple squeezing and sucking apparatus of the profiteer and trade-unionist? If so-called civilized nations show any protracted vitality, it is because they are only civilized at the top. Ancient civilizations were destroyed by imported barbarians; we breed our own.

It is also an unproved assumption that the domination of the planet by our own species is a desirable thing, which must give satisfaction to its Creator. We have devastated the loveliness of the world; we have exterminated several species more beautiful and less vicious than ourselves; we have enslaved the rest of the animal creation, and have treated our distant cousins in fur and feathers so badly that beyond doubt, if they were able to formulate a religion, they would depict the Devil in human form. If it is progress to turn the fields and woods of Essex into East and West Ham, we may be thankful that progress is a sporadic and transient phenomenon in history. It is a pity that our biologists, instead of singing pæons to Progress and thereby stultifying their own researches, have not preached us sermons on the sin of racial self-idolatry, a topic which really does

arise out of their studies. *L'anthropotrie, voilà l'ennemi*, is the real ethical motto of biological science, and a valuable contribution to morals.

It was impossible that such shallow optimism as that of Herbert Spencer should not arouse protests from other scientific thinkers. Hartmann had already shown how a system of pessimism, resembling that of Schopenhauer, may be built upon the foundation of evolutionary science. And in this place we are not likely to forget the second Romanes Lecture, when Professor Huxley astonished his friends and opponents alike by throwing down the gauntlet in the face of Nature, and bidding mankind to find salvation by accepting for itself the position which the early Christian writer Hippolytus gives as a definition of the Devil—"he who resists the cosmic process" (*ὑπὸ τῶν τοῖς κοσμικοῖς*). The revolt was not in reality so sudden as some of Huxley's hearers supposed. He had already realized that "so far from gradual progress forming any necessary part of the Darwinian creed, it appears to us that it is perfectly consistent with indefinite persistence in one state, or with a gradual retrogression. Suppose, *e.g.*, a return of the glacial period or a spread of polar climatical conditions over the whole globe." The alliance between determinism and optimism was thus dissolved; and as time went on, Huxley began to see in the cosmic process something like a power of evil. The natural process, he told us in this place, has no tendency to bring about the good of mankind. Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. Nature is the realm of tiger-rights; it has no morals and no ought-to-be; its only rights are brutal powers. Morality exists only in the "artificial" moral world: man is a glorious rebel, a Prometheus defying Zeus. This strange rebound into Manicheism sounded like a blasphemy against all the gods whom the lecturer was believed to worship, and half-scandalized even the clerics in his audience. It was bound to raise the question whether this titanic revolt against the cosmic process had any chance of success. One recent thinker, who accepts Huxley's view that the nature of things is cruel and immoral, is willing to face the probability that we cannot resist it with any prospect of victory. Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his arresting essay, "A Free Man's Worship," shows us Prometheus again, but Prometheus chained to the rock and still hurling defiance against God. He proclaims the moral bankruptcy of naturalism, which he yet holds to be forced upon us.

That man is the product of causes which had no prevision of the end they were achieving; that his origin, his growth, his hopes and fears, his loves, and his beliefs, are but the outcome of accidental collocations of atoms; that no fire, no heroism, no intensity of thought and feeling, can preserve an individual beyond the grave; that all the labours of the ages, all the devotion, all the inspiration, all the noonday brightness of human genius, are destined to extinction in the vast death of the solar system, and that the whole temple of man's achievement must inevitably be buried beneath the debris of a universe in ruins—all these things, if not quite beyond dispute, are yet so nearly certain, that no philosophy which rejects them can hope to stand. Only within the scaffolding of these truths, only on the firm foundation of unyielding despair, can the soul's habitation henceforth be safely built.

Man belongs to "an alien and inhuman world," alone amid "hostile forces." What is man to do? The God who exists is evil; the God whom we can worship is the creation of our own conscience, and has no existence outside it. The "free man" will worship the latter; and, like John Stuart Mill, "to hell he will go."

If I wished to criticize this defiant pronouncement, which is not without a touch of bravado, I should say that so complete a separation of the real from the ideal is impossible, and that the choice which the writer offers us, of worshipping a Devil who exists or a God who does not, is no real choice, since we cannot worship either. But my object in quoting from this essay is to show how completely naturalism has severed its alliance with optimism and belief in progress. Professor Huxley and Mr. Russell have sung their palinode and smashed the old gods of their creed. No more proof is needed, I think, that the alleged law of progress has no scientific basis whatever.

But the superstition has also invaded and vitiated our history, our political science, our philosophy, and our religion.

The historian is a natural snob; he sides with the gods against Cato, and approves the winning side. He lectures the vanquished for their wilfulness and want of foresight, sometimes rather prematurely, as when Seeley, looking about for an example of perverse refusal to recognize facts, exclaims "Sedet, æternumque sedebit unhappy Poland!" The nineteenth-century historian was so loath to admit retrogression that he liked to fancy the river of progress flowing underground all through the Dark Ages, and endowed the German barbarians who overthrew Mediterranean civilization with all the manly virtues. If a nation, or a religion, or a school of art dies, the historian explains why it was not worthy to live.

In political science the corruption of the scientific spirit by the superstition of progress has been flagrant. It enables the disputant to overbear questions of right and wrong by confident prediction, a method which has the double advantage of being peculiarly irritating and incapable of refutation. On the theory of progress, what is "coming" must be right. Forms of government and modes of thought which for the time being are not in favor are assumed to have been permanently left behind. A student of history who believed in cyclical changes and long swings of the pendulum would take a very different and probably much sounder view of contemporary affairs. The votaries of progress mistake the flowing tide for the river of eternity, and when the tide turns they are likely to be left stranded like the corks and scraps of seaweed which mark the high-water line. This has already happened, though few realize it. The praises of Liberty are mainly left to Conservatives, who couple it with Property as something to be defended, and to conscientious objectors, who dissociate it from their country, which is not to be defended. Democracy—the magic ballot-box—has few worshipers any longer except in America, where men will still shout for about two hours—and indeed much longer—that she is "great." But our pundits will be slow to surrender the useful words "progressive" and "reactionary." The classification is, however, a little awkward. If a reactionary is anyone who will not float with the stream, and a progressive anyone who has the flowing tide with him, we must classify the Christian Fathers and the French Encyclopedists as belonging to the same type, the progressive; while the Roman Stoics under the Empire and the Russian bureaucrats under Nicholas II will be placed together under the opposite title, as reactionaries. Or is the progressive not the supporter of the winning cause for the time being, but the man who thinks, with a distinguished Head of a College who, as I remember, affirmed

his principles in Convocation, that "any leap in the dark is better than standing still"; and is the reactionary the man whose constitutional timidity would deter him from performing this act of faith when caught by a mist on the Matterhorn? Machiavelli recognizes fixed types of human character, such as the cautious Fabius and the impetuous Julius II, and observes that these qualities lead sometimes to success and sometimes to failure. If a reactionary only means an adherent of political opinions which we happen to dislike, there is no reason why a bureaucrat should not call a republican a reactionary, as Maecenas may have applied the name to Brutus and Cassius. Such examples of evolution as that which turned the Roman Republic into a principate and then into an empire of the Asiatic type, are inconvenient for those who say "It is coming," and think that they have vindicated the superiority of their own theories of government.

We have next to consider the influence of the superstition of progress on the philosophy of the last century. To attempt such a task in this place is a little rash, and to prove the charge in a few minutes would be impossible even for one much better equipped than I am. But something must be said. Hegel and Comte are often held to have been the chief advocates of the doctrine of progress among philosophers. Both of them give definitions of the word—a very necessary thing to do, and I have not yet attempted to do it. Hegel defines progress as spiritual freedom; Comte as true or positive social philosophy. The definitions are peculiar; and neither theory can be made to fit past history, though that of Comte, at any rate, falls to the ground if it does not fit past history. Hegel is perhaps more independent of facts; his predecessor Fichte professes to be entirely indifferent to them. "The philosopher," he says, "follows the *a priori* thread of the world-plan which is clear to him without any history; and if he makes use of history, it is not to prove anything, since his theses are already proved independently of all history." Certainly, Hegel's dialectical process cannot easily be recognized in the course of European events; and, what is more fatal to the believers in a law of progress who appeal to him, he does not seem to have contemplated any further marked improvements upon the political system of Prussia in his own time, which he admired so much that his critics have accused him of teaching that the Absolute first attained full self-consciousness at Berlin in the nineteenth century. He undoubtedly believed that there has been progress in the past; but he does not, it appears, look forward to further changes; as a politician, at any rate, he gives us something like a closed system. Comte can only bring his famous "three stages" into history by arguing that the Catholic monotheism of the Middle Ages was an advance upon Pagan antiquity. A Catholic might defend such a thesis with success; but for Comte the chief advantage seems to be that the change left the Olympians with only one neck for Positive Philosophy to cut off. But Comte himself is what his system requires us to call a reactionary; he is back in the "theological stage"; he would like a theocracy, if he could have one without a God. The State is to be subordinate to the Positive Church, and he will allow "no unlimited freedom of thought." The connexion of this philosophy with the doctrine of progress seems very slender. It is not so easy to answer the question in the case of Hegel, because his contentment with the Prussian government may be set down to idiosyncrasy or to prudence; but it is significant that some of his ablest disciples have discarded

the belief. To say that "the world is as it ought to be" does not imply that it goes on getting better, though some would think it was not good if it was not getting better. It is hard to believe that a great thinker really supposed that the universe as a whole is progressing, a notion which Mr. Bradley has stigmatized as "nonsense, unmeaning or blasphemous." Mr. Bradley may perhaps be interpreting Hegel rightly when he says that for a philosopher "progress can never have any temporal sense," and explains that a perfect philosopher would see the whole world of appearance as a "progress," by which he seems to mean only a rearrangement in terms of ascending and descending value and reality. But it might be objected that to use "progress" in this sense is to lay a trap for the unwary. Mathematicians undoubtedly talk of progress, or rather of progression, without any implication of temporal sequence; but outside this science to speak of "progress without any temporal sense" is to use a phrase which some would call self-contradictory. Be that as it may, popularized Hegelianism has laid hold of the idea of a self-improving universe, of perpetual and universal progress, in a strictly temporal sense. The notion of an evolving and progressing cosmos, with a Creator who is either improving himself (though we do not put it quite so crudely) or who is gradually coming into his own, has taken strong hold of the popular imagination. The latter notion leads straight to ethical dualism of the Manichean type. The theory of a single purpose in the universe seems to me untenable. Such a purpose, being infinite, could never be accomplished. The theory condemns both God and man to the doom of Tantalus. Mr. Bradley is quite right in finding this belief incomparable with Christianity.

It would not be possible, without transgressing the limits set for lecturers on this foundation, to show how the belief in a law of progress has prejudicially affected the religious beliefs of our time. I need only recall to you the discussions whether the perfect man could have lived in the first, and not in the nineteenth or twentieth century—although one would have thought that the ancient Greeks, to take one nation only, have produced many examples of hitherto unsurpassed genius; the secularization of religion by throwing its ideals into the near future—a new apocalypticism which is doing mischief enough in politics without the help of the clergy; and the unauthorized belief in future probation, which rests on the queer assumption that, if a man is given time enough, he must necessarily become perfect. In fact, the superstition which is the subject of this lecture has distorted Christianity almost beyond recognition. Only one great Church, old in worldly wisdom, knows that human nature does not change, and acts on the knowledge. Accordingly, the papal syllabus of 1864 declares: "*Si quis dixerit: Romanus pontifex potest ac debet cum progressu, cum liberalismo, et cum recenti civilitate sese reconciliare et componere, anathema sit.*"

Our optimists have not made it clear to themselves or others what they mean by progress, and we may suspect that the vagueness of the idea is one of its attractions. There has been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years. The Cro-Magnon race, which lived perhaps twenty thousand years ago, was at least equal to any modern people in size and strength; the ancient Greeks were, I suppose, handsomer and better formed than we are; and some unprogressive races, such as the Zulus, Samoans, and Tahitians, are

envied by Europeans for either strength or beauty. Although it seems not to be true that the sight and hearing of civilized peoples are inferior to those of savages, we have certainly lost our natural weapons, which from one point of view is a mark of degeneracy. Mentally, we are now told that the men of the Old Stone Age, ugly as most of them must have been, had as large brains as ours; and he would be a bold man who should claim that we are intellectually equal to the Athenians or superior to the Romans. The question of moral improvement is much more difficult. Until the Great War few would have disputed that civilized man had become much more humane, much more sensitive to the sufferings of others, and so more just, more self-controlled, and less brutal in his pleasures and in his resentments. The habitual honesty of the Western European might also have been contrasted with the rascality of inferior races in the past and present. It was often forgotten that, if progress means the improvement of human nature itself, the question to be asked is whether the modern civilized man behaves better in the same circumstances than his ancestor would have done. Absence of temptation may produce an appearance of improvement; but this is hardly what we mean by progress, and there is an old saying that the Devil has a clever trick of pretending to be dead. It seems to me very doubtful whether when we are exposed to the same temptations we are more humane or more sympathetic or juster or less brutal than the ancients. Even before this war, the examples of the Congo and Putumayo, and American lynchings, proved that contact with barbarians reduces many white men to the moral condition of savages; and the outrages committed on the Chinese after the Boxer rebellion showed that even a civilized nation cannot rely on being decently treated by Europeans if its civilization is different from their own. During the Great War, even if some atrocities were magnified with the amiable object of rousing a good-natured people to violent hatred, it was the well-considered opinion of Lord Bryce's commission that no such cruelties had been committed for three hundred years as those which the Germans practised in Belgium and France. It was startling to observe how easily the blood-lust was excited in young men straight from the fields, the factory, and the counter, many of whom had never before killed anything larger than a wasp, and that in self-defence. As for the Turks, we must go back to Genghis Khan to find any parallel to their massacres in Armenia; and the Russian terrorists have reintroduced torture into Europe, with the help of Chinese experts in the art. With these examples before our eyes, it is difficult to feel any confidence that either the lapse of time or civilization has made the *bête humaine* less ferocious. On biological grounds there is no reason to expect it. No selection in favour of superior types is now going on; on the contrary, civilization tends now, as always, to an *Ausrottung der Besten*—a weeding-out of the best; and the new practice of subsidizing the unsuccessful by taxes extorted from the industrious is cacogenics erected into a principle. The best hope of stopping this progressive degeneration is in the science of eugenics. But this science is still too tentative to be made the basis of legislation, and we are not yet agreed what we should breed for. The two ideals, that of the perfect man and that of the perfectly organized State, would lead to very different principles of selection. Do we want a nation of beautiful and moderately efficient Greek gods, or do we want human mastiffs for policemen, human greyhounds for

postmen, and so on? However, the opposition which eugenics has now to face is based on less respectable grounds, such as pure hedonism ("would the superman be any happier?"); indifference to the future welfare of the race ("posterity has done nothing for me; why should I do anything for posterity?"); and, in politics, the reflection that the unborn have no votes.

We have, then, been driven to the conclusion that neither science nor history gives us any warrant for believing that humanity has advanced, except by accumulating knowledge and experience and the instruments of living. The value of these accumulations is not beyond dispute. Attacks upon civilization have been frequent, from Crates, Pherecrates, Antisthenes, and Lucretius in antiquity to Rousseau, Walt Whitman, Thoreau, Ruskin, Morris, and Edward Carpenter in modern times. I cannot myself agree with these extremists. I believe that the accumulated experience of mankind, and his wonderful discoveries, are of great value. I only point out that they do not constitute real progress in human nature itself, and that in the absence of any real progress these gains are external, precarious, and liable to be turned to our own destruction, as new discoveries in chemistry may easily be.

But it is possible to approach the whole question of progress from another side, and from this side the results will not be quite the same, and may be more encouraging. We have said that there can be no progress in the macrocosm, and no single purpose in a universe which has neither beginning nor end in time. But there may be an infinite number of finite purposes, some much greater and others much smaller than the span of an individual life; and within each of these some Divine thought may be working itself out, bringing some life or series of lives, some nation or race or species, to that perfection which is natural to it—what the Greeks called its "nature." The Greeks saw no contradiction between this belief and the theory of cosmic cycles, and I do not think that there is any contradiction. It may be that there is an immanent teleology which is shaping the life of the human race towards some completed development which has not yet been reached. To advocate such a theory seems like going back from Darwin to Lamarck; but "vitalism," if it be a heresy, is a very vigorous and obstinate one; we can hardly dismiss it as unscientific. The possibility that such a development is going on is not disproved by the slowness of the change within the historical period. Progress in the recent millennia seems to us to have been external, precarious, and disappointing. But let this last adjective give us pause. By what standard do we pronounce it disappointing, and who gave us this standard? This disappointment has been a constant phenomenon, with a very few exceptions. What does it mean? Have those who reject the law of progress taken it into account? The philosophy of naturalism always makes the mistake of leaving human nature out. The climbing instinct of humanity, and our discontent with things as they are, are facts which have to be accounted for, no less than the stable instincts of nearly all other species. We all desire to make progress, and our ambitions are not limited to our own lives or our lifetimes. It is part of our nature to aspire and hope; even on biological grounds this instinct must be assumed to serve some function. The first Christian poet, Prudentius, quite in the spirit of Robert Browning, names Hope as the distinguishing characteristic of mankind.

Nonne hominum et pecudum distantia separat una?
quod bona quadripedum ante oculos sita sunt, ego contra spero.

We must consider seriously what this instinct of hope means and implies in the scheme of things.

It is of course possible to dismiss it as a fraud. Perhaps this was the view most commonly held in antiquity. Hope was regarded as a gift of dubious value, an illusion which helps us to endure life, and a potent spur to action; but in the last resort an *ignis fatuus*. A Greek could write for his tombstone:

I've entered port. Fortune and Hope, adieu!
Make game of others, for I've done with you.

And Lord Brougham chose this epigram to adorn his villa at Cannes. So for Schopenhauer hope is the bait by which Nature gets her hook in our nose, and induces us to serve her purposes, which are not our own. This is pessimism, which, like optimism, is a mood, not a philosophy. Neither of them needs refutation, except for the adherent of the opposite mood; and these will never convince each other, for the same arguments are fatal to both. If our desires are clearly contrary to the nature of things, of which we are a part, it is our wisdom and our duty to correct our ambitions, and, like the Bostonian Margaret Fuller, to decide to "accept the universe." "Gad! she'd better," was Carlyle's comment on this declaration. The true inference from Nature's law of vicarious sacrifice is not that life is a fraud, but that selfishness is unnatural. The pessimist cannot condemn the world except by a standard which he finds somewhere, if only in his own heart; in passing sentence upon it he affirms an optimism which he will surrender to any appearances.

The ancients were not pessimists; but they distrusted Hope. I will not follow those who say that they succumbed to the barbarians because they looked back instead of forward; I do not think it is true. If the Greeks and Romans had studied chemistry and metallurgy instead of art, rhetoric, and law, they might have discovered gunpowder and poison gas and kept the Germans north of the Alps. But St. Paul's deliberate verdict on pagan society, that it "had no hope," cannot be lightly set aside. No other religion, before Christianity, ever erected hope into a moral virtue. "We are saved by hope," was a new doctrine when it was pronounced. The later Neoplatonists borrowed St. Paul's triad, Faith, Hope, and Love, adding Truth as a fourth. Hopefulness may have been partly a legacy from Judaism; but it was much more a part of the intense spiritual vitality which was disseminated by the new faith. In an isolated but extremely interesting passage St. Paul extends his hope of "redemption into the glorious liberty of the children of God" to the "whole creation" generally. In the absence of any explanation or parallel passages it is difficult to say what vision of cosmic deliverance was in his mind. Students of early Christian thought must be struck by the vigour of hope in the minds of men, combined with great fluidity in the forms or moulds into which it ran. After much fluctuation, it tended to harden as belief in a supermundane future, a compromise between Jewish and Platonic eschatology, since the Jews set their hopes on a terrestrial future, the Platonists on a supermundane present. Christian philosophers still inclined to the Platonic

faith, while popular belief retained the apocalyptic Jewish ideas under the form of Millenarianism. Religion has oscillated between these two types of belief ever since, and both have suffered considerably by being vulgarized. In times of disorder and decadence, the Platonic ideal world, materialized into a supraterrrestrial physics and geography, has tended to prevail; in times of crass prosperity and intellectual confidence the Jewish dream of a kingdom of the saints on earth has been coarsened into promises of "a good time coming." At the time when we were inditing the pæons to Progress which I quoted near the beginning of my lecture, we were evolving a Deuteronomic religion for ourselves even more flattering than the combination of determinism with optimism which science was offering at the same period. We almost persuaded ourselves that the words "the meek-spirited shall possess the earth" were a prophecy of the expansion of England.

It is easy to criticize the forms which Hope has assumed. But the Hope which has generated them is a solid fact, and we have to recognize its indomitable tenacity and power of taking new shapes. The belief in a law of progress, which I have criticized so unmercifully, is one of these forms; and if I am not mistaken, it is nearly worn out. Disraeli in his detached way said, "The European talks of progress because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilization." It would not be easy to sum up better the achievements of the nineteenth century, which will be always remembered as the century of accumulation and expansion. It was one of the great ages of the world; and its greatness was bound up with that very idea of progress which, in the crude forms which it usually assumed, we have seen to be an illusion. It was a strenuous, not a self-indulgent age. The profits of industry were not squandered, but turned into new capital, providing new markets and employment for more labour. The nation, as an aggregate, increased in wealth, numbers, and power every day; and public opinion approved this increase, and the sacrifices which it involved. It was a great century; there were giants in the earth in those days; I have no patience with the pygmies who gird at them. But, as its greatest and most representative poet said:

God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

The mould in which the Victorian age cast its hopes is broken. There is no law of progress; and the gains of that age now seem to some of us to have been purchased too high, or even to be themselves of doubtful value. In Clough's fine poem, beginning "Hope evermore and believe, O man," a poem in which the ethics of Puritanism find their perfect expression, the poet exhorts us:

Go! say not in thine heart, And what then were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use and the good?

But this question, which the blind Puritan asceticism resolutely thrust on one side, has begun to press for an answer. It had begun to press for an answer before the great cataclysm, which shattered the material symbols of the cult which for a century and a half had absorbed the chief energies of mankind. Whether our widespread discontent is mainly caused, as I sometimes think, by

the unnatural conditions of life in large towns, or by the decay of the ideal itself, is not easy to say. In any case, the gods of Queen Victoria's reign are no longer worshipped. And I believe that the dissatisfaction with things as they are is caused not only by the failure of nineteenth-century civilization, but partly also by its success. We no longer wish to progress on those lines if we could. Our apocalyptic dream is vanishing into thin air. It may be that the industrial revolution which began in the reign of George III has produced most of its fruits, and has had its day. We may have to look forward to such a change as is imagined by Anatole France at the end of his *Isle of the Penguins*, when, after an orgy of revolution and destruction, we shall slide back into the quiet rural life of the early modern period. If so, the authors of the revolution will have cut their own throats, for there can be no great manufacturing towns in such a society. The race will have tried a great experiment, and will have rejected it as unsatisfying. We shall have added something to our experience. Fontenelle exclaimed, "How many foolish things we should say now, if the ancients had not said them all before us!" Fools are not so much afraid of plagiarism as this Frenchman supposed; but it is true that *Eventu rerum stolidi didicere magistro*.

There is much to support the belief that there is a struggle for existence among ideas, and that those tend to prevail which correspond with the changing needs of humanity. It does not necessarily follow that the ideas which prevail are better morally, or even truer to the law of Nature, than those which fail. Life is so chaotic, and development so sporadic and one-sided, that a brief and brilliant success may carry with it the seeds of its own early ruin. The great triumphs of humanity have not come all at once. Architecture reached its climax in an age otherwise barbarous; Roman law was perfected in a dismal age of decline; and the nineteenth century, with its marvels of applied science, has produced the ugliest of all civilizations. There have been notable flowering times of the Spirit of Man—Ages of Pericles, Augustan Ages, Renaissances. The laws which determine these efflorescences are unknown. They may depend on undistinguished periods when force is being stored up. So in individual greatness, the wind bloweth where it listeth. Some of our greatest may have died unknown, *carant quia vate sacro*. Emerson indeed tells us that:

One accent of the Holy Ghost
The careless world has never lost.

But I should like to know how Emerson obtained this information. The World has not always been "careless" about its inspired prophets; it has often, as Faust remarks, burnt or crucified them, before they have delivered all their message. The activities of the Race-Spirit have been quite unaccountable. It has stumbled along blindly, falling into every possible pitfall.

The laws of Nature neither promise progress nor forbid it. We could do much to determine our own future; but there has been no consistency about our aspirations, and we have frequently followed false lights, and been disillusioned as much by success as by failure. The well-known law that all institutions carry with them the seeds of their own dissolution is not so much an illustration of the law of cyclical revolution, as a proof that we have been carried to and fro by

every wind of doctrine. What we need is a fixed and absolute standard of values, that we may know what we want to get and whither we want to go. It is no answer to say that all values are relative and ought to change. Some values are not relative but absolute. Spiritual progress must be within the sphere of a reality which is not itself progressing, or for which, in Milton's grand words, "progresses the dateless and irrevoluble circle of its own perfection, joining inseparable hands with joy and bliss in overmeasure for ever." Assuredly there must be advance in our apprehension of the ideal, which can never be fully realized because it belongs to the eternal world. We count not ourselves to have apprehended in aspiration any more than in practice. As Nicolas of Cusa says: "To be able to know ever more and more without end, this is our likeness to the eternal Wisdom. Man always desires to know better what he knows, and to love more what he loves; and the whole world is not sufficient for him, because it does not satisfy his craving for knowledge." But since our object is to enter within the realm of unchanging perfection, finite and relative progress cannot be our ultimate aim, and such progress, like everything else most worth having, must not be aimed at too directly. Our ultimate aim is to live in the knowledge and enjoyment of the absolute values, Truth, Goodness, and Beauty. If the Platonists are right, we shall shape our surroundings more effectively by this kind of idealism than by adopting the creed and the methods of secularism. I have suggested that our disappointments have been very largely due to the unworthiness of our ideals, and to the confused manner in which we have set them before our minds. The best men and women do not seem to be subject to this confusion. So far as they can make their environment, it is a society immensely in advance of anything which has been realized among mankind generally.

If any social amelioration is to be hoped for, its main characteristic will probably be simplification rather than further complexity. This, however, is not a question which can be handled at the end of a lecture.

Plato says of his ideal State that it does not much matter whether it is ever realized on earth or not. The type is laid up in heaven, and approximations to it will be made from time to time, since all living creatures are drawn upwards towards the source of their being. It does not matter very much, if he was right in believing—as we too believe—in human immortality. And yet it does matter; for unless our communing with the eternal Ideas endows us with some creative virtue, some power which makes itself felt upon our immediate environment, it cannot be that we have made those Ideas in any sense our own. There is no alchemy by which we may get golden conduct out of leaden instincts—so Herbert Spencer told us very truly; but if our ideas are of gold, there is an alchemy which will transmute our external activities, so that our contributions to the spiritual temple may be no longer "wood, hay, and stubble," to be destroyed in the next conflagration, but precious and durable material.

For individuals, then, the path of progress is always open; but, as Hesiod told us long before the Sermon on the Mount, it is a narrow path, steep and difficult, especially at first. There will never be a crowd gathered round this gate; "few there be that find it." For this reason, we must cut down our hopes for our nation, for Europe, and for humanity at large, to a very modest and humble

aspiration. We have no millennium to look forward to; but neither need we fear any protracted or widespread retrogression. There will be new types of achievement which will enrich the experience of the race; and from time to time, in the long vista which science seems to promise us, there will be new flowering-times of genius and virtue, not less glorious than the age of Sophocles or the age of Shakespeare. They will not merely repeat the triumphs of the past, but will add new varieties to the achievements of the human mind.

Whether the human type itself is capable of further physical, intellectual, or moral improvement, we do not know. It is safe to predict that we shall go on hoping, though our recent hopes have ended in disappointment. Our lower ambitions partly succeed and partly fail, and never wholly satisfy us; of our more worthy visions for our race we may perhaps cherish the faith that no pure hope can ever wither, except that a purer may grow out of its roots.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Define the following words: *decadence*, *buoyancy*, *retrogression*, *posterity*, *antiquity*, *emblematic*, *recurrence*, *macrocosm*, *postulates*, *perfectibility*, *precursor*, *millennium*, *auspices*, *fatalist*, *progression*, *determinism*, *statistics*, *environment*, *superstition*, *teleology*, *edifying*, *rampant*, *apocalyptic*, *metaphysics*, *continuously*, *transmissibility*, *rhapsodist*, *aggregation*, *luminiferous*, *incandescent*, *astral*, *obliterate*, *episode*, *sonorous*, *differentiation*, *physiologist*, *ecclesiastic*, *don*, *sporadic*, *transient*, *pacons*, *stultify*, *ethical*, *titanic*, *prevision*, *bravado*, *vitiated*, *flagrant*, *votaries*, *pundit*, *reactionary*, *convocation*, *bureaucrat*, *principate*, *positivism*, *dialectical*, *monotheism*, *theocracy*, *idiosyncrasy*, *stigmatize*, *cosmos*, *dualism*, *untenable*, *incompatible*, *transgress*, *secularization*, *syllabus*, *humane*, *biological*, *subsidize*, *eugenics*, *cacogenics*, *tentative*, *hedonism*, *finite*, *immanent*, *vitalism*, *epigram*, *inference*, *vicarious*, *metallurgy*, *legacy*, *disseminate*, *parallel*, *fluctuation*, *supermundane*, *eschatology*, *oscillate*, *supraterrrestrial*, *crass*, *tenacity*, *squandered*, *asceticism*, *cataclysm*, *plagiarism*, *sporadic*, *efflorescences*, *dissolution*, *finite*, *alchemy*.
2. What does Dean Inge mean by saying that the Greeks subscribed to "the theory of decadence"?
3. What did Sophocles hold to be the best fate of man?
4. Who first used the word *Progress* in its modern sense?
5. What Latin thinker deplored the ignorance of his time in regard to Nature?
6. Why are Rousseau and Condorcet "paired" as opposites?
7. Interpret: "The pulse of the universe beats in an alternate expansion and contraction."
8. What was the cyclical theory of Plato?
9. To what doctrine does Inge subscribe?

10. What refutation is suggested of the idea that the universe is running down like a clock, and that hence the decadent view is the valid one?
11. Why would the ancients have thought the modern notion of human perfectibility at once absurd and impious?
12. What dates would you assign to the Dark Ages?
13. Interpret: ". . . All wise men believe we are not far from the time of Antichrist, which was to be herald of the end."
14. Interpret: "Unlike some of their successors, these optimists [men of the eighteenth century] believed that perfection was to be attained by the self-determination of the human will; they were not fatalists."
15. Interpret: "The delirium of the Terror."
16. What was the industrial revolution and what effect did it have upon the idea of progress?
17. Who was Malthus and what was his warning?
18. What nineteenth-century English philosopher asserted "the perfectibility of man with an assurance which makes us gasp"? What do you infer were the grounds for this assurance?
19. What, according to the author, is the proper interpretation of Darwinism?
20. What picture of the universe does the author get from astronomy?
21. How does the case of the parasite affect the argument that evolution is a progress from the simple to the complex?
22. Interpret: ". . . civilization is a disease which is almost invariably fatal, unless its course is checked in time."
23. Has man been the friend of other species?
24. What was Thomas Henry Huxley's prescription for the salvation of mankind?
25. Why is the historian "a natural snob"?
26. Elucidate: "[In the field of history] the votaries of progress mistake the flowing tide for the river of eternity. . . ."
27. Comment on "any leap in the dark is better than standing still."
28. Paraphrase the discussion of Comte and Hegel as apostles of progress.
29. What conflict exists between the Christian religion and the idea of progress?
30. What evidence is produced against the idea of physical progress?
31. What evidence is elicited to show the race fundamentally no more humane today than formerly?
32. Interpret: "The two ideals, that of the perfect man and that of the perfectly organized state, would lead to very different principles of selection."
33. Why does not the idea of individual perfection clash with the cyclical idea?
34. What peculiar attitude has Dean Inge towards hope?
35. Interpret: "The true inference from Nature's law of vicarious sacrifice is not that life is a fraud, but that selfishness is unnatural."

36. What proof does Dean Inge offer that the nineteenth century "was a strenuous, not a self-indulgent age"?
37. Name an individual source for "present discontent."
38. What is meant by the phrase "a struggle for existence among ideas"?
39. What leads Dean Inge to declare "we need . . . a fixed and absolute standard of values"?
40. On what note does the essay close?

Round Table

1. Do you believe that "the new practice of subsidizing the unsuccessful by taxes extorted from the industrious is cacogenics erected into a principle"?
2. If Dean Inge believes that "the accumulated experiences of mankind, and his wonderful discoveries, are of great value," does he not believe in progress?
3. I have we "mistaken comfort for civilization"?
4. How can we possibly attain an absolute standard of values?

Paper Work

1. Make a list of the proper names in this essay, and by using the reference books listed in Chapter III of THE RHETORIC, identify as many names as you can.
2. Following the method suggested in Chapter V, translate all of the Latin passages in this essay.
3. List and locate the sources of the allusions in this essay.
4. Read the essay entitled "Changing Human Nature" in John Dewey's *Human Nature and Conduct* and attack or defend either Dean Inge or Professor Dewey.
5. Compare Dean Inge's essay with that by Oliver Wendell Holmes (p. 708 ff.).
6. Document this essay, *i.e.*, prepare footnotes locating quoted material in it, elucidating difficult passages, and identifying proper names, etc. See pp. 31-76 in THE RHETORIC for technique.

Calling himself "a social historian," Professor ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER has collected information on the most diverse subjects. A single essay of his may inform the reader that there are more McGuffey clubs in the United States than Browning societies; that the emotions are controlled by the glands of internal secretion, according to evidence collected by Cannon, Cyle, Kempf, and others; and that, after the Revolution, an "American system of medicine" was developed by Benjamin Rush and other physicians who had been trained on the battlefields. This largesse of miscellaneous information is always casually dispensed, so that the main thread of the author's discourse is never lost—a feat one is apt to appreciate more after he himself has written a million words than before. Professor Schlesinger, in an academic career which began more than thirty years ago and which has carried him to a professorship in history at Harvard University, has written several times a million words, and as editor of historical journals, *The New England Quarterly*, and (with Dixon Ryan Fox) the twelve volume *History of American Life*, he has had the supervision of more millions written by others. Yet none of his labors has taken away his zest for lively expression—as this recent essay abundantly proves.

PATRIOTISM NAMES THE BABY*

[A DOCUMENTED ESSAY]

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER

THE HISTORICAL study of surnames has aroused sufficient interest in this and other countries to foster a branch of learning known by the formidable name of patronomatology. Far less attention has been paid to the origin and distribution of personal names. To some, no doubt, this subject seems too trivial for serious scholarly endeavor; but it must be remembered that, from infancy on, our first names dog us even more faithfully than our shadows. The latter attend us only when the light is good; the former cling to us day and night. Moreover, first names distinguish the separate members of the family group and historically represent an important step in the emancipation of the individual from familial servitude.

To a surprising degree, also, personal names reflect great social upheavals. The Conquest ended the vogue of Anglo-Saxon and old Danish names in England in favor of those imported from Normandy and the Continent. In like fashion the Reformation let in a deluge of scriptural nomenclature. The English Puritans, determined to shun the names of Catholic saints, usually christened their children after Old Testament patriarchs and warriors. The Puritans who embarked for North America were like the rest of their brethren. If we forget the surnames, the passenger lists suggest the crossing of the Red Sea rather than the Atlantic. In the colonies, and notably in New England, such names as Daniel, Ichabod, Nathaniel, and Samuel flourished like tropical vegetation. Thanks to the same influence, pious admonitions and moral attributes became a common form of

* Reprinted from *The New England Quarterly* for December, 1941, by permission of the author and the publishers.

baptismal cruelty in such appellations as Increase, Hopestill, Standfast, Faith, Charity, and Mercy.¹

By the nineteenth century, however, a new influence was conditioning American nomenclature. We begin to hear of such names as *Washington* Irving, *Franklin* Pierce, *Hamilton* Fish, and *Jefferson* Davis, or, in full dress, George Washington Cable, Benjamin Franklin Butler, Alexander Hamilton Stephens, and Thomas Jefferson Rusk. The parents of Walt Whitman called three of their sons George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Andrew Jackson. The Tennessean, a new luminary in the American skies, threatened for a time to outshine the earlier worthies. Andrew Jackson Downing, America's first great landscape architect, and Andrew Jackson Davis, one of America's pioneer spiritualists, were among the many who helped to perpetuate his fame. Later years of the century saw the rise and decline of still other patriotic or partisan preferences. That the custom survives to our own day was tunelessly exemplified a few years ago by the popular song "Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones."²

What occasioned this shift of emphasis from ancient Judea to modern America? The basic explanation is to be found in the growth of national feeling among the colonists. Until the eve of the War for Independence the people, lacking outstanding heros of their own, took the easy way of imitating the nomenclatural usages of the homeland. Colonialism in baby-naming was a by-product of colonialism in economics, politics, and religion. But as the quarrel with the mother country developed and increasingly fired the popular emotions, the people began to attest their devotion to the American cause at the baptismal font.

In the early stages of the controversy, before towering figures had emerged in America, patriotic parents were obliged to scan more distant horizons for appropriate names. Thus, Nathaniel Barber of Boston called a child born in 1766 Wilkes, and another, two years later, Oliver Cromwell; while in 1769 Ebenezer Mackintosh, ringleader of the Stamp Act riots, went even farther afield, naming his eldest son after Pascal Paoli, who was then engaged in waging a gallant struggle for Corsican independence.³ As the contest with England became more critical, however, the people took occasion to commemorate their own champions of liberty.

The *Boston Gazette*, July 29, 1771, implied that the practice of naming children for colonial celebrities was of recent adoption. There is little evidence to indicate that the fashion obtained outside Massachusetts until after the meeting of the First Continental Congress in the fall of 1774. That assemblage

¹ On this whole matter, see C. W. Bardsley, *Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature* (new edition, London, 1897), especially 69 and 202-212.

² As perhaps more conclusive evidence, the White House files show that at least three thousand children have been named for the thirty-second President. One Mississippi infant, born in 1928, was christened Herbert Hoover, but four years later the parents filed a court petition to change the name to Franklin D. Roosevelt in order "to relieve the young man from the chagrin and mortification which he is suffering and will suffer." Dixon Wecter, *The Hero in America* (New York, 1941), 465-466.

³ W. C. Ford, editor, "John Wilkes and Boston," in Massachusetts Historical Society *Proceedings*, XLVII (1914), 215; and G. P. Anderson, "Pascal Paoli, an Inspiration to the Sons of Liberty," *Colonial Society of Massachusetts Publications*, xxvi (1926), 204 and 207.

of notables crystallized the growing sense of nationality, helped to dissolve intercolonial prejudices, and highlighted leaders hitherto of only local renown. Thenceforth the giving of patriotic names to infants became a newsworthy event, reported by the press along with the latest political developments. Probably the purpose of the editors was to show how intimately the spirit of resistance entered into the common life; and no doubt the journalistic publicity stimulated other parents to emulation. In the absence of organized news gathering, it may be assumed that only a fraction of the instances actually found their way into print.

From the outset John Hancock proved a prime favorite on baptismal occasions. By contrast, Samuel Adams, who had been largely responsible for the Boston merchant prince's political prominence, seems to have been noticed in but a single instance.⁴ Though Hancock's bold chirography was yet to appear on the Declaration of Independence, he was president of the First Continental Congress (and later of the Second) and therefore personified the united colonial effort. Before 1774 drew to an end, his namesakes were recorded in Providence, Rhode Island, and Marblehead, Massachusetts.⁵ The advent of twins did not stump Mr. and Mrs. Jabez Rice, Jr., of Marlborough, Massachusetts, for in July, 1775, they baptized their youngsters with the names of John Hancock and Dorothy Quincy, whom the great man was soon to wed.⁶ The press disclosed other John Hancocks in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Ripton, Connecticut, and, beyond New England's borders, at Pequea, Pennsylvania, and in Cecil County, Maryland.⁷

After the bloodshed at Concord and Lexington in April, 1775, war began to replace petitions and boycotts in the colonial struggle with England. The initial clash of arms deeply stirred popular sentiment, and a hastily improvised army at once laid siege to British-held Boston. Hence the *Pennsylvania Evening-Post*, reporting the Cecil County christening on August 22, 1775, wrung every drop of patriotic significance from the event:

Mr. ELIHU HALL, junior, a young gentleman of family, fortune and character, in said county, last sabbath had his first born son baptised JOHN HANCOCK, as well to express his esteem of the New-England bravery in general, as in particular honour of the great American PATRIOT of that name, who now, under God, presides in the Honourable Continental Congress.

The progress of hostilities, however, served to dim Hancock's popularity as an inspirer of children's names. Parents' thoughts were now fixed on the field rather than the forum. Military chieftains seemed most fittingly to symbolize the intensified struggle for colonial rights. And no name met the emotional need so well as that of the quiet Virginian who assumed command of the American army at Cambridge, Massachusetts, in June, 1775. According to the news-

⁴In October, 1775, Samuel Hodgdon of Boston named his son after Adams. *New-Hampshire Gazette*, November 2, 1775.

⁵*Massachusetts Spy*, November 3, 1774, and January 12, 1775.

⁶*New-Hampshire Gazette*, July 11, 1775.

⁷*New-Hampshire Gazette*, August 1, 1775; *New York Journal*, June 20, 1776; *Pennsylvania Gazette*, June 19, 1776; and *Massachusetts Spy*, September 6, 1775.

papers, Colonel John Robinson of near-by Dorchester set the example by giving George Washington's name to his infant son the following month.⁸ In the next half-year other namesakes appeared at Andover, Massachusetts, Williamsburg, Virginia, and Newcastle on the Delaware, with more to come in the year of Independence and in all the years since.⁹ The birth of twins of opposite sexes in April, 1776, enabled Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Anderson of New York City to include the name of Martha Dandridge, "which last," the newspaper carefully explained, "was the maiden Name of his Excellency General WASHINGTON's Lady."¹⁰ The parents accomplished their purpose rather better than the well-intentioned Captain Bancroft of Dunstable, Massachusetts, who a few months before had called his sixth daughter "Mary Dandridge."¹¹

Nor were lesser military figures overlooked. General Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker Hill, was presently commemorated by baptisms at Malden, Massachusetts, and Providence, Rhode Island.¹² During March, 1776, sons in three different families of Greenfield, Connecticut, were respectively christened Charles Lee, Richard Montgomery, and John McPherson. General Lee dazzled American eyes at the moment because he had resigned a British commission to serve with the Continental forces. General Montgomery and his aide-de-camp, Captain McPherson, had recently lost their lives in the assault on Quebec. The *New-York Journal*, reporting the Greenfield christenings on April 11, 1776, said: "May the children live and possess the patriotic virtues of those distinguished persons, whom their parents and every friend to his oppressed and bleeding country, wish to be kept in grateful remembrance till time shall be no more." The Reverend Mr. Wetmore of Stratford, Connecticut, in bestowing Montgomery's name on his seventh son, paid further honor to "that intrepid General" by attiring the infant in a baptismal suit of blue and buff, "with a black feather on his cap, and a mourning token."¹³ The course of the war after the Declaration of Independence supplied parents with a host of other eligible names; but a patriotic couple in East Windsor, Connecticut, facing the domestic problem shortly after July 4, 1776, found glad release for their emotions by calling their child Independence.¹⁴

Baby-naming, to be sure, was a game at which both sides might play, or at least so the Tories thought. They reckoned, however, without the political significance which their opponents attached to this supposedly innocent diversion. At first the Whigs were content merely to employ ridicule. Thus the *Boston Gazette*, informing the public on July 29, 1771, that a boy in Newburyport had been christened Thomas Hutchinson in honor of the Tory Governor of Massachusetts, added: "The Spirit of naming Children, &c. after great Folks, prevails so in this and the neighbouring Towns, that a Gentleman the other Day,

⁸ *Massachusetts Spy*, August 9, 1775.

⁹ *New-Hampshire Gazette*, November 2, 1775; *Pennsylvania Evening-Post*, October 17, November 4, 1775; and *Pennsylvania Packet*, June 24, 1776.

¹⁰ *New-York Gazette and Weekly Mercury*, May 6, 1776.

¹¹ The error may have been the printer's. *Massachusetts Spy*, January 26, 1776.

¹² *New-Hampshire Gazette*, August 1, 1775; *Providence Gazette*, August 12, 1775.

¹³ *Pennsylvania Gazette*, February 14, 1776.

¹⁴ *Connecticut Courant*, July 29, 1776. *

named a favorite Spaniel Puppy of his, TRYON." Governor William Tryon of North Carolina stood in high disfavor with the patriots at the time because of his vigorous suppression of the recent Regulator uprising. Several years later, when the Virginia Governor, Lord Dunmore, enraged the Whigs by promising to liberate slaves who should flee their rebel masters and bear arms for the King, the *New-York Packet* remarked acridly that a few weeks before

a lusty likely *Negro Wench* was delivered of a male child, who, in memory of a notable negro chief, is named DUNMORE.

*Hail! doughty Ethiopian chief!
Thou ignominious negro-thief!
This Black shall pop thy sinking name,
And damn thee to perpetual fame.*

[*Query*, Is not this, tho' an act of justice to Dunmore, cruelty to the innocent negro.] ¹⁵

Whig resentment assumed a more violent form when Mr. and Mrs. Edwards of Stratford, Connecticut, in March, 1776, gave their babe the name of Thomas Gage, who then ruled in beleaguered Boston as chief executive of Massachusetts under the "Intolerable Acts." Three days after the christening, a "petticoat army" of a hundred and seventy neighboring women "marched in the greatest good order to pay their compliments to *Thomas Gage*, and present his mother . . . with a suit of tar and feathers; but *Thomas's* sire having intelligence of their expedition, *vi et armis*, kept them from entering his house. . . ." ¹⁶

The women having been thwarted, the men went into action. As the clergyman officiating at the baptism had been the Anglican missionary, Jeremiah Leaming of Norwalk, the local patriot organization, known as the Committee of Inspection, summoned him before them to explain his participation, for "People in general viewed this transaction as a designed insult and ridicule upon the cause of liberty. . . ." Leaming appeared and, while admitting he thought the parents had acted imprudently, pleaded that "by the rules of the Rubrick" he had no option but to accept the name they had chosen. He succeeded in confusing the issue as to himself; and hence the Committee, though not satisfied that he was really innocent of intending to "insult and ridicule the Continental struggle," decided out of deference to his clerical office to publish the facts so that "the candid friends of their country" might take such action as "they shall judge his person and character deserve." ¹⁷ The Committee's suspicions seem to have been justified by Leaming's later career. His loyalist sympathies eventually brought about his imprisonment and the confiscation of his landed property; and in 1779, after the British burned Norwalk, he departed with them for the safe confines of New York.

As the record shows, the Spirit of 1776 introduced a new and enduring fashion in American nomenclature. For the political historian the widespread adoption of the practice at this critical juncture of the nation's history provides a barometer of the intensity of patriotic sentiment. What the effect on the children

¹⁵ An item in the *New-York Packet*, April 4, 1776, widely reprinted.

¹⁶ *New-York Packet*, April 4, 1776, and many other newspapers.

¹⁷ *Connecticut Journal*, April 10, 1776.

themselves may have been, deponent saith not; but with their parents we may hope that they grew up to be citizens worthy of the names they bore.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. In the book citations in the footnotes to this article what useful datum is lacking?
2. Why is there no footnote documentation for the newspaper paragraph on the baptism of John Hancock Hall, whereas there is footnote documentation for the conferring on a Negro baby of the name "Dunmore"?
3. Why is there no pagination for newspaper citations?
4. What is *patronymatology*? What is the derivation of this word?
5. What was the effect on surnames of the Norman Conquest? Of the Reformation?
6. Give examples of names given to children by the early Puritans in New England.
7. What shift in nomenclature occurred in America after the First Continental Congress?
8. Give examples of names conferred on children during the Revolutionary period.
9. How did baby-naming give rise to violence between Whigs and Tories?
10. Explain Jeremiah Leaming's difficulty.

Round Table

1. Discuss the validity of Shakespeare's assertion:
"What's in a name? That which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet."
2. How do given names in contemporary society reflect our sense of values?
3. Discuss the relation of names to popularity on the stage, the radio, and the screen.

Paper Work

1. Investigate the names "Elmer Ellsworth" as given names. In a short documented paper report your findings.
2. Survey the street names in your town or ward. What motives can be discerned in the choice of names?
3. Write a story describing the effect a surname might have on a child's development.
4. Write a documented paper on the names of ships.
5. Write a paper on contemporary name fads.

CRITICISMS

WALTER PRICHARD EATON (1878—) is one of the best known of American dramatic critics and historians. He was born in Massachusetts, educated at Harvard, and trained on the dramatic departments of the New York Tribune and Sun. In 1933 he took Professor George Pierce Baker's place at Yale as teacher of dramatic playwriting. He has written stories for boy scouts, lectured on gardens and dramas, and completed several important books on the stage. Among these are *American Stage of Today* (1908); *At the New Theatre and Others* (1910); *Plays and Players* (1916); *The Actor's Heritage* (1924); *Ten Years of the Theatre Guild* (1929); and *The Drama in English* (1930). With David Carb he also wrote a successful biographical play, *Queen Victoria* (1923). His present essay is a delightful excursion into the old days of the "ten-twent'-and-thirty," when the "melodrama" stirred the heart-strings of American theatre-goers.

"WHY DO YOU FEAR ME, NELLIE?" *

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

YESTERDAY's horrors are to-day's collectors' items, grandma's whatnot is restored to the sitting room corner, and Billy the Kid threatens to come to a good end in a Ph.D. thesis. You cannot doubt the evidence of your eyes in the first case, and you may be convinced in the second by purchasing Vol. VIII of *America's Lost Plays*, a series issued by the Princeton University Press and financed by the Rockefeller Foundation. The volume contains "The Great Diamond Robbery," "A Royal Slave," "Billy the Kid," "No Mother to Guide Her," and "From Rags to Riches." The latter title is prophetic. To rise in less than forty years from a ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent house on Third Avenue to covers stamped by the press of a great university! Charles A. Taylor wrote this masterpiece, and in it Laurette Taylor made her first New York appearance. It is rather too bad that her comments are not included in a footnote, as the number of footnotes so evidently indicates the scholarly value of a work. However, they might have been a trifle pungent for pedagogues.

When I was attending a university, back in the naïve '90's, the ten-twent'-and-thirty-cent theaters were packing them in across the continent. The full-blooded melodrama which is inherent in Shakespeare when he is played by full-blooded actors was pretty well backed off the stage by the new "naturalistic" acting, and the peep-hole drama of Ibsen, filtered to us through imitations at first half-hearted, was making the upper brackets contemptuous of melodrama anywhere—though we still adored Gillette and his "Secret Service" and revelled in Belasco. But the humbler theatergoers knew what they wanted—and it wasn't peep-hole naturalism nor subtle character study; it was melodrama, frank and unashamed, it was the sheer thrill of situation, as they had enjoyed it for half a century. They got it, for ten, twenty, or thirty cents (the movies do no better

* Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, July, 1941, by permission of the author.

to-day by way of price), and it was, according to the intelligentsia of the time, something to make the gods laugh.

How well I recall an advertisement which appeared in the *Harvard Crimson* one morning in 1897 or '98. "Harvard," it proclaimed, "has at last produced a playwright! Come and see 'Through the Breakers' by Owen Davis, '93!" As this was long before Professor George P. Baker had started his 47 Workshop, Owen Davis, '93, may be considered something of a pioneer among Harvard dramatists. In college he had been known as a sprinter; but it wasn't in honor of his athletic prowess that a crowd of us hastened over to the Columbia Theater on upper Washington Street in Boston, and paid our thirty cents that night. It was to jeer and hoot at a melodrama.

Unfortunately for us, Mr. Davis made it difficult to jeer, by a device which for unabashed theatrical efficiency remains a high point in my theater memories. His hero was a telegrapher and so was his secondary, or assistant, hero. The hero was sick in bed, and the villain under the guise of kindness had come to "nurse" him, tying him up, gagging him, and pulling the sheet over his face, until the second chap should depart for the office and leave the field free for the kill. I should add that the bed had a high wooden headboard. The second chap, assured that his chum was sleeping, is about to depart. He puts on his coat (really, I cannot refrain from the historical present in describing this episode!), he moves to the door, he has his hand on the latch as the collective heart of the audience is in its collective boots, when, lo! a hand steals weakly out from under the sheet, the red mark of the rope still on the wrist, and moving upward, the knuckles suddenly begin to rap in Morse code on the wooden headboard. Rap-rap—rap, rap, rap, resounding through the snitten silence. A great gasp as the audience catches the significance. The second chap listens, gets the message, tears off his coat, and bing! he lands on that oily villain like a dive bomber from the stratosphere.

Roars of applause!

I am afraid I have forgotten what the rest of the play was about; it had something to do with the sea, for there were waves made by stage hands heaving up and down under a green cloth. But we superior creatures from Harvard remained to the end, still under the spell of those rapping knuckles. Owen Davis, '93, had won another race.

During the next decade Mr. Davis became one of the most prolific of the many dramatists who supplied the enormous demand for popular melodrama. He wrote regularly four plays a year, all of which, he subsequently stated, were successful except two in which he attempted an innovation: he attempted to portray the hero as not entirely heroic and the villain as not entirely without redeeming traits. These two failed dismally. Mr. Davis's most famous melodrama (perhaps because of its alluring title) was "Nellie the Beautiful Cloak Model." It is not, alas, one of the "lost" American plays reissued by the Princeton University Press, although it contained the most superb single speech in the whole range of this fascinating literature. No doubt the editors would have been glad to include it, but Mr. Davis went highbrow after the first decade of this century, in 1923 won the Pulitzer prize, and later dramatized *Ethan Frome*. He has long been sensitive about Nellie, not caring to expose either her or him-

self to ribald laughter. (In all conscience, she suffered enough.) Every college and summer theater in the land has begged him, in vain, to release the script for production. Perhaps now that other such plays have been admitted to the hallowed precincts of print, and seem on the way to engaging the attention of candidates for the doctorate, he will relent. We hope so.

Nellie because of her beauty and her purity was of course much put-upon. The villain pursued her relentlessly. In the first act he cast her under a descending elevator; but she was rescued in the nick of time. In the second act he fastened her to the tracks of the elevated railroad; but the engineer stopped a bare three feet from her recumbent form. In the third act the villain, still pursuing if not achieving, tossed her off the Brooklyn Bridge; but her strength was as the strength of Steve Brodie because her heart was pure, and she emerged from the East River none the worse. Finally, in the last act, we encountered Nellie alone in her chaste chamber, about to retire, and were horrified to see the top of a ladder suddenly poke up above the window ledge. This was followed by a derby hat (always the sign of a villain), then by the face, and finally the whole figure of Nellie's nemesis. He climbed the sill and approached the quivering victim. As Nellie shrank back against the farthest wall he spoke the immortal line, "Why do you fear me, Nellie?"

If you will read Mr. Davis's delightful autobiography, *I'd Like To Do It Again*, you'll learn from him that when he wrote this line, in the full flush of creative composition, he had no faintest inkling that it was funny. Nor, when it was spoken in a hundred theaters across America, did the ten-twenty-and-thirty-cent audiences regard it as funny. There was nary a laugh, only a gasp of suspense as the oily rascal drew near his prey. It was not until the author had graduated to Broadway and the ten-twenty-and-thirty-cent melodramas had moved over to the silver screen that he reread his immortal words and found himself amused—a little too amused to permit them to be spoken again upon a stage.

Another prolific author of these melodramas during the late 90's and the first decade of our century was Theodore Kremer, a graduate in music of the University of Leipzig. One of his most famous plays, "The Fatal Wedding," was produced in 1901 and flourished in the popular theater for more than ten years. As Mr. Kremer's heirs live now in Germany, it was impossible to secure permission to include the text in the Princeton Press collection, which is the more unfortunate because the play reached its climax when the hero escaped over a chasm by means of a rope, and at the moment when this collection appeared all our intelligentsia were going to a movie called "Night Train" and revelling in the escape of the hero by means of a car operated on a cable across a chasm. The only actual difference seems to be that the movie hero had it made a bit easier for him. But I fear the movie critics who accepted "Night Train" as a masterpiece would be contemptuous of "The Fatal Wedding."

Speaking of ropes and weddings, I well remember a situation in a melodrama produced in New York the same week David Warfield was making his debut in "The Music Master" only a block away. Witter Bynner and I, a bit satiated with sweetness, departed from the Warfield play and drifted over to the American Theater, where we secured seats in the front of the first balcony. As we took them, a wedding was in progress on the stage. The minister, facing the

audience defiantly, asked if anyone present knew of any reason why this couple should not be united. There was a dramatic pause. Then, directly over our heads in the gallery a voice shouted, "I do!" and the two ends of a rope thudded in the aisle beside us. Down the doubled rope came a man, ignoring the proper Alpine technic for such a descent. He pulled the rope down after him, strung it round the rail of the balcony, and slid down to the main floor. By now the theater was buzzing with excitement. Down the aisle he dashed, climbed over the bull fiddle, grasped the edge of the footlight trough, hauled himself up on the stage, and stopped the wedding good and proper, making another act imperative. Don't ask me the name of this play; I have quite forgotten. I have even forgotten how he stopped the wedding. But the method of his entrance lingers pleasantly in my memory. Warfield couldn't have done it.

During this decade in New York the Third Avenue Theater was a favorite haunt of those among us who enjoyed a bit of melodrama with our Ibsen and Shaw, and if we wanted an excuse for our trips over there we did not find it as audiences did twenty years later who ferried to Hoboken to drink Prohibition beer and self-consciously hiss a villain who played with his tongue in his cheek. Our excuse even now seems to me legitimate—though of course I'm ashamed that we ever thought we needed one. We pointed out that these popular melodramas, in spite of their rigid conventionality of method, were often based on recent news events, and in their attitude toward those events, and especially in their humor, reflected folk ways exactly as the ancient ballads did. Come to think of it, we anticipated by over thirty years the academic interest in these plays now indicated by the Princeton Press publications. I feel pretty set up about that!

For example, somewhere before 1910—I forget the exact date—America's public enemy Number One was a chap named Tracy, who held up a train out in Oregon or Washington, and was chased into the depths of the Cascade Mountains by a large posse. All the papers were full of it. But was Tracy public enemy Number One on Third Avenue? No sir; he was a hero. He was a new Robin Hood, a new Jesse James, at least for dramatic purposes. "Tracy the Outlaw" was the play made about him—by whom I quite forget. He had of course to be caught at last. Poetic justice in the popular melodrama was never ultimately thwarted. But he had the sympathy of the audience to the end, vociferously expressed, and for nothing did they love him so much as for his daredevil humor, his priceless gift of stinging repartee. This was best exemplified in the final act. The scene disclosed the exterior of a slab shack in the deep woods, where the pursued Tracy had taken refuge. We were sure he was inside.

On came the posse, armed with rifles, creeping in from R.U.E., L.U.E., and all other available entrances. The shack was besieged on both sides, the rifles pointed at door and windows. Poor Tracy's fate seemed sealed. We waited breathlessly for him to open fire or to make a hopeless dash for liberty. But suddenly he appeared on the roof, poking his head out from behind the chimney. All the rifles were elevated. "Surrender in the name of the law!" thundered the sheriff.

And then Tracy rocked Third Avenue with his retort. Raising his thumb to

his nose in a classic gesture, he looked the sheriff squarely in the eye, and answered: "Go lay an egg."

Here was insouciance in a visual idiom the audience could perfectly understand, a gay defiance of danger in the popular metaphor of the moment. The blood raced faster on Third Avenue—and in how many other ten-twenty-and-thirty-cent houses across the Continent!

Ballad of America!

II

In the year 1895 three plays were produced in this country which are interesting to examine in retrospect. One was a baffling comedy, with a melodramatic entrance of the leading character through a window while a battle went on outside. It was called "Arms and the Man," and the author was named G. Bernard Shaw. It was not regarded as important at the time, even though Richard Mansfield produced it; and it puzzled many people. The second play was a Civil War spy melodrama, called "Secret Service," written and acted by William Gillette. But the melodramatic structure was made so plausible, the speech was so easy and colloquial, the acting so restrained, that it seemed in a different class from the plays of mere devised excitement. The third play was "The Great Diamond Robbery," produced at the old American Theater with a magnificent cast (including the aged Janauschek). The authors were Colonel Edward Alfriend, a Virginian, and A. C. Wheeler, who under the name of Nym Cinkle had been famous as a dramatic critic, and some years later, under still another name, won a new reputation as an essayist and champion of country life. "The Great Diamond Robbery," which was as successful in the theater as Gillette's play, and far more so than Shaw's, now finds itself in the humble company of "From Rags to Riches," while Gillette's melodrama is acknowledged as a rung in the ladder of our dramatic progress, and Shaw's comedy of course is a classic. Wheeler was a highly literate fellow. Much of the dialogue in his play escaped the worst clichés of the popular melodrama, and some of it was actually pungent. But, unlike Gillette, he did not trouble to achieve a realistic plausibility of incident, and of course, unlike Shaw, he had no underlying message to deliver. "The Great Diamond Robbery," which you may now read (and refresh your memory of the old Hoffman House bar, by the way, where one scene is laid, beneath the famous Bouguereau nymphs), was unabashed melodrama parading as high-class play writing, not quite aware that if melodrama were still to live among the élite it had got to reform itself radically.

If you will now move on exactly a decade you will doubtless remember a play by that master of romantic melodrama, David Belasco, called "The Girl of the Golden West." Belasco had learned his lesson, from Gillette and others. He secured such plausibility of setting, of speech, of acting, of little incident after incident, that he was generally hailed as the wizard of illusion. Do you recall that magnificently melodramatic moment in the Girl's cabin, after she had hidden her wounded lover up in the loft and the Bret Harte sheriff had come for him, and been persuaded that he was nowhere about? Rising to depart, the sheriff stood for a brief second under the trap to the loft and pulled out his white handkerchief to flick some dust from his boots. As he straightened up to put the handker-

chief back in his pocket, a red spot suddenly appeared on it. Slowly—very slowly—he held it out, and another spot appeared. Still very slowly he lifted his head and looked up at the trap in the ceiling. Sheer melodrama of course. But who that saw it has ever forgotten, or will confess, in honesty, that he did not tinglingly enjoy it?

The following year two plays were produced which were wide as the poles apart, though both, like Belasco's, could class as "Westerns." One was William Vaughn Moody's "The Great Divide," the other was "Billy the Kid," by Walter Woods. Edwin Arlington Robinson wrote a poem celebrating the Broadway advent of the Moody drama, but no accolade was placed on Billy until our own day, when he suddenly blossomed out in a ballet, to the music of Aaron Copland. In his own generation Billy knew his place, which was thrilling the hearts of countless thousands in the ten-twenty-and-thirty-cent theaters.

"The Great Divide" began with a melodramatic incident that might easily have been contrived by the rankest melodramatist. But that incident was a mere excuse to set the stage for a psychological drama, almost a philosophical drama, of depth and passion. It immediately made the drama of Belasco seem shallow and contrived, meeting it on its own field—the reformation of a Western bad man by a woman. The enthusiasm for the play which sent Robinson home to Brooklyn composing a poem as he tramped, and which caused John Corbin, the critic, to affirm in the lobby after Act II, "This is America's declaration of dramatic independence!" may seem a bit excessive to us now if we reread the play. But it did not seem so then. We lovers of the serious drama saw the rosy dawn of new achievement in the American theater as Mr. Moody's play unfolded. The Boucicaults and Belascos had had their day. Now would come the Master Builders, to erect a "spire of meaning" above every drama. Social Significance, indeed, was just around the corner.

But did that affect the author of "Billy the Kid"? Not so you'd notice it. He wasn't aiming his play at the John Corbins and Edwin Arlington Robinsons, nor even at Broadway. He was aiming at the popular theater. At the opening of its seventh continuous season the lucky managers of this play sent out an announcement to "The Managers of Theaters, Opera Houses and Town Halls in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island," warning them that "Billy the Kid" was coming and to get their standing room ready. The announcement declared that six million people had already witnessed the play. If you cut those figures in half, to allow for the press agent's exuberance, you still have an impressive total, and would be well within the range of probability. And the drama had five more years of touring after this! "The Great Divide" hung up no such record, nor even "The Girl of the Golden West."

Billy was a bad man, but a good kid; he had plenty of notches on his gun but plenty of niches in his heart. You may be sure that his badness was thrust upon him by the evil machinations of the villain, and that the villain met a deserved end at the last moment, destroyed by his own trickery, while Billy escaped.

"To the law I am dead," said Billy the Kid. "To-day my life begins anew. Come, Nellie—we'll wander down life's pathway together, where the sun shines always—"

And then Nellie had, womanlike, the last word. "Billy!" she cried. [*Embraces*] And the curtain.

Before this happy consummation, however, Billy had plentiful opportunities to show his metal, especially in the Broken Heart saloon, where Nellie had been trapped by a whole bevy of bad men who were about to auction off her kisses. (The scholars of the future will doubtless speculate on the resemblance of this episode to the first scene of "The Great Divide," and endeavor to discover which play was written first.) The entrance of Billy the Kid, notorious boy bad man, upset the kissers' plans, and when Billy declared his intention of escorting Nellie away from there the trouble started. Billy had no great difficulty in getting Nellie out by the proper use of his fists, but handling the villain on his return was another matter. Spurred by the reward of five thousand dollars on Billy's head, the villain and his gang began to shoot. The lights were shot out at the first fusillade. Then, in the pitch darkness, no less than twenty stabs of flame assailed the breathless spectators' eyes, while the uproar smote their ears. At last the shooting stopped. Somebody crawled out from behind the bar to light a candle. We heard the voice of the villain cry [*in a shaky voice*], "Billy—are you there?" [*Pause*] "He is dead!"

Then the candle sputtered to life; the stage was illuminated. And on it lay five bodies, three of them at Billy's feet, while Billy himself stood erect and smiling, a pistol in each hand!

"Come, Denver," he said to the villain, in that steel-cold, quiet voice of his, "you—go—with—me!"

And Denver sneaked out, followed by Billy, while the barkeeper, with his candle, was left to recover from his astonishment and clean up the corpses.

How much this episode owed to William Gillette's escape from Moriarty's den in his play "Sherlock Holmes" we shall have to trust the future scholars to determine. Gillette, however, used only one point of light in the darkness, the glowing cigar end, while Walter Woods employed at least twenty stabs of flame to intensify the excitement. There was nothing niggardly about the popular melodrama! As a matter of fact, this particular act in the Broken Heart Bar was devised with no little technical skill from beginning to end, and when played with the proper pace and timing had an undoubted excitement in the theater for anyone who saw it. Lincoln Kirstein, who commissioned the composer Aaron Copland to write the American ballet, "Billy the Kid," more than thirty years later, had no knowledge of Woods' play when he did it. Both play and ballet were based, no doubt, on a Western folk tale, which but emphasizes the ballad nature of the older melodrama. The millions who thrilled to it from 1906 to the First World War, however, would not have relished it as a ballet, nor are their equivalent in the population to-day ever likely to see it in its reincarnation. They don't go to the ballet. They go to the movies.

The answer to the question forever being asked, "Why aren't the movies better?" is of course found in this very fact that the old ten-twenty-and-thirty-cent audience, or its equivalent, now forms a large part of the movie audience and naturally makes equivalent demands. As the patrons of "Billy the Kid" far outnumbered those of "The Great Divide" in the decade before 1910, so the patrons for the play of sheer plot and excitement on the screen to-day far

outnumber the patrons for drama of philosophic insight, psychological tragedy, intellectual comedy. As Tracy the Outlaw or Billy the Kid shot it bravely out in the old melodramas, so Humphrey Bogart shoots it out to-day on the screen. As the hero of "The Fatal Wedding" escaped on a rope across a chasm, so the hero of "Night Train" foils the wicked Nazis, after firing no less than thirty shots from a single automatic pistol. The stage had a great advantage in that it could separate its plays according to their kind and merit, each finding its natural audience. But as yet the movies have done this in a few cities only, and even then tentatively. Nearly all screen dramas must be calculated for a mass appeal, and if sometimes in one of them you find a hint of "The Great Divide," you expect to find more than a hint of "Billy the Kid" before the last reel. You'll be sure to find it if you wait for the second feature. Hollywood has been compelled for its financial salvation to incorporate the old melodrama (with its "comic relief") into the structure of screen entertainment. That it has also been able to incorporate so much as it has of the more serious and literary drama is perhaps all to its credit.

When I was young and a dramatic critic I went to the theater in a spirit of passionate earnestness which now amazes me. No doubt all young people should so battle for serious purpose in all art, or we have no progress. But I begin to wonder sometimes now if my generation didn't a bit overdo it. Certainly in the theater we achieved so much realism, so much psychology, so much intellectual debate, so much social significance, that in many instances we banished story altogether. We got rid of melodrama, but we eliminated suspense and excitement. We threw out the baby with the bath water. Sometimes in moments of hesitation between staying at home with a detective story or going to the theater to listen to a roomful of sophisticates chatter and get nowhere, a doubt assails me whether the mission of the theater is, after all, to erect "spires of meaning." But of course I quickly smother it and hurry to hear Mr. Behrman's excellent talk.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Why is the title in quotation marks?
2. Who was Billy the Kid?
3. What is the Rockefeller Foundation?
4. Who was Charles A. Taylor?
5. Who was Ibsen? Gillette? Belasco?
6. Explain: "I cannot refrain from the historical present in describing this episode!"
7. What literary lines did Mr. Eaton have in mind when he wrote "still pursuing, if not achieving"? "her strength was as the strength of Steve Brodie because her heart was pure"? Who was Steve Brodie?
8. Who was David Warfield?
9. What is a "bull fiddle"?

10. Explain: "ferried to Hoboken to drink Prohibition beer and self-consciously hiss a villain. . . ."
11. Identify Robin Hood; Jesse James.
12. What is "poetic justice."
13. Explain: "R.U.E., L.U.E."
14. Explain: "the Bret Harte sheriff."
15. Explain: "Now would come The Master Builders." Who was Boucicault?
16. How does Mr. Eaton answer the question "Why aren't the movies better?"
17. Explain the figure "We threw out the baby with the bath water."
18. Explain: "Mr. Behrman's excellent talk."
19. Define: *whatnot*, *intelligentsia*, *nemesis*, *insouciance*, *clichés*, *élite*, *accolade*, *fusillade*, *niggardly*.

Round Table

1. Debate: In a play melodramatic elements are to be preferred to "spires of meaning."
2. Moving picture theaters should be divided into those for the sophisticates and those for the masses.
3. The modern moving picture is superior to the old melodrama of the ten-twenty-and-thirty theater.

Paper Work

1. Write a definition of *melodrama*.
2. Write a dramatic review of one of the following old plays: *The Fatal Wedding*; *Secret Service*; *Billy the Kid*; *The Heart of Maryland*; *The Music Master*; *The Great Diamond Robbery*; *The Great Divide*; *Shore Acres*; *The Old Homestead*; *Fashion*; *The Octoroon*.
3. Write an analysis of the melodramatic elements in a popular movie thriller.
4. Write a review of Owen Davis' *I'd Like to Do It Again*.
5. Write a theme on "My First Play."

Few living American authors have such variety of interests and attainments as has ELLIOT PAUL. He is a soldier, a journalist, a traveler, a novelist, a literary critic, a pianist, and a lover of folk music, and has been busy in all these and in other activities. He was born in Malden, Massachusetts, in 1891 and attended the University of Maine. After having served as sergeant in the A.E.F. during the first World War he returned to Paris in 1930 as literary editor of the Paris Edition of the *Chicago Tribune*; this assignment gave him an intimate acquaintance with the French metropolis which he made good use of in his subsequent novels. Before going to Paris he had already written several novels and other books, but it was *Life and Death of a Spanish Town* (1937), a vivid account of a segment of the Civil War in Spain, that brought him his first real renown. On his return to the United States he increased his reputation greatly and delighted all readers of detective stories by a series of burlesque thrillers that have no equal for robustness wit and absurdity. The first of these, *The Mysterious Mickley Finn*, appeared in 1939; it was succeeded by *Hugger-Mugger in the Louvie* (1940) and *Mayhem in B-Flat* (1941). The intimate knowledge of Paris life which Mr. Paul has revealed in his mock-heroic mysteries, he has disclosed further in *The Last Time I Saw Paris* (1942), his latest best seller.

"WHODUNIT" *

ELLIOT PAUL

I

THE QUESTION of who committed murder in any given detective story is enormously simplified if one remembers that in each instance the culprit is the author. He conceived the crime, executed it, and subsequently, by solving it, exposed himself and will face the consequences when the reviews come in. Therefore learned discussion concerning who is more important, the detective or the criminal, is pointless. And even more futile is the insistence of certain distinguished mystery "fans," including Somerset Maugham, that detective-story writers should not write too well. Excepting very rare occasions, a writer cannot write better than he is able. If he writes worse than he can, the reader has just cause for complaint. The author will be himself, since it is himself he is tracking down. Let the reader, in choosing an author, beware.

Many exponents of the art of detective-story writing (and it has become an art) have analyzed their own stories and set up rules for others to follow. Among them was the late S. S. Van Dine. He, for instance, held rightly that it was bad cricket for a writer to delegate his murder to a minor or transient character. That trick, to Mr. Van Dine's keen mind, stands on a par with shooting a grouse standing or forgiving a chap for having cheated at cards. Mr. Somerset Maugham, in his recent much-discussed article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, after employing a couple of columns chiding Mrs. Wharton for her impeccable taste, sets his cold seal of disapproval on "whodunits" containing more than one murder, and asserts that a single murder must be done in an ordinary, not an

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exotic, way. There must be no "purple passages" and nothing must interfere with the "action." The reading time should be three hours for a fast reader, and six for a dolt.

It is not already evident that the writer who tries to amuse himself and his readers by means of a "whodunit" is obliged, if he is to be rewarded either with praise or with gain, to please everybody? Æsop's famous traveler, who, when rebuked by an animal lover for riding a donkey smaller than himself, took the donkey on his shoulders, was ridiculed as a soft-headed fool and wound up by throwing the unfortunate animal over a bridge. My advice to the writers of "whodunits" is to keep their donkey—that is, the interesting and popular story form they have developed—and let the critics go hang. In fact, that is sound advice for the writers of any kind of stories whatsoever.

Aristotle was one of the first who started making rules for stories. He declared that a tale should have a beginning, a middle, and an ending. But he didn't stipulate in what order they should appear, or whether they should be laid out side by side or scrambled like Duranty's famous eggs. Now, suppose a mystery-story writer decided to proceed according to Aristotle, Van Dine, and Maugham. His story would have a beginning (Aristotle), only one murder (Maugham), and the murderer would be one of the principal characters (Van Dine). It is well known among writers and professors that a reader's sympathy goes out more readily to the characters first introduced. If the reader likes the murderer too well and sympathizes with him, he will resent the writer's choice of culprit and ask his librarian to recommend another writer. If the writer singles out one of the characters revealed in the early pages and makes him unpopular on sight, he gives the show away and offends those exacting customers who follow the plot page by page and try to solve the crime before the author does. Should the harassed writer, aware of the above-mentioned possibilities of disaster, make all the characters unpleasant, he will be pilloried by the large group of respectable readers who do not wish to read about characters they would not welcome to their home.

Therefore, let us boil down all rules into one. The "whodunit" must be entertaining. It must reflect the quality, or at least an interesting facet, of an author's mind. That lets in, regardless of method and limitations, such divergent types as Conan Doyle and Agatha Christie, Rex Stout and Phoebe Taylor, Simenon and Poe, Earl Derr Biggers and S. S. Van Dine. Of the field, I prefer Simenon for his Chekhovian directness and simplicity, and Rex Stout for his Epicurean lust for life.

Since I have warned readers to beware, in choosing "whodunit" writers and their output, perhaps it is only fair that I should lay my own cards upon the table. My first experience with the genre occurred when I was only a reader and had never seen my name in print on a title page or in a gossip column. I spent a lone evening with *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, and that thrilling adventure ranks high in my list of vivid memories.

Gertrude Stein said once, and truly, that I have no mentality at all. I only feel. So, reader, if you are after patterns and diagrams pass up the works of Paul, or read the engineering articles of my distinguished brother, who dotes on hydraulics.

I know it is indelicate to mention it today, but once upon a time there was a

brave naïf Spanish army, whether you liked it or not, and it was up against fearful odds, as others have been since who have been treated more respectfully. And when that band of men and women were shoved across a border, concerning which I knew much more than they, and found themselves in concentration camps, herded by the low, and destined to slow and shameful ends, your author turned his head away. He was ten days in an alcohol tomb in a legendary city called Rouen, and when born again with something or other missing he started tapping self-defensively a tale called *The Mysterious Mickey Finn*.

He had read few detective stories, except the very good ones with atmosphere and chunks of author served on large generous platters. He didn't know, when he began, just where he would end, and that is true today. I shall never cheat my readers by cribbing last chapters and then working backwards, with self-imposed limitations. On page 16, or 47, or 103, the reader may rest assured that he knows just as much as I do about the climax and elucidation. But he will see some queer places, stranger than fiction, if you want it that way. He will see some fellow members of the human race perform in an unrestrained way. That is all.

And if the reader or incipient writer wants a rule, the Golden Rule is still the best of the lot, even for authors.

And so, to homicide.

II

What is the pure "whodunit," as distinct from the crime or adventure story and the 'novel' proper?

The first murder story, and one which has had a profound effect on modern thinking, was the Biblical tale of Cain and Abel. For a clear understanding of this yarn, the important features of which have long been overlooked, it is best to retell it in a modern rural setting. Cain is a hard-working introspective farmer boy. The heavy work falls on him because his father is exacting and Cain is husky enough to stand it. Abel, the flightier and less sturdy of the brothers, tends the sheep, and even this he neglects because he talks with the stars. For years Cain has shouldered his burden without fretting, but Abel's easy lot and carefree attitude, and particularly his popularity with the farm maidens, eventually get under Cain's skin.

The big scene takes place in the State Fair, which is the modern equivalent of the sacrificial altar. Cain has been having bad luck with his crops. The sun has scorched his wheat. Intermittent rains have caused weeds to choke his truck garden. But the same conditions that made farming difficult have favored the sheep. Abel's exhibit is in prime condition, in spite of his casual way of tending flocks.

The judges look askance at Cain's mangy show of garden truck and his blighted grain. So Abel walks away with the blue ribbon, accompanied by Brenda, the chairman's lovely daughter. She likes Abel's star talk and is bored by Cain's rustic sallies. As Abel says "Pip-pip" to Cain, who is fingering a blister-rusted carrot in a surly way, he cannot repress a chuckle. It is not meant unkindly, but it unleashes years of pent-up smouldering resentment in the hairy chest of Cain and seals Abel's doom.

The Great Detective in the case was Jehovah, and he soon broke down the

thick-headed, bewildered Cain. Jehovah also was the judge. Instead of exacting the corporal penalty, the judge commuted Cain's sentence to what is aptly known in the trade as a "hearse rap."

Had there been added to the cast a half-dozen suspects, cattle men who had suffered because Abel's sheep cropped off the grass too close to the roots, and a brace of rival suitors for Brenda's lovely hand, the old story would have been a "whodunit." As it was, the identity of the "heavy," as the villain is now called, was established in the beginning, as in the case of Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. The Russian master had never heard of Van Dine or Maugham, so he contented himself with the mental processes of Raskolnikov and the details of the duel of wits between the mad student and his Nemesis, the police Inspector Porfiry Petrovitch.

As far as "whodunits" are concerned, Dostoevsky is out. But a modern French writer has done wonders in reconciling profound humanity with the mystery-story form. I refer to Simenon. What his stories lack in mechanical complications, they gain in simplicity. His stories exude the atmosphere of post-war (II) France and the temper of French people. The American writer who can perform a similar service for the people of These States has yet to appear. But I am convinced that the future of the "whodunit" lies in that direction. The deceitful group of suspects will dwindle in importance. The detective will shed his burp and discard his needle. The clown police inspectors will merge with the omniscient amateurs. The pecksniffing crossword puzzlers will go back to their anagrams. And the "whodunit" will enter its adult phase, free at last from the pointless discipline of its self-appointed taskmasters.

Thus far the "whodunit" has had a spotted career. Intended for *hoi polloi*, it was taken up by the snobs, only to be rediscovered in the movies by the mob for whom it was originally concocted. Hollywood has perverted it almost beyond recognition, but also has improved some of the original material, owing largely to the patience of Producer Hunt Stromberg, who gave to the world Nick and Nora Charles. Of course I know that Dashiell Hammett wrote *The Thin Man* and that the Hacketts did a good job of dramatizing the Nick Charles stories for the screen; but it was Stromberg who ironed the thing out, who kept Nick and Nora in character, who held everyone's nose to the grindstone until *After the Thin Man* became the model for "whodunit" films. Of course there was Hitchcock, with his *39 Steps*. Hitchcock has long been receiving the "oh's" and "ah's" of the aesthetes for his atmosphere, but his disdain for "story" (at its worst in *Foreign Correspondent*) offsets his gift for high visual art.

Generally speaking, and this is important to all writers aspiring to success in the "whodunit" field, a detective story should be written either to be read or to be seen on the screen. The same story can seldom be used in both forms without incalculable loss.

A "whodunit" is a murder story, with suspects who are innocent and a wolf in sheep's clothing who did the deed and is caught in the end. It must be interesting and well written. The detective must be the only character who turns out exactly as he seems. The story, the crime, the solution, and all the participants are simply the author, on whose talent the creation stands or falls.

III

All writers about mystery stories agree that murder is the only crime that has a sure-fire appeal to the public imagination. The reason for this is not far to seek, and has been pointed out by both Maugham and Professor Harrison R. Steeves. Murder cannot be undone. Stolen goods may be restored. Kidnapped beauties may be shipped back to their loved ones, unharmed. The fate known as "worse than death" does not seem to be held in awe by the general run of readers.

No. Our crime must be murder, preferably in the first degree. But Mr. Maugham in wishing to limit the number of murders to one, or two at the most, excludes what is for me the most fascinating form. In a story like Van Dine's *Bishop Murder Case*, the initial murder is symptomatic of a series of dastardly killings, all of which are explained (but none of them forestalled) by the great detective, Philo Vance. Many of us like to consider the initial, or Aristotelian, murder a harbinger of a menacing condition which will produce subsequent demises of a violent and thrilling nature.

And that brings us to an important consideration—namely, the purgatorial and salutary influence of the "whodunit" in society today. Up to the turn of our stormy century, it was justly feared by parents and grandparents that blood-and-thunder stories might incite to imitative violence the young or shallow mind. Those happy days are gone, perhaps forever.

In 1941, when the order of the day is wholesale slaughter and mass injustices, the focusing of a reader's attention on one or two homicides, of a somewhat personal nature, is wholesome indeed. It may, if it spreads, do much to save what is loosely known as civilization. Furthermore, if from the bosom of the people arises, whenever police machinery bogs down, a popular hero who protects his fellows where official agencies have failed, the public's faith in democracy is bolstered and reinforced, at the expense of insidious totalitarian theories of government *von oben*.

The "whodunit," literary refuge of the common mind, keeps alive the feeling that there are still individual problems, that each of us is one of God's creatures, a member of the universal brotherhood of potential murderers. As the down-trodden and helpless turned in the days of chivalry to Lancelot and Galahad, so turn the humble heads of white-collar workers, instructors, librarians, shopgirls and floorwalkers, housewives and gigolos, in twentieth-century America, to Nick Carter, Lord Peter Wimsey, and other successors of the great Sherlock Holmes. Without important exception, these lion-hearted champions do not look askance at a client, poor or rich. They draw no class distinctions. They hobnob with gangsters and statesmen. They are *sans peur et sans reproche*.

Besides, the "whodunit" offers a safety valve to the violent instincts of the reader, permits him to knock off a few undesirables in the person of the author-criminal and to reassert his better self and revenge his awful deed in the person of the author-detective. It enables him to laugh heartily at the police, without being pinched the next Sunday for watering the pansies on his front lawn or leaving his car five minutes on an empty street where parking is forbidden.

Do not scoff at the "whodunit," and by no means let it fall into disfavor or popular disdain. The social consequences of such short-sightedness might well be far-reaching and disastrous.

IV

According to the leading apologists who praise the "whodunit" with faint damnation, the detective story is almost exclusively for men. My own experience and observation do not bear this out. Of course my fan mail does not compare in bulk with that of Don Ameche or Joan Crawford, but, if it indicates anything, it seems to point to the fact that women are more numerous and discriminating among detective-story fans than are men.

This question could be settled by the census taker, or by means of a Gallup poll. I challenge Dr. Gallup to determine the sex percentages among mystery-story addicts. And I offer to place small bets that the women readers will outnumber the men.

If not, something should be done about it. Women practically monopolize other branches of United States culture. Without them writers, artists, producers, and publishers would never be required to file income-tax statements. Should it prove to be true that women are not doing their bit with "whodunits," in spite of the fact that Dorothy Sayers, Agatha Christie, Leslie Ford, and Phoebe Taylor write excellent ones, the first duty of detective-story writers is to cultivate "the beautiful and damned."

As to love interest, and its place in the murder mystery—again, that depends on the author. If he is a susceptible, moth-and-flame, adventurous chap, he will give himself away. If he is a more solid citizen, the readers must make the best of his low vitality. The writer must give his customers a run for their money—enough of himself or herself to entice them to come back for more.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Who, according to Mr. Paul, is always "the author" of a detective story?
2. What does Mr. Paul say about the theory that "detective-story writers should not write too well"?
3. Identify Somerset Maugham, S. S. Van Dine, Mrs. Wharton, Aesop, Aristotle.
4. How does Aesop's story of the traveler and the donkey illustrate the relationship of author, critic, reader, and detective story?
5. What is Aristotle's rule for stories? In what book by Aristotle is it expressed?
6. Explain: "scrambled like Duranty's famous eggs." Who is Duranty?
7. What objections does Mr. Paul have to applying the Aristotle-Maugham-Van Dine rules to detective-story writing?
8. What one rule does Mr. Paul prescribe for detective-stories?
9. Identify and name at least one book by Conan Doyle, Agatha Christie, Rex Stout, Phoebe Taylor, Simenon, Poe, and Earl Derr Biggers.

10. Explain: "I prefer Simenon for his Chekhovian directness and simplicity, and Rex Stout for his Epicurean lust for life."
11. Who wrote *The Hound of the Baskervilles*?
12. Who is Gertrude Stein? What does Paul mean by his reference to "patterns and diagrams"?
13. To what modern historical events does Mr. Paul refer in his comment on the "brave naïf Spanish army"? In what book did he write about the events in which this army participated?
14. How does Mr. Paul distinguish the "pure 'whodunit'" from "the crime or adventure story and the 'novel' proper"?
15. Where in the Bible is the story of Cain and Abel told?
16. What is Mr. Paul's theory as to how the detective-story will develop?
17. Explain: "The detective will shed his burp and discard his needle. The clown police inspectors will merge with the omniscient amateurs." Name some detective stories in which these character types appear.
18. Who are Nick and Nora Charles?
19. What does Mr. Paul say of the screen mystery?
20. What is Mr. Paul's definition of a "whodunit"?
21. Explain: "the fate known as 'worse than death.'"
22. What must the crime be in a "whodunit"?
23. What is Mr. Paul's opinion of the evil effects of blood-and-thunder stories on the young or shallow minds?
24. Explain: "government *von oben*."
25. According to Mr. Paul, what social, political, and individual merits lie in the "whodunit"?
26. Explain the allusion to Lancelot and Galahad.
27. Who are Nick Carter, Lord Peter Wimsey, and Sherlock Holmes?
28. Explain: *sans peur et sans reproche*. What is the source of this phrase and to whom was it applied?
29. What does Mr. Paul say of the theory that the "whodunit" is "almost exclusively for men"?
30. What does the essayist say of love interest in the detective story?
31. Define: *transient, pilloried, divergent, facet, genre, hydraulics, naïf, cribbing, incipient, mangy, askance, "hearse rap," Nemesis, pecksniffing, hoi polloi, symptomatic, harbinger, demises, purgatorial, gigolos, apologists.*

Round Table

1. Defend the merits of your favorite writer of detective fiction against the rival claims for another writer.
2. Argue *pro* or *con*: (a) Detective stories are of more interest to men than to women; (b) Reading detective stories is a low form of literary dissipation; (c) Children should not be allowed to read blood-and-thunder stories or to see films of physical violence; (d) "Love interest" has no place in a

detective story; (c) The burlesque detective story is inferior to the serious one.

Paper Work

1. Write a review of one of the following books by Elliot Paul: *Life and Death of a Spanish Town*, *The Mysterious Mickey Finn*, *Hugger-Mugger in the Louvre*, *Mayhem in B-Flat*, *The Last Time I Saw Paris*.
2. Write a review of one of the following books: Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*, Conan Doyle's *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, Hitchcock's *39 Steps*, Van Dine's *Bishop Murder Case*.
3. Write a report on the technique of any writer of detective fiction with whom you are not now acquainted.
4. Look up Somerset Maugham's "recent much-discussed article in the *Saturday Evening Post*" and write a comment both on this article and on Mr. Paul's criticism of it.
5. Write a critical comparison of the printed and the screen version of the same detective or mystery story.
6. Write your own definition of a "whodunit."
7. Following Mr. Paul's method in handling the biblical story of Cain and Abel, write a "modernized version" of some other tale of crime from the Old Testament.
8. Write a short detective or mystery story (not more than five hundred words) with definite plot, suspense, and climax.
9. Write a theme on: (a) The Best Writer of Detective Stories, in My Opinion, Is ——— (supply the name of an author); (b) I Like (or Do Not Like) Detective Stories.

Director of English A and Lecturer in English in Harvard College, THEODORE MORRISON has somewhat the rôle he assigns to Rudolph Mole in the following essay, that of the literary man tolerated on an English faculty to "inspire" the students. It cannot be proved, however, that Mr. Morrison ever had a "Trendian" period. He is known as the author of scattered critical essays, and two books of poetry (Serpent in the Cloud and Notes of Death and Life), and as the Director of the annual Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. This article was published in Harper's for February, 1940.

DOVER BEACH REVISITED*

THEODORE MORRISON

EARLY IN the year 1939 a certain Professor of Educational Psychology, occupying a well-paid chair at a large endowed university, conceived a plot. From his desk in the imposing Hall of the Social Sciences where the Research Institute in Education was housed he had long burned with resentment against teachers of literature, especially against English departments. It seemed to him that the professors of English stood square across the path of his major professional ambition. His great desire in life was to introduce into the study, the teaching, the critical evaluation of literature some of the systematic method, some of the "objective procedure" as he liked to call it, some of the certainty of result which he believed to be characteristic of the physical sciences. "You make such a fetish of science," a colleague once said to him, "why aren't you a chemist?"—a question that annoyed him deeply.

If such a poem as Milton's "Lycidas" has a value—and most English teachers, even to-day, would start with that as a cardinal fact—then that value must be measurable and expressible in terms that do not shift and change from moment to moment and person to person with every subjective whim. They would agree, these teachers of literature, these professors of English, that the value of the poem is in some sense objective; they would never agree to undertake any objective procedure to determine what that value is. They would not clearly define what they meant by achievement in the study of literature, and they bridled and snorted when anyone else attempted to define it. He remembered what had happened when he had once been incautious enough to suggest to a professor of English in his own college that it might be possible to establish norms for the appreciation of Milton. The fellow had simply exploded into a peal of histrionic laughter and then had tried to wither him with an equally histrionic look of incredulity and disgust.

He would like to see what would happen if the teachers of English were forced or lured, by some scheme or other, into a public exposure of their position. It would put them in the light of intellectual charlatanism, nothing less . . . and suddenly Professor Charty (for so he was nicknamed) began to see his way.

It was a simple plan that popped into his head, simple yet bold and practical. It was a challenge that could not be refused. A strategically placed friend in one

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of the large educational foundations could be counted on: there would be money for clerical expenses, for travel if need be. He took his pipe from his pocket, filled it, and began to puff exultantly. To-morrow he must broach the scheme to one or two colleagues; to-night, over cheese and beer, would not be too soon. He reached for the telephone.

The plan that he unfolded to his associates that evening aroused considerable skepticism at first, but gradually they succumbed to his enthusiasm. A number of well-known professors of literature at representative colleges up and down the land would be asked to write a critical evaluation of a poem prominent enough to form part of the standard reading in all large English courses. They would be asked to state the criteria on which they based their judgment. When all the answers had been received the whole dossier would be sent to a moderator, a trusted elder statesman of education, known everywhere for his dignity, liberality of intelligence, and long experience. He would be asked to make a preliminary examination of all the documents and to determine from the point of view of a teacher of literature whether they provided any basis for a common understanding. The moderator would then forward all the documents to Professor Chartly, who would make what in his own mind he was frank to call a more scientific analysis. Then the jaws of the trap would be ready to spring.

Once the conspirators had agreed on their plot their first difficulty came in the choice of a poem. Suffice it to say that someone eventually hit on Arnold's "Dover Beach," and the suggestion withstood all attack. "Dover Beach" was universally known, almost universally praised; it was remote enough so that contemporary jealousies and cults were not seriously involved, yet near enough not to call for any special expertness, historical or linguistic, as a prerequisite for judgment; it was generally given credit for skill as a work of art, yet it contained also, in its author's own phrase, a "criticism of life."

Rapidly in the days following the first meeting the representative teachers were chosen and invited to participate in the plan. Professional courtesy seemed to require the inclusion of an Arnold expert. But the one selected excused himself from producing a valuable judgment of "Dover Beach" on the ground that he was busy investigating a fresh clue to the identity of "Marguerite." He had evidence that the woman in question, after the episode hinted at in the famous poems, had married her deceased sister's husband, thus perhaps affecting Arnold's views on a social question about which he had said a good deal in his prose writings. The expert pointed out that he had been given a half-year's leave of absence and a research grant to pursue the shadow of Marguerite through Europe, wherever it might lead him. If only war did not break out he hoped to complete this research and solve one of the vexing problems that had always confronted Arnold's biographers. His energies would be too much engaged in this special investigation to deal justly with the more general questions raised by Professor Chartly's invitation. But he asked to be kept informed, since the results of the experiment could not fail to be of interest to him.

After a few hitches and delays from other quarters, the scheme was ripe. The requests were mailed out, and the Professor of Educational Psychology sat back in grim confidence to await the outcome.

II

It chanced that the first of the representative teachers who received and answered Professor Chartly's letter was thought of on his own campus as giving off a distinct though not unpleasant odor of the ivory tower. He would have resented the imputation himself. At forty-five Bradley Dewing was handsome in a somewhat speciously virile style, graying at the temples, but still well-knit and active. He prided himself on being able to beat most of his students at tennis; once a year he would play the third or fourth man on the varsity and go down to creditable defeat with some elegiac phrases on the ravages of time. He thought of himself as a man of the world; it was well for his contentment, which was seldom visibly ruffled, that he never heard the class mimic reproducing at a fraternity house or beer parlor his manner of saying: "After all, gentlemen, it is pure poetry that lasts. We must never forget the staying power of pure art." The class mimic never represents the whole of class opinion but he can usually make everyone within earshot laugh.

Professor Dewing could remember clearly what his own teachers had said about "Dover Beach" in the days when he was a freshman in college himself, phrases rounded with distant professorial unction: faith and doubt in the Victorian era; disturbing influence of Darwin on religious belief; Browning the optimist; Tennyson coming up with firm faith after a long struggle in the waters of doubt; Matthew Arnold, prophet of skepticism. How would "Dover Beach" stack up now as a poem? Pull Arnold down from the shelf and find out.

Ah, yes, how the familiar phrases came back. The sea is calm, the tide is full, the cliffs of England stand. . . . And then the lines he particularly liked:

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the ebb meets the moon-blanch'd sand,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow . . .

Good poetry, that! No one could mistake it. Onomatopoeia was a relatively cheap effect most of the time. Poe, for instance: "And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain." Anyone could put a string of s's together and make them rustle. But these lines in "Dover Beach" were different. The onomatopoeia was involved in the whole scene, and it in turn involved the whole rhythmical movement of the verse, not the mere noise made by the consonants or vowels as such. The pauses—only, listen, draw back, fling, begin, cease—how they infused a subdued melancholy into the moonlit panorama at the same time that they gave it the utmost physical reality by suggesting the endless iteration of the waves! And then the phrase "With tremulous cadence slow" coming as yet one more touch, one "fine excess," when it seemed that every phrase and pause the scene could bear had already been lavished on it: that was Miltonic, Virgilian.

But the rest of the poem?

The sea of Faith
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle full'd . . .

Of course Arnold had evoked the whole scene only to bring before us this metaphor of faith in its ebb-tide. But that did not save the figure from triteness and from an even more fatal vagueness. Everything in second-rate poetry is compared to the sea: love is as deep, grief as salty, passion as turbulent. The sea may look like a bright girdle sometimes, though Professor Dewing did not think it particularly impressive to say so. And in what sense is *faith* a bright girdle? Is it the function of faith to embrace, to bind, to hold up a petticoat, or what? And what is the faith that Arnold has in mind? The poet evokes no precise concept of it. He throws us the simple, undifferentiated word, unites its loose emotional connotations with those of the sea, and leaves the whole matter there. And the concluding figure of "Dover Beach":

we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Splendid in itself, this memorable image. But the sea had been forgotten now; the darkling plain had displaced the figure from which the whole poem tacitly promised to evolve. It would not have been so if John Donne had been the craftsman. A single bold yet accurate analogy, with constantly developing implications, would have served him for the whole poem.

Thus mused Professor Dewing, the lines of his verdict taking shape in his head. A critic of poetry of course was not at liberty to pass judgment on a poet's thought; he could only judge whether, in treating of the thought or sensibility he had received from his age, the poet had produced a satisfactory work of art. Arnold, Professor Dewing felt, had not been able to escape from the didactic tone or from a certain commonness and vagueness of expression. With deep personal misgivings about his position in a world both socially and spiritually barbarous, he had sought an image for his emotion, and had found it in the sea—a natural phenomenon still obscured by the drapings of conventional beauty and used by all manner of poets to express all manner of feelings. "Dover Beach" would always remain notable, Professor Dewing decided, as an expression of Victorian sensibility. It contained lines of ever memorable poetic skill. But it could not, he felt, be accepted as a uniformly satisfactory example of poetic art.

III

It was occasionally a source of wonder to those about him just why Professor Oliver Twitchell spent so much time and eloquence urging that man's lower nature must be repressed, his animal instincts kept in bounds by the exertion of the higher will. To the casual observer, Professor Twitchell himself did not seem to possess much animal nature. It seemed incredible that a desperate struggle with powerful bestial passions might be going on at any moment within his own slight frame, behind his delicate white face in which the most prominent feature was the octagonal glasses that focused his eyes on the outside world. Professor

Twitchell was a good deal given to discipleship but not much to friendship. He had himself been a disciple of the great Irving Babbitt, and he attracted a small number of disciples among his own more earnest students. But no one knew him well. Only one of his colleagues, who took a somewhat sardonic interest in the mysteries of human nature, possessed a possible clue to the origin of his efforts to repress man's lower nature and vindicate his higher. This colleague had wormed his way sufficiently into Oliver Twitchell's confidence to learn about his family, which he did not often mention. Professor Twitchell, it turned out, had come of decidedly unacademic stock. One of his brothers was the chief salesman for a company that made domestic fire-alarm appliances. At a moment's notice he would whip out a sample from his bag or pocket, plug it into the nearest electric outlet, and while the bystanders waited in terrified suspense, would explain that in the dead of night, if the house caught fire, the thing would go off with a whoop loud enough to warn the soundest sleeper. Lined up with his whole string of brothers and sisters, all older than he, all abounding in spirits, Professor Twitchell looked like the runt of the litter. His colleague decided that he must have had a very hard childhood, and that it was not his own animal nature that he needed so constantly to repress, but his family's.

Whatever the reasons, Professor Twitchell felt no reality in the teaching of literature except as he could extract from it definitions and illustrations of man's moral struggle in the world. For him recent history had been a history of intellectual confusion and degradation, and hence of social confusion and degradation. Western thought had fallen into a heresy. It had failed to maintain the fundamental grounds of a true humanism. It had blurred the distinction between man, God, and nature. Under the influence of the sciences, it had set up a monism in which the moral as well as the physical constitution of man was included within nature and the laws of nature. It had, therefore, exalted man as naturally good, and exalted the free expression of all his impulses. What were the results of this heresy? An age, complained Professor Twitchell bitterly, in which young women talked about sexual perversions at the dinner table; an age in which everyone agreed that society was in dissolution and insisted on the privilege of being dissolute; an age without any common standards of value in morals or art; an age, in short, without discipline, without self-restraint in private life or public.

Oliver Twitchell when he received Professor Chartly's envelope sat down with a strong favorable predisposition toward his task. He accepted wholeheartedly Arnold's attitude toward literature: the demand that poetry should be serious, that it should present us with a criticism of life, that it should be measured by standards not merely personal, but in some sense *real*.

"Dover Beach" had become Arnold's best-known poem, admired as his masterpiece. It would surely contain, therefore, a distillation of his attitude. Professor Twitchell pulled down his copy of Arnold and began to read and as he read he felt himself overtaken by surprised misgiving. The poem began well enough. The allusion to Sophocles, who had heard the sound of the retreating tide by the Ægean centuries ago, admirably prepared the groundwork of high seriousness for a poem which would culminate in a real criticism of human experience. But did the poem so culminate? It was true that the world

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain

if one meant the world as the worldling knows it, the man who conducts his life by unreflective natural impulse. Such a man will soon enough encounter the disappointments of ambition, the instability of all bonds and ties founded on nothing firmer than passion or self-interest. But this incertitude of the world, to a true disciple of culture, should become a means of self-discipline. It should lead him to ask how life may be purified and ennobled, how we may by wisdom and self-restraint oppose to the accidents of the world a true human culture based on the exertion of a higher will. No call to such a positive moral will, Professor Twitchell reluctantly discovered, can be heard in "Dover Beach." Man is an ignorant soldier struggling confusedly in a blind battle. Was this the culminating truth that Arnold the poet had given men in his masterpiece? Professor Twitchell sadly revised his value-judgment of the poem. He could not feel that in his most widely admired performance Arnold had seen life steadily or seen it whole; rather he had seen it only on its worldly side, and seen it under an aspect of terror. "Dover Beach" would always be justly respected for its poetic art, but the famous lines on Sophocles better exemplified the poet as a critic of life.

IV

As a novelist still referred to in his late thirties as "young" and "promising," Rudolph Mole found himself in a curious relation toward his academic colleagues. He wrote for the public, not for the learned journals; hence he was spared the necessity of becoming a pedant. At the same time the more lucrative fruits of pedantry were denied to him by his quiet exclusion from the guild. Younger men sweating for promotion, living in shabby genteel poverty on yearly appointments, their childless wives mimicking their academic shop-talk in bluestocking phrases, would look up from the stacks of five-by-three cards on which they were constantly accumulating notes and references, and would say to him, "You don't realize how lucky you are, teaching composition. You aren't expected to know anything." Sometimes an older colleague, who had passed through several stages of the mysteries of preferment, would belittle professional scholarship to him with an elaborate show of graciousness and envy. "We are all just pedants," he would say. "You teach the students what they really want and need." Rudolph noticed that the self-confessed pedant went busily on publishing monographs and being promoted, while he himself remained, year by year, the English Department's most eminent poor relation.

He was not embittered. His dealings with students were pleasant and interesting. There was a sense of reality and purpose in trying to elicit from them a better expression of their thoughts, trying to increase their understanding of the literary crafts. He could attack their minds on any front he chose, and he could follow his intellectual hobbies as freely as he liked, without being confined to the artificial boundaries of a professional field of learning.

Freud, for example. When Professor Chartly and his accomplices decided that a teacher of creative writing should be included in their scheme and chose Rudolph Mole for the post, they happened to catch him at the height of his

enthusiasm for Freud. Not that he expected to psychoanalyze authors through their works; that, he avowed, was not his purpose. You can't deduce the specific secrets of a man's life, he would cheerfully admit, by trying to fit his works into the text-book patterns of complexes and psychoses. The critic, in any case, is interested only in the man to the extent that he is involved in his work. But everyone agrees, Rudolph maintained, that the man is involved in his work. Some part of the psychic constitution of the author finds expression in every line that he writes. We can't understand the work unless we can understand the psychic traits that have gained expression in it. We may never be able to trace back these traits to their ultimate sources and causes, probably buried deep in the author's childhood. But we need to gain as much light on them as we can, since they appear in the work we are trying to apprehend, and determine its character. This is what criticism has always sought to do. Freud simply brings new light to the old task.

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dressed Marguerite as "My sister!" He avowed and deplored his own womanish fits of instability:

I too have wish'd, no woman more,
This starting, feverish heart, away.

He emphasized his nervous anguish and contrary impulses. He was a "teas'd o'erlabour'd heart," "an aimless unallay'd Desire." He could not break through his fundamental isolation and submerge himself in another human soul, and he believed that all men shared this plight:

Yes: in the sea of life enisld,
With echoing straits between us thrown,
Dotting the shoreless watery wild,
We mortal millions live *alone*.

He never "without remorse" allowed himself

To haunt the place where passions reign,

yet it was clear that whether he had ever succeeded in giving himself up wholeheartedly to a passion, he had wanted to. There could hardly be a more telltale phrase than "Once-long'd-for storms of love."

In short much more illumination fell on "Dover Beach" from certain other verses of Arnold's than from Darwin and all his commentators:

Truth—what is truth? Two bleeding hearts
Wounded by men, by Fortune tried,
Outwearied with their lonely parts,
Vow to beat henceforth side by side.

The world to them was stern and drear;
Their lot was but to weep and moan.
Ah, let them keep their faith sincere,
For neither could subsist alone!

Here was the nub. "Dover Beach" grew directly from and repeated the same emotion, but no doubt generalized and enlarged this emotion, sweeping into one intense and far-reaching conviction of insecurity not only Arnold's personal fortunes in love, but the social and religious faith of the world he lived in. That much could be said for the traditional interpretation.

Of course, as Mr. Trilling did not fail to mention, anguished love affairs, harassed by mysterious inner incompatibilities, formed a well-established literary convention. But the fundamental sense of insecurity in "Dover Beach" was too genuine, too often repeated in other works, to be written off altogether to that account. The same sense of insecurity, the same need for some rock of protection, cried out again and again, not merely in Arnold's love poems but in his elegies, reflective pieces, and fragments of epic as well. Whenever Arnold produced a genuine and striking burst of poetry, with the stamp of true self-expression on it, he seemed always to be in the dumps. Everywhere dejection, confusion, weakness, contention of soul. No adequate cause could be found in the events of Arnold's life for such an acute sense of incertitude; it must have been of

psychic origin. Only in one line of effort this fundamental insecurity did not hamper, sadden, or depress him, and that was in the free play of his intelligence as a critic of letters and society. Even there, if it did not hamper his efforts, it directed them. Arnold valiantly tried to erect a barrier of culture against the chaos and squalor of society, against the contentiousness of men. What was this barrier but an elaborate protective device?

The origin of the psychic pattern that expressed itself in Arnold's poems could probably never be discovered. No doubt the influence that Arnold's father exercised over his emotions and his thinking, even though Arnold rebelled to the extent at least of casting off his father's religious beliefs, was of great importance. But much more would have to be known to give a definite clue—more than ever could be known. Arnold was secure from any attempt to spy out the heart of his mystery. But if criticism could not discover the cause, it could assess the result, and could do so (thought Rudolph Mole) with greater understanding by an attempt, with up-to-date psychological aid, to delve a little deeper into the essential traits that manifested themselves in that result.

V

In 1917 Reuben Hale, a young instructor in a Western college, had lost his job and done time in the penitentiary for speaking against conscription and for organizing pacifist demonstrations. In the twenties he had lost two more academic posts for his sympathies with Soviet Russia and his inability to forget his Marxist principles while teaching literature. His contentious, eager, lovable, exasperating temperament tried the patience of one college administration after another. As he advanced into middle age, and his growing family suffered repeated upheavals, his friends began to fear that his robust quarrels with established order would leave him a penniless outcast at fifty. Then he was invited to take a flattering post at a girls' college known for its liberality of views. The connection proved surprisingly durable; in fact it became Professor Hale's turn to be apprehensive. He began to be morally alarmed at his own security, to fear that the bourgeois system which he had attacked so valiantly had somehow outwitted him and betrayed him into allegiance. When the C.I.O. made its initial drive and seemed to be carrying everything before it, he did his best to unseat himself again by rushing joyfully to the nearest picket lines and getting himself photographed by an alert press. Even this expedient failed, and he reconciled himself, not without wonder, to apparent academic permanence.

On winter afternoons his voice could be heard booming out through the closed door of his study to girls who came to consult him on all manner of subjects, from the merits of Plekhanov as a Marxist critic to their own most personal dilemmas. They called him Ben; he called them Smith, Jones, and Robinson. He never relaxed his cheerful bombardment of the milieu into which they were born, and of the larger social structure which made bourgeois wealth, bourgeois art, morals, and religion possible. But when a sophomore found herself pregnant it was to Professor Hale that she came for advice. Should she have an abortion or go through with it and heroically bear the social stigma? And it was Professor Hale who kept the affair from the Dean's office and the newspapers, sought out the boy, persuaded the young couple that they were desperately in love with

each other, and that pending the revolution a respectable marriage would be the most prudent course, not to say the happiest.

James Joyce remarks of one of his characters that she dealt with moral problems as a cleaver deals with meat. Professor Hale's critical methods were comparably simple and direct. Literature, like the other arts, is in form and substance a product of society, and reflects the structure of society. The structure of society is a class structure: it is conditioned by the mode of production of goods, and by the legal conventions of ownership and control by which the ruling class keeps itself in power and endows itself with the necessary freedom to exploit men and materials for profit. A healthy literature, in a society so constituted, can exist only if writers perceive the essential economic problem and ally themselves firmly with the working class.

Anyone could see the trouble with Arnold. His intelligence revealed to him the chaos that disrupted the society about him; the selfishness and brutality of the ruling class; the ugliness of the world which the industrial revolution had created, and which imperialism and "liberalism" were extending. Arnold was at his best in his critical satire of this world and of the ignorance of those who governed it. But his intelligence far outran his will, and his defect of will finally blinded his intelligence. He was too much a child of his class to disown it and fight his way to a workable remedy for social injustice. He caught a true vision of himself and of his times as standing between "two worlds, one dead, one powerless to be born." But he had not courage or stomach enough to lend his own powers to the birth struggle. Had he thrown in his sympathies unreservedly with the working class, and labored for the inescapable revolution, "Dover Beach" would not have ended in pessimism and confusion. It would have ended in a cheerful, strenuous, and hopeful call to action. But Arnold could not divorce himself from the world of polite letters, of education, of culture, into which he had been born. He did his best to purify them, to make them into an instrument for the reform of society. But instinctively he knew that "culture" as he understood the term was not a social force in the world around him. Instinctively he knew that what he loved was doomed to defeat. And so "Dover Beach" ended in a futile plea for protection against the hideousness of the darkling plain and the confused alarms of struggle and flight.

Professor Chartly's envelope brought Reuben Hale his best opportunity since the first C.I.O. picket lines to vindicate his critical and social principles. He plunged into his answer with complete zest.

VI

When Peter Lee Prampton agreed to act as moderator in Professor Chartly's experiment he congratulated himself that this would be his last great academic chore. He had enjoyed his career of scholarship and teaching, no man ever more keenly. But now it was drawing to an end. He was loaded with honors from two continents. The universities of Germany, France, and Britain had first laid their formative hands on his learning and cultivation, then given their most coveted recognition to its fruits. But the honor and the glory seemed a little vague on the June morning when the expressman brought into his library the sizable package of papers which Professor Chartly had boxed and shipped to him.

He had kept all his life a certain simplicity of heart. At seventy-four he could still tote a pack with an easy endurance that humiliated men of forty. Now he found himself giving in more and more completely to a lust for trout. Half a century of hastily snatched vacations in Cape Breton or the Scottish Highlands had never allowed him really to fill up that hollow craving to find a wild stream and fish it which would sometimes rise in his throat even in the midst of a lecture.

Well, there would be time left before he died. And meanwhile here was this business of "Dover Beach." Matthew Arnold during one of his American lecture tours had been entertained by neighbors of the Pramptons. Peter Lee Prampton's father had dined with the great man, and had repeated his conversation and imitated his accent at the family table. Peter himself, as a boy of nineteen or so, had gone to hear Arnold lecture. That, he thought with a smile, was probably a good deal more than could be said for any of these poor hacks who had taken Professor Chartly's bait.

At the thought of Arnold he could still hear the carriage wheels grate on the pebbly road as he had driven, fifty odd years ago, to the lecture in town, the prospective Mrs. Prampton beside him. His fishing rod lay under the seat. He chuckled out loud as he remembered how a pound-and-a-half trout had jumped in the pool under the clattering planks of a bridge, and how he had pulled up the horse, jumped out, and tried a cast while Miss Osgood sat scolding in the carriage and shivering in the autumn air. They had been just a little late reaching the lecture, but the trout, wrapped in damp leaves, lay safely beside the rod.

It was queer that "Dover Beach" had not come more recently into his mind. Now that he turned his thoughts in that direction the poem was there in its entirety, waiting to be put on again like a coat that one has worn many times with pleasure and accidentally neglected for a while.

The sea of faith was once, too, at the full.

How those old Victorian battles had raged about the Prampton table when he was a boy! How the names of Arnold, Huxley, Darwin, Carlyle, Morris, Ruskin had been pelted back and forth by the excited disputants! *Literature and Dogma, God and the Bible, Culture and Anarchy*. The familiar titles brought an odd image into his mind: the tall figure of his father stretching up to turn on the gas lamps in the evening as the family sat down to dinner; the terrific pop of the pilot light as it exploded into a net of white flame, shaped like a little beehive; the buzz and whine of a jet turned up too high.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
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Peter Lee Prampton shivered in the warmth of his sunny library, shivered with that flash of perception into the past which sometimes enables a man to see how all that has happened in his life, for good or ill, turned on the narrowest

edge of chance. He lived again in the world of dreams that his own youth had spread before him, a world truly various, beautiful, and new; full of promise, adventure, and liberty of choice, based on the opportunities which his father's wealth provided, and holding out the prospect of a smooth advance into a distinguished career. Then, within six months, a lavish demonstration that the world has neither certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain: his mother's death by cancer, his father's financial overthrow and suicide, the ruin of his own smooth hopes and the prospect instead of a long, hampered, and obscure fight toward his perhaps impossible ambition. He lived again through the night hours when he had tramped out with himself the youthful question whether he could hold Miss Osgood to her promise in the face of such reversals. And he did not forget how she took his long-sleepless face between her hands, kissed him, and smiled away his anxiety with unsteady lips. Surely everyone discovers at some time or other that the world is not a place of certitude; surely everyone cries out to some other human being for the fidelity which alone can make it so. What more could be asked of a poet than to take so profound and universal an experience and turn it into lines that could still speak long after he and his age were dead?

The best of it was that no one could miss the human feeling, the cry from the heart, in "Dover Beach"; it spoke so clearly and eloquently, in a language everyone could understand, in a form classically pure and simple. Or did it? Who could tell what any job-lot of academicians might be trusted to see or fail to see? And this assortment in Chartly's package might be a queer kettle of fish! Peter Lee Prampton had lived through the *Yellow Book* days of Art for Art's sake; he had read the muckrakers, and watched the rise of the Marxists and the Freudians. Could "Dover Beach" be condemned as unsympathetic with labor? Could a neurosis or a complex be discovered in it? His heart sank at the sharp sudden conviction that indeed these and worse discoveries about the poem might be seriously advanced. Well, he had always tried to go on the principle that every school of criticism should be free to exercise any sincere claim on men's interest and attention which it could win for itself. When he actually applied himself to the contents of Professor Chartly's bale he would be as charitable as he could, as receptive to light from any quarter as he could bring himself to be.

But the task could wait. He felt the need of a period of adjustment before he could approach it with reasonable equanimity. And in the meanwhile he could indulge himself in some long-needed editorial work on his dry-fly book.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Characterize Professor Chartly.
2. What was the plot conceived by Chartly?
3. Who was Matthew Arnold? Why was his poem chosen?
4. What kind of a man was Professor Dewing? On what basis does he judge the poem?
5. Why was Professor Twitchell dissatisfied with "Dover Beach"?

6. In what connection does the author distinguish between a disciple and a friend?
7. What led Rudolph Mole to decide that Arnold was an erratic personality?
8. How did Reuben Hale use this opportunity to vindicate his social principles?
9. Identify: John Donne, Irving Babbitt, Sophocles, Lionel Trilling, Plukhanov, Huxley, Morris, Ruskin.
10. Of what "universal" experience did the poem speak to Peter Lee Prampton?

Round Table

1. What is the significance of the subtitle to the essay?
2. Why did Professor Chartly's plot fail?
3. Defend or attack Professor Dewing's statement that "A critic of poetry of course was not at liberty to pass judgment on a poet's thought."
4. Does the author of the essay imply a preference among the judgments of the poem?
5. Is Peter Lee Prampton a sort of *beau idéal* among "ivy-college" professors—one who cheerfully "chucks" difficult problems to go fishing?
6. With which evaluation of the poem do you tend to agree? Explain.

Paper Work

1. Read "Dover Beach" and write your own criticism of the poem.
2. Select another poem and write a paper similar to this essay, showing how different values may be assigned to the poem from different points of view.
3. Write a criticism of "Dover Beach. Revisited" from the point of view either that this is a very ingenious way of surveying and disposing of much critical controversy over a poem or that this essay is a neat evasion of the real problem of evaluating a controversial poem.

It is hardly astonishing that Dr. ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES (1879-1939) should have edited a version of the English Bible that promptly became a best seller. His father was an Episcopal clergyman, and he himself was both professor of English literature and professor of philosophy. The Bible Designed to be Read as Living Literature (1936) reveals reverence, scholarship, and good taste. Dr. Bates was born in Ohio and educated at the University of Michigan and at Columbia, where he took his Ph.D. in 1908. He became successively professor of English literature at the University of Arizona and professor of English literature and philosophy at the University of Oregon. In 1926 he was appointed literary editor of the Dictionary of American Biography; in 1930 he joined the reviewing staff of The Saturday Review of Literature; in 1933 he became one of the editors of the Modern Monthly. Among his numerous books are The Friend of Jesus (1928), a narrative poem, This Land of Liberty (1930), The Story of Congress (1936), and The Story of the Supreme Court (1936) His Biography of the Bible (1937), from which Chapter Six is reprinted here, is a useful supplement to his widely used edition of the book of books.

THE HIGHER CRITICISM*

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THERE IS NO particular mystery about the so-called "Higher Criticism." It is simply that study of the meaning of the Bible which employs the same combination of textual and historical criticism that is used today in the study of all ancient literature.

Originally, the term referred to any criticism concerned primarily with meaning as contrasted with "lower" or merely textual criticism. Owing to the fact that the study of the meaning of the Bible proved to be so peculiarly significant, the term eventually came to be restricted to it alone, although, of course, textual investigation was always one of the chief resources of Biblical Higher Criticism.

As usual, the philosophers were the first to come forward with a rational attitude. Thomas Hobbes in his *Leviathan* (1651), discussing Biblical dates and authorship, ventured a number of shrewd conjectures which lagging scholarship was to verify only after two centuries. He pointed out many passages in the Pentateuch clearly not of Mosaic authorship; the historical books were evidently written later than the events they recorded; Psalms and Proverbs, at least in their final form, were late. Hobbes glimpsed the fundamental truth that the Bible was a compilation of many books that were put together and revised by other hands than those of the original authors.

The Jewish philosopher, Benedict Spinoza (Baruch de Espinoza), went much further. Looked upon in his precocious youth as the coming glory of the Amsterdam synagogue, he had early mastered the Talmudic interpretations of the Bible and from them advanced to the more inspiring study of the Jewish medieval philosophers, Maimonides, Levi ben Gerson, Hasdai Crescas, Ibn Ezra, and Moses of Cordova. From them he acquired an independent habit of thought

*The *Biography of the Bible*, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Copyright, 1937, by Ernest Sutherland Bates. Published by Simon and Schuster, Inc.

which soon brought him into collision with the authorities of the synagogue—for orthodoxy, Jewish or Christian, was everywhere equally intolerant. At the age of twenty-four, Spinoza was tried for heresy and excommunicated according to a formula which was a veritable masterpiece of gruesomeness.

"With the judgment of the angels and the sentence of the saints, we anathematize, execrate, curse, and cast out Baruch de Espinoza, the whole of the sacred community assenting, in presence of the sacred books with the six-hundred-and-thirteen precepts written therein, pronouncing against him the malediction wherewith Elisha cursed the children, and all the maledictions written in the Book of the Law. Let him be accursed by day, and accursed by night; let him be accursed in his lying down, and accursed in his rising up; accursed in going out and accursed in coming in. May the Lord never more pardon or acknowledge him; may the wrath and displeasure of the Lord burn henceforth against this man, load him with all the curses written in the Book of the Law, and blot out his name from under the sky; may the Lord sever him for evil from all the tribes of Israel, weight him with all the maledictions of the firmament contained in the Book of the Law; and may all ye who are obedient to the Lord your God be saved this day.

"Hereby then are all admonished that none hold converse with him by word of mouth, none hold communication with him by writing; that no one do him any service, no one abide under the same roof with him, no one approach within four cubits length of him, and no one read any document dictated by him, or written by his hand."

Thus cut off from the Jewish community, Spinoza withdrew to the outskirts of Amsterdam where he earned a frugal living as a grinder of lenses, devoting his leisure to thinking and writing and refusing all the offers of patronage and financial assistance that became more frequent as his reputation gradually extended. In the first of his works, the *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus* (published anonymously in 1670), he outlined in some detail the proper method for the historical study of the Bible, and, like Hobbes, he pleaded for an interpretation based upon the Bible itself instead of upon extraneous dogmas. But knowledge of the Bible itself included in his eyes a knowledge of its natural environment: ". . . that is, the life, the conduct, and the studies of the author of each book, who he was, what was the occasion, and the epoch of his writing, whom did he write for, and in what language." Further, Spinoza demanded an inquiry "into the fate of each book: how it was first received, into whose hands it fell, how many different versions there were of it, by whose advice was it received into the Bible, and lastly, how all the books now universally accepted as sacred, were united into a single whole."

Here was a complete outline for the science of Higher Criticism. But it came a hundred years too early.

The eighteenth century proved to be critically minded but not historically minded. Advances in physical science had led to the conception of a lawful universe difficult to harmonize with the primitive scientific notions of the early Hebrews. The miracles, formerly urged as a proof of revelation, now became a stumbling block, needing defense in their turn. Skeptics such as David Hume pointed out that if miracles were breaks in the order of nature they needed to be

supported by extraordinarily strong evidence, whereas in reality the evidence was extraordinarily weak unless one previously admitted the idea of revelation which the miracles themselves were supposed to prove. Apologists such as Bishop Butler usually attempted to meet this argument by denying that miracles were breaks in the order of nature: they were to be explained either as natural events misinterpreted by the narrators (this explanation supporting the events at the expense of narrators) or as elaborate metaphors for moral or religious truths (this supporting the narrators at the expense of the events). Both these explanations explained away, since neither of them upheld the genuineness of the miracle as it was actually reported. Thus the literal authority of the Bible was undermined as much by its defenders as by its critics. Neither party had the faintest glimpse of the importance of the miraculous, precisely because it *was* miraculous, in all primitive thought.

The religious arguments of the eighteenth century turned on the scientific authority of the Bible rather than on ultimate moral or religious questions. Most of the critics, such as Bolingbroke, John Toland, Samuel Reimarus, Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, and Paine, were deists, believing in a perfect deity, considered to be the creator of nature and its beneficent laws. Even when they were atheists, such as Diderot, Holbach, and the early Shelley, they were devoted to the Christian doctrine of the brotherhood of man. Looking back upon the conflict today, one is impressed by the fact that the critics of the Bible possessed much more of its true spirit than did its orthodox defenders. The critics were social reformers, fighting as had the Hebrew Prophets against the injustice of aristocratic and ecclesiastical domination; the apologists, on the other hand, were primarily concerned to defend the vested interests of Church and State. Thus, as during the Reformation, the discussion of the Bible was incidental to a larger social revolution, and the same classes who had once tried to suppress popular knowledge of the Bible, now, having taken the Bible over and established a private monopoly in it, consistently opposed any further extension of knowledge about it. In both instances, the conservative dread of new ideas was motivated by the fear of social change.

On the main question of the scientific authority of the Bible the rationalists of the Enlightenment were, of course, victorious. More logical and more intellectually honest than the eighteenth-century apologists, the rationalists were on the side of progress. But so far as specific knowledge of the Bible was concerned, they could do no more than pave the way for it; they could tell what the Bible was not; they could not tell what it was.

The situation is illustrated by the most famous of all the eighteenth-century attacks, *The Age of Reason*, by Thomas Paine, written during the stormiest period of the French Revolution when the author was in danger of his life. Paine believed in God, in personal immortality, and much more than most Christians in human brotherhood. But when he found errors in the Bible he considered them to be instances of deliberate falsehood; when he found repetitions, he scented plagiarism; when he found books ascribed to the wrong authors, he talked of forgery; in a word, he treated the Bible as if it were a contemporary eighteenth-century production, and denounced it for what, measured by the customs of his own time, seemed grave moral evils. As against his antagonists who reasoned

from the same premises but denied the existence of the errors, repetitions, and wrong ascriptions of authorship, Paine was in the right, although most of his positive conclusions about the Bible itself were wide of the mark.

The Age of Reason, with its forceful, if occasionally vulgar, use of irony and wit, was welcomed by the disaffected of Paine's generation, and it continued to enjoy a kind of *succès de scandale* throughout the nineteenth century, giving rise in America to agnostic groups who continued to repeat Paine's arguments long after they were utterly outmoded. So, in the last quarter of the century, Paine's views, without Paine's sincerity, were echoed in the meretricious rhetoric of Robert Ingersoll. Meanwhile, unknown to both the professional agnostics and their Fundamentalist opponents, there had arisen in Europe a new school of criticism which made all this noisy disputation meaningless.

The effect of the eighteenth-century attacks upon the Bible had been to lead European scholars at last to follow the advice of Hobbes and Spinoza to try to find out how and when and where and why the Bible actually was written. A beginning was made as early as 1751 by a French Roman Catholic physician, Jean Astruc, who proved from the internal evidence that there were at least two separate documents combined in the Pentateuch. In the same year Lowth discovered the system of parallelism in Hebrew poetry and thus began the study of the Bible as literature. But the real father of Higher Criticism was J. G. Eichhorn whose monumental *Einleitung* (1780-83) laid a sure foundation for future scholarship. Eichhorn distinguished between the priestly legislation of Leviticus and the popular legislation of Deuteronomy, showed that parts of the Book of Isaiah could not have been written by that Prophet, and gave a late date to Ecclesiastes, the Song of Solomon, and Daniel. After Eichhorn the fruitfulness of the historical method in the study of the Bible could no longer be intelligently questioned.

The next great landmark in Biblical criticism was furnished by the work of the Dutch scholar De Wette, who in 1806-07 proved the correctness of the guess of Thomas Hobbes that Deuteronomy was the lost book of the law found by Hilkiah in the Temple during the reign of Josiah and further indicated the key position of Deuteronomy as a product of the seventh century. For fifty years, critical debate raged over the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch, but in the end the general conclusions of De Wette were vindicated. Through the labors of Reuss, Graf, Kuenen, Wellhausen, and many others on the Continent, supplemented by those of S. R. Driver, T. K. Cheyne, W. Robertson Smith, and others in Great Britain, the various documents of the Pentateuch were disentangled; the traditional order of Leviticus, Deuteronomy, Psalms, Prophets, was replaced by the correct order of Prophets, Deuteronomy, Leviticus, Psalms; Leviticus and Psalms were proved to have been postexilic collections; all the books were at least approximately dated; and a totally new understanding of the entire character of the Old Testament was gained. Scholarship has no greater triumph to show in any field.

With regard to the New Testament the situation is somewhat different. There, the critical chapter is still unfinished. At the outset for several generations the Higher Criticism of the New Testament lagged behind that of the Old Testament until attention was aroused by the challenging *Leben Jesu* (1835) of David

Friedrich Strauss (translated into English by George Eliot). Strauss denied all historical value to the Gospels, tracing their origin to popular mythology and Messianic expectations. Later knowledge concerning oriental religions of the sacrificed god (Osiris, Attis, Adonis), as set forth, for instance, in *The Golden Bough* by Sir James Frazer, has served to revive the "myth theory" of Jesus in recent years. Such able twentieth-century scholars as Loisy and Bultmann accept as genuine only the sayings of Jesus and remain skeptical as to all the recorded details of his life. The extreme myth theory, however, has never gained acceptance among anything like the majority of critical scholars, chiefly because of the difficulty, if not impossibility, of reconciling it with the unquestionable historicity of Paul and the disciples of Jesus whom Paul mentions.

Another once influential position now somewhat discredited was that of Ferdinand Christian Baur, founder of the Tübingen School which flourished at about the middle of the nineteenth century. According to Baur and his followers, the point of departure for New Testament criticism should be found in the conflict between the Judaizing tendencies of the original disciples and the anti-Mosaic teachings of Paul, a conflict finally harmonized in the Gospels and the Acts, which Baur accordingly dated in the second century. That there was a conflict, perpetuated by the Gnostics, is of course evident, but later critics have shown successfully that Baur greatly overemphasized it, and have restored an early date for the three Synoptic Gospels. The second-century date of the Johannine Gospel, on the other hand, is now generally accepted, the most that is claimed by conservative critics being that it contains earlier elements, possibly from the hand of John the disciple. That the Fourth Gospel and the Apocalypse could not possibly have been written by the same author is all but universally admitted.

Much less ultimately important than the work of Strauss or Baur, both of whom originated fruitful lines of investigation even though these did not bear out their own major conclusions, was the enormously popular *Vie de Jésus* (1863) of Ernest Renan, of which three hundred thousand copies were sold in France alone. Renan's later works in the long series, *L'Histoire des origines du Christianisme* (1863-80), and his *L'Histoire du peuple d'Israël* (1888-94) were more valuable. Through the charm of his style, if not through the profundity of his thought, he exercised great influence upon a whole group of French writers among whom Anatole France, at least, was a world figure.

At the close of the nineteenth century it seemed unlikely that any fresh sources of information about the New Testament would ever be forthcoming. Then, most unexpectedly, excavations in Upper Egypt by Flinders Petrie, Grenfell, and Hunt brought to light a mass of Greek papyri which opened up an entirely new line of approach.

The story of these discoveries is a modern romance. Most of the papyri were found in mummies, having been used as part of their wrappings, but the most important collection of all was unearched at Oxyrhynchus in a rubbish heap long overblown by sand, where Grenfell and Hunt discovered the contents of a Roman record office. The papyri had been taken to the rubbish heap to be burned, but the fire had died out leaving many undamaged, and the sand blowing over them had preserved them for nearly twenty centuries. To this fortuitous good we owe sixteen quarto volumes of Greek texts, which

have revolutionized our knowledge of the New Testament. Later findings were equally romantic, one of them consisting in the discovery of a number of mummified crocodiles, apparently useless to the explorers until an irritated workman hit one of the sacred reptiles over the head and the gash revealed that they too were wrapped in papyri covered with precious writings of the Roman era.

Much publicized in the press was the news that the Oxyrhynchus discoveries included a page of "Lost Sayings of Jesus," probably from an Egyptian Gospel. But the importance of the discoveries did not lie in these probably unauthentic Sayings but in the contents of the record office, including letters, contracts, wills, documents of marriage and divorce, and all manner of legal proceedings. These startlingly revealed the fact that the spoken Greek of the New Testament period was very close to the Greek of the New Testament itself, which hitherto had been usually adjudged to be imperfect literary Greek. The full import of this discovery will be realized when it is said that the style of the New Testament, instead of being like that of the King James version, is much more like that of a well-written modern newspaper.

This had indeed already been suspected by a few clairvoyant scholars, one of whom, Ferrar Fenton, had published a translation of *Paul's Epistles in Modern English* as early as 1883. As soon as their conjectures were verified by the excavations, a number of scholars were quick to respond with modern speech translations. First in the field was a Roman Catholic, Francis A. Spencer, who in 1898 published a translation of the Gospels endorsed by Cardinal Gibbons. A similar translation was brought out the next year by F. S. Ballantine. More ambitious was the *Twentieth Century New Testament* published by a group of twenty scholars, representing various denominations, in 1899-1900. Then came the valuable *Historical New Testament* of Professor James Moffatt in 1901 and the *New Testament in Modern Speech* by Richard Francis Weymouth in 1903. The chief criticism to be brought against all of these experiments is that in spite of their titles they were not modern enough; the translators were haunted by echoes of older versions, which filled their pages with annoying suggestions of familiar rhythms and phrases entirely out of keeping with the new style. Of many later attempts in the same vein—there were more than twenty-five in the first quarter century, chiefly in America—the most successful was *The New Testament: an American Translation* by Professor Edgar J. Goodspeed published in 1923 and republished in 1931 as part of *The Bible: an American Translation*, in which the Old Testament was translated by a group of scholars under the editorship of J. M. Powis Smith. In literal accuracy, this last edition at present holds the foremost place.

At present. But New Testament criticism was never more alive than it is today, and we have learned to expect surprises. New Testament scholarship is still creative because its problems have not yet been fully solved. Many passages in the original Greek still remain so obscure as to be virtually unintelligible, although this would scarcely be guessed from the translations, since the translators, when in doubt, have simply done the best they could without mentioning their difficulties.

Quite recently, Professor Charles Cutler Torrey of Yale has advanced what may

possibly prove an epoch-making solution of this textual problem. Having discovered that many of the obscurities can be explained as Greek mistranslations of Aramaic words or phrases, so that the passages become perfectly clear when rendered into their presumable originals, he has followed this clew to its extreme conclusion, namely, that all four Gospels are compilations of lost Aramaic documents. Believing that only by translating the Greek into Aramaic and then translating the Aramaic into English could the true meaning be recovered, he himself carried through this tremendous undertaking, publishing its results in *The Four Gospels: a New Translation* (1933). Obviously, this process of double translation is extremely hazardous, and, unfortunately, its value can be judged only by competent Aramaic scholars of whom there are relatively few. Should Professor Torrey's work be accepted in its entirety, it would bring the original composition of the Gospels close to the time of Jesus and would lend much added weight to the Fourth Gospel. Such good fortune rarely awaits any individual work of scholarship, however, since the achievements of scholarship are directly due to its collective character wherein the conclusions of one are checked and modified by those of his successors. But dramatically, at least, the bold Aramaic theory is a fitting consummation of the long adventure of the spirit that has gone into the making of our New Testament.

The problem of Biblical translation does not seem completely solvable. From the fact that the writers of the New Testament were able to infuse the spirit of a new and thrilling religion into conversational Greek, it by no means follows that this spirit can be recaptured by using twentieth-century conversational English. Modern English is saturated with scientific connotations equally foreign to the Greek of the New Testament and to Elizabethan English; it possesses qualities of force and precision, lacking in the older language, but it is essentially the speech of prose, whereas the prose of the King James version was itself half-poetry. Language forever changes and doubtless a time will come when the King James version will be no longer intelligible. Happily, we are still far from that period. The rhythm and diction and poetic quality of the greatest of all translations as yet remains closer to our hearts than the language of the market which we employ in our daily lives.

No one should any longer dream of consulting the Authorized Version to settle any disputed question of literal meaning. For that we will turn to the modern translations that we already have, or, in due time, to those others still to come. Each such new rendering will be welcomed, some of them with appropriate enthusiasm. But for literary appreciation and enjoyment, and for moral inspiration, we shall still do well to turn to the matchless King James version.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What is "Higher Criticism"?
2. Explain the term "textual and historical criticism."
3. Who was Thomas Hobbes? What is the general subject of the *Leviathan*?
4. Define *Pentateuch*. What is the etymology of the word?

5. Explain: "Mosaic authorship."
6. Who was Benedict Spinoza? What did he write? Where did he live?
7. What are "Talmudic interpretations of the Bible"?
8. Define *orthodoxy*? What is its antonym?
9. Explain: "the malediction wherewith Elisha cursed the children." Where is it to be found?
10. Explain: "maledictions written in the Book of the Law." Quote one or two of these maledictions.
11. Explain: "The miracles . . . now become a stumbling block. . . ."
12. Who was David Hume? Why does Bates call him a skeptic?
13. Who was Bishop Butler? What is an apologist?
14. What were the respective attitudes of Hume and Butler toward the miracles?
15. Who were Bolingbroke, John Toland, Samuel Reimar, Voltaire, Volney, Rousseau, Paine, Diderot, Holbach, and Shelley?
16. What is a deist? An atheist?
17. Explain: "vested interests of Church and State."
18. What was the Reformation?
19. What was the motive of "the conservative dread of new ideas"?
20. Who were "the rationalists of the Enlightenment"?
21. What was Thomas Paine's attitude toward the Bible?
22. Explain: "*succès de scandale*."
23. Who was Robert Ingersoll? What is the author's opinion of him?
24. Explain the discovery of Jean Astruc; of Lowth.
25. What did J. G. Eichhorn contribute to the Higher Criticism?
26. What did De Wette prove about Deuteronomy?
27. Explain: "postexilic collections."
28. Why is the "extreme myth theory" of Jesus not acceptable?
29. What was the theory of Ferdinand Christian Baur?
30. Explain: "Synoptic Gospels"; "Johannine Gospel."
31. What was the importance of Ernest Renan's *Viè de Jésus*?
32. Comment on the importance of the Greek papyri discoveries.
33. Where is Oxyrhynchus? What was learned from an examination of the Oxyrhynchus papyri?
34. Name some of the modern translations of the New Testament. What is Bates' criticism of most of them?
35. Explain Professor Torrey's solution of the textual problem.
36. What is Bates' opinion of the value of using twentieth-century conversational English in translating the New Testament?
37. What is Bates' choice of all English translations of the Bible? Why?

38. Define. *precocious, excommunicated, anathematize, execrate, fumament, cubit, anonymously, extraneous, plagiarism, agnostic, meretricious, fundamentalist, gnostics, apocalypse, fortuitous, clairvoyant, Alamaic, consummation.*

Round Table

FOR DISCUSSIONS PRO AND CON:

1. The Higher Criticism of the Bible is justified by results.
2. The sincere critics of the Bible have contributed more to its understanding than have the timid conservatives.
3. The attempts to dissect the Bible as though it were a secular document have decreased the reverence in which it was once held.
4. The King James version of the Bible is superior to any English translation of the nineteenth or twentieth centuries.

Paper Work

RESEARCH REPORTS ON:

1. The higher criticism of the Pentateuch.
2. The chronology of the books of the Old Testament.
3. The four Gospels.
4. A comparison of the priestly legislation of Leviticus and the popular legislation of Deuteronomy.
5. The divisions of the Book of Isaiah.
6. The romance of the Greek papyri discoveries.

VIRGINIA WOOLF (1882-1941) was born in the same year that her famous father, Sir Leslie Stephen, philosopher and man of letters, became editor of the Dictionary of National Biography. She came naturally, therefore, by her interest in literature and in literary men and women. In 1917 she and her husband, Leonard Woolf, established the Hogarth Press, which published the works of many young but little known geniuses who gathered at the home of the publishers in Bloomsbury, London. Of this group none was more distinguished than Virginia Woolf herself. Her careful craftsmanship did not seem to check her production of many widely read novels, mostly of the "stream-of-consciousness" type. Of these perhaps *The Voyage Out* (1915), *Mrs. Dalloway* (1925), *Orlando* (1929), and *The Waves* (1931) are the best known. In addition to this fiction she wrote several volumes of criticism and of literary philosophy and many essays. Her fine spirit crushed by the horrors of the war, she died a tragic death in March, 1941.

THE ART OF BIOGRAPHY *

VIRGINIA WOOLF

I

THE ART of biography, we say—but at once go on to ask, Is biography an art? The question is foolish perhaps, and ungenerous certainly, considering the keen pleasure that biographers have given us. But the question asks itself so often that there must be something behind it. There it is, whenever a new biography is opened, casting its shadow on the page; and there would seem to be something deadly in that shadow, for after all, of the multitude of lives that are written, how few survive!

But the reason for this high death rate, the biographer might argue, is that biography, compared with the arts of poetry and fiction, is a young art. Interest in our selves and in other people's selves is a late development of the human mind. Not until the eighteenth century in England did that curiosity express itself in writing the lives of private people. Only in the nineteenth century was biography fully grown and hugely prolific. If it is true that there have been only three great biographers,—Johnson, Boswell, and Lockhart,—the reason, he argues, is that the time was short; and his plea, that the art of biography has had but little time to establish itself and develop itself, is certainly borne out by the textbooks. Tempting as it is to explore the reason,—why, that is, the self that writes a book of prose came into being so many centuries after the self that writes a poem, why Chaucer preceded Henry James,—it is better to leave that insoluble question unasked, and so pass to his next reason for the lack of masterpieces. It is that the art of biography is the most restricted of all the arts. He has his proof ready to hand. Here it is in the preface in which Smith, who has written the life of Jones, takes this opportunity of thanking old friends who have lent letters, and "last but not least" Mrs. Jones, the widow, for that help

* From *The Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1939, reprinted by permission of Ann Watkins, Inc., agent for the author's estate.

"without which," as he puts it, "this biography could not have been written." Now the novelist, he points out, simply says in his foreword, "Every character in this book is fictitious." The novelist is free; the biographer is tied.

There, perhaps, we come within hailing distance of that very difficult, again perhaps insoluble, question: What do we mean by calling a book a work of art? At any rate, here is a distinction between biography and fiction—a proof that they differ in the very stuff of which they are made. One is made with the help of friends, of facts; the other is created without any restrictions save those that the artist, for reasons that seem good to him, chooses to obey. That is a distinction; and there is good reason to think that in the past biographers have found it not only a distinction but a very cruel distinction.

The widow and the friends were hard taskmasters. Suppose, for example, that the man of genius was immoral, ill-tempered, and threw the boots at the maid's head. The widow would say, "Still I loved him—he was the father of my children; and the public, who love his books, must on no account be disillusioned. Cover up; omit." The biographer obeyed. And thus the majority of Victorian biographies are like the wax figures now preserved in Westminster Abbey that were carried in funeral processions through the streets—effigies that have only a smooth superficial likeness to the body in the coffin.

Then, towards the end of the nineteenth century, there was a change. Again for reasons not easy to discover, widows became broader-minded, the public keener-sighted; the effigy no longer carried conviction or satisfied curiosity. The biographer certainly won a measure of freedom. At least he could hint that there were scars and furrows on the dead man's face. Froude's Carlyle is by no means a wax mask painted rosy red. And following Froude there was Sir Edmund Gosse, who dared to say that his own father was a fallible human being. And following Edmund Gosse in the early years of the present century came Lytton Strachey.

II

The figure of Lytton Strachey is so important a figure in the history of biography that it compels a pause. For his three famous books, *Eminent Victorians*, *Queen Victoria*, and *Elizabeth and Essex*, are of a stature to show both what biography can do and what biography cannot do. Thus they suggest many possible answers to the question whether biography is an art, and if not why it fails.

Lytton Strachey came to birth as an author at a lucky moment. In 1918, when he made the first attempt, biography, with its new liberties, was a form that offered great attractions. To a writer like himself, who had wished to write poetry or plays but was doubtful of his creative power, biography seemed to offer a promising alternative. For at last it was possible to tell the truth about the dead; and the Victorian age was rich in remarkable figures many of whom had been grossly deformed by the effigies that had been plastered over them. To recreate them, to show them as they really were, was a task that called for gifts analogous to the poet's or the novelist's, yet did not ask that inventive power in which he found himself lacking.

It was well worth trying. And the anger and the interest that his short studies

of Eminent Victorians aroused showed that he was able to make Manning, Florence Nightingale, Gordon, and the rest live as they had not lived since they were actually in the flesh. Once more they were the centre of a buzz of discussion. Did Gordon really drink, or was that an invention? Had Florence Nightingale received the Order of Merit in her bedroom or in her sitting room? He stirred the public, even though a European war was raging, to an astonishing interest in such minute matters. Anger and laughter mixed; and editions multiplied.

But these were short studies with something of the overemphasis and the foreshortening of caricatures. In the lives of the two great Queens, Elizabeth and Victoria, he attempted a far more ambitious task. Biography had never had a fairer chance of showing what it could do. For it was now being put to the test by a writer who was capable of making use of all the liberties that biography had won: he was fearless; he had proved his brilliance; and he had learned his job. The result throws great light upon the nature of biography. For who can doubt after reading the two books again, one after the other, that the *Victoria* is a triumphant success, and that the *Elizabeth* by comparison is a failure? But it seems too, as we compare them, that it was not Lytton Strachey who failed; it was the art of biography. In the *Victoria* he treated biography as a craft; he submitted to his limitations. In the *Elizabeth* he treated biography as an art; he flouted its limitations.

But we must go on to ask how we have come to this conclusion and what reasons support it. In the first place it is clear that the two Queens present very different problems to their biographer. About Queen Victoria everything was known. Everything she did, almost everything she thought, was a matter of common knowledge. No one has ever been more closely verified and exactly authenticated than Queen Victoria. The biographer could not invent her, because at every moment some document was at hand to check his invention. And, in writing of Victoria, Lytton Strachey submitted to the conditions. He used to the full the biographer's power of selection and relation, but he kept strictly within the world of fact. Every statement was verified; every fact was authenticated. And the result is a life which, very possibly, will do for the old Queen what Boswell did for the old dictionary maker. In time to come Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria will be Queen Victoria, just as Boswell's Johnson is now Dr. Johnson. The other versions will fade and disappear. It was a prodigious feat, and no doubt, having accomplished it, the author was anxious to press further. There was Queen Victoria, solid, real, palpable. But undoubtedly she was limited. Could not biography produce something of the intensity of poetry, something of the excitement of drama, and yet keep also the peculiar virtue that belongs to fact—its suggestive reality, its own proper creativeness?

Queen Elizabeth seemed to lend herself perfectly to the experiment. Very little was known about her. The society in which she lived was so remote that the habits, the motives, and even the actions of the people of that age were full of strangeness and obscurity. "By what art are we to worm our way into those strange spirits? those even stranger bodies? The more clearly we perceive it, the more remote that singular universe becomes," Lytton Strachey remarked

on one of the first pages. Yet there was evidently a "tragic history" lying dormant, half revealed, half concealed, in the story of the Queen and Essex. Everything seemed to lend itself to the making of a book that combined the advantages of both worlds, that gave the artist freedom to invent, but helped his invention with the support of facts—a book that was not only a biography but also a work of art.

Nevertheless, the combination proved unworkable; fact and fiction refused to mix. Elizabeth never became real in the sense that Queen Victoria had been real, yet she never became fictitious in the sense that Cleopatra or Falstaff is fictitious. The reason would seem to be that very little was known—he was urged to invent; yet something was known—his invention was checked. The Queen thus moves in an ambiguous world, between fact and fiction, neither embodied nor disembodied. There is a sense of vacancy and effort, of a tragedy that has no crisis, of characters that meet but do not clash.

If this diagnosis is true we are forced to say that the trouble lies with biography itself. It imposes conditions, and those conditions are that it must be based upon fact. And by fact in biography we mean facts that can be verified by other people besides the artist. If he invents facts as an artist invents them—facts that no one else can verify—and tries to combine them with facts of the other sort, they destroy each other.

Lytton Strachey himself seems in the *Queen Victoria* to have realized the necessity of this condition, and to have yielded to it instinctively. "The first forty-two years of the Queen's life," he wrote, "are illuminated by a great and varied quantity of authentic information. With Albert's death a veil descends." And when with Albert's death the veil descended and authentic information failed, he knew that the biographer must follow suit. "We must be content with a brief and summary relation," he wrote; and the last years are briefly disposed of. But the whole of Elizabeth's life was lived behind a far thicker veil than the last years of Victoria. And yet, ignoring his own admission, he went on to write, not a brief and summary relation, but a whole book about those strange spirits and even stranger bodies of whom authentic information was lacking. On his own showing, the attempt was doomed to failure.

III

It seems, then, that when the biographer complained that he was tied by friends, letters, and documents he was laying his finger upon a necessary element in biography; and that it is also a necessary limitation. For the invented character lives in a free world where the facts are verified by one person only—the artist himself. Their authenticity lies in the truth of his own vision. The world created by that vision is rarer, intenser, and more wholly of a piece than the world that is largely made of authentic information supplied by other people. And because of this difference the two kinds of fact will not mix; if they touch they destroy each other. No one, the conclusion seems to be, can make the best of both worlds; you must choose, and you must abide by your choice.

But though the failure of *Elizabeth and Essex* leads to this conclusion, that failure, because it was the result of a daring experiment carried out with mag-

nificant skill, leads the way to further discoveries. Had he lived, Lytton Strachey would no doubt himself have explored the vein that he had opened. As it is, he has shown us the way in which others may advance. The biographer is bound by facts—that is so; but, if it is so, he has the right to all the facts that are available. If Jones threw boots at the maid's head, had a mistress at Islington, or was found drunk in a ditch after a night's debauch, he must be free to say so—so far at least as the law of libel and human sentiment allow.

But these facts are not like the facts of science—once they are discovered, always the same. They are subject to changes of opinion; opinions change as the times change. What was thought a sin is now known, by the light of facts won for us by the psychologists, to be perhaps a misfortune; perhaps a curiosity; perhaps neither one nor the other, but a trifling foible of no great importance one way or the other. The accent on sex has changed within living memory. This leads to the destruction of a great deal of dead matter still obscuring the true features of the human face. Many of the old chapter headings—life at college, marriage, career—are shown to be very arbitrary and artificial distinctions. The real current of the hero's existence took, very likely, a different course.

Thus the biographer must go ahead of the rest of us, like the miner's canary, testing the atmosphere, detecting falsity, unreality, and the presence of obsolete conventions. His sense of truth must be alive and on tiptoe. Then again, since we live in an age when a thousand cameras are pointed, by newspapers, letters, and diaries, at every character from every angle, he must be prepared to admit contradictory versions of the same face. Biography will enlarge its scope by hanging up looking glasses at odd corners. And yet from all this diversity it will bring out, not a riot of confusion, but a richer unity. And again, since so much is known that used to be unknown, the question now inevitably asks itself, whether the lives of great men only should be recorded. Is not anyone who has lived a life, and left a record of that life, worthy of biography—the failures as well as the successes, the humble as well as the illustrious? And what is greatness? And what smallness? He must revise our standards of merit and set up new heroes for our admiration.

IV

Biography thus is only at the beginning of its career; it has a long and active life before it, we may be sure—a life full of difficulty, danger, and hard work. Nevertheless, we can also be sure that it is a different life from the life of poetry and fiction—a life lived at a lower degree of tension. And for that reason its creations are not destined for the immortality which the artist now and then achieves for his creations.

There would seem to be certain proof of that already. Even Dr. Johnson as created by Boswell will not live as long as Falstaff as created by Shakespeare. Micawber and Miss Bates we may be certain will survive Lockhart's Sir Walter Scott and Lytton Strachey's Queen Victoria. For they are made of more enduring matter. The artist's imagination at its most intense fires out what is perishable in fact; he builds with what is durable; but the biographer must accept the perishable, build with it, imbed it in the very fabric of his work. Much will perish; little will live. And thus we come to the conclusion that he is a

craftsman, not an artist; and his work is not a work of art, but something betwixt and between.

Yet on that lower level the work of the biographer is invaluable; we cannot thank him sufficiently for what he does for us. For we are incapable of living wholly in the intense world of the imagination. The imagination is a faculty that soon tires and needs rest and refreshment. But for a tired imagination the proper food is not inferior poetry or minor fiction,—indeed they blunt and debauch it,—but sober fact, that “authentic information” from which, as Lytton Strachey has shown us, good biography is made. When and where did the real man live; how did he look; did he wear laced boots or elastic-sided; who were his aunts, and his friends; how did he blow his nose; whom did he love, and how; and when he came to die did he die in his bed like a Christian, or . . .

By telling us the true facts, by sifting the little from the big, and shaping the whole so that we perceive the outline, the biographer does more to stimulate the imagination than any poet or novelist save the very greatest. For few poets and novelists are capable of that high degree of tension which gives us reality. But almost any biographer, if he respects facts, can give us much more than another fact to add to our collection. He can give us the creative fact; the fertile fact; the fact that suggests and engenders. Of this, too, there is certain proof. For how often, when a biography is read and tossed aside, some scene remains bright, some figure lives on in the depths of the mind, and causes us, when we read a poem or a novel, to feel a start of recognition, as if we remembered something that we had known before.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. How does the author show that biography is “a young art”?
2. Why did biography as a literary form develop so late?
3. How do biography and fiction differ?
4. What restrictions does a biographer encounter in his work?
5. What changes occurred in biographical writing at the end of the nineteenth century?
6. Who were: Froude? Carlyle? Gosse?
7. Why did Lytton Strachey choose biography as a form of expression?
8. Explain: “something of the overemphasis and the foreshortening of caricatures.”
9. Why, according to the author, is *Queen Victoria* a success and *Elizabeth and Essex* a comparative failure?
10. Explain how Cleopatra and Falstaff are fictitious. Are they historical figures?
11. Explain how Strachey’s Queen Elizabeth “moves in an ambiguous world, between fact and fiction.”
12. What is the necessary basis of biography?

13. How did Strachey fail in *Elizabeth and Essex* to follow his own prescription for biography?
14. How do the facts of biography differ from those of science?
15. How does the conception of sin change?
16. Explain: "The accent on sex has changed within living memory."
17. Explain: "like the miner's canary, testing the atmosphere."
18. What is the true function of the biographer?
19. Should biography be restricted to the lives of the great?
20. What does Virginia Woolf prophesy regarding the future of biography?
21. Who were Micawber? Miss Bates? Lockhart? Sir Walter Scott?
22. What contribution to society does the biographer make?

Round Table

DEBATES:

1. Is biography an art or a science?
2. Do fact and fiction refuse to mix?
3. Should a biographer be free to tell all the facts about his subject?
4. Is there such an element as "absolute fact and truth" in a man's life?
5. Should biographical writing be restricted to *great* men and women? If so, how are the proper subjects for the biographer to be chosen? What does *great* mean?

Paper Work

1. Write a review of one of the following books by Strachey: *Eminent Victorians*, *Queen Victoria*, *Elizabeth and Essex*.
2. Make a critical comparison of biography and autobiography as revelatory of character.
3. Write a review of Virginia Woolf's *Flush* (1933), the biography of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's spaniel.
4. Write a review of Max Eastman's *Heroes I Have Known* (see p. 843).
5. Write a research report on "Carlyle's Theory of Biography"; for this read his *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.
6. From Samuel I and II and Kings I write a biography of King David.
7. Write a biography of "A Hero I Have Known."

The anonymous reviewer of Time, the weekly news magazine, is a critic who can be trusted to render a just verdict on a new book. Not that he has always been right—few reviewers achieve that icy eminence—but his average has been high. Occasionally he has taken time out, so to speak, to comment on some aspect of contemporary letters which he has thought of moment to his readers or on some event in the literary world which has moved him. The death of Sherwood Anderson apparently was such an event, and his obituary of the novelist reveals the writer's skill at its best in setting off all the reflections, other than maudlin, that the demise of a great man properly should inspire.

DARK AND LONELY*

ANONYMOUS

LAST WEEK in the Blue Ridge foothills at Marion, Va., a coffin was lowered into a grave. In it was the burly body and curious brain of Sherwood Anderson, paint manufacturer, ad writer, editor, short-story teller, novelist, poet, American. The grave had had to wait more than two weeks. Anderson died at Colón, Panama Canal Zone, last month. He had sailed from Manhattan on the same ship with Playwright Thornton Wilder, who is on a cultural mission to Latin America. At sea Anderson fell ill, 48 hours later had to be carried ashore at Colón on a stretcher. Three days later he died of an abdominal obstruction and peritonitis—"right on schedule," said one of the Colón hospital men, explaining that people with such trouble usually live just five days.

Anderson the artist, too, died about on time. Critics had begun to point at the mediocrity of his recent work. It did not matter, for his job was done. And if an American writer's job is to reveal Americans to themselves, Anderson had done his greatly.

As a boy he had lived like Windy McPherson's son, on the wrong side of the railroad tracks in Clyde, Ohio. With a boy's keen eyes he had seen the hates, passions and queer lives that lie just behind the drab façade of a small U. S. town. As a man he set down what he saw with simplicity, truth and understanding in a series of great short stories—*Winesburg, Ohio*; *The Triumph of the Egg*; *Horses and Men*, and half-great novels—*Windy McPherson's Son*; *Poor White*; *Dark Laughter*. No first-rate U. S. writer since Walt Whitman has spent so much time just sitting and listening to people talk—drummers, race-track touts, rivermen, politicians, farmers, railroaders, tramps, trulls and small-town merchants. Since Whitman stood "there in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim," few U. S. writers have been so conscious of the physical body of mid-American earth, its mountainous musculature, its pumping rivers, the chokingly hot or numbingly cold prairies whose distance envelops the lonely villages and their lonely people like night. No poet since Whitman gave such authentic voice to that haunting, dark, mid-continental loneliness.

One day in 1913 Anderson left his desk in his Elyria, Ohio paint factory,

* Reprinted from *Time*, April 7, 1941, by permission of the publishers.

declared "I have been wading in a long river and my feet are wet," and never came back. For the next 20 years he told Americans things about themselves they had never quite understood before. After the first sensational impact of *Winesburg, Ohio* (1919), critics began to suggest that his characters were fantastic, that he was obsessed with sex, that his version of Ohio life was not a new kind of realism, but romantic. Anderson could have answered what the Russian peasants say: "We are the dark people, we live in the dark villages." On that lonely darkness he tried all his life to shed light.

Critics smiled skeptically at old Jesse Bentley, who wanted to sacrifice a lamb to God on the hills along Wine Creek. They forgot the Labadists performing their rites under cover of the thick Maryland night or the angel Moroni revealing the gold plates of Mormon to Joseph Smith in the hills south of Lake Ontario. Critics smiled too at the Winesburg minister who was nightly tempted to climb into his steeple and play Peeping Tom on Schoolteacher Kate Swift. They did not know the sun-baked prairie where men, women and boys work all the hot dusty day in the fields and villages, and when released are pursued by strange longings which they chalk up in public places after dark. Critics smiled at the way Anderson's characters are forever springing through cornfields or dashing down the railroad tracks in the middle of the night. But Anderson understood that Americans are a people on the march—always fleeing the city, fleeing the farm, seeking to be alone, trying to escape loneliness.

When Sherwood Anderson had written his way out of his own loneliness, he found he had nothing more to say. Famous and prosperous, he left the penumbra of the villages. For a while the Communists got hold of him and used him. He never knew what they were talking about but enjoyed sitting around mid-Manhattan bars, drinking beer with them. In 1927 he bought two papers in Marion, one Republican, one Democrat, and settled down to the life of a country editor. He was a big shot in the town, and the side of Sherwood Anderson that was sociable, a little vain and flashy, had its innings. "Anderson is like the family coach horse," Novelist William Faulkner once said; "He's dependable, you can trust him to take the children to Sunday school safely. But he's got a glossy coat and a little sporting blood."

No one knows exactly why he went to South America. Some thought he might have been on an unofficial mission to Chile, sent by his good friend Henry Wallace, of whom Anderson wrote a strange, ambiguous sketch in *No Swank*. More probably, like many another American, he had just gone wandering about, looking for other people to talk to, another place to be alone.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Locate Anderson's burial place. Why was it chosen?
2. Is the use of *curious* proper in the second sentence? What makes a usage proper?
3. Under what circumstances did Anderson's death occur? What playwright was with him?
4. Comment on "Anderson the artist, too, died about on time."

5. Why is Anderson's boyhood compared with that of Windy McPherson's son? What implication is carried in the phrase, "wrong side of the railroad tracks"?
6. Explain the use of the following words: *peritonitis*, *façade*, *politicos*, *musculature*, *impact*, *penumbra*.
7. What business did Anderson abandon to write novels and short stories?
8. What was the first critical reaction to Anderson's work?
9. Who are the Labadists? Who was Joseph Smith?
10. Identify William Faulkner. Put in your own words his comment on Anderson.
11. What reason is suggested for Anderson's trip to South America?

Round Table

1. Is the ascription of loneliness to mid-American people fact or sentimentalism?
2. How could the Communists "use" a writer, as they are alleged to have done with Anderson?
3. What does the writer mean by saying there was a side of Anderson which was "vain and flashy"? Can you see this in any of his writings with which you are familiar?
4. Discover what aspects of Anderson's career are not suggested in the sketch. Explain the omissions.
5. How does this sketch differ from a "profile" in *The New Yorker*?

Paper Work

1. Imagine the demise of some popular author in an automobile accident. Write a summary sketch of him, using the Anderson obituary as a model.
2. Read the account of Henry Wallace in Sherwood Anderson's *No Swanee*. Write a brief critical paper on the Anderson-Wallace relationship.
3. Write a critical paper on "The Escape from Loneliness."

*The world-wide war has been kind to America in bringing to her shores stimulating visitors from England and the continent. Among these is ELIZABETH DREW, English-born critic and essayist. She was graduated with high honors from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, and has served Gtton College, Cambridge, as Lecturer in English. Her home is in Cambridge, but her war-time residence is in Farmington, Connecticut. She is the author of *Discovering Poetry*, *The Enjoyment of Literature*, *Discovering Drama*, and (in collaboration with John L. Sweeney) *Directions in Modern Poetry*. Her critical writing, as revealed in the following essay, is acute and compressed but rich in content and well-seasoned with quiet humor and charm.*

SAKI*

ELIZABETH DREW

HECTOR HUGH MUNRO, born in India in 1870, a delicate child who was not expected to live, was brought up from the age of two in a damp, dark country house in Devonshire, surrounded by high walls and hedges. Here he and his brother and sister, placed in the care of two dragonlike aunts, were virtually prisoners, mewed in behind closed windows at night and in all bad weather, and permitted to play only on the front lawn in summer—"the kitchen garden being considered too tempting a place, with its fruit trees." Both the aunts, Miss Munro tells us in her memoir of her brother, "were guilty of mental cruelty." Their methods are described in those of the aunt in "The Lumber Room."

It was her habit, whenever one of the children fell from grace, to improvise something of a festival nature from which the offender would be rigorously debarr'd; if all the children sinned collectively they were suddenly informed of a circus in a neighbouring town, a circus of unrivalled merit and uncunted elephants, to which, but for their depravity, they would have been taken that very day.

"We often longed for revenge with an intensity I suspect we inherited from our Highland ancestry," says Miss Munro, and Hector "sublimated" that longing in the finest of his sketches in the *macabre*—"Sredni Vashtar." In that story we share all Conradin's feelings of exultant practical triumph over the aunt who made his life a misery, and the story itself remains as a symbol of Saki's own spiritual triumph over the Brontosauri rather than Montessori methods of his upbringing. For in his art, as in his life, there is no trace of the repressed or neurotic temperament which might have been expected.

He spent a cosmopolitan youth traveling on the continent with his father, a year in India with the Military Police, several years in Russia, the Balkans, and Paris as a newspaper correspondent, and then settled down as a free-lance journalist in London. At the outbreak of the Great War, when he was forty-four, he at once enlisted in the ranks, and he was killed in the attack on Beaumont-Hamel on November 13, 1916.

Admirers, in their natural wish to do justice to a man they loved, have pointed

* Reprinted from *The Atlantic Monthly*, July, 1940, by permission of the author.

to passages in Saki's works in which he reveals his personality directly, and from which it is possible to construct the man of flesh and blood behind the mask of mockery he chose to wear. But such criticism does him no service. He deliberately chose a pseudonym for his writings—Sáki, the cupbearer whose "joyous errand" was to serve the guests with wine in the *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám. He never sought intimacy with his readers, or gave them his confidence. He asks nothing from them but lips that can laugh, flesh that can creep, and legs that can be pulled. Saki, in fact, agreed with the eighteenth-century essayist, Shaftesbury:—

I hold it very indecent for anyone to publish his meditations, reflections and solitary thoughts. Those are the froth and scum of writing, which should be unburdened in private and consigned to oblivion, before the writer comes before the world as good company.

Saki is the most impersonal of artists. His private emotions and enthusiasms, meditations or thoughts, have no place in the world of his art. Saki is not Hector Munro, any more than Elia is Charles Lamb. But the methods of the two writers are completely opposed. Lamb dowered Elia with all his own most lovable characteristics: his warm heart, his genius for friendship, his love of life. Hector Munro, though he was richly endowed with all these qualities, denied them to Saki. That artist, in all his short sketches and stories, is allowed but three strains in his nature: the high spirits and malicious impudence of a precocious child; the cynical wit of the light social satirist; and the Gaelic fantasy of the highlander. We meet these three in turns: the irresponsible imp who invents unlimited extravagant practical jokes to mystify and enrage and outwit the heavy-minded adult world; the ironic mocker who speaks in the quips of Clovis and Reginald and the Duchess; and the Celt who sees the kettle refuse to boil when it has been bewitched by the Evil Eye, or hears Pan's laughter as he tramples to death the doubter of his powers.

Hilaire Belloc once wrote a poem beginning,—

Matilda told such awful lies
It made you gasp and stretch your eyes.

Matilda came to a bad end, but Saki's child and adult liars never come to bad ends. Triumphant they discomfit the forces of dullness and of feeble counter-deception opposed to them, and prove indisputably that fiction is stronger than fact. It must be owned that there are times when we tire of these *enfants terribles* of all ages, just as we can have too much of Mr. P. G. Wodehouse's dithering dukes and prize pigs; but at his best the fiendish capacity for unvarnished invention with which Saki endows his children, and the amazing mendacities with which his young men and women confute the commonplace, are the fine art of lying at its finest. My own favorites are the story spun by the ingenious niece of the house to the nervous caller, with the innocent opening, "You may wonder why we keep that window open on an October afternoon," or the visit of the Bishop to organize a local massacre of the Jews, invented by Clovis to animate a family in need of an "unrest cure." This, since it involved action as well as equivocation, perhaps belongs more truly to the stories dealing with elaborate hoaxes and practical jokes—such as the tale of Leonard Bil-

siter, who liked to hint of his acquaintance with the unseen forces of "Siberian magic" but was somewhat horrified when it appeared that his powers had changed his hostess into a she-wolf; or that of the titled lady who was mistaken for the new governess and plays the part by teaching the children the history of the Sabine Women by the Schartz-Metterklume method of making them act it for themselves.

There is an element of cruelty in a practical joke, and many readers of Saki find themselves repelled by a certain heartlessness in many of his tales. The cruelty is certainly there, but it has nothing perverted or pathological about it. He is not one of those whose motto might be "Our sweetest songs are those that tell of sadist thought." It is the genial heartlessness of the normal child, whose fantasies take no account of adult standards of human behavior, and to whom the eating of a gypsy by a hyena is no more terrible than the eating of Red Ridinghood's grandmother by a wolf. The standards of these gruesome tales are those of the fairy tale; their grimness is the grimness of Grimm.

The other element in Saki's cruelty springs from a certain unsparing consistency of vision which will allow no sentiment to intrude. He speaks of one young man as "one of those people who would be enormously improved by death," and he never hesitates to supply that embellishment himself on suitable occasions. Stories such as "The Easter Egg" and "The Hounds of Fate" are tragedies entirely without pity, but their callousness is consistent with the hard cynical sanity which is behind even his lightest satire, and gives it its strength. His mockery is urbane but ruthless. His wit is in the tradition of Wilde and the lesser creations of E. F. Benson's *Dodo* and Anthony Hope's *Dolly Dialogues*, and in the modern world he has affinities with Noel Coward and the early Aldous Huxley. Like them, he creates an artificial world enclosed in an element outside of which it could no more exist than we could exist outside our envelope of ether. It is embalmed in the element of Wit. To talk about Saki's "characterization" is absurd. His characters are constructed to form a front against which his light satiric artillery can most effectively be deployed. The forces against him are the common social vices of Vanity Fair: humbug and hypocrisy, greed and grab, envy and uncharitableness, sheer dullness and fatuity. Comus Bassington, listening to scraps of conversation at an At Home, comments: "I suppose it's the Prevention of Destitution they're hammering at. What on earth would become of all these dear good people if anyone should start a crusade for the prevention of mediocrity?" The crusade would be a disaster, for it would extinguish Lucas Bassett, the young poet who had the triumphant inspiration of the couplet

Cousin Teresa takes out Cæsar,
Fido, Jock and the big borzoi,

and whom we see at the end of the story docketed for a knighthood under the letter L.

"The letter L," said the secretary, who was new to his job. Does that stand for Liberalism or liberality?"

"Literature," explained the minister.

And the crusade would probably eliminate all those ardent slum workers and society socialists "whose naturally stagnant souls take infinite pleasure in what are called 'movements'"; those Wodehouse-like moneyed aunts and impecunious and irresponsible nephews; those drones and butterflies "to whom clear soup is a more important factor in life than a clear conscience"; and those odious children whose ghastly pranks turn us into keen supporters of the canonization of good King Herod.

But the situations and characters which, left to themselves, would develop into what Jane Austen called "the elegant stupidity of a private party" develop instead into hilarious gayety and crackling brilliance, and it is Saki's wit and not his satirical material, or any of his other literary material which will make him live. It is his sheer good fun and good spirits and capacity to be such persistent good company. His power to comment that "so many people who are described as rough diamonds turn out to be only rough paste"; his power to describe the unsophisticated diner-out consulting the wine list "with the blank embarrassment of a schoolboy suddenly called on to locate a Minor Prophet in the tangled hinterland of the Old Testament"; or his impudent morsels of dialogue.

"Such an exquisite rural retreat, and so restful and healing to the nerves. Real country scenery; apple blossom everywhere."

"Surely only on the apple trees?"

"As a companion he was an unfailing antidote to boredom," wrote one of his friends. It is an epitaph anyone might envy.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Where was H. H. Munro brought up?
2. Describe the methods used by the aunts in rearing Saki and his sister.
3. Explain: "We often longed for revenge with an intensity I suspect we inherited from our Highland ancestry."
4. What are "Montessori methods"?
5. How did H. H. Munro spend his youth? How did he meet his death?
6. Where did H. H. Munro get his pseudonym? Comment on its appropriateness.
7. Explain: "legs that can be pulled."
8. What was Saki's attitude toward injecting himself into his writing?
9. Who was Shaftesbury, and what did he write?
10. Explain: "Saki is the most impersonal of artists."
11. With what essayists is Saki compared?
12. What three strains are permitted to Saki by Munro? How do these strains appear?
13. Who are "Clovis and Reginald and the Duchess"?
14. What is "the Evil Eye"? Who was Pan?

15. Who is Hilaire Belloc?
16. What are *enfants terribles*?
17. Who is P. G. Wodehouse?
18. What story was "spun by the ingenious niece of the house to the nervous caller"?
19. Explain the repellent heartlessness in so many of Saki's tales.
20. What is the verbal twist in the author's quotation "Our sweetest songs . . . sadist thought"?
21. Explain: "the genial heartlessness of the normal child."
22. Explain: "their grimness is the grimness of Grimm."
23. What is "the other element in Saki's cruelty"?
24. Who are Wilde, E. F. Benson, Anthony Hope, Noel Coward, and Aldous Huxley? How does Saki resemble them?
25. What does the author say of Saki's "characterization"?
26. Explain: "odious children . . . canonization of good King Herod."
27. What does the author say of Saki's wit?
28. What is suggested for Saki's epitaph?
29. Define: *mewed*, *macabre*, *sublimate*, *Brontosauri*, *pseudonym*, *precocious*, *cynical*, *Gothic*, *ironic*, *quips*, *mendacities*, *dithering*, *equivocation*, *hoax*, *sadist*, *docketed*, *borzoi*, *hinterland*.

Round Table

1. Discuss: In literature *personal* art is preferable to *impersonal* art.
2. Discuss: There is an immoral element in Saki's stories.
3. Discuss: Cynicism has no place in fiction.

Paper Work

1. Outline Elizabeth Drew's essay.
2. Check the author's comments on Saki's technique against those of his stories which she has mentioned.
3. Write an essay on "The Humor of Saki."
4. Comment on the phrase: "There is an element of cruelty in a practical joke"; illustrate with an anecdote.
5. Write a report on "Psychological Elements in Saki's Stories."
6. Following the formula used in Elizabeth Drew's criticism, write a criticism of "Elia"—or of any one of the other essayists mentioned as having some affinity with Saki.
7. Select a theme topic from those under Saki's *The Open Window* (p. 418).

CRITICAL BIOGRAPHIES

No roster of the great historians of our time would be complete without the name of CARL LOTUS BECKER. In the essay which follows, he tells us how, as a raw youth of eighteen, he went up from an Iowa prairie town to Madison, Wisconsin, to come under the tutelage of a great teacher, Frederick Jackson Turner. Possibly he has exaggerated his naiveté, for he had already spent a year at a small Iowa college. Mr. Becker continued his studies at the University of Wisconsin until 1898, when he received a fellowship in Constitutional Law at Columbia. This led to a teaching appointment at the University of Pennsylvania. Subsequently he was at Dartmouth, the University of Kansas, and the University of Minnesota. In 1917 he became a professor of history in Cornell University. Although he has taught modern European history chiefly, his writings have been mostly on American subjects—provincial politics, the Declaration of Independence, industrial society. The most notable exception to this summary is *The Heavenly City of the Eighteenth-Century Philosophers* (1932)—a book which will keep his name green for a long time.

FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER *

CARL L. BECKER

I WENT TO THE University of Wisconsin (in 1893 it was) for the same reason that many boys go to one college rather than another—because a high school friend of mine, whose cousin or something had “been at Madison,” was going there. As youth will, I at once endowed the place, which I had never seen and had only recently heard of, with a romantic glamour. Was not Madison a distant and large city? (I am speaking now of a prairie country boy who had never ventured from his small town into the world so wide). And was it not located on a great body of water, a lake eight miles in diameter, no less? One other bit of knowledge contributed to the splendor that was Wisconsin. On the faculty of that University there was a man whom a young lawyer in my town had belauded and bragged about, and familiarly referred to as “old Freddie Turner.”

“Is he old?” I asked, picturing the long gray locks of a Faust before the devil comes in the spotlight.

“Oh no, not *old*. We just called him that, I don’t know why—just a rough way of showing boyish admiration without being sentimental about it, I suppose.”

“What does he teach?”

“Well, he teaches American history. But it’s not what he teaches, the subject I mean. The subject doesn’t matter. It’s what he is, the personality and all that sort of thing. It’s something he gives you, inspiration, new ideas, a fresh light on things in general. It’s something he makes you want to do or be. I

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don't remember much American history, but I'll never forget that man Turner, old Freddie Turner."

So I went to the University of Wisconsin clear about one thing—I would take a course with old Freddie Turner. Unfortunately he taught history. The word held no blandishments for me. In high school I had studied (that isn't the word, but what word is there for it?) history, general history, Barnes' *General History*, or some such misdemeanor against youth; of which I remembered only one sentence: "*Egypt has been called the gift of the Nile.*" That alone of all the history of the world I remembered; and even that I hadn't learned the meaning of, hadn't indeed supposed or ever been told that it was expected to have a meaning. A dull subject, history. And yet there I was at the University of Wisconsin determined to take a course in history because, unfortunately, that was the only "subject offered" by old Freddie Turner.

I

I was not many days in Madison before the man was pointed out to me, on the campus, going somewhere in a hurry, loaded down with an immense leather portfolio bulging with books and notes; belatedly hurrying up the hill to class I dare say, probably perspiring but certainly unbowed. Of course, he wasn't old—thirty-three or thereabouts at that time. To a youth of eighteen, men of thirty-three, professors at all events, might more often than not *seem* old; were at least likely to convey the impression of having settled all disturbing questions, of having as it were astutely encased themselves in a neat armor of fixed defensive habit warranted proof against the slings and arrows of whatever unusual experience or risky adventure the mischances of life, within cloistered academic walls, were likely to threaten them with. No such impression was conveyed by "that man Turner" beating it up the hill at 10:02 A.M. Even to a boy of eighteen there was something essentially youthful in the rounded lines of the short compact figure, in the free and unstudied swing of arms and legs; something gay and larky about the head ever so gallantly held, with ever so slight and so engaging a lifted backward tilt of valiant defiance to all the associated fates; something mischievously boyish even about the ruddy complexion, above all about the eyes and lips—eyes and lips that seemed always smiling even in repose, or always ready to smile, as if the world were so full of a number of things that odd chances and interesting episodes were to be momentarily expected. Expected and welcomed. Such was the impression. Serious indeed the man was, you never doubted that, but not solemn, above all not old, not professionally finished; just beginning rather, zestfully and buoyantly beginning, out for adventure, up to something, in the most casual friendly way inviting you to join in.

Inviting you to join in, yes. I don't mean (God forbid!) soliciting students to take his courses. Heaven knows he didn't need to make sly maneuvers to get you. Well I remember the opening day of the second year when I stood in line by his desk, waiting to ask him a question (totally unnecessary question, invented for the precise purpose of standing there and being spoken to). There I stood, and presently he turned to me with the quick upward flash of blue eyes that seemed to lift and throw over and through me a shaft of live light. I seemed, dumb shy youth that I was, to stand fully revealed in the light of those extraordi-

nary eyes—cool, steady, challenging, yet friendly too, and hoping for the best. Haltingly I asked my foolish question, and was answered. The answer was nothing, the words were nothing, but the voice—the voice was everything: a voice not deep but full, rich, vibrant, and musically cadenced; such a voice as you would never grow weary of, so warm and intimate and human it was. I cannot describe the voice. I know only that it laid on me a kind of magic spell which I could never break, and have never wanted to. Well, there it was, the indefinable *charm*. An upward lift of the eyes, a few friendly words, and I, like I know not how many other lads of nineteen, was straightway a devoted disciple and questionless admirer of “old Freddie Turner.” I didn’t care *what* he offered. For him I would even study history.

Even then I didn’t study history. I took courses in history, and in due time I took Turner’s “junior course” in American history. But I didn’t study history, not really; because I didn’t know how to study it. Remembering what things happened at what times—that was what studying history meant to me then. Learning these things out of a book. Well, we had a book. To begin with Turner asked us to buy Thwaites’ *Colonies*, and I bought it. I have it yet, with certain dates set down opposite the successive chapters in the table of contents; all these “assignments” having been given us once for all at the beginning of the term. Simple enough, I thought—each week I will learn a chapter. But after the second week we were behind the schedule, and after the fourth week we didn’t know where we were, and never found out. Of course I read the book—I think I did; was expected to and, being an obedient boy, must have done so. But the book was like all history books, dull, filled with uninteresting facts which I couldn’t remember; and so it happened that when Turner sometimes for ten minutes asked us questions,—“Mr. Becker, what were the provisions of the Tariff Bill of 1816?”—I never could answer, or almost never. During the second term I did answer one question, a question which had just gone its weary round without eliciting any response. I forget what the question was. The answer was “1811.” “Precisely,” said Turner, in a tone implying that he now recognized me as of that select company of scholars who would see at once the peculiar significance of 1811.

But if I didn’t study history that year, I was infected with the desire to do so. This of course was Turner’s fault, not mine (Haskins’ fault too, by the way; and if I were writing chiefly about myself instead of Turner, which it may be thought I am doing if I don’t watch out, there would be much to be said about Haskins). For it was true, as my lawyer friend said, that Turner had a singular capacity for making you want to do and be something—to do, in short, what he was doing, and to be, if possible, what he was. And what was he? And what was he doing? Fascinated by the man, I attended to his every gesture and expression, listened to everything he said, less at first for the content than for the voice, the intention, the implication. The implication of the whole performance was of something vital being under consideration, something that had in itself only incidentally to do with students “taking a course.” The implication was that we (all of us together, if *we* chose—that was our affair) were searching for something, ferreting out hidden secrets. Facts there were, plenty of them, and as a matter of course to be known; but that wasn’t

the end. There was something concealed there, in and behind the facts, some problem that concerned humanity at large waiting to be solved. The implication was that we might, on our own account, turn over the dead facts once more, on the chance of finding something, something the others had missed.

Inconceivable that Thwaites had missed anything, I couldn't suppose it! Yet so it appeared. For here was a "teacher," who at one moment confessed his ignorance and the next modestly questioned the textbook. Inviting us one day to consider the problem of sovereignty, he quoted Austin's definition; said he couldn't understand it; admitted he wasn't blessed with the logical mind; and drew two (or was it three?) overlapping circles on the blackboard illustrating the theory of "divided sovereignty," which he said seemed to fit the facts of American history better, but even of that he wasn't certain either. Well, a "teacher" was supposed to know everything, yet there was Turner not able to explain sovereignty. Supposed to know everything, a teacher was, but of course not more than the textbook. Yet there another day stood Turner saying, as casually as ever you please, "I do not agree with Thwaites on this point." What to make of a teacher who knew more than the textbook, but was still ignorant of something? After I know not how long it dawned on me, and with what a joyous sense of emancipation, that Turner wasn't, that no university professor need be, merely a teacher. Turner obviously hadn't just learned his history out of a book. The rash skeptic had gone out of his way to get the "facts" somewhere else, had "investigated"—that was the word—the documents on his own account, had taken his own notes from the "sources," was in short an "authority" in his own right, and might if he wished write his own book of American history.

From the moment Turner ceased to figure in my mind as a teacher, I began to learn something from him. Not "teacher" but "historian" he was, better still "author," whose main occupation it was, not to teach us, but to be deeply engaged in researches preliminary to the writing of notable books. Obvious enough, once you got the idea. For surely no professor, coming somewhat distrainly into class at the last moment, ever spread about such a cheerful happy air of having been interrupted in preparatory studies, or ever more successfully conveyed the impression of going cheerfully on, during the brief hour, for our benefit, with the morning's labors. Material evidence of those labors there was a plenty in the stacks of notes deposited on the desk, notes on slips of paper 6 x 8, or some such size, filed in labeled manilla envelopes; more enveloped notes every day brought to class than could by any chance be looked into; as if the preoccupied scholar, leaving his study on the run, had hastily gathered together whatever he could conveniently lay his hands on, hoping to be prepared with illustrative material relevant to any one of a number of interesting topics which might, happily, turn up during the lecture.

The lecture itself, if that is the word for it, seemed never "prepared," never studiously "got up" under the lamp. It seemed rather the spontaneous result of preparations always going on and never finished. The lecture was just informal, intimately conversational talk, beginning as might happen with this interesting matter, and ending as might happen with that; always serious without ever being solemn; enlivened with humor and wholesome infectious laughter,

yet never falling to the level of the sad professorial joke; running off into relevant digressions occasioned by some student query; coming back again to the main point; coming now and again to the full stop while "notes" were eagerly searched for and found (oh, well, usually found), if not in one manilla envelope perhaps in another, notes containing some desired quotation from the documents, with exact reference given, illustrating a point, clinching an argument. No, lecture isn't the word. Nothing *ex cathedra* here, no musty air of academic infallibility clouding the room, no laying down of the law and gospel according to Turner; but all compact of inquiry and novel ideas carelessly thrown out with more questions asked than were answered, more problems posed than solved. The professor seemed not at all concerned to ladle out the minimum dose of American history suitable to our complaint. He was just talking to us as a man might talk to men, about the problems that interested *him*, problems which he had apparently been thinking about after breakfast, and might very likely, one felt, think some more about after luncheon.

Such was the impression. But where then did we, poor dazed novices astray in the bright intellectual world, come in on this business? No doubt the method, or lack of it, was not well calculated to send the shining morning-faced student away rejoicing with neatly wrapped and labeled packets of "knowledge," to be held until called for, at examination time, and then duly returned, unopened. No doubt the student often felt like asking, as students will, what precisely the "required work" was—"Professor, what are we expected to know for examination?" Well, one could trust to luck, would have to apparently. I at least knew that something (something about the bank was it?) happened in 1811. Curiously enough I didn't worry, timid and cautious youth that I was, I didn't worry much about the packets of useful information; for you see I was getting, as failing students say, "a great deal out of the course." I was getting a great deal out of Turner. I was daily enjoying the inestimable privilege of watching an original and penetrating intelligence at work, playing freely with facts and ideas, handling with discrimination the problems of history, problems which so often turned out to be the problems of life itself. Unorganized the course was certainly; but the resulting impression was nevertheless not one of confusion. The impression always was that of a brilliant light being thrown on dark places. For the talk, however desultory it may have been, was never merely rambling, but went always winding in and through and roundabout the matter in hand at the behest of some fresh idea, suggestion, or tentative hypothesis. Something vital and significant in the facts these flashed ideas and hypotheses seemed always revealing. An ordered body of information I could get, and did afterwards get, for myself; but from no other man did I ever get in quite the same measure that sense of watching a first-class mind at work on its own account, and not merely rehearsing for the benefit of others; the most delightful sense in the world of sitting there waiting for ideas to be born; expectantly waiting for secret meanings, convenient explanatory hypotheses to be discovered, lurking as like as not under the dullest mass of drab facts ever seen.

In this happy way I got a new idea of history. It was after all no convention agreed upon to be learned by rote, but just the infinitely varied action and

thought of men who in past times had lived and struggled and died for means or great objects. It was in short an aspect of life itself, and as such something to be probed into, thought about, written about. Who would not like to study history as Turner studied it? And write about it as he would write about it? Not possible of course to do it with his brilliant competence, not a chance; but still there was something to try for, a standard set, an ideal. And so in this eventful junior year I brought out my tiny little wagon and fumblingly hitched it to that bright particular star. Procuring quantities of paper and manilla envelopes, I began "pen in hand" to study history; with patient, plodding abandon poring over such fascinating works as *Niles Register* and the *New York Colonial Documents*, or any other mouldy, crumbling old tome, provided only it contained those "original sources" which Turner, by some species of white magic, had invested with color and charm. What a joy it was in those days merely to turn the yellow pages of old books! With what a sense of solid work accomplished one extracted the substance of no matter what official document, always, with reverent piety, noting the "exact reference"—*Niles*, XII, 749. Still preserved they are, those stacks of notes in manilla envelopes, aging now undisturbed on upper shelves, long since covered with dust!

II

With the novitiate ended, one took the full vows. For three years I pursued my researches in Turner's seminary, a group of twelve or fifteen men, with a stray woman or two, meeting in the Law Building, or, better still, in the state Historical Society Library, then housed in the Capitol. Here we did our work, each man having a table, or part of one, in an alcove; and all of us assembling, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, round one of the larger tables, with Turner in our midst. To be so commoded was to be in the very center of the temple of learning; for we were here, all of us, professor and pupils, daily boxed about with walls of books, the books we needed and were currently using, those very collections of "documents" which exhaled the mothy odors of scholarship; so that just to sit motionless in the blest place breathing in the incensed atmosphere of research at its thickest enabled one to anticipate the illusions of the fully erudite.

Informal to a degree this seminary was, more informal even than the "junior course." Lectures there were none, or almost none, unless one prefers to say there were always lectures, or nearly always. For the engaging theory was that we were all scholars together, surveying broadly the field of American history, each man having his particular subject—the colonization of Virginia, Internal Improvements, or whatever—subjects large and unconfined, opening a career to talent. Each man was expected to master his subject as well as might be; to be responsible for it; to be ready like a cabinet minister to answer such questions, bearing upon it, as might be asked by the opposition; above all from time to time to make reports giving the matured results of his investigation. In this way each of us, including the professor, would lecture in turn, and all of the others, including the professor, would take notes. The professor, such was the theory, was just one of us, the principal one no doubt, organizing and directing the whole performance, but still not professing to know too much, modestly

deferring to any one of us where our particular topics were concerned, and himself taking notes, when we lectured, with an alert and convincing air of being instructed, of having old matter freshly examined and interpreted for him. I swear he did take notes, and he has since assured me, with just a trace of asperity I thought, that it was no frame-up, but that he did actually obtain from us valuable ideas and information which afterwards he sometimes made good use of. Well, I believe him. I do believe he did sometimes get from us some or other odd fact, such was his inordinate thirst for facts and his uncanny instinct for finding them in the most unlikely places, such his skill in disengaging what was significant from even the most confused jumble of the incompetent, the irrelevant, and the immaterial.

I took notes too, of course I did. It was part of the ritual, and I was nothing if not strong in the faith—in those old days. The notes I took are not such, I do confess, that one could reconstruct from them an adequate account of American history; but they had, and have had, for me at least, a high value nevertheless. Here before me, for example, are the notes, easily contained on one sheet of paper 6 x 8, of a two-days' report on the Mexican War.

Rogers' report—Mexican War. Polk. Taylor. Senate Bill. Biglow Papers frequently referred to. Turner asks: "By the way, Mr. Rogers, what exactly are the Biglow Papers?" Rogers says: "The Biglow Papers—" (Hesitates, seems a little dazed, has at last a happy inspiration) "Why, the Biglow Papers are—a well known work by—a famous author." Hilarious laughter, led by Turner, who then explains Biglow Papers. Don't myself know B. P. Remember look up and read B. P. Lowell, J. R.

Thus to my great regret I missed the significant points of the Mexican War, but at least I read the Biglow Papers, and have always remembered that the work is well known and by a famous author. Another sheet lies before me.

Turner asks, why the unusual literary activity in generation following 1815? Various suggestions. Becker says perhaps on account of feeling of relief and freedom after War of 1812 and Napoleonic wars. Turner says, perhaps. Is that a fact or only a plausible inference? What is an historical fact? Can you prove an inference? May historian be satisfied with inference? Have all great wars been followed by intellectual and literary activity? What in general is cause of changes in character of thought? Fifteen minute talk, mostly questions, a cascade of questions. No one answers these questions. Why doesn't Turner tell us the answers? Something to think about.

Something to think about, sure enough! Well, I have thought about it, off and on, for twenty-five years; but I don't now wonder why Turner didn't tell us the answers.

As time passed I was made aware indeed that Turner very often didn't answer questions. Heaven knows he asked enough, was always handing out some riddle to be solved, always giving us something to think about and then serenely leaving us to think about it. But there were questions he neglected either to ask or to answer. For example, did the colonies or the British government have the right of it in the War of Independence? Should one properly sympathize with Jefferson or Marshall? Was the tariff a wise policy? Was Jacksonian democracy a good or a bad thing? Were the slave states justified in seceding from the Union? Important questions these were surely; questions which a teacher who had given his life to the study of American history might be sup-

posed to answer for students who came to college expecting to be furnished with right opinions and convictions. But I don't recall that Turner ever answered these questions, or the like of them; so that to this day I don't know what his convictions are on the great issues. Is he protectionist or free trader? Democrat or republican? Baptist or infidel, or member of that great church which Lord Melbourne commended for never meddling with either politics or religion? Above all is he a conservative, satisfied with the evils we have? Or a liberal, willing to substitute for them others which formerly existed? Or a radical, eager for the shock of new ones never yet tried? I don't know. Turner never gave us answers to these questions. He never told us what to think.

I hope I am not conveying the impression that Turner appeared to his students in the somber light of a "strong silent man." Somber is the last word in the world to describe him, and silent isn't the word either. He talked freely enough, and he answered questions freely enough, questions of a certain sort. After I don't know how many months or years I learned that the answers he commonly neglected to give were answers which would have enabled me to borrow his opinions and judgments, and so save myself the trouble of thinking. He would do what he could to help me think, but he wouldn't if he knew it tell me what to think. He was not much given to handing down final judgments.

This is important, and I wish to emphasize it a little. Turner didn't pronounce final judgments. In those days it sometimes troubled me that he didn't. But I have long since forgiven him, blessed him indeed, for it, having seen quite enough of those complacent people who go about recreating the world in their own image and expecting others to see that it is good. Turner might have said, with Mr. Justice Holmes, that one important article of his creed as a scholar was that he was *not* God. Like Margaret Fuller, he "accepted the universe," although, unlike that voluble lady, he did it silently. I am speaking now of Turner the scholar, not of Turner the man and citizen. As man and citizen he had, and always has had, convictions, knows what he thinks right and wise, and never leaves you in any doubt about it. As man and citizen he doesn't, I am sure, think this the best of conceivable worlds, or always find it a comfortable place to be in, as what intelligent or sensitive person does? He has indeed always met the reverses of life with serenity and high courage, no man I think ever more so; but I know not how many times he may in his heart have refreshingly damned the universe to extinction, as, on occasion, all good men do I hope. But I am now concerned with the scholar. As scholar, so it seems to me, Turner accepts men and things as given, the business of the scholar being not to *judge* but only to *understand* them.

To me at least it is a matter of no slight importance that he accepted us, graduate students, in that spirit. We, too, were apparently parts of the universe, to be accepted as given. He never made me feel that I was before the Judgment Seat. He was never the schoolmaster, standing behind me prodding, with sharp exclamation points pitchforking me up the steep path of learning. He criticized my work to be sure, but it was the work he criticized, and in the most honest friendly way, without leaving any aftertaste of personal depravity in the mouth. He appeared to take me as the associated fates had made me, more or less intelligent, and to assume that I would willingly do the best I could.

Amazing, to me at least, was the casual friendly way he had of treating us as equals, as serious scholars with whom it was a pleasure to be associated in common tasks. Even our work he didn't criticize much, condemning it by silence mainly, commending it on rare occasions by a few hearty words of approval. How the rash man gambled on us to be sure, professing to see in us qualities and virtues marking us out for future *savants*. Perhaps there was some method in this madness. To get the best out of graduate students, or any students, it is perhaps just as well not to assume to begin with that there isn't any best there to get out. Often enough there isn't, but then it doesn't greatly matter. If there was any best in me, I at least needed, in order to get it out, just the freedom and friendly confidence which Turner gave me, having until then been for the most part "criticized" and "trained" quite sufficiently; oh quite sufficiently told, by parents and uncles and aunts and teachers and pastors, what to do and what not to do; told in such an interesting variety of ways, and with such an implication of futility in the telling, as to leave me clutching the miserable little suspicion that I would probably never, all things considered, be much good at doing anything. Never having talked with my pastor, Turner didn't know this. He blandly assumed that I might amount to something, and at last one day told me that he thought I "had it in me" to become a scholar and a writer—seemed really to believe it. To be told by this admired master that I could probably do the very thing I most wanted to do released what little ability I had to do it. Released the ability, and intensified the desire to do it, because I then, and ever after, worked all the harder in order to justify Turner's faith in me.

This friendly method of dealing with graduate students (the honest ones, I mean; the occasional faker got the full blaze of his hot scorn) might not have been the best method for another, but I am sure it was the best method for Turner. It was the best method precisely because there wasn't any method in it. When Turner came into class he didn't put on the teacher's manner because he didn't think of himself as a teacher. He thought of himself—or no, he didn't think of himself, that's just the point. He was just Turner, man and scholar, absorbed in his work, who met us because we were interested in the same thing he was; and who met us in the most casual democratic way in the world because it was perfectly natural for him to meet us in that way. The easy aristocratic grace and charm of this friendly democrat from Portage, Wisconsin, had about it neither a shade more nor less of any manner for his high placed colleagues than for the obscurest graduate student. It didn't, this unstudied friendly manner which at once put us at ease, seem to be even second nature. It seemed to be the instinctive expression of a lively and supple intelligence restrained and directed by some inexhaustible native fund of sincerity, integrity, and good will. This is after all one of the reasons, perhaps the chief reason, for his success with graduate students.

It is also, I think, one principal secret of his success as a scholar. For the scholar, the historian at all events, has to meet humanity in some fashion or other; and humanity will commonly reveal little to those who meet it with reticences and reservations and didactic motives. Even in those student days it seemed to me that Turner met humanity very much as he met us, graduate students; he didn't put on anything special for the occasion. Humanity, like

graduate students, doubtless had virtues and qualities concealed somewhere about it, and might very well, such was the implication, stumble on, if you gave it rope enough, to some or other place worth going to. Best at all events to assume as much; for humanity is like graduate students in this too, that it will be more likely to do well if you trust it a little, if you have faith to gamble on its hidden capacities.

But who could tell us where poor old humanity is headed for, rope or no rope? I would not willingly charge a reputable historian with harboring a Philosophy of History. Yet I recall that one day Turner quoted Droysen, apparently with approval, to the effect that "history is the self-consciousness of humanity." And another day he said: "The question is not whether you have a Philosophy of History, but whether the philosophy you have is good for anything." In extenuation I feel moved to say that if Turner does indeed have a Philosophy of History, I can't imagine it taking the form of an answer. Much more likely to take the form of a question, thus: "If mankind could once really understand what it has done and thought in the past, is it not possible that it would stumble along now, and in the future, with more intelligence and a more conscious purpose?" I don't know whether this is a Philosophy of History or not. Whether, if it is, it is a good one, I know still less. But of one thing I feel quite sure: if Turner subscribes to it, whatever it is, it doesn't cost him much. It doesn't cost him anything in fact, for it doesn't burden him with any noticeable preoccupations or fixed ideas. He pursues his proper task, which is to find out what certain groups of men did and thought in past times, and to furnish the proximate explanation of their so acting and thinking; and this task he pursues as if he had no philosophy, as if it made no difference at all to him what they did and thought, or what the explanation might turn out to be. He pursues his task in short with detachment, with objectivity.

So at last we come to it, the inevitable word, objectivity. The word has many meanings. In those days I had myself got, or at least got up, chiefly out of books, a notion of objectivity scarcely distinguishable from complete indifference, a sort of stiff solemnity or *rigor mortis* of the spirit; so that I sometimes wondered if Turner really was "objective and disinterested," so lively and interested he always seemed. Certainly indifference, such as Renan's Man in the Moon might be supposed to exhibit, couldn't by any stretch of the imagination be attributed to Turner. Here then was a dilemma; and not being willing to abandon either Turner or the ideal of objectivity, I ended by seeing that Turner was objective in some other fashion than the Man in the Moon. The objectivity of Turner's mind, I found, was a quality he enjoyed in his own right, and not something acquired by training. It wasn't something he had painfully got up in college out of Bernheim—a set of artificially induced and cultivated repressions such as would enable any careful historian to write, let us say, an account of the Battle of Cold Harbor without revealing the fact that his father was an ardent admirer of Grant. That kind of objectivity is common enough, and often pernicious enough, being the best substitute for ideas yet invented. Turner at least didn't need it, having always more ideas than he could perhaps well manage. The objectivity he had seemed rather to spring from that intense and sustained interest which an abundance of ideas can alone generate. A hard truth for me

to learn, this was, since I hadn't too many ideas; but I couldn't help seeing that Turner was so wholly absorbed in his work that he hadn't time to think of anything else, not even of the necessity of being objective. He was "disinterested" because he was so interested in the object before him that he forgot, for the time being, to be interested in anything else; he was "objective" because he was so genuinely curious about that object, desired with such singleness of purpose to know it for the sake of knowing it, that his mind was empty, for the time being, of all other objects. This kind of objectivity doesn't come by willing (not that any sane man, living in a world of action, would will to have it); it is a quality of mind, like the sense of absolute pitch, which one is or isn't born with. No doubt it may, if one has it, be cultivated, but at any rate it is inseparable from genuine *intellectual curiosity*, the lively and irrepressible desire to know merely for the sake of knowing. A rare quality indeed that is, but I think Turner has it.

Another thing about Turner used in those days to strike me as a little odd. I don't know just what to call it. "Independence" isn't quite the word. Of course he was an independent scholar; but then most professors were independent scholars in the ordinary sense of the term. His was a peculiar kind of independence which struck me then, and still strikes me, as relatively uncommon among professors. I might call it a certain obliviousness to professional convention, an almost complete freedom from academic provincialism. I first noticed it indeed because it seemed to me then not quite the thing. For I was then doing what many college boys do—emancipating myself from one form of provincialism by taking on another. Coming fresh, or almost fresh, from the farm into an academic community, the professor's world seemed to me the last word in sophistication. The most obvious form which this sophistication took was a certain smart awareness on the professor's part of belonging to a larger and freer society than the one in which, geographically speaking, he perforce lived. Comfortable enough his ivory tower in Madison was no doubt; but he was likely to be often looking out of it towards the more splendid towers of the east, over-anxiously concerned perhaps to know what the wise men there were thinking and doing. One gathered that there were decencies proper to the academic world, a minor one being that no professor should have too much confidence in himself until he received a call from Yale or Harvard, and even then a lively sense of the fitting, some hang over from colonial days perhaps, would keep him subtly servile and apologetic for being no more than an American scholar who must forever abandon hope of entering the sacred portals of Oxford, Paris, or Berlin. If all this was only a second provincialism worse than the first, I was not yet aware of the fact. It seemed to me then no more than the proper mark of those who had oriented themselves in the intellectual world, quite the attitude in short for a professor to have. Therefore it struck me as a little odd that my admired master Turner didn't have it.

For Turner didn't have it. There was no getting round the fact that he didn't have it at all. I got the distinct impression that he didn't mind living in Wisconsin, seemed to think Portage a jolly good place to come from, as if being born there, even if the fact became known, needn't seriously impair the quality of his scholarship. If he knew that Europe was infinitely richer than

the United States in historic remains and traditions, I never heard him mention the fact, at least not with the appropriate air of regret for missed opportunities. He had, on the contrary, every appearance of being contented with his opportunities, seemed indeed to rejoice in his opportunities, quite as a man might who had just discovered a gold mine in his back yard. American history, he seemed to say, is a new lead, never yet properly uncovered, as rich and enticing a mine for the scholar as can anywhere be found, all the better for never having been worked by Waitz or von Ranke. It was as if some rank American flavor, some sturdy strain of backwoods independence, resisting every process of academic refinement, kept the man still proud to be an American citizen, contentedly dwelling in Madison, quite satisfied with the privilege of going every day to the State Historical Society Library where the Draper Manuscripts were.

Even in those days I felt, without quite understanding, this non-professional attitude on Turner's part. The time was to come when I found the professional attitude less engaging; and it was probably just because I saw Turner as "different" that these old student day impressions never faded, just because he was never quite the "professor" that his influence was more enduring than that of many professors. His influence was enduring I think because he himself didn't "date." Above all his ideas about American history didn't date, never struck one as being modeled upon any established authority or cribbed from any school of historians. Something personal there always was in his "point of view," in his "interpretations," as if the subject were being freshly looked at by a mind washed clean of scholastic dust. Not that there was anything aggressive about his independence. He never gave one the impression that, having made up his mind to be original, he was somewhat bellicosely making good. His independence wasn't an achievement. And yet I wonder. Was there not about him too (or did I just imagine it?) some indefinable but quite jolly air of conscious insubordination, just a quick little gesture of the mind impatiently dismissing the solemn snobbery of all that is academically canonized and sacrosanct? I can't be sure, but I like to think so.

That is as it may be. But this I know, that three qualities of the man's mind made upon me a profound and indelible impression. These qualities were: a lively and irrepressible intellectual curiosity; a refreshing freedom from personal preoccupations and didactic motives; a quite unusual ability to look out upon the wide world in a humane friendly way, in a fresh and strictly independent way, with a vision unobscured by academic inhibitions. These are also the qualities, I think, which have enabled him to make an "original contribution" (not so common a performance as is often supposed) to the study of American history. What then is this original contribution?

III

A distinct achievement, I count it, to have written twenty pages about Turner without having once mentioned the word "frontier." But of course this sort of thing can't be allowed to go on indefinitely. Impossible to tell the story of Turner without mentioning the frontier—as impossible as it would be to tell the story of Jack Horner without mentioning the plum. The "frontier" was a plum, sure enough; but still there is the pie, and the pie is important too, a fact often

forgotten. Therefore I wish first of all to say something about the pie, in the hope that it will help us to understand how the plum came to be discovered and pulled out.

The pie of this sad metaphor (very sad metaphor indeed if it leads any one to picture Turner sitting in a corner bragging of his plum) is of course American history, or rather American history considered as an example of social evolution.

I have no desire to make Turner out a sociologist; but it must be said that narrating events was never his forte, finding proximate explanations always has been. In his first published work he raised straight off the question which has occupied him ever since. "The exploitation of the Indian is generally dismissed with the convenient explanatory phrase, 'The march of civilization.' But *how did it march?*"¹ Well, there it is, the central question of all Turner's work: How does civilization march? Not how did civilization march from January to November, but how did and does it march from simple to complex forms? This is no doubt a question proper to the sociologist; and the pure sociologist, if there be any such, might attempt an answer based on the total experience of mankind up to date. What saves Turner for history, if he can be saved, is that he attempts no universal answer. It is not given to all, as he modestly says, to "bend the bow of Ulysses." He will attempt only a conditioned answer, since he deals only with a limited experience—the experience of the American people within definite space and time limits; and so, if he is concerned with the evolution of society, it is after all the evolution of a particular society. He studies American history as furnishing a concrete illustration, many times repeated, and on a relatively grand scale, of the social process.

If Turner still lies under suspicion, one thing I will stoutly affirm in his defence; the social process which entices him is not the Transcendent Idea, or any of its many poor relations. His social process isn't something in the void working over the heads of men, rough hewing them to its own ends. His social process is something that emerges from the thought and action of men, something incidental to what people do for their own ends. It wasn't the "march of civilization" that chased the Indian, nor did the poor fellow die of deficient "cultural capacity." The poor fellow died of bullets fired from rifles in the hands of Daniel Boone, and men of his ilk; men who fired the bullets, not on behalf of civilization or the social process, but on their own behalf, because they wanted land for hunting purposes or for planting, in order to feed themselves and their families and have as good a time generally as circumstances permitted. Turner seems to take it for granted that commonplace people, acting in commonplace ways, somehow or other, unconsciously for the most part, determine the social process and shape the course of history. First of all, therefore, the historian would learn what people did and why they did it.

What people did was an old story with historians, why they did it had doubtless never occupied their thought unduly. This is of course an endless question forever discussed by philosophers; and one might easily push the explanation of action back to ultimate causes—to God, or to the electron revolving rapidly

¹ "The Fur Trade in Wisconsin." *Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*. 1889. p. 53.

round the nucleus, or, more simply, to a "stress in the ether." But such ultimates are of little use to the historian. They exhaust their virtue in explaining everything in general, so that none is left for explaining anything in particular. This is perhaps why Turner, being especially interested in the particular, is willing to leave final causes to serve the only uses they can serve, to be, that is to say, *final*, sign posts at the end of the road signifying "no thoroughfare." The explanations he seeks are proximate explanations, the causes he can make use of are causes operating above and immediately below the level of conscious purpose.

If, for example, the first settlers in New England established the "Town Meeting" that was doubtless because they consciously desired to establish it. But still one may reasonably ask what made them consciously desire to establish the Town Meeting? Perhaps it was an institution which they had, without knowing it, "brought over with them" from England, an institution which they had, in common with Englishmen and Teutonic folk generally, "inherited" from farther back, from the primitive Germans or elsewhere. Why didn't Turner accept this explanation? One naturally asks because the genetic explanation of institutions was going strong at Johns Hopkins when Turner studied there in the eighties; and Herbert B. Adams, the teacher under whom Turner studied, had himself published a monograph pointing out that the New England Town Meeting was a survival from early German custom. Turner must have been thoroughly indoctrinated with the theory of the "continuity of history" and the "inheritance of institutions," must have been given a full adult dose of that prolific institutional germ known as the Teutonic Mark. Well, it was an overdose, I dare say. Turner couldn't stomach it. Still less to his taste was Adams' dictum that American institutions had already been "well done." This was really too much for the doughty American whose ancestors had preached and pioneered on every frontier from Massachusetts to Nebraska. He therefore left Johns Hopkins in an unsanctified state, and returned to Wisconsin proclaiming that "the germ theory of politics has been sufficiently emphasized."²

Not that Turner would deny the influence of inheritance. The first settlers obviously brought with them their English, or Dutch, habits of thought and action. These would at first determine what institutions they would try to establish in the new world; and no doubt it would be possible to point out, in the Virginia Hundred or the New England Town Meeting, vestiges of early custom, similarities to the ancient German Mark (or what Nineteenth Century German historians, looking for political liberty somewhere outside of France, imagined the German Mark to be). But Turner would insist (and how clearly I recall his making the statement in class one day!) that "the *similarities* of institutions are less important than the *differences*." If the differences interested him more than the similarities, the reason, I dare say, is to be found in the man's deep-seated loyalty to America. If he has any fundamental preconception or bias it is this. He is a thoroughly good American with never the slightest gesture of apology. He has the rugged patriotism, seven times refined no doubt, of the middle west from which he comes. It was this deep-seated loyalty to America

² "Significance of the Frontier"; *The Frontier in American History*, p. 2.

that made him "indignant" when Adams said that American institutions had been "well done." On the contrary, Turner thought, they had not been done at all, not really; for America was important, not because it resembled Europe, but precisely because it was different. He would approve down to the ground, Goethe's saying that "America has the best of it." America has the best of it not only, and not chiefly, because of her incomparable material resources, but because she has brought into the world something new, something original—"the ideal of a democracy developing under conditions unlike those of any other age or country."³ This was what made American institutions really significant and worth studying—this "difference." Well, you could hardly inherit a difference. Where then did the difference come from? Certainly not from the German Mark. Not from the Black Forest but from the American wilderness. American democracy "was not carried in the *Susan Constant* to Virginia, or in the *Mayflower* to Plymouth. It came out of the American forest."⁴ So Turner turned away from the theory of inheritance as an adequate explanation of American institutions, and set himself to study the influences of the environment. Here if at all would be found the "conditions"—geographic, economic, social—which enabled America to make its peculiar contribution to human civilization.

As a point of vantage from which to observe the influence of environment in a new country, the town of Portage was after all no bad place to be born in. With his father, the boy Turner had poled in dugouts, with Indians from "Grandfather Bull Falls" as guides, on Radisson's old route down the Wisconsin, through virgin forests of balsam firs, startling the deer that came to gaze at them through the foliage with curious frightened eyes, past Indian villages where the polesmen would sometimes stop to palaver with the squaws standing sociably on the high bank. In Portage, coming home from school, he had seen a lynched man hanging from a tree. He had seen red-shirted Irish raftsmen tie up and "take the town," and blanketed Indians on their ponies file down the street to exchange furs for baubles and paint. The town itself was a rough frontier settlement—the meeting place of many nationalities. It had its Irish ward into which boys of Turner's sort ventured, with whatever tense bravado they could muster, only in gangs; its Pomeranian ward where kerchiefed women in wooden shoes still drove community cattle to common pasture; and, in the country round about, there were Scotch, Welsh and Swiss settlements. What doubtless helped to make vivid the significance of such folk was the fact that Turner's father, the editor of a local paper, was a politician of sorts, who "sheparded all these new people," lectured them in his editorials on farming and politics, and was wonderfully trusted and followed by them. Here it was then, before his very eyes, the past and present curiously joined together; the frontier in many stages—virgin forest, Indian villages, lawless raftsmen, fur trade, the rough frontier town a simmering pot skillfully stirred by the descendant of Connecticut Yankees who, in every generation since the seventeenth century, had got on the "wrong side of the hedge." Here was to be observed

³ *The Frontier in American History*, p. 335.

⁴ *The Frontier in American History*, p. 293.

by one who had eyes to see, the very process which had been making America, such as it was, so different from Europe—and, for that matter, why shouldn't it be?

This youthful experience Turner didn't put aside in some unused garret of the mind when, at the university, he came to study history. The past seemed to him a dead thing except as he could see it still living in the present. Tenuous and vanishing vestiges of ancient custom interested him but little, so that when his teacher, William F. Allen, suggested that he look into the faint remaining evidences of common lands in the region round about Prairie du Chien, he soon found that he "couldn't get very far with that." He didn't get anywhere with it in fact, but presently turned up, in his rakish independent way, with an essay on "The Fur Trade in Wisconsin,"⁵ This fresh topic, redolent of Indians and balsam trees, he took with him to Johns Hopkins, afterwards presenting it there, with revision and enlargement, as a doctor's thesis. In due time it was published under a new title in the Johns Hopkins Studies,⁶ where it may still be seen curiously hobnobbing with sedater monographs on local government and comparative institutions. In this essay one may find, dimly suggested, the ideas, or some of them, which shortly after were presented in the now famous paper, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History."⁷

The significance of the frontier in American history was just this, that America was itself the frontier, the march lands of western civilization, the meeting place of old and new, the place in the world where one could still observe the civilized man adjusting his habits to the rude conditions of life in a primitive environment. From the civilized man the frontier "strips off the garments of civilization and arrays him in the hunting shirt and the moccasin." It drags him out of his coach-and-four and throws him into a birch-bark canoe, deprives him of his panelled halls and gives him a log cabin. A rude shock this to the civilized man, who finds that his traditional habits and ideas serve him but inadequately in the new world; and so, the environment proving at first too strong for the man, he temporarily reverts to the primitive, to something half savage. But little by little he masters his environment, by ingenious devices fashions rude comforts, falls into a rough routine of life, imposes crude laws and a ready-made justice, snatches at such amusements and amenities as are to be had for the taking—in short, painfully builds up once more a "civilization," a civilization all compact of memories and experience. The memories are old, but the experience is new. And the experience modifies the tradition, so that in the end the "outcome is not the old Europe, not simply the development of

⁵ *Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, 1889.

⁶ "The Character and Influence of the Indian Trade in Wisconsin": *Johns Hopkins University Studies*, 1891.

⁷ The essential ideas of this paper were first presented in an article ("The Problems of American History") written for the student periodical, *The Aegis*, November 4, 1892. In its present form it was read before the American Historical Association at its meeting in Chicago, July 12, 1893. First printed in *Proceedings of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin*, December 14, 1893, and again in *Report of the American Historical Association*, 1893. Similar ideas were set forth by Woodrow Wilson in his review (*Forum*, December, 1893) of Goldwin Smith's *History of the United States*. But Turner had, in his house at Madison, read his paper to Wilson before the latter wrote his review.

Germanic germs. . . . The fact is that here is a new product that is America."⁸

Here then was a fresh field for the historian. Not that American history had more importance than European, but certainly it had not less importance. The point was that it had a *peculiar* importance, and this peculiar importance was that it presented an unrivalled opportunity for studying the general in the particular. "Loria, the Italian economist, has urged the study of colonial life as an aid to understanding the stages of European development. . . . 'America,' he says, 'has the key to the historical enigma which Europe has sought for in vain, and the land which has no history reveals luminously the course of universal history.' There is much truth in this. The United States lies like a huge page in the history of society. Line by line as we read this continental page from west to east we find the record of social evolution."⁹ Complex it was, this social evolution, because of the vast extent of the country. "All peoples show development. . . . In the case of most nations, however, the development has occurred in a limited area. . . . But in the case of the United States we have a different phenomenon. Limiting ourselves to the Atlantic coast we have the familiar phenomenon of the evolution of institutions in a limited area, such as the rise of representative government; the differentiation of simple colonial governments into complex organs, progress from primitive conditions of society, without division of labor, up to manufacturing civilization. But we have in addition to this a recurrence of the process of evolution in each western area reached in the process of expansion. Thus American development has exhibited not merely advance along a single line, but a return to primitive conditions on a continually advancing frontier line, and a new development for that area. American social development has been continually beginning over again on the frontier. This perennial rebirth, this fluidity of American life, this expansion westward with its new opportunities, its continuous touch with the simplicity of primitive society, furnish the forces dominating American character."¹⁰

All this might mean but little to those for whom "history is past politics." But those who wished to look behind institutions might find much in it. A quite unrivalled opportunity they would find, in this perennial rebirth on different frontiers, for studying the evolution of a society from simple to complex forms under conditions generally similar but differing in point of detail; an unparalleled opportunity to note the interaction of all the "influences" (geographic, economic, social, and whatever others might be found) that shape the thought and action of men. Regarding history in this novel way, the historian would of necessity be less concerned with the "what" than with the "how," less with the result than with the process; less concerned with chronicle, the narrating of events from decade to decade, than with the description and comparison of regional and sectional societies, and with the complex of influences creating, in each of these regional societies, certain economic interests and political activities. Chronology, being treated with scant respect, would inevitably lose something

⁸ "The Significance of the Frontier": *The Frontier in American History*, p. 4.

⁹ *The Frontier in American History*, p. 11.

¹⁰ *The Frontier in American History*, pp. 2, 3.

of its commanding position and high repute, since the historian would be continually throwing past and present, as warp and woof, back and forth to make the woven fabric of a living civilization. "Continuity" there would be, certainly so, but the continuity would be found, not in the sequence of little event following on little event, but in the persistence of certain general conditions, in the recurrence of certain psychological reactions determined by the conditions, above all perhaps in the emergence (the evolution if you like), out of the interaction and conflict of regional societies ranging from the relatively primitive to the relatively complex, of a distinctively American society with its peculiar traditions and ideals.

Regarded thus, not as a sequence of events, but as a social evolution, American history up to the present could be regarded as a single phrase of universal history; could be regarded as the history of the frontier, which is not so much a region as a process. "The West, at bottom, is a form of society rather than an area. It is the term applied to the region whose social conditions result from the application of older institutions and ideas to the transforming influence of free land."¹¹ Up to the present, or the very recent past, it is above all the abundance of free land, underlying and equalizing the diverse influences of regional geography, that has made America a frontier society, that has made possible the "perennial rebirth," that has kept society always in touch with the primitive. These are the conditions that explain the essential traits of American character—"that coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which come with freedom."¹² And these also are the conditions that explain American institutions, American "democracy"—the questionless faith in "liberty" and "equality" and the right and the capacity of the people to govern themselves; not by the "glorious constitution" are these ideals to be explained, but by the conditions peculiar to our situation—our situation on the frontier of western civilization. "The larger part of what has been distinctive and valuable in America's contribution to the history of the human spirit has been due to this nation's peculiar experience in extending its type of frontier into new regions; and in creating peaceful societies with new ideals in the successive vast and differing geographic provinces which together make up the United States."¹³

This first phase, the phase of the frontier, is obviously passing. For a quarter of a century now there has been relatively speaking, no free land. Westward expansion has ceased, and with it the "perennial rebirth," the continual return to primitive conditions. The country becomes increasingly urban, increasingly industrial. Classes tend to become fixed. Parties show signs of dividing on economic and social issues. Accumulated capital, seeking investment throughout the world, proves more powerful than senatorial oratory, and the old isolation

¹¹ *The Frontier in American History*, p. 205.

¹² *The Frontier in American History*, p. 37.

¹³ Preface to *The Frontier in American History*.

gives way to imperial entanglements and conflicts. The United States is ceasing to be a country on the frontier of European civilization in which the cardinal fact is the steady expansion of population into the unoccupied areas of free land. It too is now becoming "old," "eastern," a settled community, a federation of sections, varying greatly in point of geographic and economic conditions, but approaching uniformity in point of social evolution.¹⁴

The first phase is passing; and Turner, always occupied primarily with the present, and with the past as illuminating the present, has in recent years turned his attention to the fascinating problem of the United States as a federation of sections. In two of his most brilliant essays¹⁵ he has developed this idea. Underlying the formal federation of states, he points out, is the real federation of great geographic and economic areas, each one comparable, in extent and variety, to the most important of the European nations; so that the problems of American political history are in a measure comparable to those of European history. There are striking differences surely. We have not the racial and religious antagonisms of Europe. We lie less uneasy under the heavy weight of tradition. Nevertheless the great sections of our country have their deep-seated differences of interest, they have their differences of temperament and ideals. Their antagonisms are such that, if fortune had separated them into independent states, they would, like the European nations, be engaged in a new-world struggle for the balance of power. Happily we have a federal government which holds us together in a league of sections; so that while the European nations employ diplomatic negotiations, conference, and war for the settlement of their conflicts, the American sections manage to get on amicably by peaceful bargains and compromises legally negotiated through the national party system and the Federal government.

And what of the future, since the first phase is passing? Since the peculiar conditions under which American institutions have hitherto developed no longer exist, what is to be the fate of American "democracy," of American "ideals," such as we have known them? "Can these ideals of democracy and individualism be applied and reconciled to the twentieth century type of civilization?"¹⁶ It is Turner himself who asks this question, and it is perhaps with a certain note of apprehension that he asks it. In recent addresses he has asked it repeatedly, and, one feels, with a somewhat diminished zest and optimism. The answer would seem to be obvious. If American institutions and ideals, such as we have known them, have been the result of primitive frontier conditions, it would seem that they must, with the passing of those conditions, be transformed into something different—perhaps into something altogether different. At least this is so unless there is more efficacy in the "inheritance" of institutions and ideals than Turner has led us to suppose. Turner the scholar sees that this is so; but

¹⁴ In his presidential address before the Historical Association in 1910, Turner took occasion to emphasize the passing of the first phase of American history, and to suggest ways in which present problems might be illuminated by a study of the past. "Social Forces in 1911"; *American Historical Review*, January, 1911. Reprinted in *The Frontier in American History*, p. 311.

¹⁵ "Sections and Nation"; *Yale Review*, Oct. 1922. "The Significance of the Section in American History"; *Wisconsin Magazine of History*, March, 1925.

¹⁶ *The Frontier in American History*, p. 203.

Turner the frontier democrat from Portage, Wisconsin, addressing students at commencement time, and wishing (rightly enough!) to say something appropriately hopeful for the occasion, regrets it—I was about to say, for the moment seems almost to forget it. But no, that cannot be, since it is precisely Turner's contribution to the study of American history that makes it impossible to forget it. For his contribution, from the point of view of a general interpretation, is just this, that American institutions and ideals are the result of a primitive, and therefore surely a passing stage of social evolution.

IV

Turner's contribution to history and the social sciences has been set forth in monographic studies, essays, occasional addresses, and the volume which he contributed to the *American Nation Series*.¹⁷ In addition, so he assures me, he is now "finishing up a book on the period 1830-1850," a book in which he endeavors "to sketch the characteristics and development of the leading sections during those decades, and briefly to indicate . . . the intersectional aspect of political history." Even with this book completed, Turner's collected works will not fill much space, would doubtless leave much of a five-foot shelf open to the collection of dust; and many devoted, if not always discriminating, disciples and publishers have grown gray expectantly waiting for the "great work" which does not appear. Seven volumes at the very least they seem to demand, stately leather-backed tomes for preference, something they may point to with pride as an achievement, a life work, one of those "comprehensive" and "definitive" histories no doubt which posterity may be expected to label "standard," and straightway shelve with Gibbon and Grote behind glass doors, rarely opened.

Such expectations, I think, will not be fulfilled, for many reasons no doubt, but at least for one very good one, which is that history, as Turner conceives it, is not well adapted to quantity production. The easiest kind of history to write is the kind that lends itself to narrative—history conceived as a succession of events in a time series. The factual substance is there, inexhaustible, lying conveniently under the hand, needing not to be invented or imagined, needing only to be carefully searched out and verified. The problem of the correlation of ideas scarcely presents itself, since, strictly speaking, none but rudimentary ideas are essential. Even the problem of arrangement lays no great strain on the intelligence, being already half solved by the accidents of time and space. With industry and patience, therefore, the manuscript runs to seven volumes (or even, unless cruel and unusual precautions are taken, to ten) by the simple process of narration, the process of telling concretely what happened in such abundance of circumstantial detail that, as Leslie Stephen says, "an event takes longer to describe than to occur."

In this sort of history, history conceived as a succession of events in a time series, Turner is but little interested. If in all his published work there are five pages of straight narrative I do not know where to find them. His writing is all essentially descriptive, explicative, expository. Heaven knows he doesn't

¹⁷ For a full list of Turner's publications, see *American Masters of Social Science*, Howard W. Odum, Henry Holt and Company, p. 310.

lack "material." Always on the still hunt for "data," he has facts enough; quantities of facts and events, but all wrenched loose from their natural setting in time and place by his curious inquiring mind in order to be assembled again in support of some idea that has occurred to him, or for the illumination of some problem that he has found interesting. This is the chief reason why he goes his own way, heedless of voices in the wilderness calling for the "comprehensive history." Left to his own devices, he gives us work suited to his objectives and his methods of approach—he gives us monographs and essays; and even when, on one happy occasion, he was caught by his friends and set the task of writing ten years of history for the American Nation Series, he produced a book that fits but oddly into the scheduled plan. In place of telling us what happened by narrating the succession of events, he endeavored to make intelligible what happened by describing the economic, social, and cultural conditions which, in each of the great geographic sections of the country, determined the political interests and conflicts of the time.

Well, one point is that in this kind of history many volumes are not required for presenting the results of wide researches and much reflection. The detailed and orderly narrative gives place to the static description of environment; and for such description a hundred details (details relating to climate, geography, psychology, economic technique, social custom), which would fill ten pages if narrated for their own sakes, are enclosed in a few compact generalizations which may be set forth in a brief paragraph or two. The point is that the generalized description, by virtue of condensing and symbolizing the bulky concrete, does not easily run to many volumes. Consider the extended researches concealed beneath the modest surface of those admirable opening chapters in Turner's *Rise of the New West*. To raise the completed structure of American history on such solid foundations throughout would be a herculean task indeed. Men there have been no doubt who might have done it—a Gibbon, a Mommsen, a Sorel. But Turner at least has not the encyclopaedic or the systematizing mind for it.

The "comprehensive history" presents another difficulty to those who, like Turner, are primarily interested in the complex of influences that determine political events. This is a difficulty in what is called synthesis. It is true that historians, the "Newer Historians" at all events (and who would wish to be excluded from that ancient and honorable company!), have long since agreed that the business of the historian is to make a "synthesis of social forces," and at the same time to "trace the evolution of society" (or whatever you wish to call it). We even boast of it in a casual, off-hand way, as of a thing often done. But I suspect that all we have as yet done is to invent various methods of avoiding the difficulty. One method of avoiding the difficulty is triumphantly illustrated in the *Cambridge Modern History*. The difficulty is more resolutely faced, but not by any means overcome, in Lavisse's admirable *Histoire de France*. Lamprecht may really have solved the problem for all I know; but if so, then he has solved it, so far as I am concerned, at the heavy expense of rendering the experience of mankind thoroughly incomprehensible. The difficulty (well enough illustrated in Turner's *Rise of the New West*) is fundamental, and, I think, radically unsolvable. The point is that for the "synthesis of social forces"

one must employ the method of generalized description; while for the "evolution of society" (in the chronological sense that is) one must narrate the forward march of events. Well, the generalization spreads out in space, but how to get the wretched thing to move forward in time! The generalization, being timeless, will not move forward; and so the harassed historian, compelled to get on with the story, must return in some fashion to the individual, the concrete event, the "thin red line of heroes." Employing these two methods, the humane historian will do his best to prevent them from beating each other to death within the covers of his book. But the strain is great. And while any courageous historian may endure it for one volume, or even for two, few there are who can survive ten.

If these pages are expected to label Turner—to say whether he is historian, or sociologist, or historical sociologist, or sociological historian—there must inevitably be disappointment. For labels do not rightly describe any one. Certainly no label rightly describes Turner. He is, strictly speaking, neither historian nor sociologist. He is at all events not the academician, systematically preparing standard works according to scheduled plan. In his writings, as in his teaching, he is not quite the "professor," not quite what you look for in the "historian." He is just himself, a fresh and original mind that goes its own way, careless of the proprieties, inquiring into everybody's business, hobnobbing with cartographers, economists, sociologists, geographers, census compilers, editors of *Who's Who*. In his writings, as in his teaching, he is forever the inquirer, the questioner, the explorer; a kind of intellectual Gentleman Adventurer, fascinated by "this new world called America," fascinated above all by the American people and by their habits of thought and action, avid for "data" about them, wishing for his own peace of mind to understand them, to know what their "significance" may be. With this end in view he ranges far and wide through their history, past and present, in the ceaseless search for facts and for explanatory ideas; ranges far and wide on his own hook, poking into every sort of unlikely place, getting lost it may be, yet always finding himself again, and always buoyantly turning up at last with a rich freightage of information and notions; a rich freightage which he lays before us as best he can, in collections of documents, heavily weighted monographs, illuminating charts and graphs, dreadfully informing statistical tables, or brilliant essays in which happy ideas and analogies elbow one another for standing room. He lays it before us, this rich freightage of information and ideas, and asks us to take it, not as an exhaustive and definitive contribution, but only as an accumulated capital for new and larger ventures. And how many men, rummaging in this rich store, have carried away something useful for their purpose? How many graduate students, colleagues, scholars at home and abroad? And not historians only, but geographers, sociologists, economists, lawyers and political scientists.

Yes, quite beside the mark to expect, or ever to have expected, the ordered history in ten volumes from this lively intelligence! We must take Turner as he is, must be content with the qualities he has, with what he has given us, and will give. Content? But content is not the word. We must be grateful for these qualities, so rare they are, and for this work which has proved so fruitful. Turner's fame must rest, not upon the massed bulk of books published, but upon

the virtue and vitality of the ideas he has freely scattered about. For my part I do not ask of any historian more than this, that he should have exerted in his generation a notable influence upon many scholars in many branches of humanistic study. This is enough; and this, I think, must be accorded to Turner.

Not everyone, I find, can quite understand the influence of Turner upon this generation of scholars. It is indeed not easily understood by those who know only his published work, by those who have not well known the man. But his friends and colleagues understand it. And his pupils understand it better than any others, because his pupils know, better than any others, that the man is more than his work. And so I end as I began—with "that man Turner," who laid and still lays upon us all the spell of his personality. Some indelible impression of him, some virtue communicated to use from the alert intelligence and the fine integrity of a high-minded gentleman, still shapes our lives and gives added substance to our work. I have said this before, and now I say it again. And yet, when all is said, something still escapes the crude phrase—some rare and moving quality in the man, some lifted light of the human spirit which no words of mine can adequately convey.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Describe Turner's physical appearance.
2. What special qualities as a teacher did Turner have?
3. What "new idea of history" did Mr. Becker gain from Turner?
4. Describe Turner's seminary.
5. What meanings are given the following words and phrases: "objectivity," "academic provincialism," "the synthesis of social forces"?
6. What three qualities of Turner's mind especially impressed Mr. Becker?
7. Explain the terms: "continuity of history," "inheritance of institutions," "germ theory of politics."
8. What incidents in Turner's early life helped him to understand the American frontier?
9. Contrast the study of American history regarded as a sequence of events with its study as a social process.
10. What are some of the present-day results of the passing of the frontier?
11. In what way may the United States now be considered a "federation of sections"?
12. Discuss Turner's contribution to history and the social sciences.

Round Table

1. For what purpose is Thwaites' *Colonies* mentioned in the essay?
2. Is Becker's notion of academic provincialism a fair criticism of the outlook of college professors generally?

3. Comment on Droysen's statement that "history is the self-consciousness of humanity."
4. A school of history, of which Edward Augustus Freeman was the head, traced English institutions of freedom back to the Teutonic wilderness and tribal life. Despite Mr. Becker's denial, is it possible that Turner's thesis is only a variant of this philosophy of history? Doesn't Turner also associate freedom with the forest? Do a little research for a debate.

Paper Work

1. Read a chapter of F. J. Turner's *The Frontier in American History*. Write a careful report on it.
2. Make a bibliography of Turner's writings; of Becker's.
3. On the basis of reading or experience, write a report of a New England town meeting.
4. Look up some facts and write a report on Loria, the Italian economist.
5. Write a sketch of one of your teachers (not your English instructor), in which you try to set forth the latter's ideas.

HUBERT CLINION HERRING is a former Congregational minister who now has the southern half of the Western Hemisphere for his parish. He has been since 1928 the Executive Director on Cultural Relations with Latin America. He has also been in charge of annual seminars held in Mexico City on Mexico and in Guatemala on Caribbean problems. Prior to this very important work in establishing relations with the peoples to the south of us, Mr. Herring was secretary of the Congregational Department of Social Relations. He is a native of Iowa and a graduate of Oberlin College, Columbia University, and Union Theological Seminary. The subject of this essay, the third biographical sketch he has done for Harper's, was described by the editors as "an American institution." Charles A. Beard is certainly the best known of all living American historians.

CHARLES A. BEARD*

HUBERT HERRING

ON OCTOBER 10, 1917, the *New York Times* carried an editorial "Columbia's Deliverance," felicitating Columbia University upon the resignation of Charles A. Beard, a writer of "bad . . . books . . . grossly unscientific . . . unrelated to fact and quite unconvincing in their nature." By this act, the *Times* averred, Mr. Beard rendered "the greatest service it was in his power to give. . . . These trustees know, as every man of sound sense and unclouded vision knows, that Columbia University is better for Professor Beard's resignation."

This editorial dismissal proved premature. The professor's later writings have achieved a nation-wide circulation and esteem comparable to that of the *New York Times*.

Charles and Mary Beard live in a great sprawling house upon a Connecticut hillside overlooking the Housatonic. Its bulky amplexness, its reaches and perspectives furnish fitting background for the authors of *The Rise of American Civilization*. From this hillside the wiry, white-haired historian contemplates life, looks after his dairy farms, sells wholesale more than three hundred thousand quarts of milk a year, watches Washington and London and Berlin, reads the books which overflow the house, and writes.

Charles Beard was born November 27, 1874, near the Indiana village of Knightstown. Back of him was a long line of English and Scotch-Irish colonists who settled in North Carolina during the 17th and 18th centuries.

He remembers his farmer grandfather Nathan and the things told of him. Nathan Beard, it appears, was a faithful member of the Deep River (North Carolina) Friends Meeting until expelled in 1831 because of his marriage to Caroline Martin, who was "out of the unity." Whereupon Nathan took up the study of comparative religion and collected six hundred volumes on the religions of the world. Years later the old man explained matters to his grandson: "I ran a one-man church, in which there can be no dissent." And Charles adds to the record: "My father continued in that church and I was brought up in it."

* Reprinted from *Harper's Magazine*, May, 1939, by permission of the author.

Charles Beard remembers too the stories told of his father's birth in 1840. It was election year, his grandfather recalled, and the Whigs, with the slogan "Tippecanoe and Tyler too," staked their fortunes on Harrison against the unspeakable Jacksonians. The boy was named William Henry Harrison Beard. In his father's name Charles had an impeccable political heritage, and he grew to manhood in the deep conviction that no self-respecting person could be a Democrat.

Charles's father moved to Indiana and continued a convinced Republican all his day. William Beard was the pioneer. He taught, he farmed, he was skilled in woodworking, and was a mathematician. He became a designer and builder of houses, barns, bridges, churches. He thought that his sons should live on the farm, that they should enjoy the discipline of field and forest (a discipline which William heartily disliked). Charles Beard recalls the farm near Spiceland, Indiana, where he spent his own childhood and boyhood, where he followed the plow, milked the cows, wielded the axe—and walked to and from the Quaker Academy in town. "I had so much exercise," he says, "that I have needed none since." The father, William, did a thriving business as architect, contractor, and builder, and for good measure was president of the Henry County Bank.

Charles Beard remembers the bookshelves of that farm home, the books on comparative religion which his grandfather Nathan had bought, the books on travel and history, the classics which father William had added, the long winter evenings and the open fire, the reading and the discussion.

While at school Beard worked on an old hand press, learned to set type and read proof. When he graduated from the Academy at eighteen his father bought him the Knightstown *Sun*, a country weekly, and Charles and his brother ran it for almost four years. Charles Beard adds, with a gleam, "I made it pay too." (The Beards, one gathers, always made things pay.) He did not, however, settle down to the life of a country editor.

In the fall of 1895, twenty-one years old, he entered the Methodist De Pauw College in Greencastle, the neighboring county seat. For good measure, he got a job as a reporter for the Henry County *Republican*, and lent a hand in electing Jim Watson to Congress in 1895.

Beard remembers De Pauw with gratitude. It was a small college where piety prevailed and wealth was unknown. He found there one of those rare teachers that a man remembers, Colonel James Riley Weaver. The Colonel had been too busy to acquire higher degrees and academic wrappings. He had left college at the outbreak of the Civil War, fought through all four years of it, and left the Union army a colonel under General Ulysses S. Grant. When Grant came to the presidency in 1869 he sent Colonel Weaver to various consular posts in Venice, Antwerp, and Vienna. That was his preparation for teaching sociology, economics, history, and other subjects in the Methodist frontier college. Charles Beard remembers the colonel-professor as a man of infinite curiosity, not trained as to what should be taught or how it should be taught. An excellent Republican, Weaver gave his students the Communist Manifesto to read. Whatever he touched blazed with excitement.

When Beard had been a year in De Pauw the Colonel sent him for the sum-

mer to Chicago. That was 1896, and Chicago was the center of social ferment. Here Beard lived near Hull House and became acquainted with young Jane Addams, then started on her mission of discovery. He visited John R. Commons and Graham Taylor. He made his first acquaintance with the new rebels in the labor ranks. Altgeld was still governor, excoriated and reviled for his pardon of the convicted Haymarket anarchists of 1886. The Pullman strike of 1894 was still a lively memory, and men everywhere were talking of Eugene Debs, who had completed a jail sentence for his part in it. The Democratic National Convention met in Chicago that summer, and the thirty-six-year-old William Jennings Bryan with one speech, "The Cross of Gold," turned the direction of American political history. It was in this atmosphere that Charles learned to discount his traditions, to question current orthodoxies.

There were two more years at De Pauw. Beard debated on the college team, upheld the right of labor to organize, and pleaded for a federal income tax. He got his diploma in 1898, just as the war with Spain began. He and a classmate offered to organize a volunteer company for service in Cuba, but "they wouldn't take us. They had more men than they had embalmed beef."

Charles, denied glory, elected further schooling. So in 1898 he went to Oxford for a year to study English and European history. He divided his time between books and long discussions of economics, politics, and labor with students of kindred curiosity. Out of the talk an idea took shape. They would start a labor college at Oxford where labor would find trained leaders. So the first labor college at Oxford University was organized in 1899. And Charles Beard, now twenty-five, who had read *Unto This Last* under Colonel Weaver's eye, furnished the name for this labor college. It became Ruskin College.

It was a full year, that year in Oxford, but there were the attractions of home and of Mary Ritter of Indianapolis. And so in the fall of 1899 Beard was back, this time at Cornell. But not for long. In March of 1900 he married Mary, and they went back together to spend two years at Ruskin College, he to lecture there and to appear before co-operative societies and labor groups in Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, London, and the other industrial centers of Great Britain. Here he became acquainted with those first leaders of the British labor movement: Keir Hardie, John Burns, Ramsay MacDonald, Ben Tillet, James Sexton, as well as scores of dock workers, miners, railroad men, and textile operatives.

Charles Beard at twenty-eight, in 1902, hesitated between action and scholarship. He was a useful servant of the labor cause in Britain. The labor movement was on the eve of triumph. He reveled in the work at Oxford, in the hard trips to the industrial centers, but he sought understanding of history and government, he wanted to know why men act as they do. He must get back to school. The fall of 1902 found him in Columbia University, working on the history of England and of Europe, reading eagerly in the related fields of politics and economics. In 1904 he received his doctorate at the hand of Nicholas Murray Butler. His education was now attested: he had the seal of Columbia University upon it. The records must necessarily be imperfect. They could not list: Nathan Beard who married "out of the unity"; a father named after William Henry Harrison; a family which built houses round books; a farm day; a village newspaper; a college professor who knew much of life but little of curricula;

Jane Addams; Graham Taylor; William Jennings Bryan; Keir Hardie; and the unlisted restless men from whom Charles Beard learned that life is not confined in bound volumes bearing the seal of formal erudition.

II

In the fall of 1904 Charles Beard, now thirty, possessed of a doctorate, a wife Mary, and a small daughter, settled on the edge of the university which was sprawling over Morningside Heights under the supple genius of Nicholas Murray Butler. Here he was to stay as instructor and professor of politics until 1917.

"He was probably the most popular man in the whole faculty," writes a former student, now a professor in a Western university. "And student votes always put him at the top or within a name or two of the top in student polls." Another former student writes me: "When Beard strode into the classroom it was like a salty breeze blowing out the stuffiness from the room."

"We liked Uncle Charley on every score—not least of the reasons was that he was a 'hick,'" remarks still another former student of his. "He never bothered about clothes. He was forever forgetting to have his hair cut. We liked his directness. He never talked up or down. He had the same manner for the scrubbiest student from the New York ghetto and for President Butler. His door was always open. He always had time. The greenest student was welcome for ten minutes or an hour and his opinions were treated with grave respect."

"There was one faculty member in those days who was an excessive drinker. Time and again," an old student recalls, "this man was too drunk to meet his classes. Beard repeatedly appeared for him, gave his lectures, shielded him as long as he could." Another remembers that "Beard was slow to criticize. He had some mean-spirited men to deal with, but he seldom lost patience. . . . Further, he was quick to resent any attack upon a fellow-teacher. Time and time again Beard would fly to the defense of a man for whose personality and opinions he had slight respect. He was instinctively on the side of anyone who was kicked and cuffed."

So Charles Beard did for the thousands who passed under his eye what Colonel Weaver had done for him back in the small Indiana college. He showed his students that history is not the record of laws and armies and presidents and kings, but rather the annals of living, fighting, starving, loving, hating, struggling men. Scores who now teach history, economics, and politics in college and high school testify that their imaginations first cracked open under his drill.

His teaching did not exclude solid research and much writing. His years in Columbia were marked by a steady line of textbooks, first in the field of European history and then of American. "Not until I had taught English and European history for several years," he says, "did I discover that American history is more interesting." From 1909 on his writing reveals this new interest. From textbooks on history, government, and politics, he moved into works of more general interpretation. In 1913 he published his *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*; in 1915 his *Economic Origins of Jeffersonian Democracy*.

Throughout these years at Columbia Beard held the enthusiasm of his students and the admiration of his peers. As he turned to the interpretation of the American scene the official enthusiasm for him chilled. His earlier work on

Europe had been received with applause; no apostasy was involved in the realistic handling of Europeans. But when Beard published his *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution*, and showed that the Founding Fathers in drafting the charter of our liberties were not altogether guided by the Holy Spirit but had been influenced by the commitments which they (and their relatives) had made in the purchase of depreciated securities of the new nation—then there was sharp rustling in the top branches.

"It was pointed out to him at the time," the *New York Times* editorially records, "with due kindness but frankly, that . . . his book was bad, that it was a book no professor should have written since it was grossly unscientific. It was not based upon candid and competent examination of facts. . . . It was a book which did Columbia much harm." Dr. Butler himself referred to "the notion that . . . the provisions of the Constitution . . . were framed and accepted under the primary influence of the economic appetites and the economic interests of men," linked "this notion" with "the crude, immoral, and unhistorical teaching of Karl Marx," and suggested that "to assign motives for the action of another is to reveal one's self; it means that the writer would be influenced under similar conditions by the motives that he ascribes to those of whom he writes." Other thinkers joined in the condemnation. Professor Albert Bushnell Hart pronounced the book "little short of indecent." William Howard Taft, retired to a seat at Yale, was asked if he had read Beard's book. "Yes," said Taft, "I have. The facts seem right enough, but why did the damn fool print it?" Beard accepted an invitation to speak at the New York Republican Club. After luncheon as the members settled back to listen a friend whispered, "Beard, you know why these fellows despise you?" "But why," asked Beard, "should anyone despise a poor professor on his way from obscurity to oblivion?" "Because," replied the friend, "you have shown them that the Fathers of their country were just like themselves."

Irritations increased. Beard's heresies annoyed the trustees of Columbia. The trustees' tactics annoyed Beard. He was subjected to questionings. He was ordered to warn the men in his department against teachings "likely to inculcate disrespect for American institutions." "I repeated my order to my colleagues," Beard recalls, "who received it with a shout of derision, one of them asking me whether Tammany Hall and the pork barrel were not American institutions."

Other things happened. The case of Leon Fraser was one. In 1915 this young man was engaged by Dr. Butler to make speeches on peace for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Butler's baby. In order to give Fraser academic standing, the president asked Beard to recommend Fraser's appointment to the political science faculty. Beard consented. Fraser made his peace speeches—and so effectively that students and other impressionable people listened and believed. In 1916, when preparedness was a sacred word, Fraser made slighting reference to Plattsburg, for which he was haled before a committee of the trustees. By early 1917—the eve of America's entrance into the War—President Butler asked Beard to recommend the dismissal of Fraser. Beard refused, recommended Fraser's retention. Fraser was dropped.

There were the cases of Professors J. McKeen Cattell and H. W. L. Dana, who openly opposed American entrance into the War. Beard did not agree with

them. He advocated American prosecution of the War. However, when Cattell and Dana were dropped from the faculty in the fall of 1917 Beard consulted with his wife, decided that not even great Columbia and its astonishing president could stand in the way of freedom, and on October ninth, sent his resignation to Mr. Butler. Beard explained his action: "It was the evident purpose of a small group of the trustees (unhindered, if not aided, by Mr. Butler) to take advantage of the state of war to drive out or to humiliate or to terrorize every man who held progressive, liberal, or unconventional views on political matters in no way connected with the War. The institution was to be reduced below the level of a department store or factory, and I therefore tendered my resignation." And Charles and Mary Beard got out their old car, packed their goods, and drove to their Connecticut hillside, from which they could survey the blustering world of 1917 with detachment.

III

A man is known by the odd jobs he picks. Charles Beard is revealed through his excursions and digressions.

Chief among these excursions during his Columbia days and after was the New York Bureau of Municipal Research. This organization made the first serious effort to study a great city, to diagnose its ills and to prescribe for it. Freed from teaching, Beard gave it the best part of four years. Those who worked with him recall the gay enthusiasm with which this professor, escaped from school, turned to the practical tasks of city renovation. The excitements were varied, ranging from service on a commission for cleaning up "Death Avenue" to surveying the State of Delaware for John J. Raskob and associates. In 1918, he joined with John Dewey, Thorstein Veblen, and James Harvey Robinson in organizing The New School for Social Research. In 1921 he helped to organize the Workers Education Bureau.

Much of Beard's writing must be listed under the head of "excursions." His course can best be tracked by going to the bound volumes of *The New Republic*, *Harper's*, *Scribners*, *Current History*, and a score of other weekly and monthly periodicals, piled up through a period of twenty-five years. There are almost two hundred articles which reveal Beard as he watched history unfolding and added his comment to it, assessing, jabbing, laughing, jeering, praising, exhorting. Another historian, nervous for the verdict of his contemporaries, would have hesitated to put down in type the flashing judgment of the moment. Beard did not hesitate. With unflagging enthusiasm he dealt with history in the making.

When the war broke over America in 1917, Beard approved Wilson's decision. He urged American support of the Administration. But his support was not given without qualifications. In June, 1917, we find him begging for discrimination, warning against easy phrases such as "liberty against autocracy," affirming that "the people of the United States will not shed one drop of blood to enlarge the British Empire," that "we do not contemplate another peace like that of 1763 or 1815," insisting that "England, France, and the United States cannot approach them (the Germans) clad in the shining armor of self-righteousness." There must be a just peace, he writes in July, 1917; "chicanery will avail naught. Vague generality and suspicion-breeding ambiguity will avail naught. There

must be generosity and reality in our proposals. It must be no trick clumsily designed to deceive the German masses, but a confession of justice and a program that squares with German rights on the earth. It may be that we must rend the veil before we can see the light, but it shines nevertheless." A year later, July, 1918, we find him expounding the same doctrine. Unless there is a just peace "our share of glory may be sackcloth and ashes, our brimming cup of victory, gall and wormwood." In *Harper's* of October, 1918, he urged generous backing of the war loans.

When the War was done and the peace was signed Beard went to Europe to inspect the uncovered archives in Vienna, Berlin, and Petrograd—"to check up on my ignorance," he says. Then, in 1922, we find him lecturing at Dartmouth on the question of war guilt, and the book which resulted was the first general study of the question, sketching in the conclusions more fully documented by Sidney Fay in 1928.

In 1922 he had an invitation from Viscount Goto, the Mayor of Tokyo, to make a study of the municipal problems of his city, to draw up plans for the consolidation of Greater Tokyo and to assist in the organization of a Bureau of Municipal Research in the Japanese capital. Beard accepted and made the study, which was published in Japanese and English. He returned to Connecticut in the fall of 1923, just as President Harding died and the city of Tokyo was wrecked by earthquake and fire. For the second time he was summoned by Viscount Goto, "Come and help us rebuild," and he returned to Japan to counsel the Viscount on the replanning of the city. Here he spent months conferring and speaking to all manner of groups, including many labor audiences. "Say whatever you like," said Goto. "If it is true it will do us good: if it is false it will do us no harm."

And again, in 1927-28, we find him off to Yugoslavia, studying the administrative organization of that hybrid nation, and publishing a book on that subject, encouraging critics to say—as critics will—"Beard dabbles."

At home Beard broke many lances with the witch hunters who were busy in the after-war days. He saved some of his choicest invective for the ill-starred Lusk bills of 1921, never losing his sense of humor. He reminded his readers how ineffective such repressive measures have always been. He cited the Bourbon decrees of 1754 which, far from silencing anyone, simply resulted in "an immense improvement in the versatility, allusiveness, satirical qualities, flexibility, and charm of French literature."

Again in 1925, when the State Department decided to silence Hungarian Count Michael Karolyi, Beard appeared at a dinner given by civil-liberties enthusiasts in New York, and recited the record of post-war repression by the American government. "During the past decade," said Beard, "officers of the Government of the United States have bullied and beaten citizens and aliens beyond the limits of decency. They have arrested persons without warrant, on gossip and suspicion. They have inflicted cruel and unusual punishments . . . entered houses and searched premises . . . without any shadow of justification or authority. . . . They have made wholesale raids worthy of Huns and Cosacks. . . . And where have been the pillars of society—the bishops, the clergy, the college presidents, and the self-constituted guardians of American institutions? Where have been the great lawyers—the Erskines of America—ready to dare

the wrath of kings and the stones of mobs and write immortal pages in the history of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence? Where have been the judges of the high courts? Echo answers: Where?"

Throughout these random articles and speeches of Beard's there was a running fire of political comment. When the Hoover Administration was dragging to a weary end Beard commented on "the intellectual bankruptcy of conservatism in the United States" and recalled other times when conservatives could speak in the "Cicero-Pitt-Burke-Webster-Choate-Spooner tradition . . . even opponents felt a sense of elevation and power in its presence." But "now . . . since conservatives are lacking in flint, the radicals are also in a desperate plight themselves, for they have nothing on which to sharpen their blades. Our capacity for high enterprise seems palsied at a critical moment in our history and there appears to be no balm in Gilead."

Charles Beard combines the zeal of the crusader with the sound instincts of a good horse-trader. Witness his bout with the Missouri Pacific Railroad in 1933. Beard owned bonds in that company. Interest fell due on March 1st. Beard did not send in his coupons until the following month. In the meantime the company collapsed. However, the Morgan firm had received the interest money with which to redeem the coupons. They could not pay, said the Morgans; they must await orders from the courts. "Preposterous," Beard wrote the Morgans; "you have my money. Send it to me." The Morgans did not accede—not then. So Beard was off to collect. He dug into the records of Missouri Pacific, into the operations of the Van Sweringen brothers, prepared an exhaustive statement, read it to the Senate's Committee on Interstate Commerce, and helped to persuade that committee to vote an investigation. Incidentally, Beard collected his interest money.

Beard has many enthusiasms. Chief among these is the full freedom of the teacher. When that freedom is attacked, there Beard's invective is robust. In the spring of 1935 the word spread that William Randolph Hearst proposed to capture the meeting of the National Education Association at Atlantic City, and to secure endorsement of the red-hunt to which he was currently devoted. The schoolmen were troubled. Many of them hold political posts. They can be reached by Mr. Hearst's papers. A committee turned to Beard and asked him to deal with Hearst. And Beard did. At the end of a routine report in the convention, Beard suddenly turned on the audience with as fierce an indictment of Hearst as ever had been uttered in America. At that a thousand delegates were on their feet, standing on their chairs, yelling their approval. Hearst's agents left, and the anti-red campaign in the schools waned from that hour.

Beard's devotion to the principle of academic liberty has been consistent. In 1936 he wrote the report for a group of university professors on the dismissal of Jerome Davis from the Yale faculty, reminding the Yale Corporation that "However comforting to university authorities may be the theory of power and insulation, they can hardly hope to maintain it in perfect purity and long-run practice. A wise Prince, as Machiavelli has pointed out, takes note of things in the plaza not less than in the palace." In 1937, when Glenn Frank was let out of the Wisconsin presidency, Beard again registered his protest, suggesting that "they had not conducted the affair in a fashion calculated to give confidence in

their judicial qualities or their ability to conduct an institution of learning." In 1938 Beard appealed to the regents of the University of Minnesota to rescind their action of 1917 by which they stamped William A. Schaper with treason and sedition. He told them that it would take courage to correct the record, but that it would mean that "courage will be strengthened everywhere and for all time to come." They corrected the record.

It is impracticable to attempt a complete listing of the bouts in which Charles Beard has broken a lance. Nor is it easy to list the areas in which Beard has written. The subjects of his comment range widely. Whether it is the Navy, or the Supreme Court, or the Constitution, or President Roosevelt, or any other institution, Beard has said his word in print. To go back through the files is to be reminded how well Charles Beard's vagrant digressions stand up even on the yellowing paper of old magazines.

And while the listing is being done Charles Beard the farmer cannot be ignored. Perhaps, indeed, all the other things, including the history books, are the digressions, and Beard's real interest has been in cows and feed and milk. There are neighbors in Connecticut who tell about the professor who organized the producers of milk, and who was called upon by Governor Cross to settle a milk strike. So perhaps Charles Beard should be listed as a dairy farmer who writes books on the side.

IV

There is the story—apocryphal, if you will—that the President of Columbia University was asked in 1917, "Have you seen Beard's last book?" to which Mr. Butler replied, "I hope so."

The shelf of Charles Beard's books is crowded.

Before retirement from Columbia in 1917 he had written some ten books on English and European history, on American government and politics. He had compelled the critics, hostile and friendly, to take account of him.

Since 1917 Beard has written (either alone or in collaboration) at least twenty volumes. Some of these are textbooks. Beard, first and last, is a teacher. He has lively memories of his own sufferings at the hands of awkward teachers who used lifeless textbooks, books which he describes as "as colorless as chalk." "The textbook evil," wrote Beard in reviewing another textbook in history, "is the great American academic disease, and, in the opinion of the present grumbler, the source of a great deal of our unimaginative sterility and general intellectual mediocrity." In writing texts for students—"in their day revolutionary, though they have been so widely imitated since that now they are typical rather than exceptional," says a professor in a Western university—Beard seeks to recast the scene which he describes, to people it with not only the major characters who held the center of the stage, but with those who walked in the shadows. His writing here, like all of his writing, is marked by the feeling that all life is flowing, fusing, and is never still: always moving from what it is to-day to what it to-morrow shall be.

In 1927, there appeared, as the joint work of Charles and Mary Beard, the two volumes of *The Rise of American Civilization*. There were few reviewers, historians or lay, who did not acclaim it. A few revived their charge that the

Beards gave undue prominence to the economic factors, especially in their treatment of the Civil War. But the sound and rigorous scholarship, the brilliance and vigor of the writing beat down idle criticism; and the carking souls who contend that a best-seller necessarily must be trash or it wouldn't be a best-seller were silent for once. For the sales of the first two volumes of *The Rise of American Civilization*, in the various editions, exceeded one hundred and seventy-five thousand copies. (A third volume is being published this spring.)

Two volumes which evoked wide dissent are *The Idea of National Interest* and *The Open Door at Home*, both published in 1934. These volumes represent Beard's advice to the United States in days when the world seems intent upon suicide. They are variously dismissed as "isolationist," "fantastic," and "craven," while to others they are a sober reading of the times by an astute and devoted lover of America.

Beard quotes Admiral Mahan: "Self-interest is not only a legitimate, but a fundamental cause for national policy: one which needs no cloak of hypocrisy . . . it is vain to expect governments to act continuously on any other ground than national interest." Beard works from that premise. The critics protest. Beard, they say, repudiates all the aspirations of internationalism. But Beard insists that the appeal to "moral obligation" by spokesmen for America, far from being a disinterested motive, is chiefly useful for domestic consumption, while foreign offices regard it as dubious, if not hypocritical. Beard finds adequate instance in American history in the arguments for the annexation of Samoa, Hawaii, and the Philippines. America, in a moralizing mood, finds justification for whatever course is deemed to serve its national interest.

Beard troubles the internationalists. He demands that you pick your internationalism with eyes open to motives and ends. If it is a trader's internationalism, then we have the internationalism of Cobden and Bright, the perfect tool of the British manufacturing classes of the middle of the 19th century. If it is industrial or agrarian internationalism intent upon markets—then look at India and Africa. But internationalism without "economic content . . . is pure sentiment and can furnish no realistic guidance for national policy." Such internationalism, insists Beard, "has failed and must fail to provide measures for bringing great technology into full use, assuring a high and continuous standard of life, and guaranteeing national security." Its failure is inevitable "because it does not correspond to the realities and practices of nations."

Come to, then, says Beard in effect; let us face the cold realities of international life. The traditional laissez-faire economics have broken down; imperialism as a way to either security or peace is bankrupt; communism offers little promise for, like imperialism, it takes inadequate account of ethical and æsthetic values. Let us search out a system of values rooted in our own American tradition. Let us till our own rich vineyard, for the sake of our own security and stability, and, if you will, for the sake of the example set the world.

Whither then? "The supreme interest of the United States," says Beard, "is the creation and maintenance of a high standard of life for all its people and ways of industry conducive to the promotion of individual and social virtues within the frame of national security." To get it "there must be the utmost emancipation from dependence upon the course of international exchange."

"No prudent family," Beard suggests, "deliberately places any large part of its property and economic concerns in the hands of distant and quarrelsome strangers who periodically set their houses on fire." Shall we trade? Yes, with cool caution. We will buy what we need, sell what we can spare. But we will use trade simply for the filling of the gaps in our own larder, not for national profit. The use of trade as a creator of profit inevitably "thrusts American private interests into the heart of other nations . . . spreads . . . provokes rivalries and conflicts . . . which cannot be defended." "Let us limit our trade in order to increase our security . . . the less trade, the less navy we require . . . the less risks we take." "The security and opulence of the United States can best be attained by the most efficient use of the material endowment of the nation and its technical arts; and, as a corollary, the least possible dependence on foreign imports."

If we will take this course, then the problem of national defense will be immensely simplified. No longer shall we create an Army and a Navy as "huckstering and drumming agencies for profit-seekers, promoters, and speculators, in the name of 'trade.'" We shall have a defense machine sufficient to assure "security of life for the American people in their present geographical home." We shall forswear "aggressive economic and diplomatic actions in distant regions." We shall thus make war unlikely. We shall know that the advantages of such war are chimerical; the risks and losses, certain.

Beard hopes for a reordered American economic situation in which there will be "the greatest possible insulation of internal economy from the disruption of uncontrolled international transactions," in which "national resources shall be used in the development of a high standard of life for the American people." Beard, in his *Open Door at Home*, proposes machinery for achieving his ends. He proposes a Foreign Trade Corporation, within the State Department, equipped with "competent specialists in the physics and chemistry of commodities, in the distribution of the world's resources and industries, and in the present commodity movements of foreign exchange." This Corporation, or Authority, will have full power to control exports and imports directly and through license, with suitable checks upon performance. It will decide how much of each commodity we need. It will pick markets in which reciprocal advantages can be obtained. It will decide what and how much we can ship. It may achieve these ends through trade agreements and quotas, or it might conceivably manage the whole affair through readjusted tariff machinery.

"This is nationalism and isolation," is the charge most commonly leveled against Charles Beard. But Beard is not afraid of words. He points out that there is nationalism and nationalism. There is a predatory nationalism which devours in the name of its own myths and racial bigotries. There is another nationalism which would file the claws of such predatory forces. This nationalism Beard espouses, a nationalism which merges domestic and foreign policy, and exerts "positive control over the domestic forces responsible for outward thrusts of power." Isolation? Only so far "as may be necessary to make the most effective use of its own natural resources and technical talents, and offer to the outside world honest goods at a just price in exchange for commodities not efficiently produced at home."

This policy, Beard contends, does not run counter to "prudent and generous international collaboration. . . . It attacks the problem at the point where it may be attacked effectively with some prospect of success, namely, within the United States."

So Beard builds his doctrine. He is not afraid of prophecy, of the projection of faith. He simply sees an America in which opportunity might be realized and hopes redeemed.

V

The members of each craft must be certified by their fellows. Is Beard a historian? Unimpeachable authorities declare that he is not, that he is unreliable, that he is passionate, that he is impressionistic, that he doesn't belong. Is Beard an economist? He has written much about economics, but men with degrees and honors say, "We do not reckon him competent in our field." "No single reputable economist would go along with him." "The economists generally regard his economics as pretty weak." Is Beard then a political scientist? Here again he is "dogmatic," "lacking in a spirit of liberalism," "shows a lack of competence in handling materials," "Beard muddies the waters," "he has warmth which often degenerates into heat."

An eminent historian contributes this description: "Beard," he says, "is a curious compound of Indiana Populist, New York Marxian, and Crocean philosopher, and when one or the other of these impulses seizes the rein, he becomes quite untrustworthy. He is particularly dangerous when the pseudo-Marxian streak comes uppermost—for Marx never held such crude ideas of economic motivation as Beard frequently translates into historical exposition."

Still Beard carries the union card. He is a member of the American Historical Association and of the American Political Science Association. He has been President of both associations, although it is hinted darkly that the young fellows in each worked his election while the elders nodded.

One explanation of the animus against Beard is that he has reviewed many books. Book-reviewing is dangerous, especially when done interestingly. Of one book he writes: "There is not a breath in these chaste pages." Of another author, "Occasionally he almost touches the fringe of reality." Still again, reviewing a very learned and heavy volume, he writes: "There is a chapter on political progress hot from the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and the *Statesman's Year Book*." Again, he reviews "a collection of papers mainly by eminent American professors who skirt ingeniously along the shores of academic unreality. . . ."

No wonder, then, that the criticism of Beard has a tumultuous quality. Harry D. Gideonse of the University of Chicago contributed a substantial paper to *The Journal of Political Economy*, calculated to expose Beard's errors in his *Charter for the Social Sciences* and *The Open Door at Home*. Phrases like "the hollowness of his rhetoric," "documentation is the least of this author's concerns," "the case rests on rhetoric and selected evidence," "vague generalities," reveal the earnestness of the dissent.

Theodore Clarke Smith of Williams, in an address before the historians' annual meeting in 1935, divided the historians into two camps. On the one hand there are those with "a noble dream," the producers of sound, scientific history;

on the other there are those who by implication are unsound and unscientific. His hearers caught an implied reference to the previous presidential paper by Beard on "History as an Act of Faith."

So Beard's quarrel with the historians is joined. "I tell them," says Beard, "everyone writes at some time in some place, in some social milieu, from some angle of vision, and according to some scheme of values.' . . . And they say to me," he continued, "'Beard, you are a damned theologian.' . . . But," says Beard, "I reply to them, 'I don't say you ought to write history on the basis of your assumptions—but I say you do.'"

There is the heart of the dispute. Beard has a riotous dislike of "the solemn and pompous deceptions of 'objective' history." When he read in Bancroft that "By calm meditation and friendly councils, they [the people] had prepared a Constitution," he took a train to Washington and spent months in the sub-cellar of the Treasury digging up the data on the bond-holdings of the men who signed the Constitution, and reconstructed the economic and social pattern of the signers. And then he looks over his fellow-historians—and himself—and concludes, "Man is a bundle of habitual assumptions, of things he takes for granted when he begins to discourse on human affairs."

If there has been reproach there has also been acclaim. "For thirty years," I am told, "teachers of government have journeyed thousands of miles to the annual meetings of the Political Science Association to see and hear . . . Charlie Beard. . . . No chairman of a program committee considers his arrangements . . . complete unless he has Beard's consent to give an address. . . . Leaders of round tables vie with one another to secure him as critic of their sessions . . . then after a cocksure pronouncement has been made . . . Beard takes the floor and opens his remarks with 'Now, let us examine the assumptions, and the audience settles back . . . to watch the confusion of his opponents under his devastating logic and penetrating irony.'"

From one competent historian I have a letter largely given over to criticism of Charles Beard's emphasis and method, which ends in this rather wistful sentence, "But . . . what he does may be, I think, probably vastly more important than the contributions of the more strait-laced of us."

VI

"But Charles Beard makes mistakes." So his critics charge. And Beard throws back his head with gleaming laughter. "My dear sir," he says, "the explanation is clear . . . of course, I am a poor ignorant boob." Then he will go on to explain carefully what any historian should know without explanation: that the wisest know little about past events, and almost nothing about contemporary events.

He will illustrate his "sheer ignorance" out of his own experience. He will recount his experiences with the teaching of history, his studies in England and America, his conviction that he knew something of the forces which lay in the background when war broke in 1914, and then of his rude awakening. "And then," he says, "I slowly awoke to my abysmal ignorance. . . . I learned what war could do. . . . I saw Columbia use the War to suppress men. . . . I saw the War used to silence leaders of all liberal movements. . . . I saw the freedom

of the press trampled by gangs of spies, public and private. . . ." When the archives of Central Europe were opened he learned the full measure of his deception. "And then," says Beard, "I returned to American history and, working with Mary Beard, sought to inquire what we can do here to create an American civilization, determined to center my efforts on the promise of America rather than upon the fifty-century-old quarrels of Europe."

"Yes," admits Beard, "of the totality of things discussed knowingly by the Bright Boys, I am entirely ignorant."

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What are we told about Charles Beard's father? His grandfather?
2. Give an account of Beard's early education. Who was Colonel James Riley Weaver?
3. Indicate what the author means by saying that Chicago was the center of social ferment in 1896.
4. Explain Charles Beard's connection with Ruskin College.
5. Describe Charles Beard as a teacher at Columbia University.
6. What sort of reception did Beard's *Economic Interpretation of the Constitution* receive?
7. What is Charles Beard's position on the matter of academic freedom?
8. Describe some of Beard's activities which the author calls "digressive."
9. Characterize the textbooks which Charles Beard has written.
10. What, according to Hubert Herring, are Beard's views on internationalism?
11. Give the substance of what some of Mr. Beard's critics say about him.
12. On what books, named in the article, did Beard receive help from Mary Beard?
13. What contributions, according to the article, has Beard made to the cause of labor?
14. What were the Lusk bills of 1921?
15. Interpret Beard's statement "Man is a bundle of habitual assumptions, of things he takes for granted when he begins to discourse on human affairs."

Round Table

1. Look up and report on Beard's views on the question of war guilt in World War I.
2. Discuss the matter of academic freedom. Should it be curtailed in war-time?
3. Which is the more critical essay, Becker's on Frederick Jackson Turner or Herring's on Charles A. Beard?
4. What is the sanest attitude for Americans in world affairs?

Paper Work

1. Make an *annotated* bibliography of Charles A. Beard's writings.
2. Write an essay using for its opening sentence "A man is known by the odd jobs he picks."
3. Write a paper contrasting Turner and Beard.
4. Write a paper on "The Limits of Liberalism."

Careful analyst and brilliant stylist, ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT (1881—) has been contributing essays for many years to the leading magazines. Her most widely acclaimed book is the series of biographical studies of famous contemporary Americans published in 1927 under the title *Fire Under the Andes*. She is a native of Massachusetts and was educated at Bryn Mawr College, and at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France. The subject of the sketch which follows was son of the New England poet of the same name and for thirty years a distinguished member of the Supreme Court of the United States. He retired in 1932 at the age of ninety-one—three years before his death.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES*

JUSTICE TOUCHED WITH FIRE

ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

HERE IS A *Yankee*, strayed from Olympus. Olympians are reputed at ease in the universe; they know truth in flashes of fire, and reveal its immortal essence in cryptic phrase. How disturbing to the solemnities of average mortals, average lawyers, average judges even, is the swift, searching, epigrammatic thought of Mr. Justice Holmes. Even the wise-cracks he loves to fling out are keyed to profundity and wit. He has lived through the most restless periods of American history since the American Revolution itself, yet his early divinations of the law, outlined nearly half a century ago, and his Supreme Court opinions, which have together recast American legal thinking, seem to have been formulated in the elegant leisure that we associate with the classics.

Oliver Wendell Holmes's tall and erect figure, which a ripe and white old age has scarcely stooped; his grand manner, at once noble and dazzling—those have never asked quarter of time. Watch his snowy head for a moment among his younger peers on the bench. Note the set of the shoulders in the gown, the oval contour of the face with its fine, angular New England features, the flow of the level white brows into the thin distinction of the nose, the martial mustachios, with their heavy guardsman's droop and their curved ends of punctilio. The eyes, the most striking feature, give off sparkles of scintillating gray-blue, and have more skepticism and gentle malice than mercy in their depths. Though at bottom Holmes is and looks a simple American gentleman of aristocratic rectitude, he has a spice of the Mephistophelean quality which he himself has recommended to the naïveté of judges.

The Justice is listening to a complex argument—listening till his mind, hovering and intent, like the wasp that paralyzes the caterpillar, has driven straight to its heart. Then, while the other judges still patiently listen, he reads over the briefs, calls the pages to bring reports containing opinions relied on by counsel, and is ready, by the time counsel is rising to his peroration, to draft an opinion that will not fail to "strike the jugular."

* Reprinted from *Fire Under the Andes* by Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant, by permission of and special arrangement with Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., authorized publishers.

The jurist who, at fourscore years and five, can command this penetration of essentials, this intense focusing of mental powers, has some rare elixir in his veins. Is it not the true elixir of youth? The youth offered by a young Bostonian to his country in the most heroic of her wars, and thrice wounded, at Ball's Bluff, Antietam, and Fredericksburg? Judge Holmes's clearest genius—the sharp and supple functioning of his mind—in some nameless fashion draws its strength from his curiosity and awe in the face of the mystery of existence. It seems that the near presence of death in those three stern and shadowed years fused his intellect and his emotion in a single shaft of will. It made skeptical philosophy a necessity, but gave to fundamental doubt a practical idealism. It affirmed man's destiny on earth as battle, his chances those of war. But it discovered to him that the root of joy as of duty and the worth of life itself is to put out all one's powers to the full, though the end be dim and the plan of campaign little understood. "Men carry their signatures upon their persons," he has written, "although they may not always be visible at the first glance." The friends of the Justice all know the signature that the Civil War inscribed. It is that of a youthful fighter who somehow inspired the fate of the lonely thinker with the faith of the soldier.

The son of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a fortunate youth. Born in the flower of New England's cultural dominance, and at the dawn of the Darwinian age into a family at once brahminical, literary, and scientific, brought up at that "autocratic" breakfast-table where a bright saying gave a child a double help of marmalade, he must early have acquired the rich flavor of belles-lettres which in him has ever mellowed the scientific habit. Celebrated men were familiars at his father's house, and from the greatest among them—Emerson—he drew a priceless intellectual ferment. Yet, with his glancing wit and his worldly charm, he might have been tempted away from the isolated path of the original thinker but for the war of secession. It was, in his own view, his greatest good fortune to graduate from Harvard in the class of '61, at the age of twenty, just as this war was beginning, and to learn one day, as he was walking down Beacon Hill, with Hobbes's *Leviathan* in his hand, that he had a commission in the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers; a regiment commemorated at last in the Boston Public Library by one of the lions of St. Gaudens that guard the entrance stairway. So the young officer, whom we may see in his uniform at Langdell Hall, at the Harvard Law School, with his visored cap on his knee, in one of those touching little faded photographs which were a sop to parental love—a mere lad, trusting and vulnerable, like all lads who have fought all the great wars—went forth to a baptism that he has never forgotten.

It came at Ball's Bluff: an engagement where the Twentieth Massachusetts got its first crucial trial. There were tactical errors which cost dear. The blues, defeated but "too proud to surrender," as the grays declared, were driven down the cliff on the Virginia shore into the Potomac, where, dying, swimming, drowning in numbers, they yet struggled to transport the survivors and the wounded in the few sinking boats to the island in mid-stream, and then to the Maryland shore, while the river was whipped into a foam of bullets, and darkness fell. Lieutenant Holmes, apparently mortally wounded in the breast, was laid

in a boat with dying men and ferried through the night. As he recovered consciousness, he heard the man next him groan and—thinking he probably had his own dose—said to himself:

"I suppose Sir Philip Sidney would say: 'Put that man ashore first.' I think I will let events take their course."

A story written down by the elder Holmes in the *Atlantic Monthly* (not altogether to the pleasure of the younger?) is indicative of another side of the Justice's character. This relates how, after the battle of Antietam, Dr. Holmes started out to search for a wounded son. But the doctor could not find his young hero, though he followed this clue and that. At last, in despair, he was taking a train for the north at Hagerstown, Maryland, when, "in the first car, on the fourth seat to the right, I saw my captain."

"Hullo, my boy!"

"Boy, nothing!" (The original tale does not run quite this way.) The "boy" had been spending a week much to his taste. "As he walked languidly along [in Hagerstown], some ladies saw him across the street and, seeing, were moved with pity and, pitying, spoke such soft words that he was tempted to accept their invitation to rest awhile beneath their hospitable roof. The mansion was old, as the dwellings of gentlefolk should be; the ladies were some of them young, and all were full of kindness; there were gentle cares and unasked luxuries and pleasant talk, and music sprinklings for the piano, with a sweet voice to keep them company."

The words call up, along with other images of an America gone for ever, a quaint photograph found in a portfolio in the memorial Alcove at the Boston Library: a bevy of devout young ladies in bustles and tight waists and long, flowing skirts, sewing together on a flag. Such a flag was presented, after Ball's Bluff, to Company E "by the sisters of Lieutenants Lowell and Putnam" with a polished letter from Charles Eliot Norton about the honor of the Bay State. The Colonel of the Twentieth, by the way, on first reaching head-quarters, and asked by the commanding officer if he had arms, uniforms, and accouterments, replied proudly: "My regiment, sir, came from Massachusetts."

Back to Massachusetts, then, came young Holmes, to the soil for whose outcropping rocks and barberry bushes and sand dunes and old towns built of brick and shingle he has confessed a rooted affection. He had no path to blaze unless he chose: the natural Puritan aristocracy from which he sprang awaited him with its pleasant securities. But there burned in this young man, as there burns in the Holmes of today, a sense of the valuable brevity of existence. Life was a rich but a responsible adventure, and he had a simple democratic conviction, denied to some who are born under the shadow of Beacon Hill, that "the deepest cause we have to love our country" is "that instinct, that spark, that makes the American unable to meet his fellow man otherwise than simply as a man, eye to eye, hand to hand, and foot to foot, wrestling naked on the sand." Holmes was recognizing fiery energies which later claimed mountain climbing as an outlet. A stern intellectual ambition, worthy substitute for the primitive and heroic, was taking shape. A sentence of his own conjures him up for me,

standing apart even in his tested group: "In our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing."

It is hinted that among those young ladies of the best families who—Boston being truly a village in the sixties—"knew every carriage in town," the return of a handsome wounded soldier (also the class poet of the decimated '61) made a stir. "That lanky talker of a Wendell Holmes" was an old maid-servant's dictum. Holmes has always loved talking by a fire with a clever and gracious woman, and these ghostly maidens, if they yet lived, could probably tell us why a young man of varied and brilliant parts chose from several possible destinies to enter the Harvard Law School.

For there was also literature, there was above all philosophy. Holmes was not the man to follow in his father's footsteps, or even in Emerson's, though he had in fact qualities as a literary stylist far superior to the doctor's, and gifts as a philosopher which gave a universal impress to his legal thinking. The winds and waves of eternity beat through his writings. "Nerve and dagger," said Emerson, are lacking in the American genius. Holmes the writer has nerve and dagger, as he has in moral and intellectual issues a blade-like courage. But he did not dream, in those tormented days, of being named among great American writers and philosophers. In his twenties this profession of the law which he had elected seemed barren enough. Did he choose it, by a quirk common to New Englanders, for that very reason? Because it was hard, male, undesired? The law enforced more than thought: an activity in the world of men, a reality which the soldier felt bound to espouse, if only that it was so alien to his intuitive bent for inward brooding thought. "It cost me some years of doubt and unhappiness," the Justice has avowed, "before I could say to myself: 'The law is part of the universe—if the universe can be thought about, one part must reveal it as much as another to one who can see that part. It is only a question if you have the eyes.'"

The study of philosophy helped Holmes to find his legal eyes. He likes to tell how he began to read Plato, as an undergraduate at Harvard, and was admonished by Emerson: "Hold him at arm's length. You must say to yourself: 'Plato, you have pleased the world for two thousand years: let us see if you can please me.'" The sequel is pertinent. Young Holmes not only read, but turned off a critical essay which he showed expectantly to his mentor. "I have read your piece. When you strike at a king, you must *kill* him." That shaft went straight to the bull's eye. When Holmes graduated from the Law School he approached his profession in the spirit of scientific and philosophic inquiry. Not as do the practitioners "to whom the law is a rag-bag from which they pick out the piece and the color that they want." Holmes had no consuming interest in practice, considered as winning cases and making money. But he had the hope, as yet scarce conscious, of shooting with true aim at some great intellectual marks. "I suppose the law is worthy of the interest of an intelligent man," he once hazarded, in his anguish of doubt whether it was, to Charles Francis Adams, the Minister to England.

That a philosopher could be, must be, a man of intelligence Holmes was morally certain. Was he not "twisting the tail of the cosmos" with his friend

Bill James? One gets from the early letters of William James a fine series of images of two golden and impetuous youths, whetting thought on thought, doubt on doubt, in an upper chamber. In the year 1866 when "Bill" was twenty-four and studying medicine, and "Wendell" twenty-five and studying law, they exchanged acute argument on materialism. A year later, when James had gone to Germany to pursue philosophy, and Holmes had been admitted to the bar, discussions of "our dilapidated old friend the Kosmos" continued by letter—interspersed by affectionate reminiscence from James, of "your whitely lit-up room, drinking in your profound wisdom, your golden jibes, your costly imagery, listening to your shuddering laughter." "Why don't you join the Society for Psychical Research?" James is said to have inquired. To which Holmes: "Why don't you investigate Mohammedanism? There are millions of men who think you will be damned without it. Life is like an artichoke, you pull out a leaf, only a tip is edible. You pull out a day, only an hour or two is available for spiritual thoughts."

Holmes was looking, though he may not have realized it, for a personal philosophy that he could use as a raft from which to take the long, deep plunge into his legal-scholarly pursuits. It is typical—for his power of choice and exclusion, his economy of time and means are facets of his greatness—that he did not continue to flounder about in the philosophic waters, trying this system and that, cursing Jehovah and calling on his angels to save, but grasped the planks that he found near at hand and skillfully fitted them together into the aforementioned raft. *Raft* is too perishable a word. Holmes's philosophy was a tidy boat, formed, for all its pointed nails of skepticism, of sturdy Puritan oak, a shipshape bark, in which he could cruise safely about the cosmos among the other worlds and the stars.

Every speech, every personal letter, every opinion of Oliver Wendell Holmes rests on this hardy and lucid doctrine. Divergent though it was from the philosophy of James—who continued his search for a solution that would fit the fate of Man in general, and for himself tended toward those supernatural revelations and consolations which Holmes's skepticism impatiently repudiated,—the affectionate relation continued through life. And every distant interchange made the old philosophic quarrel flare up. The following statement of Holmes's "platform,"—happily preserved in the James files—though written from the Supreme Court in 1901, "after reading your two pieces about Pragmatism (pedantic name)" might as well have been written in 1875, or, if William James had lived, in 1926.

"It is as absurd (the Justice remarks, with familiar humility, before an expert) "for me to be spearing my old commonplaces at you as it would be for an outsider to instruct me in the theory of legal responsibility—but you see, *mon vieux*, although it is years since we have had any real talk together, I am rather obstinate in my adherence to ancient sympathies and enjoy letting out a little slack to you."

"I have been in the habit of saying that all I mean by truth is what I can't help thinking. The assumption of the validity of the thinking process seems to mean no more than that. But I have learned to surmise that my *can't helps* are not necessarily cosmic . . . philosophy seems to me generally speaking to sin through arrogance . . . I can't help preferring champagne to ditch water, but I doubt if the universe does . . . The great act of faith is when a man decides that he is not God . . . If I did come out of it [the universe] or rather if I am in it, I see no wonder that I can't swallow it. If it fixed my bounds, as it gives me my powers, I

have nothing to say about its possibilities or characteristics, except that it is the kind of a thing (using this phraseology skeptically and under protest) that has me in its belly and so is bigger than I. It seems to me that my only promising activity is to make my universe coherent and livable, not to babble about the universe."

These passages define a consistent character. Judge Holmes has, at eighty-five, an intellectual youth that most men of forty cannot boast. He lives greatly in the brilliant young legal minds of today; believes that there are more men of promise in the present than in his own youth: receives their ideas with the courtesy, admiration, and speculative curiosity accorded to honored guests. One of his favorite aphorisms is that the average life of an idea is fifteen years; another, that the literature of the past is a bore. Yet it is to be noted (since the laity persist in labeling him a radical) that, though he admires Proust and finds *Nice Baby* richly droll, he is more often to be seen, in that dignified Washington study of his, with a volume of eighteenth-century memoirs in his hand than with a daily newspaper. His own universe, material, spiritual, or intellectual, is not subject to perpetual revision. His economics, like his philosophy and his literary tastes, were pretty well settled in the twenties. The foundations of his legal thinking were laid in the thirties. His domestic happiness, which continues unbroken to this day, was established at the age of thirty-one—fifty-four years ago.

Meanwhile he was taking his plunge into the deep waters of the law. In 1869 James comments that "Wendell" is working too hard, taking no vacation. In 1870 he assumes the editorship of the *American Law Review*. In 1873 appears his important edition of Kent's *Commentaries*, and in the same year he becomes a member of the firm of Shattuck, Holmes and Munroe. But he cannot have given much time to practice, for the years from thirty to forty were a period of intensive research: a time of lonely and original productivity, often hinted at in his speeches, when he learned "to lay his course by a star which he has never seen"; and, feeling around him "a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man," learned also to trust his "own unshaken will." During these years he offered his life to the law as completely as he had offered it to his country; and, losing it, found it again in his classic *Common Law*, which dates an epoch in American legal history.

The chapters were written first, as a Boston classic should be, in the form of "Lowell Lectures," and delivered in 1880. Published as a learned volume in 1881, the book was hailed by those competent to judge, both in America and in England, as a great and even a prophetic work. "The law embodies the story of a nation's development through the centuries," we read at the outset, "and it cannot be dealt with as if it contained only the axioms and corollaries of a book of mathematics." "The life of the law has not been logic; it has been experience." Together with the legal essays published before and after in the journals of the period, the book established, as Dean Pound has pointed out, that "functional" and relative view of the law now generally accepted as replacing the anatomical and morphological. Jurisprudence has been considered a self-sufficient science, with traditions all but God-given. Holmes discovered, by following a "right" or some other legal symbol to its early source, that the tradition was based often on some unreasoned survival that had lost all meaning. "The

common law"—the phrase, from a later opinion, is famous—"is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky." Holmes emphasized the need of "thinking things rather than words." Pound says that he anticipated the teachers of today by thirty years or more. "The Epigoni could easily forget whose armor they were wearing and whose weapons they were wielding."

Justice Holmes's career as a jurist covers eras of rapid and organic social change and his eminence owes much to the insight—an insight very different from the piling of fact on fact—with which he has held the balance between history, experience, and timely necessity. He scrutinized the historical texts not for antiquarian reasons, not to discover an absolute—for in law, as in philosophy, he knew that he was not God—but for a concrete revelation of "man's destiny upon this earth." And looking back, he began to see the law at last as his constant and all-inclusive mistress: "A princess mightier than she who once wrought at Bayeux, eternally weaving into her web dim figures out of the ever lengthening past . . . disclosing every painful step and every world-shaking contest by which mankind has worked and fought its way from savage isolation to organic social life."

The fame that resulted from *The Common Law* led to a professorship at the Harvard Law School, and before the same year, 1882, was out, to an appointment to the Massachusetts Supreme Bench—"a stroke of lightning which changed all the course of my life." On this bench Holmes spent twenty fertile years, Associate Justice till 1899, Chief Justice till 1902. He managed his court with a practiced hand. But through these Boston years, as now, he wore an air of detachment which marked him, in his native town, with a kind of uncommonness, and so, in certain quarters, with a kind of suspicion. The "village" never queries its failures: Tom Blank is a queer duck, but he is the son of John Blank, the banker. Now Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was never the son of the doctor. He was a peacock with shining plumage; he flew afieid and consorted with famous English jurists, like Bryce and Sir Frederick Pollock. He climbed Alps with Leslie Stephen. He enjoyed free spirits, whether Back Bay brahmins, or Jews, or Roman Catholic priests. He invited a labor leader to his home. (Said the man: "You have changed my feeling. I used to see an enemy in every house.") With women he had the ease and gaiety of a Parisian or a Viennese, and sought their company. He was impatient with dullness and long-windedness, suggesting, when Chief Justice, that the lawyers of the state would greatly oblige him by taking a course in risqué French novels and so learn to speak in innuendo rather than at length. Yet, all the while, he was more absorbed by the discoveries of his own mind than by the privileges or limitations of the world about him. The mind accompanied his tall and elegant figure in Boston as elsewhere, a pervasive and skeptical presence at every feast.

At a dinner given by the Boston Bar Association two years before the nomination of Oliver Wendell Holmes by Roosevelt to the Supreme Bench of the United States, the Chief Justice, in his responsive speech, asked himself what he had to show for this half lifetime that had passed—"I look into my book, in which I keep a docket of . . . decisions . . . which fall to me to write, and find about a thousand cases, many of them upon trifling or transitory matters . . . a thousand cases, when one would have liked to study to the bottom and to say

his say on every question which the law ever presented. . . . We are lucky enough if we can give a sample of our best and if in our hearts we can feel it has been nobly done."

This reads like a peroration: it was a prelude to the richest maturity of Holmes's life. Twenty-five more years on the Supreme Bench, a thousand more cases, and the Justice still on the firing line. Nearly half a century altogether that Holmes has been "living through," as judge, the wisdom whose foundations were laid before forty. The phrase is his partner, Shattuck's, spoken in a moment when it seemed to Holmes, after many honors, that he had tasted the full feast of the law: "Now you must live it through." One may relate the words to a comment of Dean Wigmore that Justice Holmes is the only one of the long list of judges of the American Supreme Courts who framed for himself a system of legal truths and general truths of life, and composed his opinions in harmony with the system.

The system was flexible because at bottom it was an attitude of tolerance based on insight into the complexity of human affairs. It has done more than any system of orthodoxies to make the Supreme Court a tribunal, as Professor Felix Frankfurter has said, where inevitable frictions between the individual and society, between the expanding powers of the states and nation could be fought out, instead of a deistic chamber operating by scholastic formulae. Holmes's wish has been ever to harmonize conflicting interests; to see where man's social desires come from, and where they are tending. (He maintains that the "little decisions" frequently reveal more of interstitial change in the tissue of the law than famous disputes about a telephone company.) Though he proceeds from the general to the particular, he repudiates finalities. Behind his generalizations are intuitions of reality.

Minority decisions have probably made Mr. Justice Holmes's reputation with the rank and file. Yet his famous dissents as well as his majority decisions have frequently run counter to his personal prejudice. "The decision of a gentleman," says a Boston friend. The decision of a poet would be equally true. For to Holmes a fire smolders at the core of things which makes them for ever plastic and mobile. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, says the French skeptic. Holmes feels that the universe may be "too great a swell to condescend to have a meaning," but he is bound to accept the temporary pattern. "The best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market. . . . Every year, if not every day, we have to wager our salvation upon some prophecy based upon imperfect knowledge." The Justice never refuses such a wager, but, taking it up, he uses his mind as guide rather than as dictator. His conservative critics cannot point to a single self-interested opinion. His best friends cannot boast that he has ever decided things their way. Indeed, President Roosevelt, who appointed him because he imagined Holmes had "the right ideas"—i.e., T. R.'s—soon was taught a lesson in true judicial-mindedness by Holmes's dissent in Roosevelt's pet case against the Northern Securities merger.

Roosevelt used to urge young men to fight for *their* ideas. So did President Eliot, whose prejudices were the defect of his passion. Holmes the skeptic thinks one idea very like another, but Holmes the New Englander knows well

the difference between one aim and another. So his counsel to young lawyers is: Do the handsome thing, young feller! Don't be content to be a lawyer, be a lawyer in the grand manner. If you are sailing an intellectual bark, prepare for rigors, and head for the Pole. Forget subjectivities, be a willing instrument. Wreak yourself upon life. "If you want to hit a bird on the wing, you must have all your will in a focus. . . . Every achievement is a bird on the wing." Key sentences which reveal a freedom from passion that has made the ideal judicial temper.

A judge of the Federal bench tells of driving with Justice Holmes to the Capitol one morning some years ago, in that neat brougham drawn by a fat cob, with a highly respectable colored coachman on the box, in which Holmes used to be recognized on the Washington streets. The Justice had got out of the carriage and was striding off, vigorous and loose-limbed, toward the dome when the younger man called out humorously: "Do justice, sir!" Holmes wheeled: "Come here, young feller!" and then, "I am not here to do justice, I am here to play the game according to the rules. When I was at the bar and Lowell used to beat, I'd say to him: 'Judge, your result may be good, but it's another game I undertook to play. I gave you a thrust in tierce and you countered with a bag of potatoes over my head.'"

When in some summer hour of ease in his home at Beverly Farms on the Massachusetts shore—an unpretentious Victorian house, with a gravel drive and formal flower-beds set with cannas and geraniums—he turns to Pepys' *Diary*—"this and Walpole's *Letters* are the two books if you don't want ideas, and don't want to waste your time"—he looks misty at the duel of two friends who fought for love. When he finds himself in the dentist's chair he recalls that fear of pain and rattling musketry which only the brave admit preceded the attack. His intimate talk still breaks into Civil War slang—"Shut your trap!"—his speeches and letters are full of war metaphors and allusions to this past which he says he "cannot bear to read about," perhaps because his remembered picture is too final to bear the intervention of historians, who describe how Sherman kept Lincoln waiting, and why great battles failed. Writing to Henry James, he is "firing away at high pressure with breech-loading speed." In a speech: "When once the dead fivers of thirty years since begin to play in my head, the laws are silent." In another: "Life is a roar of bargain and battle, but in the very heart of it there rises a mystical spiritual tone. . . . It transmutes the dull details into romance. It reminds us that our only but wholly adequate significance is as parts of the unimaginable whole."

This seasoned judge, this gallant gentleman of the old New England, is the most romantic of contemporary Americans. He starts off for the court every morning at 11:30 as if on an errand for the gods—whereas he is to listen to argument from 12:00 to 2:00; lunch from 2:00 to 2:30; sit again from 2:30 to 4:30. Judge Cardozo has used, of his sentences, the word *phosphorescence*. Always Holmes gives out light. When he returns from the court to the sober dignity of his old house on I Street—formerly it was on foot; now the Chief Justice is likely to drive him a part of the distance; but who can be sure that, disdaining his elevator, he will not still take his stairs two steps at a time?—he

will be able, with the young secretary who guards the book-lined antechamber of his library, with the visitor, to search thought and make it glow. The secretary—a new jewel of the Harvard Law School every year—wears an exalted air. He must promise not to get engaged during the period. “But I reserve the right,” says the Justice with a twinkle, “to die or resign.” With this young mind the Justice twists the tail of the still recalcitrant cosmos, engages in legal disputation, reads his opinions for criticism as modestly as if he were a novice. Sometimes, but rarely, there is a point of law to look up. For Holmes carries the law in his head, as a prophet the words of the Lord. And the Justice, in his own fine and ornamental script, answers every personal letter scrupulously, almost within the hour. “My messenger is waiting.” Off it goes. The eye that falls upon the delicate missive in the cheap plethora of the morning mail has found treasure. Every page has some metaphysical touchstone, some literary epigram or casual heresy. “I must read *Twelfth Night* once more—a little girl tells me Shakespeare is long in getting to the point. I think we take ourselves too seriously.”

Mr. Justice Holmes, who has permanently enriched our law, our literature, our philosophy—of whom another distinguished judge has said: “There is Holmes—and there are all the other judges”—takes himself far less seriously than any good Rotarian. The blithe nonchalance, that true humbleness in the face of acknowledged human vanities, seems to his friends a part of his unerring taste. But it provokes distrust in those who need the support of the rolling platitudes of the Fathers. Holmes bears his critics no grudge. His courtesy to his fellows, like his generosity, is basic, and he has an innocent heart. When one sees his gracious figure outlined against his bookshelves full of classics, with their spaces for the books the Lord will omit mentioning, and their gaps for the books of the future, one is struck by its unquenchable youth. The face has a fine fresh color, the voice, with its humorous vain echo of hesitation—mmm—that seems to set off the sparks in the eyes, has clarity and fervor. Maliciously it expunges the name of a popular New England poet from the slate of time, honestly it admits that gentlemen prefer blondes. But it will never allow our modern American idol, publicity, a niche in this hospitable library. If glory is here, she is hidden, diffused into a clear serenity, a scent of tender memory, a vital intellectual replenishment.

Yet do not think of Oliver Wendell Holmes as meagerly recompensed. He has found it well, he says, to have philosophy “the main wind of his life blowing from the side, instead of from behind.” He has had his reward in the inspired performance of a daily task, in the constant siege of the eternal verities. Holmes was an infantry officer, at Ball’s Bluff, but in the field of ideas he belongs to an arm more mobile. I see him as a light horseman, a fabulous skirmisher, a cavalier for all his “cold Puritan passion,” who carries a pennon as well as a lance, and with it “that little flutter which means ideals.”

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Explain the meaning of the subtitle.
2. Explain: “Here is a Yankee, strayed from Olympus.”

3. How does the author describe Justice Holmes?
4. What is the meaning of "he has a spice of the Mephistophelean quality"?
5. Explain: "an opinion that will not fail to 'strike the jugular'?"
6. What was "the most heroic" of America's wars?
7. Explain: "the dawn of the Darwinian age."
8. What is Hobbes' *Leviathan*?
9. Explain Lieutenant Holmes' allusion to Sir Philip Sidney's remark.
10. What did Emerson mean by "'nerve and dagger' are lacking in the American genius"?
11. What did the study of philosophy contribute to Holmes' legal training?
12. Explain "twisting the tail of the cosmos."
13. Who was William James?
14. Explain Dean Pound's comment on that view of the law which Holmes' *Common Law* established.
15. Explain Holmes' comparison of the law with her "who once wrought at Bayeux."
16. Who were Bryce, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Leslie Stephen? Who is Felix Frankfurter?
17. What were the basic qualities of Holmes' system of truths?
18. Translate: "*Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*" Who said this?
19. What was "Roosevelt's pet case against the Northern Securities merger?" Which Roosevelt is alluded to here?
20. Explain: "I gave you a thrust in tierce."
21. What is Pepys' *Diary*? Walpole's *Letters*?
22. What effect did Holmes' early military experience have on his language?
23. Explain: "Every page has some metaphysical touchstone."
24. What are "the rolling platitudes of the Fathers"?
25. Define: *cryptic, epigrammatic, divinations, contour, punctilio, naïveté, peroration, elixir, brahminical, mentor, facets, Pragmatism, aphorism, morphological, Epigoni, risqué, interstitial, transmute, phosphorescence, plethora, nonchalance.*

Round Table

1. Discuss: Experiences in early life stamp a man's subsequent career.
2. Debate the soundness of the proverb: "Old men for counsel, young men for action."
3. Debate: Law is an honest profession.
4. Debate: A liberal arts training should precede a legal training.

Paper Work

1. Write a research paper on "Emerson and Justice Holmes" or "Justice Holmes and William James."

2. Write a paper on "The History of the Supreme Court of the United States."
3. Write a biography of some other famous member of the Supreme Court.
4. Write a paper on "Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Supreme Court."
5. Write a paper on "The Relationship of Philosophy and Law."

MAX FORRESTER EASTMAN studied under John Dewey at Columbia and taught philosophy and logic in the same department with him. Today he ranks Dewey first among all the "heroes" he has known, placing him ahead of Sigmund Freud, Carlo Tresca, Leon Trotsky, and other notables. And in his very active career as reformer, journalist, and man of letters Max Eastman has known many celebrated persons. His own mother was the first of her sex to be ordained a Congregational minister in the state of New York, and she later achieved considerable eminence. Eastman was born in Canandaigua, N. Y., on January 4, 1883; he attended Mercersburg Academy and Williams College, and then began graduate study at Columbia. This he abandoned for journalism, becoming editor of *Masses* in 1911 and holding this post until the magazine was suppressed by the government in 1917. Meanwhile *Enjoyment of Poetry* (1913) had won him wide recognition as a critic. After World War I he went to Russia; there he became a friend and later the translator of Leon Trotsky. In recent years he has been one of the chief critics of Stalinism and of Russian culture. But he has found time also for such ventures as *Enjoyment of Laughter* (1936) and *Heroes I Have Known* (1942).

THE HERO AS TEACHER *

MAX EASTMAN

JOHN DEWEY has passed his eighty-second birthday, but there is not a quaver in his voice or a quiver in his handwriting. He is five feet eight and a half inches tall, and weighs just what the height-weight chart demands—one hundred and sixty pounds. Up in Nova Scotia, where he goes in summer, he keeps the local people in a dither by swimming in all weathers in the deeps of Solar Lake. Besides surviving this himself, he surprised them two years ago by going out an extra two hundred feet and rescuing, in a deferential way, a drowning woman. At his occasional cocktail parties on Central Park West, which are attended by a motley aggregation of all ages, faiths, colors, and social conditions, from grandmothers of Ethical Culture to prophets of the latest split in the Youth Movement or the ultimate wrinkle in modern painting, he always seems the most agile person present—agile in pretending to remember who they all are, agile in sliding around among them with the drinks.

John Dewey, let me remind you, is the man who saved our children from dying of boredom as we almost did in school. *The Encyclopaedia Britannica* in its article on Education puts it less succinctly: "By 1900 the center of gravity had shifted from the subject-matter of instruction to the child to be taught. The school, in consequence, had begun to change from a place where children prepare for life . . . to a place where children live. . . . These changes, largely due to the teachings of John Dewey, have become dominant purposes of the American elementary school of the twentieth century." That is half of who John Dewey is, and the other half is a philosopher in the technical sense—a man who makes his living arguing about such questions as "How We Think" and "What Does Thought Do to Being?"

While a good many amateurs imagine that there is a Thomas E. Dewey, it is

* Reprinted by permission of the author from *Heroes I Have Known*, published by Simon and Schuster, 1942.

the opinion of experts the world over that the only Dewey in America is John. The University of Paris, in conferring a degree upon him in 1930, described him as "the most profound and complete expression of American genius." In China, Turkey, South Africa, the Argentine Republic, anywhere you can collect as many as three learned men, they will agree with Waldo Frank in calling John Dewey "the most influential American."

Two things make this grade-A brand of fame surprising. One is Dewey's perverse and obdurate neglect of it. He never blows his own horn and never listens when kind friends undertake to blow it for him. He did not attend the banquet given in his honor on his eightieth birthday, although some of the world's most distinguished citizens were there. He found he had a previous engagement at his daughter Evelyn's cattle ranch in the northwest corner of Missouri. The whole thing had been done once before when he was seventy.

"I just can't stand it again," he told Evelyn.

The other thing that makes Dewey's fame surprising is the total lack of fireworks in his nature. He has published 36 books and 815 articles and pamphlets—a pile 12 feet 7 inches high—but if he ever wrote one "quotable" sentence it has got permanently lost in the pile. Not only is his own style dull, but this dullness infects everybody who has anything to write about his theories of education. A reform which might be described as a grown-up formulation of the necessity, long known to lively-minded children, of raising hell in school, has been put over in the language of the prosiest of disciplinary pedagogues. No flash of wit or poetry illumines it.

Perhaps Dewey's origin has something to do with this. He was born, like Calvin Coolidge, in Vermont, and he was born with the same trick of concealing whatever is, or is not, going on in his head under a noncommittal exterior. Vermonters have a dry humor of understatement—an understatement so remote that you can't quite guess whether they are joking or just failing to warm up. So Dewey may have concealed the dynamite of his educational theories in a pile of dry hay merely to amuse himself. No one will ever know.

His father was famous in a small way as a joker. He "kept store" in Burlington, a town of ten or twelve thousand, and sold more goods than anybody else in town because of the whimsical way he went at it. A sign outside reading "Hams and Cigars—Smoked and Unsmoked" apprised his customers that they would not be taken too seriously. On a frequently borrowed wheelbarrow he painted in big red letters: "Stolen from A. S. Dewey." Notwithstanding his popularity, A. S. Dewey never got along very well because it hurt his feelings to ask people to pay their bills. He stuttered, too, and that made it seem an especially good one when he asked for money.

Mrs. A. S. Dewey—Archibald Sprague is the name—was the daughter of "Squire Rich" of Richville, and her grandfather had been in Congress. But the Riches hadn't gotten along very well in a property sense, either, and John's boyhood home was run on lines of watchful thrift. If he wanted any spending money he had to earn it—which he did, as befitted a complete expression of American genius, by delivering papers after school. That netted him a dollar a week, and in the summer when he reached fourteen, he got a real job "tallying"

in a lumber yard, which netted him six dollars. He had to do chores around the house besides, and got punished when he chiseled by an appeal to conscience, which he found more painful than a licking.

His parents belonged to the White Street Congregational Church, the father being religious mostly for the reason that it wouldn't have occurred to him not to be, the mother putting a little more feeling into it. She had been brought up a Universalist, which means one of fifty to sixty thousand Christians kind-hearted enough to believe we shall all be saved—a far cry from Calvin's doctrine of the Elect of God which did so much to keep New England mean and snobbish. She had attended revivals in her youth, and was, to quote her son's exact language, "not emotionally repressed and not austere, but pretty moralistic." Reading dime novels and playing marbles for keeps were immoral, but dancing and cardplaying were not. John was an excellent whist player—and he would, in my opinion, shine still more brilliantly at poker—but not so bright a light, it seems, on the dance floor.

There is something painfully, or if you will, divinely *average* in John Dewey's early life and circumstances. He swam and skated on Lake Champlain, but not any too well. He liked to play, but was no good at "set games"—not competitive enough, I think. He was a great reader, but did not care for "set lessons," either. He worked fairly hard during school hours, but only because he didn't want to carry his textbooks home. There were books in the village library that he liked better. He went through grammar and high school fast, but without getting high marks. People were more impressed with his sweet temper and selflessness than his brains, and they still are unless they have rather exceptional brains themselves.

Dewey thinks he probably would not have gone to college if there hadn't been a college right there in Burlington to slide into. As it was, he slid into Vermont University at the early age of fifteen—an unusual accomplishment, but one which caused no particular comment, least of all from him. He slid through his first three college years also without throwing off any sparks, or giving grounds to predict anything about his future except that he was not going to be a mechanic—to convince yourself of which you only had to watch him drive a nail. He joined the church during his sophomore year, and did so with sincere religious feeling, but with no profound experience of conversion. He was a good boy, and wanted to be better, and thought God would help him—that was all.

He wanted to be better, however, with the inward glow of a boy whose sexual life is almost entirely sublimated. He was shy too far inside of himself even to think of making love to a girl.

"I tried to work up a little affair with my cousin when I was nineteen," he says. "I thought something ought to be done. But I couldn't do it. I was too bashful. I was abnormally bashful."

This fact, combined with the moralistic inculcations of his mother, enabled John Dewey to make his start in life as an impeccable Sunday-school teacher. He mildly questioned some of the dogmas of the White Street religion; he was pained one Sunday when in the midst of prayer the question rose up in his mind: "Isn't this, after all, just a routine performance?" That question bothered him

a good deal and a long time. But he never had any doubt about the supreme importance of "being good," and helped along by bashfulness, he managed not only to teach it but achieve it.

It was toward the end of his junior year that this placid process of development was crashed into by an event that unsettled the whole scheme, and may be described as the chief crisis or turning point of John Dewey's life. It would not have been a crisis in your life or mine, but we also did not get a degree from the University of Paris as the most profound expression of American genius. The crisis was a short course in physiology with a textbook written by Thomas Henry Huxley. That accidental contact with Darwin's brilliant disciple, then waging his fierce war for evolution against the "impregnable rock" of Holy Scripture, woke John Dewey up to the spectacular excitement of the effort to understand the world. It woke him with a shock, for in reading Huxley's objective explanation of the working of man's body and brain, Dewey felt himself to be in a different world altogether from that in which as a White Street Sunday-school teacher he was telling boys' souls to be good. He found Huxley's world exciting; he was swept off his feet by the rapture of scientific knowledge. And yet the old moralistic attitude had too much momentum to give way. He could not abandon thinking about human life as a thing to be shaped by moral will and meditation; and yet he could not deny the validity of Huxley's account of how material forces shaped it. There seemed to be some separation, some gap, some intimately ominous chasm here, over which this lanky, mild, shy, black-eyed boy yearned in the intense way that most boys do over the yawning gulf that separates them from the body of their best girl.

As a result, his senior year at college was an ardent effort and adventure. He plunged heart and soul into his studies. He read and labored far into the night. He led his class and got the highest marks on record in philosophy. At times he seemed to his classmates, when answering a question, to be somewhat diffidently explaining the lesson to the professor. By the time that year was over, there was very little hope left in the Dewey family that John would turn out to be anything more useful than a philosopher. The question was: what are you going to do with a nineteen-year-old philosopher? And to this, nobody in that small farming community, John perhaps least of all, had any practical answer.

As a temporary solution John went down to Oil City, Pennsylvania, and taught in a high school run by a female cousin. He earned forty dollars a month. Two brokers living in the same boarding house urged him to borrow some more money and invest it in the town's excitement, Standard Oil. He would be sitting pretty today if he had. Instead, he borrowed books and used the oil in a lamp.

One evening while he sat reading he had what he calls a "mystic experience." It was an answer to that question which still worried him: whether he really meant business when he prayed. It was not a very dramatic mystic experience. There was no vision, not even a definable emotion—just a supremely blissful feeling that his worries were over. Mystic experiences in general, Dewey explains, are purely emotional and cannot be conveyed in words. But when he tries to convey his in words, it comes out like this:

"What the hell are you worrying about, anyway? Everything that's here is here, and you can just lie back on it."

"I've never had any doubts since then," he adds, "—nor any beliefs. To me faith means not worrying."

Although his religion has so little affirmative content—and has nothing to do, he is sure, with his philosophy—Dewey likens it to the poetic pantheism of Wordsworth, whom he was reading at that time, and to Walt Whitman's sense of oneness with the universe. To forestall your own remark, he reminds you that it is very likely a sublimation of sex, and points out that this doesn't make it any less normal or important.

"I claim I've got religion," he concludes, "and that I got it that night in Oil City."

At the end of the year Dewey's cousin resigned her job, and his went with it. He found himself back in Burlington with a new tranquillity in his heart, but still the old tension in his head about that chasm that he saw yawning between the material and moral sciences. To close that chasm still seems the big problem to John Dewey, and he asserts that he has devoted his entire intellectual life to its solution. It was not, however, a problem that anybody in Burlington was just then offering money to have solved. To keep going while he worked on it, he took another job, this time teaching in the little district schoolhouse in Charlotte, Vermont. Charlotte is not far from Burlington, and while teaching everything from the alphabet to plane geometry, Dewey devoted his spare hours, under the direction of his old philosophy professor, H. A. P. Torrey, who made a free gift of his time and knowledge, to reading the philosophical classics. He also started writing a little philosophy on his own.

In 1879, when John Dewey set out on his life task of reconciling ethics with physiology, there was hardly such a thing as a career in philosophy in America. The whole country was little better in that respect than Burlington, Vermont. Professors of philosophy were ministers of the gospel who for some reason, located as often in their vocal organs as their brains, had found it easier to teach than preach. They were a sort of plain-clothes chaplain employed by the colleges to see that science did not run away with the pupils' minds. One of the few exceptions was W. T. Harris, who published a *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* in St. Louis, Missouri. Harris was what they called a "lay philosopher," and Dewey, although still a churchgoer, was "lay" enough to send his first original work to Harris. It was a little piece he tossed off after school hours in Charlotte on "The Metaphysical Assumptions of Materialism." He hardly offered it as a contribution to the journal; he merely inquired of Harris whether it showed signs of promise. When it was accepted for publication, he decided that he would become a lay philosopher too. There would be a career for one, he guessed, by the time he got ready to have it. He also guessed that it was not necessary for an American who wants a philosophical education to study in Germany. That sounds obvious now, but in those days it was a revolution.

An imaginative merchant named Johns Hopkins had just founded a new kind of research university in Baltimore, and Dewey's annunciation angel, Professor Huxley, had delivered the inaugural address. The new university was

offering twenty-five-hundred-dollar fellowships to be competed for by college graduates. Dewey tried for one and failed. (Thorstein Veblen also tried for one and failed.) But Dewey had an aunt with five hundred dollars, and he borrowed that and went to Johns Hopkins, anyway. After studying a year, he tried for the fellowship again and got it. He also got a job teaching the history of philosophy to undergraduates. So who said there wasn't a career in philosophy in America? To be sure, there was no pay attached to this job, but then, on the other hand, he did not have to pay for the privilege of doing it. He was happy. He had found a wonderful teacher, a Hegelian named George Sylvester Morris. His brainy big brother, Davis R.—an economist now, with a longer section in *Who's Who* than John has—had come down to live and study with him. He had no sex problems. And he was falling in love with Hegel.

Unless you understand how exciting it is to fall in love with Hegel—and what hard work—there is very little Dewey can tell you about those three years at Johns Hopkins. It was a full-time romance. Hegel closed the chasm yawning between the material and moral sciences by declaring that matter is a kind of illusion anyway. The universe and everything in it is really made out of "spirit," and is moral. It is an everlasting upward struggle of the Mind of God, or something of that nature. And the event was quite as blissfully tranquillizing to John Dewey's mind as his Oil City experience had been to his heart. Even now, when the whole thing seems to him a sentimental German self-deception, he still feels a pious love towards Hegel, and gropes for words that might express the feeling of release this mystical conception of the cosmos gave him. Some "sense of separation," some "dividedness" or "loneliness," as though the world were cut off from his soul, or he himself were cut off from the world, had troubled him. He had been in painful tension. Hegel's metaphysics gave him back the sense "of unity, of things flowing together."

If Dewey were not such a hopeless extrovert, we might get a little more light on this philosophical romance—or if he would get sick and go to a psychoanalyst. But he remains perfectly healthy, and can't quite remember what it was all about.

"I was unduly bashful and self-conscious," he says, "always putting myself over against other people. Perhaps that was it. Or perhaps an overemphasis on evangelical morals had given me a feeling of alienation from the world. I can't recover it. If I could, I would write something about adolescence that really would be interesting."

Whatever the cause, the effect was long-lasting. It was in 1881, his first year at Johns Hopkins, that Dewey was rapt away by Hegel, and he remained pretty Hegelian for ten or twelve years, coming back to earth, appropriately enough, in the vicinity of Chicago in the early nineties. It is unusual for a Hegelian to recover at thirty-five. If they stay up that long, they generally get lost in the stratosphere. And it is safe to say that one of the main factors in bringing Dewey down was a flesh-and-blood romance—a romance with a girl who had her feet very firmly planted on the earth.

When Dewey took his Ph.D. at Johns Hopkins, President Gilman offered him a loan to continue his studies in Germany. Dewey was deeply gratified, but said that he would rather not borrow money, and felt perfectly at home in America. President Gilman also offered him some advice: "Don't be so bookish;

don't live such a secluded life; get out and see people." That offer Dewey was more inclined to accept, although he did not know exactly how to act upon it. What he needed first was a job, and he spent another rather wistful summer in Burlington before he got one. It was a nine-hundred-dollar job as instructor in philosophy at the University of Michigan, where his friend Morris was teaching.

In Michigan Dewey began to "see people," and among the first he saw was a coed named Alice Chipman, who lived in the same boardinghouse with him. She was a strong-minded girl, descended from a family of radicals and free-thinkers, an ardent woman suffragist, deeply religious but of no church, and brilliantly intolerant of "bunk." She was shorter than Dewey and thicker, not beautiful and not well dressed. By a purely physiological accident her eyelids hung so low over her eyes that to a timid judgment she looked forbidding. But her features were handsome in a strong way, and her mouth was gentle. Her pioneer grandfather had joined the Chippewa tribe of Indians and fought for their rights; he had also opposed Lincoln and the Civil War. She inherited his crusading spirit and his moral courage. And she had a passionate interest in the life of ideas. It was good luck—or was it good sense?—that John Dewey fell in love with such a woman. An adoring sissy might have left him half of what he did become. That does not say, however, that their relation was uneven. Dewey also is strong-minded. In his mild and limp way, with neither inward conflict nor outward fuss, he sticks to his own course of action, barring rational arguments to the contrary, with the momentum of a mule. Besides that, he had the advantage of superior knowledge; Alice was a pupil in his classes. There was, in short, a full-sized moral and intellectual admiration between them. "No two people," Dewey once remarked, "were ever more in love."

They were married at the home of the Chippewa Copperhead in 1886. In the same year Dewey was made assistant professor, and his salary was raised to sixteen hundred dollars. The next year their first child, Fred, was born, and Dewey published his first book—significantly not a philosophy book at all, but a textbook in psychology. Dewey was willing to see psychology break loose from philosophy and become a natural science, and this book places him among the pioneers of that process. But still it winds up with a piously Hegelian reminder, quaint in a scientific textbook now, that the ultimate reality is God.

The next year, without any wangling on his part, Dewey was given a professorship at the University of Minnesota and a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars. The year after that, his friend Professor Morris having died, he returned to Michigan to succeed him as professor and head of the department of philosophy, with a salary of three thousand dollars. Dewey had guessed right about careers for "lay philosophers." They were growing on the bushes—especially for those who could still weave God into a textbook of psychology.

By the time he came back to Michigan in '89, however, Dewey was losing interest in Hegel's world made out of Spirit. The social atmosphere of the Midwest in those years, when population was spreading like wildfire, was hardly one to sustain a faith in mystic systems that made real estate unreal. Moreover, John and Alice were both fascinated by concrete human problems connected with the novelty of a democratic state university. Under James B. Angell, whom all

who taught for him regarded as the ideal college president, the university was the active head of the public-school system of Michigan.

One of Dewey's tasks as a member of its faculty was to visit high schools throughout the state, and investigate their qualifications to send up students to the university. This first set his mind to work on that general problem of *Democracy and Education*—which was to be the title of his major work in this field. It also took his mind off the Hegelian cosmos. He still formally believed that Hegel had correctly described the logical structure of Reality with a large R. But he was getting more interested in what he called the "instrumental logic" by which people who are real with a little *r* think out ways of getting what they want. This tendency was vastly reinforced by the appearance in 1890 of William James' famous *Psychology*, which foreshadowed the philosophy of pragmatism, formulated by its author seventeen years later. In 1891 Dewey announced a book called *Instrumental Logic*, but he then still meant by the phrase: what logic is like when it is used *as* an instrument. He never wrote the book, and before the end of the century he was teaching that logic *is* an instrument, and that is all there is to it. The Hegelian cosmos, as he puts it, "just dropped away."

Before that happened, however, Dewey's own personal place in the cosmos had taken a large upward leap. The University of Chicago had been founded with a plentiful endowment by John D. Rockefeller, and its president, William Rainey Harper, had conceived the novel idea of combining the departments of philosophy, psychology, and education into one. In 1894 Dewey was invited to come to Chicago at a salary of five thousand dollars and be the head of the whole thing. It was a piece of rare good luck, for Dewey's philosophy was taking more and more the aspect of a psychology of the thought process, and his interest in education was running neck and neck with his interest in philosophy. Moreover, the Dewey family was growing and was destined to grow far beyond the limits set by the income of any ordinary lay philosopher. Mrs. Dewey, notwithstanding her freethinking grandparents, held some streak of puritanism that made her think it wicked to decide when and under what conditions you are going to bear children. The second child, Evelyn, had been born in 1890, and the third, Morris—named after Dewey's revered teacher—early in 1893. The difference between three and five thousand dollars was beginning to look important, and the letter from Chicago was in all ways a joyful piece of news.

Mrs. Dewey, they decided, would spend the summer in Europe with the children, and Dewey would go ahead to Chicago and earn some extra money teaching in the summer school. Dewey hated to say good-by to his two-year-old baby, Morris, for he had already made up his mind, by what signs it would be hard to say, that the child was a kind of saintly genius. This was not all a parent's fondness, either. A stranger on the boat going over made the peculiar remark: "If that child lives long enough there will be a new religion." Morris died of diphtheria in Milan, and even now, fifty years after, Dewey cannot mention the event without a catch in his throat.

Three other children were born in Chicago—Lucy, Gordon, and Jane—and thus there were still five of them rioting around the house during the best years of this philosopher's life. They did not disturb his meditations in the least. As a logician Dewey is at his best with one child climbing up his pants leg and

another fishing in his inkwell. He has not only mental concentration but a way of doing two things at once that is at times almost alarming. Friends have been known to follow him several blocks down the street to make sure he would negotiate the crossings, he seemed so unaware of where his body was going.

I don't know whether this belongs in the same category of facts, but one sunny afternoon John Dewey and four of his colleagues on Morningside Heights walked a half mile down Broadway to attend an open-air movie—"none of us realizing until we got there," as Thomas Reed Powell recalls, "that movies require darkness, which in this part of the world is not rampant in the daytime."

In his New York apartment Dewey now does his meditating with a telephone beside his ear. He finds it only takes a minute to dispose of an inquiry from the landlord about washing the windows, a request for a consultation from the Chinese ambassador, a question from Sidney Hook about the policies of the Committee for Cultural Freedom, a summons to a meeting in honor of the old rebel, Angelica Balabanoff, a plea for a "moral affidavit" for some obscure refugee, an invitation to address a World Congress of Sciences in Cambridge. In one second after he hangs up the receiver, the old typewriter is jumping along finishing his interrupted thought.

Dewey never bothers about physical exercise; brain work, he thinks, is just as good, if there's enough of it. So for recreation he goes on long automobile rides, and sits in the front seat solving crossword puzzles and conversing with his companions—a slightly irritating habit that is not made any more agreeable when, at the end of the journey, he turns out to have a more accurate memory of the landscape than they have.

To such a mind a half-dozen or so children would obviously be a help philosophically. But Dewey's children, besides clambering on his philosophy in a helpful way while he was writing it, made another contribution more important to the course of history. They kept the problems of philosophy thoroughly mixed up in his mind with the problems of education.

It is customary to regard Dewey's educational theories as an inference from his instrumental philosophy, but more accurately they are an inference from his children. Dewey was interested in reforming education and wrote a book about it long before he became an instrumental philosopher. The book was called *Applied Psychology*, and that indicates what his doctrine about education is. Education is life itself, so long as the living thing continues to grow; education is growth under favorable conditions; the school is a place where those conditions should be regulated scientifically. That is about all there is to it.

The household also needed a little renovation along this line, and Dewey's influence on the relations between parents and their children has been as great as his influence on the schools. It was a reform that in the nature of the case began at home.

Once Sabino, the boy he adopted in later years, ran away from a boarding school in the country. The principal reported it to Dewey by long-distance telephone, and concluded:

"As soon as you find him send him right back and we'll see that it doesn't happen again."

Dewey said: "Well, I rather think on the whole that if Sabino decided to leave the school, he probably used his judgment about it, and he may very likely be right."

In his house at Ann Arbor, Dewey's study was directly under the bathroom, and he was sitting there one day, absorbed in a new theory of arithmetic, when suddenly he felt a stream of water trickling down his back. He jumped out of his chair and rushed upstairs to find the bathtub occupied by a fleet of sailboats, the water brimming over, and his small boy Fred busy with both hands shutting it off. The child turned as he opened the door, and said severely:

"Don't argue, John—get the mop!"

You might think that a family of five children, brought up along these lines, would be something of a riot, and they did have a rare good time. But they were, as children go, a remarkably well mannered bunch of rioters. They were at times, indeed, a little too well mannered. Jane used at the age of twelve to discuss the causes of prostitution in a disturbingly judicious manner. And Evelyn developed so early the poised and sagely humorous good sense which surrounds her now with loving friends that you wished sometimes she would be a little foolish for a minute.

Each of the two John Deweys, the philosopher and the educator, reached their high point in Chicago. In a book called *Studies in Logical Theory*, published in 1903, he formulated that practical American philosophy which was left in his head after Hegel's German cosmos "dropped away." All thinking, it declares—even Hegel's about his cosmos—is instrumental, and its truth is nothing more than its success in bringing human beings to their ends. Dewey finds rest in this idea because it closes, in a way that does less violence to common-sense reality than Hegel did, that chasm which he had felt yawning between the material and moral sciences. The material world is real, but our very knowledge of it is moral in the largest sense. It is practical. It is a solving of problems in the very proposing of which, and thus inevitably in their solution, human needs and aspirations play a vital part.

When William James came to Chicago a short time after Dewey's *Studies* were published, he spoke of the book—with a little too much modesty—as "the foundation of the philosophy of pragmatism." Dewey, equally modest, did not know that he had been founding pragmatism, and was greatly surprised when James greeted him in this way. A case of "After you, Gaston!" not at all common among philosophers—or anybody else.

The other half of John Dewey reached its high point in the founding of an elementary school, two years after he came to Chicago. This school was regarded by him literally as the laboratory of the department of philosophy, and was called the Experimental or Laboratory School. But it has survived in history as the Dewey School, a name which might well be written "Do-y School," for "to learn by doing" was one of its chief slogans. Its founder had the rather naïve notion that in its operation he was putting his instrumental philosophy to an experimental test.

In these days when Dewey's ideas on education have become a part of our national culture, it is hard to imagine the clamor raised in 1896 by the idea of a laboratory school. "A school where they experiment with the children—

imagine!" He could hardly have shocked the parents of the nineties more if he had proposed vivisection in a kindergarten. Even when closely examined, his idea seemed to be to let children do just what they wanted to, which was then generally regarded as equivalent to letting them go to hell. Dewey is, perhaps, or was, slightly utopian in his rebellion against the old puritanical pumping-in system of education, summed up by his contemporary, Mr. Dooley, in the remark that "it don't make much difference what you study, so long as you don't like it." But he does not believe, and never did, in consecrating children's whims, much less in forcing them to have more whims than is natural to them. He has more horse sense than some of those who now run "modern schools" in his name. His idea was that life in school ought to be enough like life outside so that an interest in knowledge will arise in the child's mind as it did in the mind of the race—spontaneously. If you provide a sufficient variety of activities, and there's enough knowledge lying around, and the teacher understands the natural relation between knowledge and interested action, children can have fun getting educated and will love to go to school. That is the kind of thing Dewey was saying. And the little book, *School and Society*, in which he first said it, was translated into dozens of languages, including those as far away from home as Chinese and Japanese.

Dewey would never have started a Dewey School, however, if it hadn't been for Alice Chipman. Dewey never does anything, except think—at least, it often looked that way to Alice—unless he gets kicked into it. Nothing seems important to him but thinking. He is as complete an extrovert as ever lived, but the extroversion all takes place inside his head. Ideas are real objects to him, and they are the only objects that engage his passionate interest. If he gets hold of a new idea, he will sneak around the house with it like a dog with a bone, glancing up with half an eye at the unavoidable human beings and their chatter, hoping they won't bother him, and that's all. Only a man of this temperament who nevertheless took human lives and problems for his subject matter could have made the contribution Dewey has.

Mrs. Dewey would grab Dewey's ideas—and grab him—and insist that something be done. She had herself a brilliant mind and a far better gift of expression than his. And she was a zealot. She was on fire to reform people as well as ideas. She had an adoring admiration of his genius, but she had also a female impatience of the cumbersome load of ideological considerations he had to carry along when arriving at a decision. Her own decisions were swift, direct, and harshly realistic—not always aware of their grounds. "You always come at things backhanded," she would say. Dewey's view of his wife's influence is that she put "guts and stuffing" into what had been with him mere intellectual conclusions. He also recalls that she taught him not to be such an easy mark. He does not use that phrase. "She liberated me," he says, "from certain sentimental moralisms of the 'judge not' variety, and taught me to respect my adverse as well as my favorable intuitions." In short, she kept pulling him down into the real world. And as his own philosophy insisted that that is where a man ought to be, he was, theoretically at least, always willing to be pulled.

Mrs. Dewey, then, as might be guessed, was the principal of the Dewey School. To her, and to Ella Flagg Young, Chicago's famous superintendent of

schools, belongs most of the credit for its concrete operation. Dewey calls Ella Flagg Young "the wisest person about actual schools I ever saw." "I would come over to her with these abstract ideas of mine," he says, "and she would tell me what they meant." Another woman memorable in this connection is Mrs. Charles R. Crane, wife of the bathroom-fixture millionaire, who put up a large part of the money for the school, and helped the Deweys raise the rest. Still another is Mrs. Emmons Blaine, who, besides sharing the enthusiasms of this little group of glowing reformers, shared in the McCormick dollars. Those dollars aided very considerably in the birth of the Dewey School, and it was from being forced to swallow a million of them at one gulp that the school rather suddenly died.

That sad story, which altered the direction and to some extent the tone of Dewey's whole life, has never been told. Mrs. Dewey wanted him to make a public statement at the time, but Dewey decided to swallow his chagrin, and so everybody else, for now thirty-five years, has been sitting decorously on the lid. The story in brief, as it stands in Dewey's memory today, is this:

Mrs. Blaine gave that million-dollar endowment originally to another educational reformer, an educational genius too, named Colonel Parker, who founded a school with it called the Chicago Institute. Parker had more genius for handling children than for handling dollars by the million, and moreover, he soon began to lose his health. With his consent, Mrs. Blaine finally proposed to President Harper that his school and Dewey's school unite, and the endowment be turned over to the University. At that time the Dewey School was a flourishing institution with twenty-three teachers and one hundred and forty children; it had none of the troubles of the Chicago Institute; its theoretical principles, while significantly similar, were not the same—and it had no need of a million dollars. The change was therefore vigorously resisted, and for one year staved off, by the parents of the children in the Dewey School.

But Harper wanted that million dollars for the University, and the following year, while Dewey was conveniently absent in the East, he reopened the negotiations with Mrs. Blaine. When Dewey returned, the merger was all but accomplished. The President called him to his office and spoke with unction about "their dream at last realized." As Dewey had never dreamed this dream, but quite the opposite, and as Harper had never put up any money for the Laboratory School, he felt that he might have been consulted before the realizing got quite so far along. The interview was a tense one, and when President Harper asked him to come in on the final negotiations, Dewey abruptly refused.

"Since you've chosen to start this in my absence, I suggest that you finish it," he said. "After you get the terms arranged, I will decide whether I can cooperate or not."

"I should hate to go to the trustees," Harper said, "and tell them that your obstinacy had cost the University a million dollars."

Dewey explained that he was interested in an experiment in education, not in providing an endowment for the University of Chicago. He also told President Harper—although not in these crisp terms, I am sure—that if he did find it possible to come in, he would expect a raise in salary from five to seven thousand dollars. President Harper expressed a fear that a salary of that size might embarrass him with his colleagues, but Dewey thought he could survive the pain.

"That demand for more pay," Dewey says, "did more to make a man of me than any other act of my life."

Another stipulation Dewey made was that his teaching staff, including Mrs. Dewey as principal, should continue to serve in the new setup. Harper agreed to this when talking to Dewey, but when talking to Mrs. Blaine, whose main interest was in Colonel Parker's staff, he explained that the arrangement was only for the first year. Mrs. Dewey, in particular, he said, intended to resign as soon as the school got going. This put him in rather a tight place, but left him a year in which to wriggle out of it. His way out was to wait until Dewey was again absent in the East, and then send for Mrs. Dewey and inform her that Professor Dewey had told him she was going to resign.

As Dewey had never told her that, and, moreover, was not in the habit of telling her what she was going to do, she received this communication with a silence that President Harper found vastly impressive.

"Mrs. Dewey," he told her husband when he returned, "is a woman of extraordinary dignity!"

But Dewey had his back up now. He was aware that Mrs. Dewey had, as an administrator, the faults of her virtues. She was not a good mixer. She had an uncanny gift of seeing through people who were faking, and made such witty game of them that she alarmed even those who were not faking—or, at least, not very much. And she had a kind of inside-out timidity, a fear of being presumptuous, that because of her obvious superiority looked sometimes like snooty coldness. She was, however, the sole channel through which Dewey's ideas could naturally get down into action. She was too deeply bound up with bringing them down to be eased out as incidental to a "Dewey School." Dewey surmised, besides, that his other trained teachers would be eased out in the same sly fashion. Nominally he would be head of the school, but he would not be in a position of control. He ended that interview with President Harper, which was a hot one, by presenting his resignation as professor of education. As soon as he got outside the door he realized that Harper's expression on hearing this had been one of relief. He went home and wrote out his resignation as professor of philosophy, psychology, and education.

That was the end of the Dewey School, and it was the end of a wholly joyful and very affluent epoch in Dewey's life. Mrs. Dewey's salary, together with the extras that he earned from books and lectures, had raised the income of this "lay philosopher" to heights never dreamed of in Charlotte, Vermont. The family lived in two adjoining apartments and employed two servants, a nurse, and a laundress on part time. They had built a comfortable summer home in the Adirondacks. Mrs. Dewey was not a neat or very thoughtful housekeeper—not a brooding, maternal, or even a loving person. She was, however, too intelligent to neglect the physical essentials—good food, good rugs and furniture, good company. And she had been, on the whole, gay and easy to live with, notwithstanding her underlying determination to reform you if she got the chance. But this shabby and yet tragic injustice to her husband's great ideas and her own intense work for them—a work that she felt was destined to change the foundations of social life forever—awoke an anger in her breast that never quite died down.

Dewey, of course, was not many days out of a job. Aside from his rising fame

in philosophy and education, he had recently filled a term as president of the American Psychological Association. He could have had a chair in philosophy, psychology, or education in almost any university in the country. It was, in fact, a psychologist, J. McKeen Cattell, who took the initiative in getting him invited to Columbia as professor of philosophy, and it was stipulated in his contract that he continue to expound his views on education at Teachers College.

Both he and Mrs. Dewey might have recovered with more buoyance from the blow to their life work had not Fate chosen this moment to repeat, so exactly as to suggest deliberate malice, the tragedy of their previous personal loss. On a trip to Europe in the interval between jobs, their very gifted son, Gordon, died—in Ireland, and of typhoid fever. We have only Dewey's word for the rich endowments of his baby, Morris, but Gordon had so impressed those around him that a service in his memory was held at Hull House, in Chicago, and Jane Addams gave a talk that is preserved in one of her books. Reading what she said about this "tiny protagonist of his time," an "indefatigable reader of the newspapers," a "fine and gallant spirit," possessed of "wide and tolerant wisdom" and "a sense of the humor of life," it is hard to believe that the child was only eight years old. It makes plausible, notwithstanding the unscientific moisture in his eyes when Dewey speaks about them, his own judgment of the phenomenal gifts of these two children whom he lost.

In Italy the Deweys adopted the orphan boy, Sabino, attempting in this common-sense way to fill the void in their hearts. But Dewey never quite escaped the pain of that double loss of his chosen life work and his best-loved child. President Harper's action rankled in him so deeply that, thirty-five years afterward, he expressed surprise on finding that he could laugh at the man's crude way of being astute.

In this, I suspect he was influenced by Mrs. Dewey, in whom the wound was even deeper. Stricken thus as a mother at the same time that she was deprived of any outlet for her violent zeal and genuine gift of leadership, she fell gradually into a habit of resentment. She grew caustic where she had been keen, captious where she had been critical. Her health began to decline. She had already done more work and borne more children than her physique, unless sustained by joy, was equal to. The less she could do herself, the more her perfectionism, her insistence upon everybody's doing his best and doing it just exactly right, turned into a vice of ironical nagging. Her husband's bland way of going around with nothing on his mind but thoughts, when she herself so longed for action, got on her nerves. Increasingly, until her death from arteriosclerosis in 1927, these habits of perpetual objection became fixed in her, giving a bitter flavor to her witty charm.

Notwithstanding the mood in which the change was made, Dewey's eastward migration at forty was a good thing for him intellectually. He found a new group of stimulating minds at Columbia. His philosophic friendship with George H. Mead, a teammate in developing the philosophic implications of biology, was replaced by a more argumentative friendship with Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, a philosopher of the classic mold. Dewey says that he "learned a lot from Professor Woodbridge, but not what he was teaching." He learned a lot also from James Harvey Robinson, who used to begin his course in the

Intellectual History of Western Europe by remarking: "Now when I mention God, I want the class to relax"; from Charles Beard who was teaching American history with a similar irreverence toward the founding fathers; and from Wesley Mitchell, who was leading a like revolt against the "economic man."

In general, ideas were sprouting up through the bricks at Columbia in those days, and Dewey's mind was happy there. Also, he found it easier, while living in New York, to play a part in civic movements of national scope, to be a factor in the nation's political life, as is appropriate to a philosopher who believes that the truth of an idea lies in its practical effect. By taking an apartment at the corner of Broadway and Fifty-sixth Street, a fourth-floor apartment fronting on both streets, he managed to surround himself with enough noise so that he could get some thinking done. He wanted to avoid academic abstraction, I suppose. He wanted to think about real things, and Broadway streetcars seemed as real as anything else. To one with sensitive eardrums, the place was hell itself.

Later, he moved out on Long Island, and preserved his contact with reality by raising eggs and vegetables and selling them to the neighbors. With characteristic vigor he learned all about farming and actually earned money enough during one year to "pay for his keep." His farm was but a short walk from Walt Whitman's birthplace—where still the lilacs in the dooryard bloomed—and like Walt Whitman he loved the companionship of the humble earth. He loved to identify himself with lowly people. He was pleased when one day a hurry call came from a wealthy neighbor for a dozen eggs, and the children being in school, he himself took the eggs over in a basket. Going by force of habit to the front door, he was told brusquely that deliveries were made at the rear. He trotted obediently around to the back door, feeling both amused and happy. Some time later, he was giving a talk to the women's club of the neighborhood, and his wealthy customer, when he got up to speak, exclaimed in a loud whisper:

"Why, that looks exactly like our egg man!"

Dewey looked like a young man then, a man just starting his career. He looked like the portraits of Robert Louis Stevenson, having the same flat hair and dark mustache and the same luminous eyes. Dewey's eyes are wells of dark, almost black, tenderly intelligent light such as would shine more appropriately out of a Saint Francis than a professor of logic. The rest of him is pleasant, but not quite so impressive.

He used frequently to come into the class in logical theory with his necktie out of contact with his collar, a sock down around his ankle, or a pants leg caught up into his garter. Once he came for a whole week with a large rent in his coat sleeve which caused a flap of cloth to stick out near the shoulder like a little cherub's wing. His hair always looked as though he had combed it with a towel, and being parted, if at all, in the middle, gave his face a rather ewelike contour which emphasized the gentleness more than the penetration in those wondrous eyes. He would come in through a side door—very promptly and with a brisk step. The briskness would last until he reached his chair, and then he would sag. With an elbow on the desk he would rub his hand over his face, push back some strands of his hair, and begin to purse his mouth and look vaguely off over the heads of the class and above the windows, as though

he thought he might find an idea up there along the crack between the wall and the ceiling. He always would find one. And then he would begin to talk, very slowly and with little emphasis and long pauses, and frequent glances up there to see if he was getting it right.

He was thinking rather than lecturing, evolving a system of philosophy *ex tempore*, and taking his time about it. The process was impersonal and rather unrelated to his pupils—until one of them would ask a question. Then those glowing eyes would come down from the ceiling and shine into that pupil, and draw out of him and his innocent question intellectual wonders such as he never imagined had their seeds in his brain or bosom.

Education does not, according to the Dewey system, mean "drawing out." But drawing out was never better done than it was in his classrooms. John Dewey's instinctive and active deference, and unqualified giving-of-attention to whatever anybody, no matter how dumb and humble, may have to say, is one of the rarest gifts or accomplishments of genius. He embodies in his social attitude, as Walt Whitman did in a book, the essence of democracy.

Another trait of John Dewey's, very impressive in the classroom—and very little conveyed, I fear, in the above paragraph—is his personal dignity. Careless as his dress used to be, he never seemed, as so many eccentric professors do, inwardly sloppy. You felt his moral force. You felt the rigorous self-discipline beneath his sagging manners. You felt also, or soon found out, that with all his taste for heresies John Dewey knows his trade. He is an expert philosopher. He writes a great many things that drive his colleagues of the academic tradition wild, but he never writes anything that is amateurish, as did both James and Schiller, his co-leaders in pragmatism. He has a prodigious memory, and is a learned scholar as well as an unforgetful friend.

There is one act of learning, however, which Dewey never performed and whose neglect, I fear, will stand against him in history. He never studied, at least until too recent years, the philosophy of Karl Marx. While occupying for two generations of young people the position of a leader in radical democracy, and that in a period when Marxism was sweeping the militant majority of them into the antidemocratic, or supposedly superdemocratic, camp, he was content always to say when the subject came up: "I have never read Marx . . . I cannot speak with authority on the subject." He ought to have read Marx, and he ought to have spoken on the subject not only with authority, but with vim. Marx was his chief enemy, the only other man on the left who backed a political program with a system of philosophy.

Once when Sidney Hook and I, two of his egotistical pupils, were waging an unseemly war over the question whether Marx was a "scientific pragmatist," I wrote Dewey to know if he would preside at a debate between us on the subject. His reply shows that he himself was not unaware of a neglected duty:

Your idea is an ingenious and intriguing one. But the trouble is I don't know enough Marx to go into the scheme and I don't see the least probability of my getting the time to acquire the needed knowledge. When I talk with you I incline to thinking you must be right, and the same—in reverse—when I talk to Sidney. This is doubtless a deplorable confession but there it is.

Sincerely, if delinquently,

John Dewey.

This delinquency made all the more harsh the parting between John Dewey and his more intransigent pupils on the subject of America's entrance into the First World War. It was mainly Marx who backed them in their opposition to the war, and Dewey supported the war without refuting Marx. Those issues seem pale today when history has refuted Marx, and when Dewey's central theme, "Democracy and Education," has become the issue in a new world war. But in those days there was bitter derision of John Dewey in the heart of some of his most devoted disciples—eminent among them the gifted cripple, Randolph Bourne. The crisis was momentous in Dewey's history as well as theirs. He was not only alienated from them, but somewhat from himself, I think, by his support of the war against Germany. It was not that he felt, or feels now, that he made a flatly wrong choice. But his philosophy had not contemplated such a choice. Facts, in forcing it upon him, proved more "brute" than he had anticipated. He wrote a book on *German Philosophy and Politics* which seemed—to us then, at least—a contribution to the war propaganda rather than to the history of thought. And he got into a state of tension that in most people would have been an illness.

In this emergency he had recourse to a very unconventional physician named Matthias Alexander, who opened a new chapter in his life. Dr. Alexander is an Australian of original but uncultivated mind, attacked by the medical profession, but possessed in Dewey's opinion of a valid theory about posture and muscular control, and a technique of "re-education" by which human beings are supposed to recover that integration of the organism which is natural to animals. Dr. Alexander has been endorsed by others as brainy as Bernard Shaw and Aldous Huxley, and his system undoubtedly worked in Dewey's case. "I used to shuffle and sag," he says. "Now, I hold myself up." Every one of his friends will endorse that assertion. And when he adds that "a person gets old because he bends over," it is difficult to argue with him, for he is obviously an expert on not getting old. It is simply impossible to believe when you see him that he has been around since 1859. Dewey gives 90% of the credit for this to Dr. Alexander, 10% to a regular physician who taught him to keep things moving through the alimentary canal.

The postwar period gave Dewey a chance to prove to his radical critics that he had not turned into a bourgeois reactionary, and he proved it. When the smoke cleared, he was found, unlike most of the pro-war liberals, to the left of where he had been before. More accurately he was found adhering to the most radical of his previously expressed opinions. For as long ago as 1887—when on the lips of a college professor it was a prodigy, if not a crime—John Dewey had said: "Democracy is not in reality what it is in name until it is industrial as well as civil and political."

Accordingly, Dewey was among the first of the American liberals who made the pilgrimage to Soviet Russia—not then quite throttled by the totalitarian tyranny of Stalin—and he came back speaking bold words of praise for the accomplishments, especially in education, of the regime of Lenin and Trotsky. This act placed him, if not among the "radicals," at least at the extreme left of the liberals in America, and again in a position of international leadership. He was invited by the new revolutionary government of Turkey to go to Ankara

and draw up a plan for the reorganization of the schools, which he did. And he was invited by the Chinese followers of Sun Yat Sen to give a course of lectures at Peking University, which he also did—and further distinguished himself by declining, for democratic reasons, the decoration of the Order of the Rising Sun offered him by the Imperial Government of Japan.

In these postwar years, Dewey also turned his thoughts toward the understanding of art. He has no ear for music, but he has a connoisseur's appreciation of painting. His dwellings are decorated with taste, and you will always find a rare picture or two on the walls. While in Paris in 1926, he attended an art class in the Louvre conducted by Albert C. Barnes, the Philadelphia Argyrol king, famous as the first systematic collector of "modern" French paintings. Ten years before that, Barnes had attended one of Dewey's seminars at Columbia, attracted by a reading of *Democracy and Education*, which he has been heard to speak of as his Bible. Dewey on his side regards Barnes as one of the finest minds he has known, and the author of the wisest theory of aesthetics. Their friendship has been fruitful to them both, and Dewey was for a time, at first formally and then informally, Educational Adviser to the Barnes Foundation. The two men differ so much in temperament that the friends of each sometimes inquire what pleasure they find in being together. Dewey delights to report that Barnes once replied to such an inquiry: "Why, Dewey just comes along like my chauffeur—I can talk to him the way I can to a barkeep!"

For a person who has devoted his life largely to educating other people, Dewey has a surprising lenience toward their follies. Ascetic enough in his own personal conduct, his attitude toward others is one of philosophic tolerance. His favorite story is about the man who bought a secondhand suit for two dollars and, finding moths in it, took it back to the dealer with indignation. The dealer said: "What do you expect for two dollars—humming-birds?" But this tolerance can become, at times, a militant passion for the rights of man.

Soon after Dewey came to Columbia as professor of philosophy, New York City was turned upside down by a scandal attending the visit of the great Russian writer, Maxim Gorky. Gorky had come to solicit help for the Russian revolution, and had brought with him his life companion, or common-law wife, the actress, Madame Andreeva. It required but a hint from the Tsar's officials to rouse the town against him. He was denounced in screaming headlines as a free-lover; hotels and private homes were closed in his face; he was virtually thrown into the streets. Even Mark Twain, although appealed to in the name of the republic of letters, refused to stand against the public hysteria. He turned his back with the rest. John Dewey offered his home, and the shelter of his prestige, to the bewildered Russian. He in turn was violently attacked for this act of magnanimity, so violently that he seemed for a time in danger of losing his job. Mrs. Dewey stood behind him like a rock. "I would rather starve and see my children starve," she said between clenched teeth, "than have John sacrifice his principles."

In his more recent championship of a fair trial for Leon Trotsky on the treason charges made against him in Moscow, Dewey found no such support at home. The son and daughter-in-law who made their home with him after the marriage of his daughter Evelyn did all they could to dissuade him from

taking the chairmanship of the Commission of Inquiry. He was too old for the journey to Mexico—he could not stand the discomfort and the change of food—he would probably be shot—he would contract some fatal disease. Dewey smiled at these anxious warnings. “I’ll enjoy the trip,” he said.

When Trotsky was asked afterwards for his impressions of John Dewey, he said:

“Wonderful! He was the only man on the commission who didn’t get sick!”

Dewey was no figurehead on that commission. He was, apart from the secretary, Suzanne LaFollette, the one who did the major part of the work. And his work included an intense study of the Russian political situation in its historic development. He even went into its theoretical background to the extent of being able to deliver—at last—an authoritative judgment on the philosophy of Marxism, a judgment more important than his verdict of “Not guilty” in the case of Leon Trotsky: “Orthodox Marxism shares with orthodox religionism, and with orthodox idealism, the belief that human ends are interwoven with the very texture and structure of existence—a conception inherited presumably from its Hegelian origin.”

The *Daily Worker*, of course, described his behavior as senile. The *New Masses* regretted that a great philosopher had made a fool of himself in the sunset of his life—a remark on which Dewey’s comment was: “Twilight is the usual expression.” In the opinion of his colleagues on the commission Dewey conducted himself with the dignity of a judge and the shrewdness of a Vermont horse-trader. He had answered his adverse critics in an essay written forty years before: “Better it is for philosophy to err in active participation in the living struggles and issues of its own age and times than to maintain an immune monastic impeccability.” He did not answer them again.

The charge of senility looked a little foolish when he published, almost simultaneously with the 800-page report of the Dewey Commission, what may perhaps appear in history as his major work, *Logic, The Theory of Inquiry*, a book of 546 pages. He is now writing on the social motivations of philosophy, and he is writing in hot sunshine in the backyard of his winter home in Key West, stripped to the waist and brown as an acorn. If you go out there and ask him how his eyes can stand the white glare on the paper, he will say: “Well, my eyes have always been weak—it’s just a matter of getting them accustomed to it.”

Besides good health, this lay philosopher has had good luck in his declining years. He still buys his socks at the five-and-ten, but not because he has to. His salary at Columbia was raised to \$7000 soon after he came there, and in the booming twenties it was raised to \$12,000. When he retired in the early thirties, President Butler called him “professor emeritus in residence” and kept right on paying him that \$12,000. Two years ago, however, Columbia decided to retrench, and Dewey had to fall back on his Carnegie pension. He was accommodating himself to this with his usual composure, when he received a letter from the Barnes Foundation in Philadelphia stating that, if he didn’t mind, they would pay him a pension of \$5000 a year for the rest of his life. The news stunned him so that he “acted funny” for two days, and wouldn’t tell the family why. But after a while he got adjusted to it.

Key West is a kind of winter-season Provincetown, a mingling place of staid citizens of a sea-faring complexion with transitory artists painting their pictures—enlivened now by a nightly rain of sailors from the naval station and a springing-up of painted tarts in the highways and byways. John Dewey, dressed in brown sandals, white socks, a pair of blue shorts and a blue shirt open at the neck, fits into this picture as though he had always been there. He hasn't been knocked down by Hemingway yet, but otherwise nothing in Key West is too good for him.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. How old is John Dewey? Can you cite evidence of his vigor? Or evidence as to his modesty?
2. Comment on the contrast: "from grandmothers of Ethical Culture to prophets of the latest split in the youth movement."
3. What changes, according to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, did Dewey bring to the school?
4. How much has Dewey written? How does Eastman characterize Dewey's style?
5. Name Dewey's birthplace. Characterize his parents.
6. How did Dewey happen to go to college? How old was he?
7. What event precipitated a crisis in Dewey's intellectual life?
8. What leads to Eastman's remark, "Instead, he borrowed books and used the oil in a lamp."
9. Discuss the comparisons made of Dewey's "religious" experience in Oil City.
10. Identify H. A. P. Torrey and W. T. Harris.
11. Name a famous man besides Dewey who failed to get a competitive scholarship at Johns Hopkins. Identify this person.
12. In what philosopher did Dewey become interested at Johns Hopkins? What do you know about this man?
13. What advice did President Gilman give Dewey? Where did Dewey first teach philosophy and ethics?
14. Characterize Mrs. Dewey. Who was "the Chippewa Copperhead"?
15. How did Dewey's interests change after his return to Michigan? What is pragmatism and who was the leading exponent of it before Dewey?
16. When did Dewey go to the University of Chicago? What departments were combined under his direction?
17. Give an anecdote showing Dewey's absent-mindedness; another in regard to carelessness in dress.
18. Epitomize Dewey's educational theories.
19. Interpret: "All thinking . . . is instrumental."
20. Explain Eastman's pun on "the Dewey School."

21. Under what circumstances did Dewey leave the University of Chicago?
22. Where was Dewey next established? Who were some of his new colleagues? Under what circumstances was Sabino adopted?
23. What limitation in Dewey's reading does Max Eastman note?
24. What attitude does Eastman take in regard to Dewey's position in World War I?
25. What pilgrimage placed Dewey "at the extreme left of the liberals"? What is a liberal? What did Dewey earlier do for Gorky?
26. Explain Dewey's relations with Albert C. Barnes, and identify the latter.
27. What famous Commission of Inquiry did Dewey head? What were the findings of the Commission?

Round Table

1. Does this essay adequately explain Dewey as a thinker? Can you justify the treatment given?
2. Is the style of this essay too rollicking for the subject treated?
3. Is the essay used incidentally for propaganda?
4. Do you know what the phrase "the child-centered school" means? Can you think of any criticism of such a school?
5. Can you justify a lack of knowledge of Karl Marx?

Paper Work

1. Write a criticism of this essay.
2. Using this essay as a model, write a briefer sketch of Thorstein Veblen or of William James.
3. Read one essay by John Dewey (for example, "What Is Thought?") and write a critical evaluation of it.
4. Write a review of Dewey's little book *School and Society*.
5. Write an essay on "Professional Educators."

REVIEWS

CLIFTON FADIMAN is one of the names with which broadcasters conjure, for since 1938 he has been master of ceremonies and general referee on the highly successful program "Information Please." Although this one intense task would seem to be quite enough for one man, Mr. Fadiman has many more activities. Since 1933 he has been book editor of *The New Yorker* and an industrious lecturer and writer. He has also held numerous important positions, including membership on the committee of judges to award the gold medal of the Society of the Libraries of New York University. Mr. Fadiman was born in New York City and educated at Columbia, where he took his A. B. degree in 1925. Then he taught English for two years in the Ethical Culture High School before joining the staff of the publishing house of Simon and Schuster, where from 1929 to 1935 he was chief editor. The extraordinary breadth of knowledge, clarity of expression, and intellectual alertness that make his radio audiences gasp appear also in the editorial comments that accompany his *Reading I've Liked* (1941), a selection of material from books which he has reviewed. Of this volume the following essay, published originally in *Harper's*, is the introduction.

THE REVIEWING BUSINESS*

CLIFTON FADIMAN

THE WORD "business" in the title of this article is used as a wedge to separate book-reviewing from literary criticism. Literary criticism is an art, like the writing of tragedies or the making of love, and, similarly, does not pay. Book-reviewing is a device for earning a living, one of the many weird results of Gutenberg's invention. Movable type made books too easy to publish. Some sort of sieve had to be interposed between printer and public. The reviewer is that sieve, a generally honest, usually uninspired, and mildly useful sieve.

To use an example conveniently near at hand, the writer of this article is a book-reviewer. To the best of his knowledge and belief he has never written a sentence of literary criticism in his life. Unless he becomes a vastly different person from what he now is, he never will. He and his colleagues are often called critics, a consequence of the amiable national trait that turns Kentuckians into colonels and the corner druggist into Doc.

True literary criticism is a subtle and venerable art. You can number the top-notchers on your fingers and toes: Aristotle, Horace, Coleridge, Lessing, Sainte-Beuve, Taine, Goethe, Arnold, Shaw (one of the greatest), and a few others. In our own time and nation literary criticism is almost a lost art, partly because no one except a few other literary critics cares to read it.

What follows, then, is not a discussion of literary criticism but merely shop talk about my trade. A literary critic (just this once and then we're through with him) is a whole man exercising his wholeness through the accidental

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medium of books and authors. A reviewer is not a whole man; he is that partial man, an expert. Many of his human qualities are vestigial, others hypertrophied. All experts are monsters. I shall now briefly demonstrate the reviewer's monstrosity.

We must first of all remember that reading maketh not a full man. Any reviewer who has been in harness for twenty years or so will be eager to tell you that Bacon was just dreaming up sentences. I suppose I have read five or ten thousand books—it doesn't matter which—in the past couple of decades. Every so often I catch myself wondering whether I shouldn't be a sight wiser if I had read only fifteen, and they the right ones. You see, a reviewer does not read to instruct himself. If he remembered even a moderate quantum of what he read he would soon be unfit for his job. Forced to comment on book Z, he would at once recollect everything that books A to Y, previously reviewed, contained that might throw light on Z. This is not the mental attitude that makes for useful book-reviewing. As a matter of fact, what the reviewer should have above all things is a kind of mental virginity, a continual capacity to react freshly. I said that he was an expert. He is—he is an expert in surprisability. The poor fool is always looking forward to the next book.

This does not mean that the reviewer has the memory of a moron. He doubtless remembers something of what he has read, but not enough to handicap him. His mind is not so much well stocked as well indexed. If challenged, I think I could tell you the authors and titles of the three or four best books of the past ten years dealing with the ancient Maya civilization. I can even make a fair fist at grading the books in the order of their completeness, authority, and readability. But what I don't know about the Mayans in the way of real information would fill several volumes and, no doubt, has done so.

The reviewer, then, granting him any mind at all, has a fresh one. Frank Moore Colby, whom I greatly admire, held a different point of view. In 1921 he wrote a little piece entitled "Beans Again," from which I quote:

If a man had for one day a purée of beans, and the next day *haricots verts*, and then in daily succession bean soup, bean salad, butter beans, lima, black, navy, Boston baked, and kidney beans, and then back to purée and all over again, he would not be in the relation of the general eater to food. Nor would he be in the relation of a general reader to books. But he would be in the relation of a reviewer toward novels. He would soon perceive that the relation was neither normal nor desirable, and he would take measures, violent if need be, to change it. He would not say on his navy-bean day that they were as brisk and stirring little beans of the sea as he could recall in his recent eating. He would say grimly, "Beans again," and he would take prompt steps to intermit this abominable procession of bean dishes.

If change for any reason were impossible he would either conceive a personal hatred toward all beans that would make him unjust to any bean however meritorious, or he would acquire a mad indiscriminateness of acquiescence and any bean might please. And his judgment would be in either case an unsafe guide for general eaters.

This, I believe, is what happens to almost all reviewers of fiction after a certain time, and it accounts satisfactorily for various phenomena that are often attributed to a baser cause. It is the custom at certain intervals to denounce reviewers for their motives. They are called venal and they are called cowardly by turns. They are blamed for having low standards or no standards at all. I think their defects are due chiefly to the nature of their calling; that they suffer from an occupational disease.

Now I can understand why Colby felt this way. He could afford to be superior; he was an encyclopedia editor, which is several cuts above a reviewer.

But his beans-again notion, though plausible, is not cogent. The truth is that a competent reviewer's stomach does not summon up remembrance of beans past. Though there are exceptions (I shall mention some of my own weaknesses in a moment), he does not hail or damn novels out of a kind of hysteria of surfeit. If he makes a stupid judgment it is simply because his judgment is stupid. It may be stupid for a variety of reasons, no one of which may have anything to do with the fact that he reads half a dozen novels a week. In other words, a jaded reviewer sooner or later realizes that he is not a good reviewer, and tries to get another job. A good reviewer is a perennially fresh hack.

But, as I say, this doesn't work out one hundred per cent of the time. For example, I confess that I no longer look forward to next week's American historical novel with any bridegroom eagerness. I have read too many such. I am positive that they (not I, you see) have slipped into a groove, are standardized products, and therefore there is nothing helpful I can say about them. (Yet my fatuousness is such that I do not honestly believe I should muff another *Red Badge of Courage* if by some miracle one were published to-morrow.)

Never to be bored is merely an active form of imbecility. Do not trust the man who is "interested in everything." He is covering up some fearful abyss of spiritual vacancy. Ennui, felt on the proper occasions, is a sign of intelligence. All this is by way of saying that, of course, no reviewer is interested in every book he reads. He should have the ability to be bored, even if this ability is much feebler than his ability not to be bored. A competent reviewer knows his blind spots, tries to counteract them, and, if he can't, never drives himself into phony enthusiasm. Indiscriminate love of books is a disease, like satyriasis, and stern measures should be applied to it.

I, to take that familiar example once more, do not react eagerly to books on the delights of gardening; to novels about very young men lengthily and discursively in love; to amateur anthropologists who hide a pogrom-mania under learned demonstrations of the superiority of Nordic man; to books by bright children Who Don't Know How Funny They're Being; to diplomatic reminiscences by splendid gaffers with long memories and brief understandings; to autobiographies by writers who feel that to have reached the age of thirty-five is an achievement of pivotal significance; to thorough jobs on Chester A. Arthur; to all tomes that aim to make me a better or a more successful man than I should be comfortable being; to young virile novelists who would rather be found dead than grammatical; to most anthologies of humor; to books about Buchmanism, astrology, Yogi, and internal baths; to the prospect of further "country" books, such as *Country Mortician*, *Country Dog-Catcher*, and *Country Old Ladies' Home Attendant*.

It is such books as these that make a successful appeal to my apathy. Every reviewer has his own list. He does his best to keep it a small one, for he knows that his responsibility is to his public, not himself. He knows that he cannot afford to any great extent the luxury of indulging his own prejudices. A reviewer is not in the self-expression business. If he were he would run the risk of becoming an artist. He is, by the nature of his trade, uncreative, or, if his creative impulses are too strong, he sooner or later finds himself a dud at his job and turns

into a writer. But if he is a good reviewer and keeps in the groove fifteen or twenty years he has no more chance of becoming a writer than a pig has of flying. There is nothing tragic about this, and no reviewer who has any respect for his trade wastes any sentimentality over it. One decent hack, to my mind, is worth a stable of would-be Pegasuses.

II

Reviewers interest the public. I cannot fathom the reason, for we are among the mildest and most conventional of citizens, pure Gluyas Williams types. A life spent among ephemeral best-sellers and publishers' announcements is not apt to produce characters of unusual contour. But the fact remains that people are curious about us, and are likely to ask more questions of a reviewer than they would of a successful truss-manufacturer, though probably the trussman leads the more abundant life. To satisfy this curiosity I list herewith a few of the queries most commonly directed at my tribe, together with one man's answers.

Do you really read all those books? This question is generally put with an odd inflection, combining cynical disbelief with man-of-the-world willingness to overlook any slight dishonesty. But there is no need for this hard-boiled attitude. Reviewers read the books they review, exactly as an accountant examines his cost sheets, with the same routine conscientiousness. It's his job, that's all.

Back of this question, however, lies a peculiar condition, which baffles me and I think many others who are forced to read a great deal. The reason people think we bluff is that they themselves read so slowly they cannot believe we read as "fast" as we actually do. Now I do not believe dogmatically either in fast or slow reading. I believe tripe should be read practically with the speed of light and, let us say, Toynbee's *A Study of History* with tortoise deliberation. And most books are nearer to tripe than to Toynbee. But the trouble with most of us is that we suffer from chronic reverence. We make the unwarranted assumption that because a man is in print he has something to say, and, acting on this assumption, we read his every word with scrupulous care. This may be good manners but it's a confounded waste of time.

I am simply unable to understand, for example, those—and there must be millions of them—who spend hours over the daily paper. Why, if you add up those hours you will find that some people spend more time with the *Herald Tribune* than they do with their wives or husbands. I do not draw from this any conclusions about the state of either American journalism or American matrimony; I merely infer that such papermaniacs simply do not know how to skip, to take in a paragraph at a time, to use the headlines, one of mankind's most blessed inventions. In a little book by Walter Pitkin called *The Art of Rapid Reading*, written by a master of the art of rapid writing, slow readers will find some excellent advice on this head.

No, reviewers do their job—but they know how to read quickly, in large units, to seize a point and be off to the next one while the author is still worrying the first one to death. Anybody can learn to do this; the reviewer simply is forced to learn it. I happen to be an exceptionally rapid reader, which is no more to my credit than would be the possession of exceptionally bushy eyebrows. Of the average novel (a description that covers virtually all novels) I can read one hun-

dred pages an hour. Of the average historical novel I can read two hundred pages an hour, but that is because I am so familiar with the plot and characters. It took me two weeks, about five hours a day, to read Thomas Mann's *Joseph in Egypt*. I submit that in all three cases I did my reading with the proper speed and with conscientious attention to the value of what was being said.

How do you select books for review? Well, each reviewer has his own system. Here's mine. I try to juggle five factors, whose relative importance varies with each book. First, I ask myself whether the book is apt to interest *me*. This is only fair: I am apt to write better, more usefully about something that naturally engages my attention. I don't have to like the book necessarily. It may interest me because its author happens to represent a great many things I dislike, as is the case with Gertrude Stein, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Charles Morgan, and William Faulkner.

Second, does the book have news value? A book-reviewer is partly a purveyor of news. Any book by Ernest Hemingway would have to be reviewed whether it be a good one, like *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or a poor one, like *Green Hills of Africa*, for Hemingway is news. This does not make him a better or a worse writer of course. It has nothing to do with his literary value, but it has a great deal to do with whether or not the public expects information about his new book. Let me give you another example. A few years ago everybody was all worked up over the Edward-Simpson affair (remember?): I said then and I say now (nobody listened then and nobody's listening now) that the whole mess was of very little political importance and that the persons involved were not sufficiently interesting even for the thing to have much scandal value. I was in a chilly minority of one. But one week, with public interest at fever-heat, three or four books bearing on the case appeared. Not one of them would have been worth a line of comment had it not possessed at the moment an inflated news value. To my mind they weren't worth a line of comment anyway, but I should have been an incompetent reviewer had I not given them considerable space. A reviewer is a journalist.

The third factor is allied to the second: Is the book apt to be of interest to the reviewer's particular audience? At the present time I have a job with the *New Yorker*, a humorous and satirical family magazine. There is no such animal as a typical *New Yorker* reader, but we know that most of this magazine's readers do not enjoy Temple Bailey, and no doubt *vice versa*. Miss Bailey has her virtues (indeed she is *all* virtue), but they are not the virtues that happen to interest the people who read my small screeds. Hence Miss Bailey does not get a look-in in my column. I cannot notice that her sales suffer in consequence.

The fourth factor is the only one that might not be apt to occur to a non-professional. A reviewer in selecting books takes into careful account the opinion of the *publisher* with respect to his own publications. If a publisher writes me that Hyacinthe Doakes' novel is terrific, that it is his fall leader, that he is going to lay ten thousand dollars' worth of advertising money on the line—why I make a note to read Hyacinthe's book with care. I may not like it, and in that case will say so. (I have not once, in almost twenty years in the trade, received a letter of protest from any publisher whose offering I had panned, except in a few cases when I had made misstatements of fact.) But the truth is that

I am more apt to like it than I am to like some little yarn that this same publisher is so ashamed of he hides it away in the back of his catalogue. Publishers have their faults (a profound remark that I have often heard them apply to reviewers), but they do know a good deal about books and their judgment of the relative values of their productions is hearkened to by any sensible reviewer.

Finally, a book may not be of great personal interest, it may possess no news value, my audience may not care deeply about it, and the publisher will not be in a position to give it any special publicizing. Nevertheless, I shall review it in some detail. Why? Because I feel it to be important. That is to say, it is a book of literary or instructive value by a criterion (a cloudy one, I admit) that has nothing to do with the four factors already mentioned. A short time ago there appeared a long, scholarly, rather solemn work of literary criticism, *American Renaissance*, by F. O. Matthiessen. Factor 1 applied moderately; factors 2, 3, 4 hardly applied. But I gave it a column and a half. I did so because the book is clearly an important work of creative scholarship and in years to come is bound to take a considerable place in its restricted field. It is my duty (to whom I don't know; I suppose to Literature itself) to comment on such a book to the best of my ability. Every reviewer feels the same way and does the same thing.

How reliable are reviewers' estimates? There's no exact answer to that one. If his estimates weren't appreciably more reliable than those of your dinner-table companion he wouldn't hold his job long. But he is several light-years distant from infallibility. He works under pressure, he's human, he's been out too late the night before, his eyes bother him—for one reason or another the result may be a stupid verdict. I have rendered many. At the end of each year I give myself something life itself, less generous than I am, doesn't allow us: a second chance. I go over the books I've reviewed and correct my first estimates. I try to be honest, but it's not easy.

As to this question of reliability I would say that on the whole, we reviewers err in the direction of over-amiability, though not so noticeably as was the case fifteen years ago when the Great American Novel was being hailed about as regularly as a Fifth Avenue bus.

What has happened, roughly, is that the old type of book-reviewer, to whom the job was a game, has gradually been replaced by a new type, to whom the job is a job. In the days of Laurence Stallings and Heywood Brown you would on occasion get superb pieces of enthusiastic journalism, but more frequently sickening examples of hullabalunacy. To-day book-reviewing is staid, duller, but unquestionably juster and more serious. It has a professional touch; it is growing up.

Nevertheless, I should hazard that its standards of judgment are still too relaxed. Just what my tribe has to be mellow about I can't figure out, but we *are* mellow, and the result is a certain lack of acerbity. There's too much good-nature-faking among us, a continuous observance of Be-Kind-To-Dumb-Novelists Week. Literature does not grow only on praise. It needs the savage and tartar note, even the astringence of insult.

In order to keep his sword sharp the reviewer should see to it that he does not make too many close friends among writers. A decade or so ago during the

heyday of the literary tea and the publisher's cocktail party, this was a difficult assignment. To-day, now that book publishers have finally put on long pants, the problem is easier. A reviewer may go from one end of the year to the other without flushing a single novelist, and I have known some reviewers, now quite grown men, who have never met a literary agent in the flesh. This alienation from what used to be known laughingly as the Literary Life is a good thing for us. It makes possible a cool inhumanity toward authors, which in turn results in more detached comment. The road to a reviewer's disintegration is marked by many milestones, each one a statue erected to commemorate a beautiful friendship. I am sure of this even though I would not go so far as to agree with the man who thought the proper relationship between reviewer and author should be that between a knife and a throat.

What, then, is a reviewer to do when unavoidably confronted with a book by a close friend? I have had to face this situation perhaps a dozen times in the course of my daily work, and it is not an easy one to handle if one wishes to be scrupulously honest. In my case the difficulty was never disastrous for it is my policy, when choosing friends who write, to choose of course only those who write well, thus making it a matter of inexorable duty for me to praise their work. So far this policy has worked pretty successfully. I do not know what would happen in the event that I should get to conceive a warm personal affection for, let us say, Miss Gertrude Stein. However, careful planning should enable me to head off this possibility.

The fact is that no reviewer is really objective when dealing with a friend's book, for if the book has anything to it at all he is really dealing with the friend himself. He does the best he can, trying not to crack his spine in an attempt to lean over backward, but I doubt the final accuracy of his judgment. For example, I have praised rather heatedly two books by close friends of mine: Mortimer Adler's *How to Read a Book* and Oscar Levant's *A Smattering of Ignorance*. I still do not know whether these books are as good as I made them out to be. On rereading my admittedly amiable pieces I detect no conscious dishonesty. Of course, as one of my most sympathetic readers, I may be giving myself the benefit of the doubt. There are some Alexanders among us who cut the Gordian knot, such as the famous literary commentator who is reported to have said with dulcet candor, "Any reviewer who won't praise a friend's book is a louse."

III

How influential are reviewers? This is a hard one to answer. All the publishers' questionnaires, scientifically designed to discover just why a given book is bought, throw but a dim light on the subject, though they provide any desired quantity of statistics. Reader A buys a book because his friend B has mentioned it; that is apparently the strongest single definable factor. But this means nothing until you know why B happened to mention it. You ask B. B replies, let us suppose, that he himself bought, read, and recommended the book as the result of reading an advertisement. Now you have to find out what in that particular advertisement caused the positive reaction to the book. Was it the publisher's statement of the book's merits? Was it a quotation from a reviewer? If the lat-

ter, B bought the book because the reviewer liked it—and therefore A indirectly did the same. The whole matter is very complex.

With a great best-seller, a large number of factors operate simultaneously or follow rapidly on one another, causing an irresistible, constantly mounting wave of popularity. If we take the case of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* we might list these factors somewhat as follows, in the order of their conceivable importance:

- (1) Author's reputation (but that didn't make a best-seller of his previous book).
- (2) Timeliness and importance of the subject matter.
- (3) Literary excellence.
- (4) It was a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, which automatically set in motion a wave of bookish conversation, for the club members form a mighty army of talkers.
- (5) Almost unanimously favorable reviews.
- (6) Erotic and "shocking" passages.
- (7) Book-store recommendation (a factor very difficult to judge—perhaps it should be placed much higher in the list).
- (8) Publisher's advertising and general promotion—in this case, I should say, a minor factor. Talkability. I don't give this a number because any of the factors 1 to 8 might have contributed to the book's talkability, and no one can determine the relative importance of any of them.

Now this casual analysis (whose arrangement would probably be sharply questioned by my colleagues, the publisher, and Mr. Hemingway) would not apply identically to any other great best-seller. In some cases (8) might be very near the head of the list. *Anthony Adverse*, for example, benefited by one of the most skillful advertising campaigns in recent publishing history; *Jurgen* was made mainly by (6), or rather by a vice society's alert appreciation of (6); and so it goes. Mrs. Lindbergh's sublime example of the prophetic fallacy, *The Wave of the Future*, succeeded through a combination of (1) and (2) plus certain other less savory factors.

The reviewer alone cannot make a book popular. A superb novel such as Elizabeth Bowen's *The Death of the Heart* may be praised by every reviewer who knows his job, and still sell but a few thousand copies. Only factors (3) and (5) applied to this particular book; other factors would have been necessary to push it over into solid popularity.

Occasionally a book may be "made" or set in motion by one man's recommendation. William Lyon Phelps did a great deal for *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*. Will Rogers' admiration for *The Good Earth* helped that book. A book of some years back called *Recovery*, by Sir Arthur Salter, owed its success almost entirely to Walter Lippmann. More recently Alexander Woollcott tickled the lachrymatory glands of all America to the considerable advantage of Mr. James Hilton. It is interesting to observe that none of these four commentators is or was a regular day-in-day-out book-reviewer. They're Gentlemen rather than Players. We professionals do not in the nature of things wield any such power. I have never heard of Lewis Gannett or Harry Hansen or Malcolm Cowley or Sterling North or Joseph Henry Jackson or Donald Adams or Clifton Fadiman "making" a book single-handed.

A minor trait in the American character makes us pay less attention to the literary judgments of professionals than to those of distinguished non-professionals. A striking instance, to go back almost a generation, is the instant popu-

larity into which J. S. Fletcher, the English detective-story writer, sprang when Woodrow Wilson, then President, happened to praise his work, which was no better nor worse than that of fifty other thriller manufacturers. A parallel instance in England was Stanley Baldwin's endorsement, some years ago, of the novels of Mary Webb. They were at once gobbled up by the thousand, unfortunately a little too late to do the author any good; for she had died some time before in utter poverty.

If Franklin D. Roosevelt should happen to go all out for some novel to-morrow it would at once become a best-seller, irrespective of its real merits. But if he should issue a weekly verdict on new books, his opinion within a few months would cease to have any great influence.

Columnists, radio commentators, editorial writers, lecturers, even big business men will on occasion influence the sale of books more sharply than reviewers can. On the other hand, preachers whose literary influence a generation or so ago was marked, have now sunk to a minor role as book recommenders.

One of the paradoxes of book selling, observable only during the past few years, is that a book may be helped by one or more of the so-called competitive media. A book's sale will be *increased* by its translation into a moving picture. Alice Duer Miller's *The White Cliffs* became a best-seller largely because it was so successfully broadcast. And, to take a more striking example, the condensations of popular books to be found in the *Reader's Digest* frequently tend to accelerate the sale of these publications in their original form. There is no such thing as bad publicity for books.

One thing that does *not* sell them is the publisher's jacket blurb. This is generally written after much brow-furrowing and is almost completely ineffective. Sometimes blurbs help the reviewer, but not much; more often they aid the harried bookseller. Yet I have never seen a potential book-buyer influenced by them. My own practice is to be wary of them. Their extravagance is often so absurd that the reviewer loses his detachment and is unduly severe with the innocent book. "One of the outstanding biographers of our time," said the blurbist a year or two ago—about whom? About a journalist named Hector Bolitho who has devoted himself to the extremely dull task of composing official slop about the English royal family. "The greatest of living historians" is the blurb characterization of Philip Guedalla, a writer of considerable quality, but no more the greatest of living historians than I am. A tedious Scandinavian was tagged by his publishers as "One of the great writers of the day," which may have been literally true, the day being unspecified. This jacket racket alienates reviewers.

And I guess that's enough about us.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. How does Mr. Fadiman distinguish *literary criticism* and *book-reviewing*?
2. Who was Gutenberg?
3. Why are Mr. Fadiman and his colleagues "often called critics"?
4. Give Mr. Fadiman's definition of "literary critic"; of "reviewer."

5. What were Bacon's exact words about reading, and where may they be found?
6. What does Mr. Fadiman say of the relationship of quantity and quality in reading?
7. What should a book-reviewer's mental attitude be?
8. Explain the term "mental virginity."
9. Who were the Mayans?
10. Who is Frank Moore Colby?
11. Explain the "beans-again" analogy.
12. Explain: "his beans-again notion, though plausible, is not cogent."
13. What famous line is Mr. Fadiman parodying in "summon up remembrance of beans past"?
14. How does Mr. Fadiman refute the "beans-again" notion?
15. Explain: "Never to be bored is merely an active form of imbecility."
16. Name some of the kinds of books that Mr. Fadiman does "not react eagerly to."
17. Explain: "It is such books as these that make a successful appeal to my apathy."
18. Explain: "One decent hack, to my mind, is worth a stable of would-be Pegasuses."
19. Explain: "pure Gluyas Williams types."
20. What are some of the queries asked of Mr. Fadiman, the reviewer?
21. What does Mr. Fadiman say about speed variations in reading?
22. What advice does Mr. Fadiman give on newspaper reading?
23. Who is Thomas Mann?
24. How does Mr. Fadiman select books for review?
25. Explain: "A book-reviewer is partly a purveyor of news."
26. What was "the Edward-Simpson affair"?
27. Who is Temple Bailey? Why did Mr. Fadiman select her for comment?
28. What effect should publishers' opinions have upon reviewers?
29. Explain: "But he is several light-years distant from infallibility."
30. What is the difference between the job as a game and the job as a job?
31. Who were Laurence Stallings and Heywood Brown?
32. What is *hullabalunacy*? What kind of word is it?
33. Where did Mr. Fadiman get his phrase "savage and tartarly note"?
34. What does Mr. Fadiman say about good-nature-faking?
35. Explain the figure "book publishers have finally put on long pants."
36. What are the difficulties that face the reviewer when he has to review the book of a close friend?
37. Explain: "There are some Alexanders among us who cut the Gordian knot."

38. How does Mr. Fadiman answer the question: "How influential are reviewers?"
39. What famous literary phrase is Mr. Fadiman parodying in "Mrs. Lindbergh's . . . *prophetic fallacy*"?
40. Explain the phrase: "They're Gentlemen rather than Players."
41. Why are the literary judgments of professionals often less influential than those of distinguished non-professionals?
42. What effect upon the sale of a book do moving picture and broadcast versions have?
43. What effect upon book sales do jacket blurbs have?
44. Define: *vestigial*, *hypertrophied*, *quantum*, *moion*, *haricots verts*, *venal*, *fatuousness*, *satyriasis*, *ephemeral*, *contour*, *tripe*, *acerbity*, *flushing*, *dulcet*, *lachrymatory*.

Round Table

1. Discuss: Mr. Fadiman's radio style compared with that in his present essay.
2. Discuss: What I believe should go into a book review.
3. Discuss: The factors which make a "best-seller."
4. Discuss: Reading carefully a few well-chosen books is better than reading many books carelessly.
5. Discuss: The adjustment of reading speed to the books read.

Paper Work

1. Write a theme on "Phony Enthusiasm on the Air and in the Reviewers' Columns."
2. Compare the technique and style of Mr. Fadiman, as a reviewer, with that of Harry Hansen, J. Donald Adams, or John Chamberlain.
3. Write a report on Charles Lamb's "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading."
4. Outline "The Reviewing Business."
5. Write a theme on "Clifton Fadiman's Humor."
6. Write a book review of Walter Pitkin's *The Art of Rapid Reading*.
7. Write a report on Bacon's "Of Studies."
8. Write a research paper on "Jacket Blurbs and Real Reviews."
9. Write a theme on "How to Read the Newspaper."

Though ALBERT N. WILLIAMS stresses the youth of Norman Corwin, he himself is a young man, too. He was born in 1913 and is a native of Dennison, Texas. Mr. Williams was educated at Northwestern and Yale, taking his bachelor's degree from the latter institution in 1936. He was with the National Broadcasting Company when this review was written, but previously he had had experience in acting, in directing plays, and in writing advertising copy. This review makes the publication of thirteen selected radio plays an occasion for examining the career and creative work of Norman Corwin.

THE RADIO ARTISTRY OF NORMAN CORWIN*

ALBERT N. WILLIAMS

AT THIRTY-ONE years of age, Norman Corwin is an old man in radio. The average age for innovation in radio drama seems to be twenty-five—as witness Orson Welles, John Latouche, Irving Reiss, and Arch Oboler. Youthfulness is abundant in radio because of the greater opportunities offered for experiment, and because of the absence of maturity as a criterion.

Reading this collection¹ of thirteen of Corwin's radio plays, though, the reader will look in vain for those hallmarks of slow artistic development, the sober introspection, the long digested thoughts of others. Corwin did not develop more slowly than the others; he merely got a later start in network radio. Born and raised in the vicinity of Boston, he went into newspaper work after graduating from high school. Some admirers call him a better writer than director, and others a better director than writer, but he calls himself a better journalist than either. And indeed, a close examination of all his plays reveals that his best and most moving efforts have been those built on the documentary, or reportorial, structure.

His early newspaper career took him to Springfield, Mass., where he handled sports and sundry special events. At heart a lover of poetry, and a dabbler in rhyme himself, he became intrigued with the possibilities of radio as a better vehicle for poetry than the printed page, and, shortly after coming to Springfield, made his debut on one of the local stations in a program called "Rhymes and Cadences," which was an attempt to test standard poetical works against musical patterns, and to try to find new ways to heighten the emotional effect of verse on the listener.

In 1937 he came to New York, taking a job in the publicity department of a large movie company. At that comparatively sterile time there was only one radio station in New York available for a continuation of his literary adventures—WQXR, owned by Mr. John V. L. Hogan, himself an experimenter in methods of transmitting symphonica, who was gaining fame with a station catering to the intelligentsia. Corwin's forays into this new field of mobile poetry fitted

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¹ *Thirteen by Corwin*. Radio plays by Norman Corwin. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1942. 338 pp. \$2.75.

nicely into the station's program policy, and so, during the winter of '37 and the spring of '38, he carried on with much the same sort of program he had used in Springfield, calling his show "Poetic License." In this feature he drew heavily upon the modern American poets who seem to lend themselves more readily to dramadaption, to coin a phrase, filling in from time to time with works of his own.

Always, he was less interested in content than in the presentation. A new way to pour old wine has been his constant search, and through that search he has probably contributed as much as any editor or critic towards the popular enjoyment of serious poetry.

He took verse from the printed page where it could be appreciated by only the most literate, and gave it voice, sound effects, music, dialect—in short, all the dramatic effects of true theater. Such effects were imposed upon works like "Spoon River Anthology" and "Leaves of Grass" with surprisingly happy results from both a critical and entertainment point of view.

Despite all this, Corwin was still confined to a small weekly feature on a small, local station. His brother, Emil Corwin, whom Norman describes as his most consistent critic and mentor, was then working in the publicity department of NBC. In his efforts to find a place for Norman in network radio, he finally persuaded the powers-that-be that Norman's little feature would make an interesting act in a then-famous variety show—"The Magic Key of RCA," a weekly hour program done by the Radio Corporation of America. His appearance on that program, although called by *Variety* "something that idea-hungry networks could use," went unnoticed by the program heads of NBC.

But Mr. William Lewis, program vice-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, unlike the NBC officials, was aware of the trend toward more articulate radio. He noticed Corwin and offered him a job as a director at CBS. After a few months, his first big series went on the air. This program, called "Words without Music," was an adaptation of his earlier efforts on a grander scale. He was given a half hour each Sunday afternoon, money to hire a cast of actors, and a budget to encourage writers to submit material.

The success of this first series and the subsequent awakening of interest in the more literary uses of radio led, a year later, to another, and more ambitious series—"The Pursuit of Happiness." This series was the first in radio given over to cementing morale behind the birthing defense effort. Started in 1940, it began to sing the American song at a time when this country was in the deepest trough of isolationism. On that show John Latouche's "Ballad for Americans" was given its first national hearing, and that fine piece of patriotic balladry rather well defined the mood of the whole series.

By this time Norman was a commodity. He lectured. He wrote poems for *Esquire*. An enthusiastic play producer gave him an advance on an unwritten play. And he had several movie offers. After a short trip to Hollywood where he did the screen play for Elmer Rice's "Two on an Island," he came back East to embark on his largest assignment—a series of twenty-six plays in one full series, titled, simply enough, "Twenty-six by Corwin."

The twenty-six plays were over in the early fall of 1941. By then we were at war, emotionally if not actually, and Archibald MacLeish, Pulitzer Prize poet

and Librarian of Congress, was mobilizing the nation's poets and playwrights into a propaganda machine. Corwin, poet, radio dramatist, and "dean," fitted the need perfectly, and to him was entrusted the task of putting on the notable "Bill of Rights" broadcast a few months ago. In that program the free use of verse and effect, always Corwin's strong points, proved once and for all that radio, if given to such people without qualifications, could outshine any other form of inspirational pageant. That magnificent broadcast was undoubtedly partly responsible for both the advertising award and Corwin's latest assignment, also at the instigation of Mr. MacLeish—that of producing what will be the greatest all-out effort ever made by radio. He will direct a series of half-hour dramatic programs which will be carried simultaneously on all four networks. These programs, to be heard Saturday nights commencing this next Saturday, will be written by such luminaries as Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Clifford Odets, as well as by Corwin, and will represent the final acknowledgment by everybody that radio can stand side by side with any other form of literary expression.

Carl van Doren says, in his preface to this collection of radio plays, that to the author goes the credit not only for seeing what might be done with the radio script as an art form, but also for doing it as a whole series of plays, poetic or humorous, exhibiting the full range of his art.

That's a rather large order, and I'm sure Corwin himself would be among the first to disclaim that rather awesome distinction. Orson Welles, Arch Oboler, and Irving Reiss, all predated Corwin by two or three years. True, not all of them were poets, but neither is Corwin a Shakespearian actor like Welles. But all of them were busily seeing what might be done with the radio script as an art form. Possibly Corwin's greatest distinction over the others is that he was awarded, last Friday night at the Annual Advertising Awards dinner in New York, the Edward Bok memorial medal for being "... the individual who by contemporary service has added to the knowledge or technique of radio advertising." This award made a keen distinction between this one writer and his colleagues by designating him as having given special service to the advance of radio as an *advertising* medium. In effect that award was not so much a gesture to Corwin himself as an acceptance at long last by the realists that radio itself has something to offer the mature mind and the serious thinker.

This collection of thirteen plays does not represent all of the author's finest radio drama, nor all of his lightest and most easily assimilated pieces, but rather a sampling from his whole four years in big-time radio. They indicate a full and worthwhile literature in a period when the average (until Friday night last) advertiser or radio professional would tell you that "art" has no place in radio. When the ordinary expert wrote "down" to the people, Corwin dabbled in blank verse, and choral effects. He has never been overcivilized, nor does he pretend to believe in art for art's sake, but rather has been fighting in defense of the principle that radio can tell a stronger story than the one of "Aunt Minnie's broken back, burning house, blind daughter, and thieving husband, and soap." He also believes that radio can and should use stronger and more complicated symbols than are used in the nursery. The mind of the average listener may

be that of the twelve-year-old child, as radio experts have held in defense of their own failure to provide more mature fare, but Corwin assumes that a mind of any age can be moved and attracted by the same literary devices that have engaged and motivated the "average" minds over centuries through plays, religious ceremonies, political pageants, and occasional festivals, and with that assumption has steadily worked at infusing radio with the Ideas, the lofty prose, the illumined dialogue, the fine verse of sturdier dramatists of braver days.

To Norman Corwin, then, not the credit for first seeing what radio could do as an art form, but rather for so patiently nourishing it that other people would want to see the same thing.

As a poet to be judged by more competent critics Corwin's works might lack maturity, as indeed any work by a man of his years might. And as one listens to his programs week after week one is conscious of faltering dramaturgy here and there. But that is the fault of the medium rather than the man. The playwriting in his half year series "Twenty-six" was equal in volume to six full-length plays, a record for fertility that has rarely been matched. He did not do it as a virtuosity, but rather because a radio series has to be done all at one time or not at all.

Van Doren likens him to Marlowe, but the reference appears to be chronological rather than stylistic—both seem to stand at the doorway to their field, rather than in the center. And it may well be true that other writers will come along who will say nobler things better than Corwin, because radio is still a young art, and its practitioners are still never free from wonderment at the flexibility and the elasticity of the medium. Not until another generation comes along which will not remember the chaotic, inarticulate adolescence of radio, will writers be able to work in radio with a complete absence of self-consciousness about the tools of their craft. Then, when writers can write and directors direct without wondering "how it would sound" with this trick or that, then will radio produce men of letters whose reputations will be as sure as those of novelists, historians, or biographers, poets, or playwrights.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Why has youth a special opportunity in radio?
2. Can you identify Orson Welles, John Latouche, Irving Reiss, and Arch Oboler?
3. Upon what are Corwin's best effects built?
4. Where was Corwin born? In what program did he make his radio debut?
5. To what station in New York did Corwin contribute "Poetic License"? Who was the owner of this station and with what had he experimented? What did Corwin do with *Spoon River Anthology* and *Leaves of Grass*?
6. What events led to Norman Corwin's becoming a director at CBS? What were his first two series of Radio Programs for CBS?
7. What did Corwin do for *Esquire*? For Hollywood?
8. What did Corwin do under the aegis of Archibald MacLeish?

9. Does Mr. Williams agree with Mr. Van Doren on Corwin's primacy as an innovator?
10. What award did Corwin win early in 1942?
11. Is the volume under review Corwin's selection of his best work? Interpret: "radio can tell a stronger story than the one of 'Aunt Minnie's broken back, burning house, blind daughter, and thieving husband, and soap.'"
12. Interpret: "One is conscious of faltering dramaturgy here and there." What is "a virtuosity"? Is the word ordinarily used as it is here? What prediction does Williams make as to the future of radio?

Round Table

1. Why does not the reviewer name or discuss one of the thirteen plays?
2. Is this a good review or a "build up" for an influential and possibly useful person?
3. Does praise of Corwin's services to radio-advertising enhance his prestige as an artist?
4. Defend or attack a radio-play you have heard recently.
5. What advantages has the radio over other media (legitimate stage, screen, etc.) for the dramatist?

Paper Work

1. Review a recent radio play.
2. Review Archibald MacLeish's *The Fall of the City*.
3. Write a short skit for radio presentation.
4. Write a paper on "Poetry on the Air."

We sometimes forget that the motion-picture industry is nearly half a century old—that the first commercial presentation of animated pictures took place at Koster and Bial's music hall in Herald Square, New York, as long ago as April 23, 1896. In view of this fact and the huge proportions of the industry, the production of films of lasting merit is lamentably small. Pretentious claims are made for the majority of productions, but it is the experience of most of us that a re-view of a picture seen some time earlier and then regarded with approbation leads to revision downward of our estimate. One thing, however, is certain—pictures of lasting merit will not be produced until the public is educated to demand a higher performance than it now receives from producers, stars, or technicians. Important in the education of the public is the rôle of the critic. Pioneers like OTIS FERGUSON, who has reviewed the best and the worst productions of Hollywood with zest for The New Republic, may some day be as much revered by the industry itself as are Griffith and Zukor, Lasky and DeMille.

THE FLAG FOR A GAG*

OTIS FERGUSON

FOR MORE THAN a year now the movies have been growing hotter and hotter on the idea of using our armed forces for story material, preferably in comedy, for there is hardly a Hollywood zany who has not recently spent more time in uniform than the average man actually in the camps. The thing has gone so far back in the stale past for its method of topical treatment as to become a new thing. Already there are cases on record where an army comedy has had to be withheld from release in South America, despite loss of revenue. Audiences there would get a wrong and contemptuous view of our military, it was decided. People there just wouldn't understand things in the light of our Yankee sense of humor. Neither do I.

The pattern on this type of picture is already frozen, recent as it is. All the clichés of the rookie and his first issue of clothing, the hazing sergeant and the spud pile and the officer's daughter, are there—all advancing in about the same order through predicament into catastrophe, like a recurrent nightmare of impotence, until at the last moment the unwitting comic saves two divisions and four staff officers' faces, and is made at least a lieutenant before his year is up. And the pattern is given a treatment which openly shuns all subtlety and sense, and tries only to out-Sennett Sennett. But the catch is this, and it is a catch as big as a harbor mudscoop: the wild slapstick of early screen comedy stuck to a pattern only in the certain routines it developed. Beyond a situation and a routine for cutting away from it, anything could happen, anything *had* to happen. And it did. The early companies were forced to improvise and to be good at it to stay in the running; but you cannot copy improvisation from a projection room. And even more important: you can't transpose from a stylized medium of pantomime (just outside Punch and Judy) into the highly developed realism of the modern talking film, without looking like Grandma with her tonsils painted and a halter top.

* Reprinted from *The New Republic*, January 5, 1942, by permission of the publishers.

That is for the treatment of material. As for the material itself, no army or navy life has ever been conceived with such careless vulgarity and absence of any life or any essential humor. And now in the latest picture off this curious assembly line, one good comic and one priceless comic are both submerged beyond recognizability, as much by this dull copy of a story as by the brute lack of imagination with which it is mauled around. The picture is "You're in the Army Now," the comics are Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers, the authors are Paul Gerard Smith and George Beatty, the director is Lewis Seiler.

There are a few new sketches in this one, mostly to frame the talents of Jimmy Durante, but otherwise it is a shameless copy of "Tanks a Million," which was just another synthetic itself. When you add the abetted mugging of Col. Donald McBride and Sgt. Joseph Sawyer, you will not need any more. Durante gets an occasional opportunity to murder the language and the laws of vocal harmony, but in general has nothing to do that couldn't have been played by a punching bag in mating time.

It isn't this one picture, but this whole tendency. And there wouldn't be a tendency if it didn't pay in audience approval. And what in God's name are we as a nation and an audience thinking of, at this time? Levity will not die and has not in the toughest times—at least among those who found their duty to lie where it was toughest; and there was no armed outfit which would not laugh at a shrewd service story, or joke, or picture. But this stuff is not shrewd, and it furthermore seems to assure those who prefer to stay in their safe comfortable skins and bang hands and hiss like anything for their patriotism, that life in the army is a joke, with pratfalls and no meaning.

Who is laughing out there? Whoever it is, he is making a fine profit out of these ventures for some producer who is producing them for that reason alone. It does seem that only the sly and profit-taking ones among us are as yet truly awake to the possibilities of hardship and peril for millions who never asked this fate for anybody, let alone made a career of it. There are as yet too many of us who pull an important long face over the morning's headlines, twinge only enough in sudden remote fear to tighten up the belt on somebody else's belly while laying in canned goods and contracts and bags of sugar and Washington pay checks for our own, and then guffaw at night in the theatre to pay a fiddler who is callous enough in commercialism and lacking enough in any art, to be at this time an obscenity.

It is a relief at such a time of whoop-it-up and strenuous work with the flag by those who do not follow it, to come to a film like "Sundown," a fast-moving if familiar story of the white man in the dark continent of Africa. But not altogether a relief. Naturally the theme is more contemporary than "Beau Geste," and so the English in this outpost are no longer trying to save Kenya from itself by keeping it for themselves: they are on the trail of a plot to bring the uneasy natives of the continent under Nazi domination. And actually, the story has more point this way. But you will find tacked on at the end a long, muddled and incongruous statement about onward Christian soldiers.

For the most part, you will have seen most of the action of this picture before: the few white men, the circle of natives, the tight little spot with its taut nerves

in this mysterious immensity of jungle, rock, sand and hills; the routine of outpost life, the intrusion of a beautiful woman and a human snake; the rumors and war drums and the sinister mechanism of a secret passage and the absolute stronghold in a hidden valley, two against hundreds, etc.

But in spite of its rather frequent absurdity, "Sundown" has that 'trick of illusion, of using the fast and far away for the maximum of breathlessness possible, which pictures have developed into one of their best and unique resources. Henry Hathaway directed to this end, Charles Lang made some handsome photography out of it, Barre Lyndon adapted the story from some of his own stuff. But the divide between partial acceptance and the rejection of the absurd was crossed with the help of actors, who could carry many of the weak lines and instances on their own backs. George Sanders, Bruce Cabot, Joseph Calleia (poorly typed in writing and direction), Harry Carey, Reginald Gardiner, etc. People like that, under fast enough direction and the looming of the unknown, can put meaning in where meaning isn't (Gene Tierney as a strong desert figure is strictly a mirage). It is the people and the way the thing is handled which pull this story up by the bootstraps of its adventure-thriller quality as writing. You can thank them when you are through.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What does the title of the review mean to you?
2. What is a *zany*? What is the etymology of the word?
3. What are some of the clichés in the "army" picture, as observed by Mr. Ferguson?
4. What phrase is applied to the leading male rôle in these pictures?
5. Interpret: "The wild slapstick of early screen comedy stuck to a pattern only in the certain routines it developed."
6. Interpret: "You can't transpose from a stylized medium of pantomime into the highly developed realism of the modern film."
7. Explain fully the gag "like Grandma with her tonsils painted and a halter top."
8. What does the reviewer mean by saying that "Tanks a Million" was "just another synthetic itself"?
9. What is "the mating time" of a punching bag?
10. What is "abetted mugging"?
11. What is Mr. Ferguson's chief source of irritation with this type of film? Whom does he hold really responsible for it?
12. What are the traditional elements in "Sundown"?
13. Who, in Mr. Ferguson's estimation, really save "Sundown"?

Round Table

1. Does Mr. Ferguson demand too much of the motion picture industry?
2. Attack or defend Mr. Ferguson's style.

3. If you were a Hollywood magnate, how would you try to aid in any national emergency? Would you be subject to criticism no matter what you did?
4. Can a motion picture be too high-brow?

Paper Work

1. Discuss in a paper a few pictures which give so poor an impression of Americans that it is better not to export them for view in other countries.
2. Review a motion picture seen recently which was, in your estimation, a benefit to society; or the converse.
3. Write a summary of the work of some well-known person, like Disney or Chaplin, connected with the films.
4. Write an essay on "Hollywood Manners," "Hollywood Morals," or "Hollywood Advertising."
5. Review one issue of a motion picture magazine.

Strange as it may seem, BERNARD DE VOTO once collaborated on a handbook for English composition. That was when he was an instructor at Northwestern, before he became successively a teacher at Harvard, contributor of "The Easy Chan" column in Harper's editor of The Saturday Review of Literature, and one of the trustees of Mark Twain's literary estate. One suspects, however, that he has not relaxed very much in regard to the rules of good writing since he has achieved fame; his style is crisp and incisive because it is fundamentally sound. Mark Twain's America (1932) and Forays and Rebuttals (1936), his best-known books, are the work of a keen analyst who is not afraid to be forthright in uttering his views. The following review of Green Light appeared in The Saturday Review for March 30, 1935.

STREAMLINE VERSION OF HAROLD BELL WRIGHT*

BERNARD DE VOTO

GREEN LIGHT. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1935. \$2.50.

A SUMMARY of the Reverend Dr. Douglas's new novel will indicate its classification. In a city never quite identified as Chicago a crippled clergyman named Dean Harcourt mends shattered lives by discovering to their possessors their own Personal Adequacy and bringing them into knowledge of the Irresistible Onward Drive of God's purpose. (Hence the symbolic title: the road is clear before you—Go Forward.) The dean is a mighty preacher and so sways multitudes, but also he is a mystical psychoanalyst, a priest in the consulting room, and thus exercises his inspiration on individuals. Persons who come in contact with him are never again quite the same. Once a patient of his has heard the message, he has thereafter a harmonious personality, makes a success in his career, and achieves a happy marriage—except Sonia Duquesne, who has committed adultery and has to be content with becoming the dean's secretary. Several minor couples are conducted to God-consciousness and the marriage bed, but both the dean and his message are focussed on Newell Paige and Phyllis Dexter. Paige is the most brilliant young surgeon anywhere. He is about to succeed to the place of the most brilliant older surgeon, whom he loves and idolizes, Dr. Bruce Endicott. (Note the influence of Mrs. Southworth in the characters' names.) A patient whom Dr. Paige is treating has received Dean Harcourt's message and seems to the doctor the most inspiring woman he has ever known. But alas, on the day when Dr. Endicott is to operate on her, the bottom falls out of the stock market and so he botches the job. The patient dies, Dr. Paige accepts the responsibility for his chief's mistake, Dr. Endicott permits him to, and he begins to wander over the earth, disenchanted, very bitter, his life a ruin. Being a great soul, he can't help doing good here and there, but he is still Hamlet when he drops in on Dean Harcourt. In the dean's office he meets the daughter of the dead woman, and though they love greatly they misunderstand. Paige therefore wanders some more and the dean has to locate him in

* Reprinted from *The Saturday Review of Literature*, March 30, 1935, by permission of the publishers.

a laboratory where deckle-edge scientists are risking their lives with Rocky Mountain spotted fever before he can make his message clear. Even so a setter bitch is killed and she has carried some of the most touching scenes in the book. Dr. Endicott repents and everyone, including the adulteress, is saved.

It would be absurd to call this sort of thing bilge. It belongs to one of the oldest traditions of literature, the mystically therapeutic. Its equivalent is always with us and always serves an important end. Dr. Douglas is, briefly, a Harold Bell Wright—a streamlined Wright with knee-action wheels and chased silver dials on the cowl, to be sure, but with the identifiable engine under the hood. His milieu has changed from the desert to the metropolis, he deals with the maladjusted rather than the impure of heart, fear and frustration rather than lust and dishonesty are his monsters, but he tells us exactly what Mr. Wright used to tell us and he employs exactly the same technique. He tells us: one increasing purpose runs. He tells us: let not your hearts be troubled. He tells us no more—but do not be disdainful. He tells us what Mary Baker Eddy and Ralph Waldo Trine told us—or, if you like, what Emerson and Whitman told us. Or Woodrow Wilson. Or Karl Marx.

Millions want to be told just that. This audience combines wish-fulfilment with its spiritual sustenance, and it is Dr. Douglas's audience. He gives them what they need and desperately desire: assurance. In a time of economic chaos, it is comforting to be told that the Long Parade is moving onward in God's plan. In a time of disaster, it is comforting to be told that one is being Dragged Up. It is always comforting to frightened, weary, and discouraged men, to be told that they are the masters of their fate, that they have a spiritual power which will bring them through, that they have the Kingdom of Heaven with them, that the God-spirit of which they are a part has given them unused and even unguessed capacities for heroism and eventual success. It is comforting and, when told in terms of metrical and crepuscular vagueness, it is convincing. Thoughts so noble, so impalpable, so incapable of precise statement, must be true.

Comfort is what his readers ask of Dr. Douglas and comfort is what they get. His books would not sell by the carload—as at least “The Magnificent Obsession” did, which had the same message—unless his public found what they were looking for. It is a legitimate literary quest. He works with the humbler symbols of art, but they are eternal symbols. Their success on the lower levels of literature, in the sub-basements where yearning and exhortation and incantation dictate their form, requires no explanation. Does “Molly-Make-Believe” need to be explained? Or “St. Elmo”? Or “Tempest and Sunshine”? Or “If Winter Comes”?

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Outline briefly the plot of *Green Light*.
2. What is the significance of the title *Green Light*?
3. Define: *therapeutic*, *milieu*, *crepuscular*, *exhortation*, *incantation*, *impalpable*. Why is “Dragged Up” capitalized?
4. Explain the reference to Hamlet.

venience of this method for index, while there are important to which a book such as this the buildings been so arranged in connection between the cost of dwellings they have produced.

But the aspect of the book is a collection of houses. It is an opportunity to write something to have been vaguely aware of prompted them to produce. Mr. and Mrs. Ford have contributed an implicit in modern architecture as a result of a new understanding of modern life, and a new technology for solving the problems with their particular bias toward certain basic facts about modern life. For example, is decent modern life of the upper middle class? Is that in England on the one hand the significance of the type of American housing problem as a result of communities in which they are primarily a suburban phenomenon affected by movements of population treated with authority. In *Life*. "Outstanding genius of periods of radical social expression are facilitated by

Yet one portion of this distribution. The authors also send brief statements 'indicating and construction departments tinctively American.' The architects are notoriously loath to that evidently perturbs and to it they have often expressed of the book presents, there American architecture of the ever proposes to make a se-

metaphor comparing Dr. Douglas to Harold Bell

Eddy, Ralph Waldo Trine, Emerson, Whitman, Karl Marx? Why are they grouped here?

act a huge sale for *Green Light*?

Molly-Make-Believe, St. Elmo, Tempest and Sun-

uctive, De Voto's summary of *Green Light* or his

what people would you recommend *Green Light*?

h fall into the same classification as *Green Light*.

things which *Green Light* lacks which would have

ould you suggest to discouraged people?

etch of Lloyd C. Douglas.

novel similar to *Green Light*.

ks' article, "The Mystery of the Best Seller," and *Green Light*.

Quiz

1. On what grounds do so good and so inad-

For obvious reasons technical books are reviewed best by specialists. So it is that an architect comments here on the joint work of two sociologists trained in problems of housing. JOHN COOLIDGE (1915—) was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and educated at Groton School and at Harvard. His special training he received from the Columbia Architectural School and from the New York University School of Architecture and Fine Arts. He has traveled extensively in Europe and has lectured at Vassar, Smith, and Princeton. He is a member of the Architectural Committee of the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Dr. James Ford, who, with his wife, wrote the book reviewed, was educated at Harvard and in Europe. He has served on numerous important housing commissions and is the author, or joint author, of several books dealing with social problems and their relationships to housing. Since 1909 he has been a member of the Department of Social Ethics at Harvard University.

THE MODERN HOUSE IN AMERICA *

JOHN COOLIDGE

The Modern House in America. By James Ford and Katherine Morrow Ford. (New York: Architectural Book Publishing Company. 1940. Pp. 134, 318 illustrations. \$5 00)

IT IS RARE indeed that one encounters a book at once so good and so inadequate as this. Thanks to the vapid eclecticism of our architectural periodicals, it was in 1940 and is still today, a difficult task to assemble pictures of any considerable quantity of modern American architecture. There was, therefore, a real need for a book which would bring together a representative group of modern American houses.

Any such collections of illustrations is bound to become out of date comparatively soon, and its value depends upon its immediate usefulness. This, in turn, is the result of the choice made of the available material and the presentation of the material chosen. As regards selection, Mr. and Mrs. Ford have done well, negatively speaking. Their book contains almost no bad houses. On the other hand, they have deliberately discarded the very best. They "decided to omit all of the work of Frank Lloyd Wright, because illustrated accounts of the latter are available to the public in other volumes." But this is equally true of most of the material they actually published, since it either had appeared or was about to appear in the architectural periodicals. The value of any such book as this is just the opportunities it offers for making comparisons. To leave out all the buildings of the greatest of modern architects is to rob the volume of much of its meaning.

As regards presentation, the way in which the single houses are shown is admirable. Following the practice initiated by the *Architectural Forum*, each is represented by three or four good photographs, by one or more plans, and by a short factual analysis covering the clients, the site, the method of construction, and the cost. On the other hand, the book is organized alphabetically by architects, an arrangement that is perhaps the least satisfactory possible. The con-

* Reprinted from *The New England Quarterly*, March, 1942, by permission of the author and the publishers.

Book reviews in popular weeklies are usually written by staff members and published anonymously—as here. Occasionally a book thus reviewed is bracketed with one or two others on the same subject so that comparisons may be made. Although that was done in this instance, only the review of Mr. Burnham's book has been here retained.

James Burnham, author of the book under review, holds one degree from Princeton and two from Oxford. He became a member of the Department of Philosophy of New York University in 1929 and is still serving that institution.

MAN & MANAGERS*

ANONYMOUS

THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION—James Burnham—John Day (\$2.50).

ADVENTURES OF A WHITE-COLLAR MAN—Alfred P. Sloan Jr.—Doubleday, Doran (\$2).

Scarcely do Americans eagerly read such a book as this—a modest, 285-page exposition of abstract political theory called *The Managerial Revolution*. But few books of political theory pack such a punch as this does. Even its slyly casual sub-title promises to tell them something they want desperately to know—*What Is Happening in the World*.

Its author is James Burnham, assistant professor of philosophy at New York University, onetime co-editor of *The New Internationalist*, theoretical magazine of U. S. Trotskyists. He writes deliberately unemotional English with primer simplicity. The tone of his book is amoral, non-partisan, scientific. The theory he expounds makes *The Managerial Revolution* as morbidly fascinating as a text book vivisection, possibly the most sensational book of political theory since *The Revolution of Nihilism*.

Author Burnham's theory: World War II is a social revolution, but not the kind of social revolution almost everybody thinks it is. When World War II is finished, capitalism and socialism will both be finished. After some 50 years of ruthless struggle, there will emerge a "domination and exploitation by a ruling class of an extremity and absoluteness never before known." Author Burnham calls his new class "The Managers"—the one class in society which is indispensable in making modern industry productive. Moreover, in two decisive sectors (Germany with most of Europe; Russia with half of Asia) the managerial revolution has already won. What remains is mopping up, division of the British spoils.

First test of any new theory is that it must explain more simply and completely than the old theories the greatest number of things that need explaining. First test for Author Burnham was to explain the stupendous paradoxes that baffle and confuse the observers of World War II:

How did the Nazis in eight years turn bankrupt, impoverished, faction-torn, truncated, disarmed Germany into the greatest military power in history?

* Reprinted from *Time*, May 19, 1941, by permission of the publishers.

capitalists, are, however, *entirely* bound up with capitalist property and economic relations. . . ."

There are excellent chapters in *The Managerial Revolution* on Russia (the most developed managerial society); on Germany (a somewhat less developed managerial society). But U. S. readers will easily understand what Burnham is driving at from his account of the New Deal.

Says Burnham: "We must be careful not to identify the New Deal and New Dealism with Franklin Roosevelt and his acts. Roosevelt is a brilliant and demagogic popular politician, who did not in the least create, but merely rides when it fits his purposes, the New Deal. The New Deal sprang from the inner structural drives of modern society, the forces that are operating to end capitalism and begin a new type of social organization, the same forces which at later stages and under different local circumstances produced the revolution in Russia and Germany.

"The firmest representatives of the New Deal are not Roosevelt or the other conspicuous 'New Deal politicians,' but the younger group of administrators, experts, technicians, bureaucrats, who have been finding places throughout the state apparatus: not merely those who specialize in political technique, in writing up laws with concealed 'jokers,' in handing Roosevelt a dramatic new idea, but also those who are doing the actual running of the extending government enterprises: in short, managers. These men include some of the clearest-headed of all managers to be found in any country. They are confident and aggressive. Though many of them have some background in Marxism, they have no faith in the masses of such a sort as to lead them to believe in the ideal of a free, classless society. At the same time, they are sometimes openly scornful of capitalists and capitalist ideas. They . . . are not so squeamish as to insist that their words should coincide with their actions and aims."

For some eight years these New Dealers have been trying to steer the U. S. from capitalism to a managerial society. Some of their methods: 1) doubling government expenditures in five years; 2) making agriculture wholly dependent on state subsidy and control; 3) moving toward state control of foreign trade; 4) shrinking private control over capital funds by acts governing the issuance of and trading in securities; 5) divorcing money from its metallic base, making it a currency managed by the state; 6) running up annual deficits of billions of dollars, while using the national debt as an instrument of managerial social policy; 7) imposing taxes to secure social and political ends rather than income; 8) weakening capital relative to themselves by curtailing private property rights in measure after measure; 9) the taking over by the executive bureaus of the attributes and functions of sovereignty: "the bureaus become the *de facto* 'law makers.'"

Burnham believes that the gradual reduction of parliaments (the congress of Soviets, the Reichstag) to a mere sounding board is an essential feature of the managerial revolution. "With occasional petty rebellions," Congress, he notes, has sunk "lower and lower as sovereignty shifted from the parliament toward the bureaus and agencies. . . . By 1940, it was plain that Congress no longer possessed even the war-making power, the crux of sovereignty. The Constitutional provision could not stand against the structural changes in modern society and

in the nature of modern war: the decisions about war and peace had left the control of the parliament."

As evidence of this shift he cites: 1) the *Bremen* affair; 2) freezing of foreign funds in line with policies never submitted to Congress; 3) sending abroad of confidential personal agents instead of regular diplomatic officials; 4) release of military supplies and secrets to warring powers; 5) the destroyer-base deal; 6) the lend-lease provisions. "The parliament has so far lost even its confidence that it did not dare protest."

But, cautions Author Burnham, "the New Deal is not Stalinism and not Naziism. It is . . . far more primitive with respect to managerial development, and capitalism is not yet over in the U. S. But no candid observer, friend or enemy of the New Deal, can deny that in terms of economic, social, political, ideological changes from traditional capitalism, the New Deal moves in the same *direction* as Stalinism and Naziism. The New Deal is a phase of the transition process from capitalism to managerial society."

Readers of *The Managerial Revolution* may wonder whether Author Burnham does not carry neutrality too far—not once in his brilliant exposition does he make a slip, write the word fascist instead of manager.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. What general qualities does Professor Burnham's book have?
2. Explain: "The tone of his book is amoral, non-partisan, scientific."
3. What is "Author Burnham's" theory?
4. What questions does Mr. Burnham undertake to answer? What is his general answer to these questions?
5. Explain: "Their immediate drive . . . is to control the instruments of production."
6. What does Mr. Burnham mean by "managers"?
7. What is the relationship of Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal?
8. Who are "the firmest representatives of the New Deal"?
9. By what methods have the New Dealers "been trying to steer the U. S. from capitalism to a managerial society"?
10. Explain: "the bureaus become the *de facto* 'law makers.'"
11. Explain: "the gradual reduction of parliaments . . . to a mere sounding board"; "the war-making power, the crux of sovereignty."
12. What "evidence of this shift" does Mr. Burnham cite?
13. How does the New Deal compare with Stalinism and Naziism?
14. What is the reviewer's subtle implication in his final paragraph?

Round Table

1. Discuss the relative division of content, summary, and comment in this review. What circumstances should determine the relative proportions of content and comment in a book review?

2. Proposition: A book reviewer should (should not) be solely the conveyer to his readers of information about the book reviewed.
3. Does the Burnham theory appear sound?

Paper Work

1. After having read *The Managerial Revolution*, write a critical comment on the *Time* review of the book.
2. Read three other book reviews in *Time* (or in a similar magazine); then write an analysis of the technique of the reviewer.
3. Write your own review of Mr. Burnham's book or of some other social, industrial, or political study.

In *The Nation* for April 17, 1937, Joseph Wood Krutch attempted to give the essentials of a good book review. He held that there are three minimum tasks which the good reviewer must perform: (1) he must describe the book, (2) he must communicate something of its quality, and (3) he must pass a judgment upon it. This is a formula any beginning reviewer will do well to keep in mind. That not all reviews conform to it is obvious, but their deference even in staying from it determines in part their success. Reviewers nowadays rarely abuse their privilege, as did Macaulay, by using the book they are supposed to examine as a springboard for essays of their own on a vaguely allied subject. The commonest fault of the daily reviewer is that he writes mere press notices on the appearance of a book. An interesting and legitimate departure from the formula occurs when the reviewer thinks he discovers in the book assigned to him a key to all the author's writings. STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN, occasional reviewer for *The New Republic*, believes he has such a key in *Sea of Cortez*, hence he makes his review a survey of all of Steinbeck's writings.

OF INVERTEBRATES AND MEN*

STANLEY EDGAR HYMAN

Sea of Cortez, by John Steinbeck and Edward F. Ricketts. New York: The Viking Press. 598 pages. \$5.

WHEN ONE of America's foremost novelists, a man whose last novel was a whopping success in terms of laurel as well as gravy, sits down to collaborate with the director of the Pacific Biological Laboratories on a semiscientific account of a trip studying the marine fauna in the Gulf of California, something is cooking. The two unavoidable questions for a reviewer are "Why did he write it?" and "What good is it?" and both answers turn out more complicated than you might think.

There have been many guesses as to why Steinbeck wrote it, ranging from his desperate search for a new form for every work (this is the one that appealed to the reviewers) to any writer's normal desire to convert a vacation trip that cost him money into a few bucks in royalties (this is the one the reviewers never mention). But the principal reason for the book may be stated in a sentence, and it is the key to much of Steinbeck's work. John Steinbeck, simply enough, dislikes literature and feels the breathless veneration for science of a small boy peeking in through a laboratory window. The contempt that writers express for their own trade is not a new thing, and the pages of literature are full of bitter and distorted self-portraits: Shakespeare's Iago, who moved men with the dramatist's weapons; Mann's long series of literary men, sick with the cancer and perversion of art and humble before any burgher; Hemingway's pale-pink novelists with their whirling catheters. In Shakespeare's case the dichotomy was artist (remember, the playwright in his day classed with mountebanks and vagrants) versus respectable member of society, in Mann's case the same, in Hemingway's case artist versus man of action, and in Steinbeck's case, artist versus scientist.

* Reprinted from *The New Republic*, February 16, 1942, by permission of the publishers.

Steinbeck's work, going as far back as his earliest books, is loaded with symbolic attacks on writers and writing. In his short story "The Snake," a woman comes into a scientist's laboratory and, by her morbid romanticization of a snake's eating a rat, horrifies the scientist who had always seen it as a perfectly natural biologic process. An earlier story in "The Pastures of Heaven" is a rephrasing of the same conflict, so that Raymond Banks's clinical interest in an execution is spoiled for him by Bert Monroe's fictive imagination. Of numerous other examples, the clearest is the story "Johnny Bear," about a character who should rank with Iago in the great gallery of libels on the artist. Johnny Bear is an idiot monster, almost unable to speak, with one remarkable talent: he can reproduce any conversation he hears with phonographic accuracy, in the exact words and voice of the speaker. The rustics use his gift for entertainment, and buy him whiskies for any particularly juicy monologue he brings to the saloon (a lovely picture of the artist and his relation to society!). "He hasn't brains enough to make anything up," someone says of Johnny, "so you know that what he says is what he heard."

What good this book is has thus been partially answered. For Steinbeck, it canalized something that has been bothering him for a long time. For the lay reader, its chief value lies in giving the most elaborate statement so far of Steinbeck's beliefs and ideas, and it is thus an invaluable key to much that was obscure and misinterpreted in his earlier work. Steinbeck has had a paucity of serious critical study anyway. Kenneth Burke has done a masterful analysis of "The Grapes of Wrath"; Edmund Wilson has set up certain ideas that have been generally accepted as The Slant on Steinbeck, and there has been little else.

Wilson's theories are worth discussion, because "Sea of Cortez" might seem to be a complete confirmation of them. Wilson's principal theory is that Steinbeck presents life in animal terms, that his characters are all animals or rudimentary humans: the *paisanos* in "Tortilla Flat" are "amusing guinea pigs or rabbits," the "Grapes of Wrath" people are "lemmings," the people in the stories identify themselves with horses, snakes and white quail. This is like saying, after reading Caroline Spurgeon's "Imagery in Shakespeare," that because Shakespeare packed "Hamlet" with images of disease and decay, he thought of all people as diseased. Steinbeck does tend to present life in animal terms, but the animal symbols and images have a very real function that is made clear in "Sea of Cortez." They are just the simplest examples, not of man, but of the problem that concerns the author most, the problem of ecology, in which man is only a more complex example.

Steinbeck is an ecologist; to use his own definition, "a student of the mutual relationship between organism and environment." Not only is "Sea of Cortez" the record of an ecological study of marine fauna, but all Steinbeck's books are now revealed as ecological studies. "The Grapes of Wrath" was a textbook in ecology, from the dust storms that forced the Okies off their land (unscientific farming and inadequate conservation were a crime against ecology, and dust and drought were the punishment) to the crimes against social ecology that the Associated Farmers sprang on the Joads in California. George in "Of Mice and Men," in trying to preserve Lennie and hold him to a socially useful pattern, violated ecology (as much as Candy would have had he insisted on saving his

useless old dog from being shot) and the punishment was inevitable. Henry Morgan in "The Cup of Gold" violated ecology and was punished, and so on all through the other books and stories. If you disturb the balance you will be destroyed, Steinbeck says, and the fact that this moral is only a new verbalization of the "fate" in the old classic drama is what gives much of his work, particularly "Of Mice and Men," the rounded inevitability of Greek tragedy. Thus, Edmund Wilson to the contrary, "Of Mice and Men" is not "a parable which criticizes humanity from a non-political point of view" (or not principally), and the title doesn't mean that the utopian social plans of mice and men gang aft agley. It means what it says literally, that this is a book about mice and men: the mice that Lennie loved to pet (including Curley's wife) and the men who live with them in an ecological balance, until it is destroyed by violence (as it was in Burns's poem).

Just as ecology is Steinbeck's baby, teleology, which he defines as "the assumption of predetermined design, purpose or ends in Nature by which an explanation of phenomena is postulated" is the bath-water he wants to throw out. Page after page in "Sea of Cortez" is devoted to a rambling philosophizing about teleologies, built up mostly from a heavy personal mysticism and some undigested field and quantum physics, and tied in by such phony devices as, after ten pages of Thoughts, "and all this against the hot beach on an Easter Sunday, with the passing day and the passing time." Teleologies, which assume purpose and causal relationship, are the factors that becloud the scientist, make the understanding of naked ecological behavior more difficult and annoy Steinbeck so much that he rejects them all: religion, social progress and George's faith that this time Lennie will do different.

Steinbeck's attitudes toward religion and radicalism have changed a great deal through the course of his work. His early Catholic priests in "The Pastures of Heaven" and "To a God Unknown," fine and sympathetic men, have been succeeded by the comic characters who sanctify a pig in "St. Katy the Virgin," the foolish and dangerous figures in "The Forgotten Village" who fight germs with a crucifix, and now the teleologists of "Sea of Cortez." His early heroic radicals of "In Dubious Battle" took on a Christian-martyr "complex" in a later short story called "The Raid," and have now, in "Sea of Cortez," become collectivists who want to eliminate "the swift, the clever, and the intelligent," and rebels who forget that "while the collective state is free from capitalist domination, it is also free from rebels." It is curious that the high point both these strains reached was their fusion in the character of Jim Casy in "The Grapes of Wrath," Steinbeck's most sympathetic radical as well as a quite literal modernized Christ (his initials the mystic J. C., his "call" derived from meditation in the wilderness, his last words a curious modern parody of Christ's: "You don't know what you're a-doin'"). Preacher Casy is repudiated by much in the new book.

"Sea of Cortez" also casts new light on a number of Steinbeck's other stock themes. Human sacrifice, which has always fascinated him and which is the focus of his early mystic novel, "To a God Unknown," is described here as something which gives primitive peoples their sense of wholeness, and which Steinbeck suspects every whole man requires. Asceticism as a function of a call or mission, a central feature of Henry Morgan in "The Cup of Gold," George

in "Of Mice and Men" and Tom Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath," is now repudiated. No longer recognizing any valid call, Steinbeck jests at the ascetic and wallows in the scientist John Xanthus, who found time to leave a whole tribe of Indian bastards, as the proper symbol for the biologist, that "healthy, lecherous tenor of the scientific world." Fertility, the ecological ideal, is now Steinbeck's, and, as he did before in "To a God Unknown," he raises it to the level of a mystical principle. The superhuman person, another favorite of Steinbeck's (Ma Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath," Joseph in "To a God Unknown," Slim in "Of Mice and Men" and at least one person in almost every book, are explicitly described in superhuman terms), has now been replaced by the scientist, who gets the same sense of all-knowing, mystic oneness with the universe intellectually, like buying it wrapped in cellophane.

One of the arbitrary nuisances in this book is the conscious merging of the collaborators' personalities so that it is almost impossible to tell who wrote what, an important question if one is using the book as a key to Steinbeck's other writing. The only way to solve the puzzle is to assume that anything Steinbeck didn't write he is willing to take responsibility for—or he would not have permitted the editorial "we"—and to pin everything on him. That, unfortunately, makes him responsible for a great deal of pretentious mysticism, a small-boy or Hemingway glory in vulgarity ("We have wondered about the bawdiness this book must have if it is to be true") and some of the corniest gags on record. On the credit side, the book has many valid and exciting ideas, a full measure of warm and delightful anecdotes (the Swedish tramp sitting in a ditch, ragged and dirty and drunk, saying to himself softly and in wonder, "I am rich and happy and perhaps a little beautiful") and in spots a lighter, more genuine humor than Steinbeck has ever achieved before.

A good conclusion to an analysis of Steinbeck's whirlwind courtship of science would be the old gag about marrying in haste and repenting at leisure. As Steinbeck admits in effect, the scientist is only an extension of the writer, and ends up just as disruptive of the ecological balance. "We could not observe a completely objective Sea of Cortez anyway," he says, "for in that lonely and uninhabited Gulf our boat and ourselves would change it the moment we entered." Johnny Bear, unfortunately, can be a symbol for the scientist too, and most particularly for the scientific journalist.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Elucidate: "a whopping success in terms of laurel as well as gravy."
2. What two questions are raised by Steinbeck's collaboration on *Sea of Cortez*? What two guesses are dismissed by the reviewer?
3. What traditional suspicion (according to the reviewer) does Steinbeck share? What type of man does he venerate?
4. Cite some of the "symbolic attacks" to support the thesis which the reviewer finds in Steinbeck's early work.
5. What critics have commented on Steinbeck?

6. What are "lemmings"?
7. What is "ecology"? How can it be "violated"?
8. Elucidate: "... teleology ... is the bath water he wants to throw out."
9. How has Steinbeck's attitude towards the clergy changed? How does Mr. Hyman interpret Jim Casy in *The Grapes of Wrath*?
10. Interpret: "While the collective state is free from capitalist domination, it is also free from rebels."
11. How is human sacrifice interpreted?
12. What ideal has supplanted asceticism in Steinbeck?
13. What "arbitrary nuisance" in the book does Mr. Hyman belabor?
14. Why is *Sea of Cortez* incompletely "objective" from the point of view of the ecologist?

Round Table

1. Read one of the following stories by John Steinbeck: "The Snake," story Number 9 in *The Pastures of Heaven*, or "Johnny Bear." Decide whether the story you read is "a symbolic attack on writers and writing." Be prepared to defend the position you take.
2. Is the unification of all of Steinbeck's work as studies in ecology too facile?
3. If Steinbeck believes that an ecological "balance" must be maintained, is he a determinist? What is the difference between a determinist and a teleologist?
4. Mr. Hyman poses two questions in his opening paragraph. Has he answered both adequately?

Paper Work

1. Read *Sea of Cortez* and write a review of it.
2. Discover and comment on what Kenneth Burke or Edmund Wilson has to say about Steinbeck.
3. Review one other book by Steinbeck.

DEBATES

*Always a provocative writer, JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS has on several occasions started general popular discussion by his treatment of the topics which he has elected to discuss. The most widely-read book of non-fiction of the year 1921 was his *Founding of New England*—the first study to lay bare the economic motives in colonization and the most important study of New England since the writings of John Fiske. "The Mucker Pose," an essay from Mr. Adams' pen in Harpers, pointed out that it was easier to be a "mucker" in America in the 'twenties than it was to be a gentleman. There are no statistics available, but it seems probable that this essay was reprinted in more anthologies than any other, for it bred excited discussion, especially in the colleges. In 1941 Mr. Adams' review of Bernard Smith's anthology, *The Democratic Spirit*, started a controversy as to whether or not the Marxists were trying to hitch their wagon to the star of democracy.*

James Truslow Adams was forty years of age before his writing attracted national attention. Born in Brooklyn in 1878 and graduated from the Polytechnic Institute there, Mr. Adams was in business in Wall Street until 1912. He was on Colonel House's commission to prepare data for the peace conference early during World War I; later he was with the Military Intelligence as a captain. Besides writing many books, Mr. Adams has served as editor-in-chief of the Dictionary of American History. In 1937 he testified by request before the Judiciary Committee of the U. S. Senate in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's plan to reorganize the Supreme Court.

THE DEMOCRATIC FASHION *

JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

ONE OF THE most curious literary phenomena of the present day is the sudden rush of present or former "non-independent Leftists," or whatever we may call them, to preach and defend democracy. The new chorus is almost as shrill and multitudinous as that of peepers in the swamp in spring. It reminds me, possibly unjustly, of a German woman who has been here since 1927 and who became a citizen a few months ago. She still believes in Hitler, is sure Germany will win the war, listens to the German broadcasts, told me she had given up reading the American papers, and that although she was an American citizen in America, she still regards herself as under German law, a German citizen in Germany.

There is a question in my mind as to just how many of the recent "converts"

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to democracy—people who were singing such a different tune not long ago—have really changed. I am not accusing anyone of not having the highest motives. As an historian of a sort, I have long since learned that though we may verify certain kinds of “facts,” it is impossible to reach the indubitable truth as to the motives of men whose acts may have led to those “facts.” There is another aspect of the problem, however, which it is fair to discuss, and that is the sub-conscious, if not conscious, approach to democracy by those who appear to have so suddenly discovered it. Of course many had just toyed with social philosophies which were nothing more than intellectual styles at cocktail parties and not really “bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.” Styles change without much effect on a man, but a deeply held and reasoned faith is of the very essence of a man, and affects all his thinking. Can a man who has profoundly believed, with all intellectual integrity, in Nazism, communism, or any other variant of the totalitarian state, precipitately understand the American tradition of democracy, or is *his* democracy likely to be, even if he is not aware of it, a sort of hybrid product made up of his old and new faiths? And what is the effect likely to be on a public without much historical or philosophical background and training which reads his disquisitions on “democracy”? Weapons can slay their thousands, as Samson slew his thousand with the jaw-bone of an ass but, as we have learned from propaganda, words can slay their hundreds of thousands even if the verbal weapon is not dissimilar to that of Samson. This new literature on democracy, even when written by utterly sincere authors, is a matter of concern to those who have believed in the American tradition of democratic liberty.

It is impossible to review the whole of the new literary scene, but a book¹ has just appeared which illustrates, at least in part, what I have in mind. It is an anthology, and although its theme is “The Democratic Spirit,” it may be inferred that it is intended to be the spirit of American democracy, as the quotations are all from American writers. The compiler is Bernard Smith, author of “Forces in Literary Criticism,” but I approach his book simply as a book with no feeling *pro* and *con* as to the author. Anything I have said or may say in this article, therefore, is not aimed at him. I comment on the book simply as one which illustrates to some extent the new slant in the new literature on American democracy.

For about six hundred pages, of the total of approximately a thousand, of “The Democratic Spirit,” one reads along thinking this is just another collection of selections from the familiar fathers of American liberty and democracy. The old names are all here—Mayflower Compact, Roger Williams, Samuel Sewall, John Wise, and so on down through them all to the latter part of the nineteenth century. There is not a name I did not know and scarce an extract I had not read in the original or elsewhere. To be sure, I personally began to sense some rather unexpected emphases, such as that on pacifism in a revolutionary country and age, on dislike for any wealth or privilege among

¹ *The Democratic Spirit. A Collection of American Writings from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Edited, with an Introduction, by Bernard Smith. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 926 pp., with index. \$5.*

a people which likes both when they can achieve them, and so on. Of course, there have always been these and other strains in a nation whose philosophy is mixed, to say the least. There have always been Americans who theoretically hated war—most of us now and in the past have—but that has not prevented us from going to war whenever we saw something in it. We believe in equalitarianism but that does not prevent the average American from wanting to climb the social or economic ladder and get ahead of the other fellow as fast as he can. The emphases seemed to me sometimes wrong and I wondered a little, but that was all.

Then there were occasional misleading statements, such as the remark in a note that Jefferson "fought for general public education," which he never did in the modern sense. What he fought for was that every child should be taught the three R's and after primary school there should be a continued sifting process of those who were fit for a higher education at each of several levels and could repay society for the money thus spent on select individuals. This is very different from current ideas, and although these may be right or wrong it is, in my opinion, quite wrong to invoke the magic of Jefferson's name to support them. Jefferson also thought that there was enough land in the United States to keep America agricultural for a thousand years. His whole political philosophy, close-meshed, was based on the agrarian ideal. He believed in a nation of small land-owners, and so helped to abolish entail and primogeniture, but some extracts from Jefferson, which are almost never quoted by the radicals who invoke his name, make one wonder what his philosophy would be now. For example, there is his statement that our government would remain virtuous so long as the people remained agricultural and so long as there were vacant lands to be had, but that when the people "get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, they will become corrupt as in Europe." Moreover, those who assert his belief in majority rule rarely add, what he added, that they must "bear in mind the sacred principle that tho' the will of the Majority is in all cases to prevail, that will, to be rightful, must be reasonable: that the Minority possess their equal rights, which equal laws must protect, and to violate would be oppression."

I mention these few points from Jefferson because, like texts from the Bible, extracts from his writings can be used by widely differing politicians or writers, and to some extent the same is true of much of our early political literature. If we want to get at the theme of an anthology down to about the first World War it is not a problem of authors chosen so much as of what passages are lifted from them. In the first part of this volume, practically all the names are of those who made contributions to what we used to understand as liberty and democracy, and there is a lot of fine material. It is almost all so commonplace, however, that except for an occasional criticism of minor importance, it would scarcely be worth while to devote much space to this book as containing anything new in material or point of view. The early part in general is all in the American tradition.

When, however, we come to the authors and extracts which compose a considerable portion of the last third of the volume, this reader at least had a distinct

shock. In the last ten years we have become familiar with the net of committees which were pro-Communist, Stalinist, and all the rest, but which had a "front" of names of men who were known only as very liberal or "leftist" but still liberals or democrats in the developing American tradition—changing with the years but not forsaking that tradition. The feeling one has in passing from the earlier to the later portion of this volume is much like that which a sucker has experienced when he has found what sort of committee he has given his time or lent his name to; and so astutely have many of the committees been named and window-dressed that a liberal author or other person in the public eye is lucky if he has not been caught at least once as an unsuspecting sponsor of the big moustache.

From such names as Franklin, Jefferson, Samuel and John Adams, Madison, Tom Paine, Lincoln, Whitman (even the innocuous Longfellow), Henry George, Mark Twain, and so on, it is an amazing drop to some of those which will be found in the later pages of the volume, names in many cases little known outside the circles of Stalinism, communism, the proletarian literary group. There are, of course, exceptions, even among those who signed the pronunciamientos upholding the mass murders and other happenings in Russia which most Americans, who had not lost their senses, certainly did not consider as evidences of the "Democratic Spirit." I need not name the authors I have in mind. "Communist" is for some reason a dangerous word and I am no "Red baiter." Obviously these days many of those who are Communists are afraid to admit the fact, although a Democrat, Republican, Socialist, Prohibitionist, or a member of other political parties, does not hesitate to stand up and proclaim his faith. Communists apparently may prefer even perjury and prison. However, I need not enter on the dangerous and shifting ground of trying to classify writers according to the shades of political belief they held, hold, or may proceed to. In biographical notes, Mr. Smith describes some of the authors whose works he quotes, for the purpose of teaching Americans what democracy is, as "anarchists," "communists," etc. A commendatory note on one Negro writer states that he "spent six months in Russia." Of another writer, Mr. Smith claims that he is "the most popular literary figure in the Communist movement." Of another he says that he was "sympathetic to the anarchists and antagonistic to the communists in the Spanish Civil War."

The personal beliefs or the personal life of an author or artist should have nothing to do with judging his work as art. For Americans to have acted toward Gorki as the English earlier acted toward George Eliot, was silly. Also I believe in freedom of speech. If a Communist wants to print his ideas, I don't care. Let him go to it, so long as he has the courage to come out and say "I believe in communism and this is what it means in my opinion." I do object to communists in the schools and colleges taking their pay from a capitalist society, demanding practically life tenure of office and a pension (which very few business men have), yet in many instances using their positions for what they are worth toward the destruction of that same society. Moreover, when a man's work is not in the field of art but in that of political philosophy or propaganda, his background takes on an importance not possessed in the case of the artist.

I do not deny that the Communist Party in the United States is a legal party; and I agree that any truly representative anthology of democracy should rightfully include that viewpoint. But that is something different from giving that viewpoint—or persons who have been associated with that viewpoint—an obvious and even annoying emphasis.

But even granting that there is not too strong a delegation in this book from the extreme Left, there is also the more relevant question as to whether names such as Mike Gold, Lillian Hellman, Dashiell Hammett, Albert Maltz, Erskine Caldwell, Leane Zugsmith, Clifford Odets, Genevieve Taggard, and Richard Wright are important enough to be represented, while writers such as Walter Lippmann, Max Lerner, Louis D. Brandeis, Allan Nevins, Marquis James, Walter Millis, Reinhold Niebuhr and others are excluded. True, we find, and properly so, the names of Stephen Vincent Benét, Henry Seidel Canby, Van Wyck Brooks, Carl Sandburg, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Archibald MacLeish—but even here the excerpts chosen from their writings are not as representative either of the writers or of the subject, or as constructive, as they might be.

Another question of a somewhat different sort arises in connection with books like Mr. Smith's *Anthology*. The minds of some adult readers are about as immature as those of children. There is a great mass of quotations in this book which is as sound American democracy as it is possible to get. Then the immature reader finds Michael Gold, whom Smith describes, as I have quoted above, as "the most popular literary figure in the Communist movement," allotted one of the longest passages in the book—ten pages. Lincoln is given six. The inference may well be that he is a more important figure in democracy than the martyred President.

One wonders what Mr. Smith thinks democracy is. He does not tell us very much about that. It is true that he says in his Introduction that "democracy is a very simple principle, and those who speculate about its meaning are those not quite willing to accept it." This would seem to forbid discussion under penalty of being accused of not believing at all in democracy, but he goes on to tell us that it is the rule of the people. He adds that "the people's desire to rule has been simply a desire for greater opportunities to get more of the good things of life—food, shelter, leisure, education, security, pleasure. Occasionally their will has been deliberately thwarted; *usually* they have been misinformed as to what their will *should be* [*italics mine*] and how they should attempt to satisfy it." It will be noted that in the list of the good things of life nothing is said about duty fulfilled, freedom of speech or press or person or religion, and so on, which somehow have a place in American democracy at its best. We occasionally, in a note, get a side light, as when the editor declares that because Sam Adams in his day was called an "incendiary" and an "excitable demagogue" this tends to confirm Parrington's opinion "that he was probably the most thoroughgoing democrat of his generation."

But it is not necessary to analyze what may be Mr. Smith's idea of democracy, and it might be unfair to try to deduce it from the extracts he has used so liberally in the latter part of his volume. The point remains: is "the Democratic spirit" in the present and immediate future to be interpreted for the American people by those whom Mr. Smith himself designates as communists and anarchists,

or by those who have some understanding of American democracy in the days before leading "liberal journals" and parlor pinks (now rapidly running to cover as proponents of "democracy") began to tell us of the material and social and intellectual glories of dictatorships and the annihilation of the bourgeoisie and the intelligentsia? I would welcome both an anthology of American democracy and aspiration as well as another of the most extreme radical thought, but should they be bound up together like the Old and the New Testaments in the Bible, and given to the public as "The Democratic Spirit"?

I propound this question with full knowledge that Professor Charles A. Beard has called this volume a "classic," and that Dorothy Canfield Fisher has said that if she had the money she would put it on the shelves of every library in the United States. I believe in freedom and justice. I lent my name and did what I could to gain freedom for Sacco and Vanzetti, and I am still proud of it. But I do not believe in the present tendency to take all the other nine digits out of the achievement of democracy, leaving only the ciphers, and suggesting it is bankrupt, nor of turning to Russia to be told what the Democratic Spirit is.

A very considerable portion of the latter part of this book is taken up with displaying the faults of any human society, even to a short play about a boy and girl who did not have enough money to marry when they wanted to. A pecuniary impediment to early marriage is somehow apparently taken as a sample of what happens only in a democracy, as are many other things in this section. There is little or no emphasis on what American democracy is trying to accomplish, and how far-reaching that accomplishment has been as contrasted with any other nation in history. Let us study the shadows but in doing so let us not forget that we would not discern shadows were there not some light to cast them, and the brightest light the common man has yet found—in spite of all—has been that cast by the old Americanism. It may also be said that one of the best ways to undermine a system is to repeat and repeat all its faults and to avoid mentioning its benefits. We may note that even if "one-third" of the people were "ill-housed" and so on, by American standards—the highest in the world—the inference is that two-thirds of 130,000,000 were *well-housed* and so on, which is a stupendous achievement unattained as yet outside of democracies.

Again, why should we suddenly be asked to accept as the spokesmen of democracy a good many people who for years, on their record, have opposed the very spirit of that democracy, instead, for example, of such voices as those of Woodrow Wilson in his moving First Inaugural, or selections from Justice Brandeis, or, the greatest of our liberals since the World War, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes? Surely, they spoke with a more authentic American note on the Democratic Spirit than men who signed defenses of Stalin's judicial murders in the Trotsky case or opposed the attempt of John Dewey to reach the truth about them. If we have dropped from the stature of the men in the earlier part of this volume to many of those who are quoted as leaders in the latter part, then we *are* in a bad way.

We *have* lacked leadership, and it may be that we have reached the point predicted by Le Bon nearly a half century ago, when he said that the divine right of the masses was replacing the divine right of kings as something that

merely could not be argued about. Perhaps, but the spirit of Stalinism, of communism, or anarchism, is not the spirit of American Democracy, and if it is to be considered so, I would rather be realistic and admit democracy's failure than to swallow something wholly different and be made to say it was the same thing. If an American Stalin wants to have me put against the wall as a member of the independent intellectual or bourgeois class and shot at dawn, all right, but he need not make me gag first by assuring me that the incident is merely a new development of the ideals of American democracy and a footnote to the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, and the Bill of Rights.

[The WORK PROGRAM is on pages 910-912.]

Occasionally employed as a reviewer in liberal publications and regularly employed as a reader and editor for Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., BERNARD SMITH made his first bid for general approval with *Forces in American Criticism* (1940), a study of the underlying economic motivation of the leading critics of American literature and life. It was not until James Truslow Adams launched his attack upon the anthology *The Democratic Spirit*, which Mr. Smith edited, that his political allegiances were called into question. It has not been shown that Mr. Smith is a Communist; indeed, the most that is provable against him is that he was one of the signers of a statement in the *Daily Worker* (April 28, 1938) supporting the verdicts of the Moscow treason trials—enough in some minds, however, to earn him the designation of “fellow traveler.” But whatever his affiliations, Bernard Smith is an able writer and a good analyst of other men’s writing.

THE DEMOCRATIC SPIRIT: A LETTER *

BERNARD SMITH

SIR:—James Truslow Adams’s review of my anthology, “*The Democratic Spirit*,” [*The Democratic Fashion*,” *SRL*, Sept. 27], calls for a reply. I regret that the temper and method of his review make it impossible for me to write in the spirit of polite literary controversy.

Mr. Adams was extremely careful to avoid giving me grounds for a libel suit. Nowhere did he explicitly label me a communist or a Nazi (or a defender of perjury and murder!). But his few remarks about the book itself were surrounded by columns of irrelevant observations about a Nazi female with whom he is acquainted, about Stalin and the purges, about totalitarianism and revolution, and about the writers who lend their names to committees. Mr. Adams was thus enabled to discredit me without assuming the responsibility of a direct charge. It is an excellent example of the classic smear technique.

Only in this one respect, however, was his review carefully written. I doubt that anyone who knows the book will believe that Mr. Adams read more than a few pages of it, and there is some evidence that he deliberately suppressed or distorted what he found in the few pages he did read.

Some examples:

1. Mr. Adams stated that I gave Lincoln six pages. I gave him sixteen. This was not a typographical error in Mr. Adams’s review, because he based an important argument on that statement—and the argument was obviously false. (This also disposes of the chief arguments of your two hysterical correspondents, Messrs. Dennen and Gotesky.)

2. Mr. Adams objected to my omitting Woodrow Wilson’s first inaugural speech, but he did not inform his readers that the volume contains a fine selection from Wilson’s “*The New Freedom*.”

3. Mr. Adams observed that I included writers who opposed John Dewey’s inquiry into the Soviet trials. The unwary reader would assume that Dewey

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is not represented in the volume. There is a selection from Dewey's "Democracy and Education."

4. Mr. Adams quoted a passage from my Introduction in which I said that the people have sought to rule in order to get more of "the good things of life—food, shelter, leisure, education, security, pleasure." He remarked that I said nothing about freedom of speech or press or person or religion. The fact is that in the same paragraph in which the sentence quoted above appeared, I wrote that the people "have constantly enlarged and enforced the application of such doctrines as equality before the law, universal suffrage, free public education, limitation of economic privilege, religious and racial tolerance, and so on." The Introduction is loaded with references to freedom of religion, of person, etc.

5. Mr. Adams's list of the modern radical writers who are represented in the volume was fairly complete, but his list of the non-radical writers was significantly incomplete. He omitted Edgar Lee Masters, James Weldon Johnson, Countee Cullen, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Charles A. Beard, Christian Gauss, Jonathan Daniels, Thomas Wolfe, Sinclair Lewis, and Lewis Mumford. No reference occurred anywhere to such other contemporary writers as W. E. B. DuBois, John Dos Passos, James Farrell, Dorothy Parker, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, and John Steinbeck, all of whom are generously represented. Nor was any reference made to my selections from such writers of the recent past as Finley Peter Dunne, William Vaughn Moody, Hamlin Garland, Herbert Croly, Vachel Lindsay, Heywood Broun, and Lincoln Steffens.

6. Mr. Adams said that my selections from the men of whom he approves—Benét, Canby, Brooks, President Roosevelt, Sandburg, and MacLeish—"are not as representative either of the writers or of the subject, or as constructive, as they might be." I don't know what he means by "constructive," but the reader may judge for himself whether the selections are representative. From Benét: "Ode to the Austrian Socialists" and "Ode to Walt Whitman." From Canby: "The Age of Confidence." From Brooks: "America's Coming-of-Age." From the President: the "Address at Madison Square Garden, 1936." From Sandburg: "The People, Yes." From MacLeish: "Pole Star for This Year" and "Speech to a Crowd."

These examples are, I think, sufficient to show what Mr. Adams has been up to. There remains the most important question: was Mr. Adams justified in attacking the inclusion of such indubitably radical authors as Caldwell, Gold, Maltz, Zugsmith, and Wright? The basis of his attack was the fact of their inclusion, not the nature of the material included. In other words, he hated some nine or ten names—but he had nothing to say about the actual writings that appear in my anthology. Since the volume is intended to be a collection of writings and not a passport to Mr. Adams's heaven, I feel justified in asking the reader to examine the works rather than Mr. Adams's index of sinners. Caldwell's piece is a story about a Southern tenant farmer; Gold's piece is a pathetic picture of ghetto life; Zugsmith's piece (which first appeared in *Story Magazine*) deals with the domestic effects of unemployment. Maltz's piece (which first appeared in *The New Yorker*) is a sketch of the "lower depths" of poverty; Wright's piece (from a Book-of-the-Month Club selection) is his famous study of the futility felt by Negro youth denied an opportunity to achieve a full life.

There are no other contemporary writings in the volume that deal with unemployment, the ghetto, the tenant farmer, and the slum. Perhaps Mr. Adams thinks that an anthology of literature purporting to express the democratic spirit would be complete without selections expressing some bitterness about the conditions that create sharecroppers, ghettos, and slums.

That, I believe, is the crux of the matter. Mr. Adams does indeed think that way about it. In a dozen different ways he revealed a profound antagonism toward democracy. A tory peeped out between the lines. He must have suspected it himself, else why did he suddenly pat himself on the back for having lent his name to the cause of Sacco and Vanzetti—fifteen years ago? What has Mr. Adams been doing in the fifteen years that have followed? I am not aware that he has done anything or written anything that would warrant his being regarded as a liberal or democrat of any kind whatever. On the contrary, I am aware that he has said things that might warrant his being regarded as an exponent of privilege and caste. I do not consider him a proper critic of a volume which is frankly and whole-heartedly dedicated to democracy—dedicated, that is, to a point of view which includes compassion for the Jews of New York's ghetto, the miserable poor whites of Governor Talmadge's state, and the degraded Negroes of the Chicago blackbelt—a point of view which protests against the existence of these areas of injustice in a nation as great, as free, and as rich as ours.

These writings are non-political. There is no hint of party affiliation in any of them—not even in Gold's and Wright's. I was not interested in their authors' moral or political habits when I considered including these writings. I was concerned only with their intrinsic interest. They are in my volume because of what they say about people and life. They have precisely the same validity as my selections from Melville, Parker, Garrison, Whittier, or Howells. In my business—the publishing business—it is customary to judge a manuscript by its content, not by its author's conduct. That, no doubt, is the standard of judgment which resulted in Maltz being published by *The New Yorker* and Little, Brown & Company, Caldwell by Duell, Sloan and Pearce, Zugsmith by *Story* and Random House, Wright by Harper's and the Book-of-the-Month Club, etc. But, of course, that is a standard which necessitates reading the manuscript under consideration and not merely its title-page and table of contents.

Mr. Adams was enraged by my leaning heavily upon writings which are critical, *i.e.*, which deal with social and political faults. His rage pertained only to modern writings, and this is a revealing fact. He did not dare to attack the classics. But are not the great democratic writings of Roger Williams, Sewall, Wise, Otis, Adams, Jefferson, Paine, Bryant, Channing, Thoreau, *et al.*, also critical? Were they not concerned with the social and political faults of their various eras? The literature of democracy, from its beginnings to the present, has been a literature of protest against inertia, complacency, greed, and intolerance. The democratic tradition is a tradition of struggle and action. It is not a tradition of smug self-congratulation.

I would be the last person to claim that my anthology is perfect. There are several men I now regret having omitted—in particular Holmes and Brandeis. I omitted them because at the time of compiling I felt that their essential ideas were adequately expressed in my selections from earlier periods

in American history. It seemed to me that the one new phrase of democratic expression in this nation's letters during the past quarter-century was that which has occurred in fiction and verse rather than in essays or speeches on current issues. I may be mistaken. Certainly when there is another edition, some changes will be made. But changes will not be made to satisfy the personal animus and anti-democratic sentiment of a critic like Mr. Adams.

[Original Editor's Note: Through an error in proof, for which the editors, and not Mr. Adams, are responsible, Dashiell Hammett was mistakenly listed as a contributor to Mr. Smith's book.]

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Define: *totalitarianism, integrity, hybrid, equalitarianism, agrarian, entail, primogeniture, Stalinist, innocuous, proletarian, perjury, commendatory, excerpt, inference, incendiary, demagogue, proponent, bourgeoisie, intelligentsia, impediment, libel, ghetto, irrelevant, crux, animus.*
2. Identify: Roger Williams, Samuel Sewall, John Wise, Tom Paine, Henry George, Gorki, George Eliot, Samuel Adams, Parrington, Charles Beard, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Brandeis, John Dewey, Trotsky, Le Bon.
3. What difference is developed concerning Jefferson's views of education?
4. What is meant by saying that Jefferson's political philosophy was "close meshed"?
5. What was Jefferson's attitude toward urban development?
6. Interpret: ". . . an unsuspecting sponsor of the big moustache."
7. If Mr. Adams were making an anthology, would he exclude Communists? What does he say?
8. Name some of the writers who Mr. Adams thinks are so unimportant that their inclusion in Mr. Smith's anthology is unjustified.
9. Name "more important" writers (than those mentioned in the answer to Question 8) who Mr. Adams feels should be represented.
10. What inference might be drawn from Mr. Adams' allegation that the space allotted to Lincoln is less than that allotted to Mike Gold?
11. Why does Mr. Adams italicize a part of the statement "the people . . . have been misinformed as to what their will *should be* . . . "?
12. To free what radicals did Adams once lend his name?
13. According to Mr. Adams, what portion of America's 130,000,000 are well-housed?
14. What is the Bill of Rights?
15. Does Mr. Smith specifically deny that he is a Communist?
16. What are some of Mr. Adams' observations which Mr. Smith regards as "irrelevant"?
17. What error of fact does Mr. Smith attribute to Mr. Adams?

18. What inference does Mr. Smith think can be drawn from Mr. Adams' observation that President Wilson's first inaugural speech was not included?
19. What was "John Dewey's inquiry into the Soviet trials"?
20. Identify: Finley Peter Dunne, William Vaughn Moody, Hamlin Garland, Herbert Croly, Vachel Lindsay, Heywood Broun, and Lincoln Steffens.
21. What might Mr. Adams have meant by "constructive"?
22. Interpret: ". . . the volume is intended to be a collection of writings and not a passport to Mr. Adams' heaven. . . ."
23. What defense does Mr. Smith offer for his selections from "such indubitably radical authors as Caldwell, Gold, Maltz, Zugsmith, and Wright"?
24. What evidence does Mr. Smith offer that Mr. Adams has "said things that might warrant his being regarded as an opponent of privilege and caste"?
25. Of what state was Talmadge governor?
26. What omissions from his anthology does Mr. Smith regret?
27. To what error does the editor of *The Saturday Review* admit?

Round Table

1. Comment on Mr. Adams' statement, "Anything I have said or may say in this article . . . is not aimed at him [Bernard Smith]."
2. Find and read the *Mayflower* Compact. Is it communistic?
3. Does the "average American" want "to climb the social or economic ladder and get ahead of the other fellow as fast as he can"?
4. What is the significance of the jibe, "There are exceptions . . . even among those who signed the pronunciamientos upholding the mass murders . . . in Russia"?
5. Is Mr. Adams, despite his denial, a "Red baiter"? Did he employ the "smear technique" against Mr. Smith?
6. Are the selections from Benét, Canby, Brooks, President Roosevelt, Sandburg, and MacLeish "representative"?
7. Has Mr. Adams revealed "a profound antagonism towards democracy"?
8. Discuss the temper of this debate.

Paper Work

1. After an examination of *The Democratic Spirit*—that is, the anthology—write a paper on the fairness or unfairness of Mr. Adams' strictures.
2. Write a paper on Mr. Adams and Mr. Smith as debaters.
3. Read Chapters VII and VIII in James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind in the Making*, and in an essay apply the precepts found there to this controversy.

4. Write an essay on one of the following topics: (a) Military Allegiance with Russia Strengthened (or Weakened) American Democracy, (b) Radical Books Should (or Should Not) Be Suppressed, (c) Democracy Leads (or Does Not Lead) to Socialism.

This debate which occurred on Thursday evening, April 11, 1940, was not only typical of Town Hall programs, but it was also one of the opening engagements of the vigorous presidential campaign which followed. Mr. George B. Denny, Jr., who regularly serves in that capacity, was moderator on this occasion.

DR. GLENN FRANK, since killed in an automobile accident on September 15, 1940, was at that time chairman of the Republican Program Committee and recent author of the *Republican campaign handbook*. Born in Queens City, Missouri, in 1887, and graduated from Northwestern University in 1912, Dr. Frank was by training a journalist and had served as editor of *Century Magazine* and of *Rural Progress*. Yet for a dozen years (1925-1937) he was President of the University of Wisconsin.

ROBERT HOUGHWOUT JACKSON was attorney general of the United States at the time of this debate, having been elevated from the rôle of assistant attorney general the previous year. Mr. Jackson was born at Spring Creek, Pennsylvania, in 1892, and was admitted to the New York bar in 1913 after being graduated from the Albany Law School. He had had much legal and business experience before he was appointed general counsel to the Bureau of Internal Revenue in 1934 at the behest of Mr. Roosevelt.

Thus in platform experience and in training the debaters were well-matched.

ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE REPUBLICAN AND DEMOCRATIC PARTIES*

GLENN FRANK AND ROBERT H. JACKSON

MODERATOR DENNY: Good evening, neighbors. It is frequently said nowadays that the 1940 elections will be the most important held in this country since the Civil War. Certainly American interest in political, economic, and social questions has never been greater than at this time, and there is probably more intelligent interest in public affairs today than we have ever had before. In any case, the men between—and by that I mean all of those who listen carefully to both sides and cast their votes for the candidates and platforms they believe will serve the best interests of the country—are watching carefully the activities of both parties and appraising their potential candidates and attitudes on public questions. It has been said also that there were times when the choice of the voters on election day was between Tweedledum and Tweedledee. If that is so today we ought to know it. However, if we can judge by some of the speeches made from this platform during the past five years, there is considerable difference of opinion between the Democratic and Republican parties as presently constituted. Certainly we have been fortunate in securing the acceptance of these two speakers, Dr. Glenn Frank, chairman of the Republican Program Committee and therefore an authoritative spokesman of his party and the Honorable Robert H. Jackson, Attorney General of the United States and outstanding spokesman for the present Democratic Administration. We are to hear first from Dr.

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Frank, whose national reputation as an editor and former president of the University of Wisconsin has been enhanced by his work in his present post. I take pleasure in presenting to you Dr. Glenn Frank.

DR. FRANK: I hope my associate in this discussion, the distinguished Attorney General of the United States, Mr. Jackson, will agree with me that it will be impossible to give much reality to the argument of the evening unless, at the outset, we define our terms so that it will be perfectly clear what both Mr. Jackson and I mean when we refer to the Republican and Democratic parties. We could talk about the historic record of these two parties as they have operated under fire when official responsibility has been upon them. We could talk about the traditional philosophies of these two parties, ranging over the policy pronouncements of Hamilton, Jefferson, Lincoln, and Jackson—at least *Andrew* Jackson. We could, I suspect, give you a fairly colorful evening if we condescended to personalities, historic and contemporary, and centered our attention on isolated episodes, each muckraking the party of the other.

I am not, and I suspect Mr. Jackson is not, interested in any of these approaches to the question: What are the essential differences between the Republican and Democratic parties? I am not interested in any of these approaches because I think they have little, if any, relevance to the political decisions and practical interests of the American people in 1940. In these later years life has laid too heavy a hand upon too many of us, fortune has failed to smile upon too many of us, for me to believe that many Americans will cast their votes in 1940 in terms of the history of our two parties. Few emotions will be stirred in 1940 by obsolete slogans or by the waving of faded battle flags woven out of the issues of other generations. Men without a job, staggering under unbearable debt, with their backs bending under a back-breaking taxation, women watching the loss of their homes, youth staring at doors of opportunity barricaded by the sluggishness of the nation's enterprise are not going to spend much time raking over the ashes and embers of political history.

And the fact is that, traditionally, save for variations of emphasis in this decade or that, there have been no essential differences between the Republican and Democratic parties in their political and economic philosophy. Variations, yes, but, in essence, both have grounded their governing upon a political philosophy of democratic self-government under the check and counter-check of distributed and balanced powers, an economic philosophy of private enterprise under the minimum governmental regulation necessary to prevent abuse and promote justice in its operation, and, if I may use the term in this connection, a spiritual philosophy of civil liberties under which freedom to think, to write, to speak, to petition, to worship, to participate in political opposition to the party in power have been supposed to be secure from denial, from vindictive harassment or assault even by government. I used to think this long-standing similarity of our two parties was to be deplored. I do not any longer. More mature consideration has convinced me that it is impossible to operate a great nation, with anything like a stabilized well-being, through a two-party system, unless the two parties are in essential agreement on what the nature of both the political system and the economic system of the country should be. If the two-party system is made up of two parties whose political and economic philosophies are at opposite poles,

every election overturn becomes, in effect, a revolution, and the whole national enterprise is disrupted, thrown out of gear, and, for a run of years at least, shrouded with a depressing shadow of uncertainty.

No effective light would be thrown on the immediate importance of the question we are discussing if Mr. Jackson and I attempted to muckrake each other's parties. Both parties, being made up of human beings, have had their share of great statesmen and crooks; both have had their phases of high advance and low retreat; both have, at one time and another, served the many and been exploited by the few; both, at varying levels of local and state and national administration, have had their share of scandals and superb service.

No. The only question of difference worth discussing is the difference between the policy and action followed by the New Deal Administration during the last seven years and the policy and action a Republican administration would be likely to follow if the fortunes of balloting returned the Republicans to power next November. You may say that is hardly a fair way to state the question, because, you may say, judgment on the New Deal can be based on a record, while judgment on the probable policy and action of an incoming Republican administration must be in the nature of a prophecy, and that such prophecy, made in advance of the platform the Republicans will draft and the candidate they will nominate at Philadelphia next June, can be only a guess. How can anyone know, you may ask, what forces will draft the platform or what behind-the-scenes deals will dictate the leadership at Philadelphia? Ordinarily, respecting any party, both this observation and this question would be valid.

But I speak with a feeling of unusual certainty tonight about the probable program and probable leadership—I mean about the nature of the program and leadership—of 1940 Republicanism because I am not basing my judgment on a guess about forces that will operate in the Philadelphia convention or about deals that might be attempted. I base my judgment upon a firsthand knowledge of what the rank and file of Republicans are thinking and feeling today. And what the rank and file of Republicans are thinking and feeling is today more important than what any individual Republican leader, old or new, is thinking. I think I know what is today moving in the minds and hearts of the mine-run of Republicans from coast to coast. I think I know because I am one of them. And then, for the last two years, I have been at an unusual listening post. As chairman of the Republican Program Committee, which has carried out one of the most comprehensive soundings of party beliefs and determinations in the history of American politics, I have had the chance to eavesdrop the minds and hearts of thousands upon thousands of rank-and-file Republicans throughout the nation. Unless my hearing has been bad, I know what these rank-and-file Republicans are saying among themselves. And if there is a spirit of blind reaction in the rank-and-file Republicanism of this country, I have been unable to find it with a dragnet of research and referendum in these last two years.

The rank-and-file Republicans of this country, as I have come to know them in these two years, are not hide-bound. Neither, thank God, are they hare-brained. They are generally and justifiably skeptical of political medicine men with their quick and quack remedies. They do not belong to the decay school of thought which has captured so many of the official liberals of the moment.

These rank-and-file Republicans simply do not believe the assumption now current in some New Deal quarters that the America we have known—the America of political liberty and private enterprise—is a dying America except as the political pulmotor of the Federal Government can keep it breathing. They believe, not as wishful thinking but in light of obvious fact, that American enterprise can expand more, offer more investment opportunity for savings, provide more jobs for workers in factories and on farms, create more profitable outlets for the energies and genius of the people, and lift living standards immeasurably higher in the next twenty-five years than in the twenty-five years before 1929, if too many hurdles are not thrown in its way by either the public policies of government or the private policies of business. These rank-and-file Republicans do not believe that the ranks of businessmen, industrialists, and bankers are devoid of intelligence, competence, and social sensitiveness. They do not think the political genius of the nation has gone bankrupt so far that it must be placed under a receivership of appointed administrators. They believe that there is a vast fund of leadership in the nation that suffers neither from the *rigor mortis* of reaction nor from the St. Vitus's dance of irresponsible utopianism. And they believe it is the business of the Philadelphia convention to find such leadership so that they—the rank-and-file Republicans of 1940—can follow it and help it lift the standards around which the stable intelligence, effective competence, and sound social sense of Americans who believe in democratic self-government and an intelligently modernized economy of private enterprise can rally.

This rank-and-file Republicanism is not a do-nothing Republicanism. It is not allowing either vested interests or vested ideas to obscure its understanding of those social and economic needs to which political policy must today be vitally related or meet deserved rejection at the hands of an enlightened people. It does not want to repeal a single law that has actually restored or strengthened values. It does not want to repeal any tax the revenue from which is actually needed for essential services—unless it is a tax that is hampering that expansion of enterprise upon which the future of every desirable social service of government depends. It does not want the Government to wash its hands of concern with the future of agriculture. It does not want to see labor face management without the full advantage of equal bargaining power. It does not want to see homeowners pay exorbitant interest rates or lose their homes. It does not want to see a single American go hungry or houseless or cold. It does not want to see government relax, but rather redouble, effort in behalf of the unemployed. It does not want to see children enslaved in factory or field or mine. It does not want to see the country subject to the manipulations of dishonest speculators. It does not want to delay, by so much as one unnecessary hour, the utmost feasible security for the aged. It does not want to sabotage any intelligent attempt to raise the standards of health and education.

The rank-and-file Republicanism of 1940 is an eager, alert, socially sensitive, progressive Republicanism. If it throws itself in opposition to hastily conceived, wastefully financed, and incompetently administered policies pursued in the name of these sound social purposes I have just listed, it is because the rank-and-file Republicanism of 1940 does not believe that political leadership has *done a*

thing just because it has *said* it. An unsound procedure can defeat a sound purpose it seeks to advance. The New Deal leadership said in 1933 that what the people wanted was action; 1940 Republicanism insists that what the people now want is results. If this rank-and-file Republicanism of 1940 displays a friendliness to policies designed to hasten the growth of American enterprise, it is not because this Republicanism is the tool of dark and sinister interests, but simply because it is practical enough to know that unless the business, the industry, and the agriculture of the country are made and kept going concerns, even the soundest social advances of modern government will sooner or later be wiped out.

This rank-and-file Republicanism—not the picture which an elaborate and sustained attempt to smear the Republican Party as a party of reaction has sought to paint—is the Republican Party in 1940. I say that with confidence because in the last two years I have felt the power of its determination, and any leadership that would attempt to thwart it, and any leadership that fails faithfully to express it, will be broken. Among intelligent Americans in both the Republican and Democratic parties there is not much difference of opinion about the goals toward which we want, as a people, to move and toward which we want government to help us move, but there is a growingly wide and legitimate difference of opinion about what policies will and what policies will not advance us toward these goals.

MODERATOR DENNY: Thank you, Dr. Frank. One of the most distinguished members of the present Democratic Administration is the Attorney General of the United States, formerly an attorney of Jamestown, New York, and successively Assistant Attorney General and Solicitor General—an eminent Democrat. I take pleasure in welcoming back to the Town Hall platform the Honorable Robert H. Jackson.

MR. JACKSON: Since the subject for tonight was chosen, world events have made the differences between us Americans seem trivial beside those deep differences of system and culture that men are dying for abroad. We, Dr. Frank, may be grateful that our differences are only those which can be settled at the ballot box, and while we differ in detail, we have no disagreement in wanting to continue the fundamental principles of our government and of our society. In fact, Dr. Frank and I agree on too many points to make a real jolly evening for you.

Before the New Deal, there was frequent complaint by thoughtful people, some liberal and some conservative, that there was no real difference between the Democratic Party and the Republican Party. Since the Democratic Party has been under the leadership of President Roosevelt, that complaint has been less frequent. Nearly every partisan Democrat and nearly every partisan Republican agree that there are fundamental differences between the Democratic Party and the Republican opposition. But it is difficult to get them to agree on a statement of those fundamental differences.

If a man from Mars should examine the New Deal record and then read the modernized statement of Republican doctrine prepared by Dr. Frank and his battalion of brain-trusters, 200 experts strong, he might conclude that Dr. Frank's work was a defense of the Roosevelt record. Certainly he would con-

clude that most of the ideas discussed by Dr. Frank came from President Roosevelt. The Republican program of Dr. Frank accepts, in principle, minimum-wage and maximum-hour legislation, Federal subsidies to agriculture, soil conservation, a housing program, the elimination of tax-exempt securities, the regulation of stock markets, securities issues, and public utilities, and even government competition, to some extent, in the power industry. It favors such bitterly contested policies as collective bargaining for labor, reciprocal trade agreements, relief for the unemployed, and a social security program. It is content if the budget is balanced not before the election of 1942, and is content if we return to a fixed gold standard at some indefinite date.

There are, to be sure, guarded suggestions in the report that the New Deal record is not perfect and that much remains to be done to satisfy the promise of American life. But such criticisms are on the whole more tempered than many that I have heard from New Dealers. There is nothing in the Glenn Frank document that suggests a fundamental difference in objective or approach from Mr. Roosevelt. Our man from Mars might well wonder whether the Republican brain-trusters could find a better leader to fight for their principles in 1940 than Franklin D. Roosevelt.

I do not want to give an exaggerated impression of the wholeheartedness of the committee's endorsement of the New Deal. There are plenty of hedge clauses in the report, which can be cited to convince reactionaries and contributors that the road back to "normalcy" has not been cut off. One of the most forceful illustrations is the proposal to return to the Mellon system of taxation. Every tax imposes some economic burden on those who pay it. The historic position of the Democratic Party is that this burden should be placed where it can most easily be carried, and that taxes should increase in proportion to ability to pay. In regard to this, although it advocates budget balancing, Dr. Frank's report proposes to lower the taxes on the higher incomes. It proposes the repeal of the capital stock tax, repeal of the excess profits tax, and repeal of the normal tax on dividends. It is very significant that not a single proposal is made to lighten the burden of the income tax or any other tax on wages, salaries, or earned income. The only tax relief proposed is to those who are living from investments rather than on their services to society.

A similarly reactionary position is taken with respect to government help to provide relief and work for the unemployed. The committee proposes to the largest extent feasible to take this burden from the Federal Government, which can tax incomes and inheritances, and place it on local governments, which can effectively tax nothing much but real estate and retail sales. The people cannot and should not stand for more sales taxes, and real estate taxes have already been carried to the breaking point for the poor and the middle-class homeowners. To put the cost of relief on real estate means to end relief. Even under our present system, the Republican-governed state of Ohio has witnessed relief riots.

A cruel society cannot be a stable society, and I want to live in a stable and peaceable order. If our Federal Government ceased to aid the unemployed, the aged, and the farmer, our civilization would become at once the richest and the most cruel in modern history. We must balance our economic system with a

purchasing power equivalent to our producing power; also we must boldly face the problem of how to preserve equality of economic opportunity and political democracy in the face of the rising power and influence of great accumulations and combinations of wealth.

The real powers in the Republican Party contend, and I think that they honestly believe, that economic opportunity and security for the great majority of our citizens are unattainable by government effort. They still cherish the belief that government help can be sound and effective only if it trickles down from above and takes the form of tariffs, subsidies, tax relief, and other incentives to those already on the upper scales of the economic ladder. I do not mean, of course, to suggest that there are not many things that government may properly do to energize private enterprise. But there is a difference between those of us who believe that the task of government is to promote the general welfare and those who believe that government should help only those best able to take care of themselves. What, therefore, distinguishes New Deal Democracy from its opponents is that we would use the powers of government in a conscious effort to attain and to distribute a high level of production and prosperity not for a few but for the many.

To understand the differences between the two major parties we must look not only at their words but at their deeds. I am well aware that the promises of statesmen of all parties excel their performance. But it is fair to look at the promises and performances of the Republican Party when it was in power, and the promises and performances of the Democratic Party under President Roosevelt. We find a distinct difference in the approach and attitude of the two major parties toward the Government's responsibility to its people. It may not be easy to state this difference, but it is very real in the minds and the hearts of the voters.

Is it unfair to doubt whether the objectives which the Dr. Frank report accepts in principle represent the real attitude of men who were openly hostile or coldly indifferent when President Roosevelt and his party were struggling to write into law the requirement of truth in the sale of securities, fair play on the stock exchanges, a limitation on the right of super utility holding companies to play with other people's property, the right of workers to bargain collectively, the provision of jobs instead of a dole for the unemployed, the right to unemployment- and to old-age insurance? Is it unfair to ask when and for what reason those who bitterly opposed, or grudgingly accepted, these great reforms decided that they want to improve them, extend them, and administer them better? If the Republicans now concede these principles to be sound and wise, why has President Roosevelt's effort to put them into practical effect won him such deep and lasting hatreds from the financial backers of the Republican Party?

Dr. Frank's report does not sharpen or define these real underlying issues between the two parties as now constituted and led. It is to be feared that the party platforms, if they are made up of the usual timid generalities, will also fail to disclose their really opposite objectives. The intuition of the people will sense the difference better than it can be stated. President Roosevelt has more than once warned against the smooth evasions of the real issues which say to us:

Of course we believe all these things; we believe in social security; we believe

in work for the unemployed; we believe in saving homes. Cross our hearts and hope to die, we believe in all these things; but we do not like the way the present Administration is doing them. Just turn them over to us. We will do all of them—we will do more of them—we will do them better; and, most important of all, the doing of them will not cost anybody anything.

The next Administration may deal with severe tensions in our society. Its dominant task will be to reexamine governmental policies in the light of our experience. We must complete a long-term program to take the place of short-term remedies and emergency experiments. Although we stand aside from the European conflict, our economy, our social life, and our thinking will not escape its far-reaching effects. Victory will bring prestige to the ideas and the systems and the doctrines of the successful country. We must face the peace of Europe, which may test our stability even more than the war of Europe. We do not know what modifications of their way of life and what reorganization of their economy even the democracies of Europe may make in order to win the war. Ideas or practices that bring victory will exert new pressures. In this competition of ideas and loyalties our system of representative democracy has belatedly undertaken to provide economic opportunity and security for all of our people. There is no wisdom in turning back. There is no time to waste. It is later than you think.

MODERATOR DENNY: Thank you, Mr. Jackson. . . . Now we are ready for our question period. Questions, please.

MAN: Dr. Frank, from past experience, many of us have good reason to doubt the Republican platforms. I would like to ask you specifically: If the Republicans get in, in 1940, what will be their attitude toward the Wages and Hours Law?

DR. FRANK: I can only give you the attitude taken by the Republican Program Committee, since the Republican program hasn't yet been written. It will be written in Philadelphia in June. The attitude of the committee's program report was not in violation of the underlying principle of minimum wages and maximum hours for the protection of those unable to protect themselves through collective bargaining. I have given you my judgment that the process of the Program Committee is an accurate reflection of the rank-and-file sentiment and point of view which, in my judgment, will dominate in color the policy of the Republican Party both during the campaign and after the election.

MAN: Dr. Frank, you spoke at great length about a new and intelligent political and economic outlook of the rank-and-file Republican. Will you be kind enough to advise since when, if ever, have the rank-and-file Republicans chosen presidential candidates at a national convention?

DR. FRANK: Again, that is of a piece with the answer I made in part on the wages-and-hours question. During the last two years the Republican Party has been engaged in an extensive process of thoroughly democratizing one of the most important party processes, namely, the formulation of policy, and doing it at a time when the Democratic Party's process of policy-making has been becoming increasingly autocratic and centralized.

MAN: Mr. Jackson, is it not true that during the application of the so-called Mellon tax schedules, running lower on high-income tax returns, more money

was taken in those higher brackets in tax collections than was taken in under the higher taxes before that and the higher taxes today on those incomes?

MR. JACKSON: Regarding the question about the amount, I haven't the figures in mind; but of course the net collections of the government depend not merely on the rate but upon the number of people who enjoy those incomes. There were more people who enjoyed, or thought they enjoyed, those incomes in 1929 and those years before, and reported on that basis. I don't think that you can successfully contend that a low rate will produce more income for the government if you apply it to the same base. You are comparing two different eras, and applying to them two different bases.

MAN: Dr. Frank, do you think that the statement that "that government which governs least governs best" is applicable to America in 1940; and if not, what extensions of the Federal Government in the past seven years have been justifiable?

MODERATOR DENNY: Let's take the first part of that question first. We will leave off the last one; that is too long.

DR. FRANK: I do not believe that the bald statement that the government which governs least is the best government applies to the complicated and interdependent situation of 1940 in this or any other modern civilization.

MAN: Mr. Jackson, don't you think that one of the prime differences between the Republican and Democratic parties is that the Democratic Party, in its administrations, promulgates various pieces of progressive legislation that seem radical at the moment, and then, when its terms are up, the Republicans come in and mellow and sanctify this legislation?

MODERATOR DENNY: I take it that the questioner is a Democrat, Mr. Jackson.

MR. JACKSON: I welcome him as such, and I endorse his statement.

MAN: Dr. Frank, you don't see very many essential differences between the two parties, but don't you find in the statements of the Honorable Mr. Jackson as to the performance of the Republican Party in Congress, where it has tried to nullify the efforts of the Democratic Party along progressive lines, an essential difference right there?

DR. FRANK: As one of the mellowers and sanctifiers, in short, as a Republican, I would be perfectly happy to have someone who knew the details make a detailed comparison between the cordial cooperation of the Republican forces, under the New Deal, with valid progressive legislation, and the obstructive forces of the Democratic element in the Congress when the Hoover Administration—which has been so heartily maligned by the New Deal leadership—was undertaking to advance highly progressive legislation on many fronts, and it was impossible to get through a Democratically controlled House even progressive banking legislation.

MODERATOR DENNY: I recognize a distinguished Republican in the audience who is about to ask a question, Mrs. Preston Davie.

MRS. DAVIE: Mr. Jackson, I would like to ask you how the New Deal, if it gets in, proposes to re-employ the 11,000,000 unemployed, if it continues with its punitive policy toward business and the harassment of business?

MR. JACKSON: There has been no punitive policy toward business. There has been a distinct effort to curtail some kinds of business in the interests of other kinds of business. The Federal Trade Commission acts on a complaint by some

businessmen that other businessmen are being unfair to it. Every suit that has been instituted by the Department of Justice against business groups has been instituted at the request and upon the complaint of other groups of businessmen who claimed they were being ruined. Government must arbitrate those differences and must take a position in reference to those groups.

MAN: I should like to address my question to both speakers. In the light of recent foreign developments, do you think America should continue to purchase gold from foreign countries so as to create purchasing power in those foreign countries and thus aid our foreign export trade?

DR. FRANK: Now we are getting over into the field of money. When we get there, I am in exactly the same position that the monetary experts are: I don't know a single thing about it, except instead of saying, "Should we continue to buy the gold?" I think it would have been far better if we hadn't bought as much as we have.

MODERATOR DENNY: Mr. Jackson, do you know anything about money?

MR. JACKSON: It is very apparent that that isn't one of the differences between Dr. Frank and myself.

MAN: I would like to ask each speaker to answer this question. First, Mr. Jackson: What new plans, if any, has the present Administration to put to work the idle money in this nation?

MR. JACKSON: The Administration has had a problem of attempting to raise the purchasing power of the people in the lower income groups, who are the great purchasers of the nation. Those are the groups that spend their money. If you recall, when the depression hit the motor industry, one of the explanations which was given was that there was no longer ability to dispose of used cars, and used cars are the product which are sold to people of low incomes. It is the belief of the group that if you can restore purchasing power so that business has customers, the idle money will go to work supplying the needs of those customers, and that primarily the reason why business is down is because customers aren't available to buy its goods.

MODERATOR DENNY: Now, Dr. Frank, will you comment on that same question?

DR. FRANK: Thanks to Mr. Jackson for dramatizing at least one very profound difference between the Democratic and Republican parties today. I agree with Mr. Jackson, and I agree with the most ardent New Dealer that you can't keep this high-power productive system going without customers who have money in their pockets with which to buy the output of that productive system. But I dissent heartily, as does the Republican Party generally, from the idea that you can create purchasing power adequate to keep this high-powered productive machine going by either government-made work or elaborate government spending of borrowed money. As a very temporary shot in the arm to overcome a serious, acute condition, yes; as a going economic process, no. All the record of the experiment is against it.

MAN: Mr. Jackson, youth wants to know what definite steps your party will take to keep America out of war.

MR. JACKSON: I think the program of the Administration has been made very clear in the legislation which has been proposed by the President and enacted.

There has been no indication of a likelihood of our getting into the war, and the legislation is certainly adequate—up to any present needs.

WOMAN: I would like to ask Dr. Frank what proposals the Republican Party has for putting the 11,000,000 unemployed back to work.

DR. FRANK: The question is: What proposals does the Republican Party have for putting the 10,000,000, 11,000,000, or 12,000,000, or whatever the figure is, back to work. Every attitude, every expression of the temper of the Republican leadership, and every policy incorporated in the report of the Republican Program Committee was directed at the target of revitalizing and re-energizing the basic health of American business, industry, and agriculture, on the assumption that only as the organic health of the economic enterprise of this entire nation returns are you going to get a genuine reabsorption of the unemployed into the ranks of the employed. You can't do it on made work unless you want to stabilize the living standards of this people at a markedly lower level and herd them into armament plants or troop them down the streets on made work.

MAN: Mr. Jackson, which of the two major parties has a larger number of lawmakers and politicians who, in order to improve the material and spiritual welfare of the nation, do their educating on obedience? By that I mean, not to the Ten Commandments which are kept on Sunday, but to the laws of the Sabbath which Christ kept on the Seventh Day. . . .

MODERATOR DENNY: We will take that question for a statement.

MAN: Dr. Frank, I understand that some of the men of the Republican National Committee are directors or controllers of steel corporations who bought large quantities of tear gas and other weapons—

MODERATOR DENNY: I am sorry. That question is out. It is in the nature of a personal question.

MAN: Dr. Frank, you mentioned President Hoover a moment ago. Do you have any idea what his reaction has been to your report? I have seen reports that he is opposed to it.

DR. FRANK: I can answer that question. Mr. Hoover was a member of the committee cooperating in the drafting of the report, and the last time I heard him refer to it, he said he felt it was an excellent expression of the political, social, and economic principles in which he had believed, and which he had preached for the last twenty years.

MAN: I would like to ask one question of each gentleman. Mr. Jackson, do you or do you not believe that the existence of a national deficit of \$40,000,000,000 plus is a national peril?

MR. JACKSON: To be perfectly frank with you, I don't know. I have read a great deal that has been written on both sides of the subject. Whether it is a peril, I can't answer. It doesn't seem to me that a deficit created to feed our own people, a deficit for public works which are created in this country—such as schoolhouses and public-works projects throughout the land—can bankrupt us.

MODERATOR DENNY: The same question, Dr. Frank.

DR. FRANK: You mean a national debt of \$40,000,000,000? First, let me make clear the spirit in which I say this, and the grounds on which I say it, and about three sentences will state those grounds. I do not say that potentially this economic system of ours can't stand up under a national debt of \$40,000,000,000 or

even \$50,000,000,000; but I do say that a national debt that has jumped, that has virtually doubled in seven years, is symptomatic of a political and economic philosophy which, if given its head, will land the nation in bankruptcy because of the policies that create that large debt.

MAN: After having heard the talk on both sides, as to the very few differences between the Democratic and the Republican parties, I wish to ask Mr. Jackson if he doesn't think the Republican Party could run on the last Democratic platform that was ever written—in 1932—better than the present New Deal party?

MR. JACKSON: I think they not only should run on the platform of the Democratic Party, but they should endorse its candidate, if they feel as they say they do.

MAN: I understand you to say, Mr. Jackson, that the New Deal policies were calculated to tax those who lived on their investments rather than upon their services to society.

MR. JACKSON: I did not say that.

SAME MAN: Well, I am glad to hear that.

MR. JACKSON: I said that the reduction of taxes proposed by the Republicans was entirely directed to the benefit of those who live on investments and had no effect on those who live on wages, salaries, or earned income.

SAME MAN: On that statement, may I ask you a question, in all friendliness to you, in order that the record may be clear? Would you say, then, that it is a Democratic philosophy, or a philosophy of the Democratic Party, that the providing of capitalistic forces of production that come from investments and dividends is not a service to society?

MR. JACKSON: No, I didn't say that—I don't intend to be understood as having said that. But what I do say is that when you have reached the point where you are living on the return from invested capital, it evidences an ability to pay, and that that is a proper element to take into consideration in fixing the tax rate; that the progressive tax should apply according to ability to pay, graduated according to income.

MAN: Dr. Frank, do you know Mr. Landon's reaction to your committee's report?

DR. FRANK: Mr. Landon gave his hearty approval to this report in a public statement about forty-eight hours after it was issued.

MODERATOR DENNY: Thank you. Dr. Bestor has a question from a listener out of town.

DR. BESTOR: Mr. Jackson, on the issues of foreign policy, what are the major differences between the Republican and Democratic parties?

MR. JACKSON: I couldn't answer that because I can't find out what the foreign policy of the Republican Party is. Not only are there differences between its candidates, but its candidates sometimes have different policies when they are speaking in different parts of the country. I don't think it is feasible or practical to draw a comparison between a policy which is in effect under the present Administration and the hypothetical policies of hypothetical candidates drawn from a variety of speeches under a variety of circumstances with no continuity and no consistency among them.

MODERATOR DENNY: Dr. Frank, will you speak on the same question?

DR. FRANK: Again, I am speaking tonight very dogmatically about Republican policy because of my two years' experience of intimate contact with thousands and thousands of rank-and-file Republicans whose judgment I know is going to prevail ultimately in the Republican Party, regardless of what any individual leader may say, think, or do. I am as much at sea as to where the foreign policy of the New Deal is really headed as Mr. Jackson is about what the foreign policy of the Republican Party is. If I had to say it in about three or four sentences, I would say that the demand coming up from the rank and file of the Republicans to the leadership of the Republican Party is: First of all, keep this nation out of the wars of Europe. Second, realize, nevertheless, that this is an interdependent world economically and culturally, and you must go to the extreme limit of cooperation in making possible the easiest possible flow of trade and service across the frontiers of the world, provided in the doing of it you don't have to sell out the living standards of American workers and American farmers.

MAN: Dr. Frank, how do you reconcile the following essential differences in the situation, that are paradoxical? In 1938, President Roosevelt, in speaking before a group of women representing national associations, said that to help recovery they should "buy patriotically." In 1939, President Roosevelt, in speaking before a large group of newspapermen, held up a can of Argentine beef and advocated that the American Navy buy Argentine beef because it was cheaper.

MODERATOR DENNY: You are asked to verify President Roosevelt's two apparently inconsistent remarks, Dr. Frank.

DR. FRANK: In the spirit of good manners and sportsmanship, I am going to "pass the beef" to Mr. Jackson.

MODERATOR DENNY: Mr. Jackson "passes the beef" back to the audience, and we will take the next question.

MAN: Dr. Frank, I wonder whether your insistence on the rank-and-file attitude of the Republican Party means that you think the rank and file of the Republican Party will demand and obtain better leadership than any that has heretofore appeared in the Republican Party?

DR. FRANK: No, I do not. I am not here to apologize for the leadership of the Republican Party in the past, because the cold historic record is that most of the political, social, and economic progress that America has made in the last half century has been made under Republican leadership.

MAN: Dr. Frank, almost every Republican Senator voted against the extension of the reciprocal trade agreements. Is that the rank-and-file opinion of the Republican Party?

DR. FRANK: I don't think the rank-and-file sentiment of the Republican Party is a blind, blanket thumbsdown on the technique of reciprocal trade agreements. I am not talking about any special one. I think the majority of Republicans in this country are skeptical of the handing over of too much unchecked and unreviewed power to administrators. But they have had such a dose of that in the last seven years that you can forgive them.

MODERATOR DENNY: Thank you, Dr. Frank. And with your remarks, we bring to a close the twenty-seventh and final broadcast of the 1939-40 season.

WORK PROGRAM

Quiz

1. Describe the setting in which this debate occurred.
2. What qualifications, in each instance, entitled the speakers to authority?
3. What common ground did Dr. Frank outline at the beginning of his argument?
4. Whom did Dr. Frank mean by "rank-and-file" Republicans? How did he presume to speak for them?
5. Just what did Dr. Frank state was the essential difference between the two parties?
6. Explain these terms: "normalcy," "hedge clauses," "Mellon tax schedules," "vested interests."
7. State Mr. Jackson's case briefly.
8. Comment on Mr. Denny's skill as a moderator.
9. Characterize several of the questioners.
10. What additional pertinent facts were brought out by the questions?
11. Comment on the platform skill of each speaker.

Round Table

1. Which man seemed to you the more persuasive? Why?
2. What so-called New Deal policies did Dr. Frank wish continued?
3. Do you feel that the arguments of Mr. Jackson squarely met the arguments of Dr. Frank?
4. Discuss the statement: "That government which governs least governs best."
5. Interpret: "Ideas or practices that bring victory will exert new pressures."

Paper Work

1. Make a brief for one speaker's argument.
2. Write a rebuttal speech for one of the speakers.
3. Write a list of the questions you would have liked to ask each speaker.
4. Look up the facts and write a brief history of one of these parties since the Civil War.

Part III

THE HANDBOOK

GRAMMAR

1. GRAMMATICAL TERMS

Absolute: An absolute ("free" or "loosened") construction is one which is grammatically independent of the rest of the sentence. An absolute phrase consists of a substantive and a participle, and may express the cause, time, or circumstances of an action. "*My knife having broken*, I was defenseless" (cause). "*Two hours having elapsed*, we went our way" (time). "Afternoons he went walking, *his dog running before him*" (circumstance).

Note how a participial modifier differs from an absolute construction: "My knife, *having been broken in the melee*, was useless." The participial construction here modifies *knife*.

Active voice: See **Voice**.

Adjective: A word that describes or modifies a noun or pronoun. Most adjectives are descriptive: *big* boy, *lazy* man. Definitive or limiting adjectives include pronouns used as adjectives: *this* girl, *those* chairs, *either* road; numerical adjectives: *two* children, *seventh* day; and the articles *a* (*an*) and *the*. A proper adjective is a proper noun used as an adjective, or an adjective derived from a proper noun: *Georgia* peaches, *German* methods.

Adjective clause: A subordinate clause that modifies a substantive. It is introduced by a relative pronoun (e.g., *who*, *which*), or by a relative adverb of place or time (e.g., *where*, *when*). "A man *who values his honor* will not lie." The adjective clause modifies *man*; it serves the same purpose as the adjective in "an *honorable* man." "This is the place *where I was born*." "At a time *when coolness was needed*, he lost his head." Although introduced by adverbs, these clauses modify the substantives *place* and *time*; they are, therefore, adjective clauses.

Adjective phrase: A phrase used as an adjective modifier. "These men have hearts *of oak*." The phrase modifies the substantive *hearts*.

Adverb: A word that modifies a verb (come *quickly*), an adjective (*very* pretty), or an adverb (*rather* quickly). An adverb may indicate manner (go *quietly*), time (go *now*), place (go *out*), or degree (*hardly* possible). *Yes* and *no* are used chiefly as adverbs. See dictionary.

Adverbial clause: A subordinate clause that modifies a verb, adjective, or adverb. It is introduced by a relative adverb (e.g., *before*, *when*), by a subordinate conjunction (e.g., *if*, *because*), or by a relative or interrogative pronoun (e.g., *which*, *that*). "He looked *before he leaped*." The clause modifies the verb *looked*. "He was angry *because we were late*." The clause modifies the adjective *angry*. "I am uncertain *which method I should try*." The clause modifies the adjective *uncertain*.

Adverbial phrase: A phrase used as an adverbial modifier. "We met *at the station*." The phrase modifies the verb *met*.

Agreement: Logical relationship between parts of speech. For example, agreement between pronoun and antecedent in person, number, and gender; agreement between subject and verb in person and number.

Antecedent: The substantive to which a pronoun refers. In "Father is bidding his time," *father* is the antecedent of *his*.

Appositive: A substantive used to limit or explain another substantive and referring to the same person or thing. "Delia, the maid, has come." *Maid* is in apposition with *Delia*. Appositives may be in the form of words, phrases, or clauses.

Article: The adjectives *a* (before consonants), *an* (before vowel sounds), and *the*. *The* is the definite article; *a* (*an*) is the indefinite article.

Auxiliary verbs: Verbs that help other verbs to complete the expression of time, voice, and mood. The chief ones are *be*, *may*, *can*, *must*, *might*, *ought*, *shall*, *will*, *could*, *would*, *should*, *have*, and *do*. The auxiliary verb comes first in a verb phrase. It is permissible, but sometimes ineffective, to separate it from the main verb; for example, "I have hitherto been impervious to appeals." Better: "Hitherto I have been impervious to appeals."

Case: Inflection of a substantive to indicate its relation to other words in the sentence. The three cases are the *nominative* (or *subjective*), the *objective*, and the *possessive*. The nominative case is used when the substantive is the subject of a verb: "*Time* passed, but *she* remained"; and when the substantive is a predicate nominative: "A mouse is a *rodent*." "It was *she*." (See **Predicate complement**.) The objective case is used when the substantive is the object of a verb or preposition: "He sang a *song*." "He saw *me*." "She read to *us*." (See **Object**.) The possessive case is used to denote ownership or possession: "*John's* book"; "*his* hat"; "efforts of *the men*." Note that nouns have distinctive case forms for the possessive only.

Clause: A group of words that forms part of a sentence and contains a subject and a predicate. An *independent* clause does not depend upon or modify any other element in the sentence: "John came in, and I went out" (two independent clauses). A *dependent* or *subordinate* clause depends or "hangs" on some other part of the sentence: "John came in *as I went out*." (The dependent clause here serves as an adverb modifying *came*.) A *coördinate* clause is an independent clause which is equal in grammatical rank to another independent clause. (There are two coördinate clauses in the first example above.) See also **Adjective clause**, **Adverbial clause**, and **Noun clause**.

Collective noun: See **Noun**.

Comparison: Change of form (inflection) in adjectives and adverbs to indicate degree. The three degrees are positive (*weak, quietly*), comparative (*weaker, more quietly*), and superlative (*weakest, most quietly*). See **Section 6** for fuller detail.

Complement: A substantive, noun clause, or adjective used after a verb to complete the meaning of the sentence. Complements are of four kinds: (1) Direct object, or object complement: "Tom makes *slingshots*." (2) Predicate objective: "He considers himself *an expert*." (*Himself* is the direct object.) (3) Predicate nominative: "You are a good *friend*." (4) Predicate adjective: "Life is *dull*."

Complex sentence: A sentence that contains two or more clauses, one of which is independent, the other or others, subordinate. "The trouble started when a border patrol fired."

Compound predicate: A predicate that contains two or more verbs, one subject serving for both verbs. "The men *clapped their hands* and *stamped their feet*."

Compound sentence: A sentence that contains two or more independent coordinate clauses.

Conjugation: Inflectional changes in verbs to indicate number, person, voice, mood, and tense. See **Section 4** for a full conjugation.

Conjunction: A word which serves to connect words, phrases, or clauses. It differs from a preposition in that it has no object. Conjunctions are of two kinds, coordinate and subordinate. See **Section 7**.

Conjunctive adverb: Strictly speaking, adverbs which serve as conjunctions: *where, when, while, as*, etc. Usually, however, the term is applied only to certain adverbs that serve as transitions between coordinate clauses: *furthermore, still, therefore, thus*, etc. See **Section 7**.

Construction: The relation in which a word or a group of words stands to other words in a sentence. "She smiled vaguely." *She* is the subject of the verb *smiled*, which is modified by the adverb *vaguely*.

Coördination: In rhetoric, the principle of expressing ideas of equal importance in words, phrases, or clauses of like kind and value.

Copula, copulative verb: A verb used to link the subject with a predicate complement. Since this verb is merely a link, it has no grammatical effect on a substantive that happens to follow it. The chief copulas are *be, become, look, taste, smell*. Copulative verbs are intransitive, but most of them can be used in a non-copulative way. "This move *proved* ill-advised." *Proved* is a copula. "The lawyer *proved* his case." *Proved* is not a copula here; it is a transitive verb, its object being *case*.

Correlatives: Conjunctions used in pairs to connect coördinate sentence elements, e.g., *both . . . and, either . . . or, not only . . . but also*. "*Neither he nor his brother was present.*"

Declension: The inflection of substantives to show case, number, person, and gender.

Demonstrative pronoun: One of the group of pronouns that point out specific persons or things: *this, these, that, those*. They may serve either as pronouns ("*This is the place*") or as adjectives ("*This coffee is cold*").

Dependent clause: See **Clause**.

Ellipsis: The omission of a word, phrase, or clause necessary to the grammatical completeness of a sentence but easily inferred from the context. "[*You*] pass the butter." "Though [*he is*] small, he is strong."

Expletive: *It* and *there* when used to introduce the verb *to be*, the real subject of the thought standing in the predicate. "*It is time to go.*" "*There was no trouble.*"

Finite verb: The verb forms which can be used in making an independent assertion. Only finite verbs can be used as predicate verbs. The non-finite forms are the infinitive, the participle, and the gerund. See **Verbal**.

Gender: Grammatical distinction according to sex. The three genders are masculine (*tiger, hero, bull*), feminine (*tigress, heroine, cow*), neuter (*pencil, book*).

Gerund: The *-ing* form of the verb used as a noun. "*Swimming is a good exercise.*"

Grammar: The science that treats of the forms, functions, and syntactical relations of words.

Idiom: An expression peculiar to a language. It cannot be taken literally, is sometimes ungrammatical, and is often untranslatable. "*The shoe wears*" (meaning *wears well*). "*Call up.*" "*Get along in the world.*"

Imperative mood: See **Mood**.

Indefinite pronoun: One of those pronouns which refer to persons or things less specifically than demonstratives do, e.g., *each, every, both, neither, any, none*. They may serve as either pronouns or adjectives, except *none*, which is always a pronoun, and *every*, which is always an adjective.

Independent clause: See **Clause**.

Indicative mood: See **Mood**.

Infinitive: That form of the verb which simply *names* the action without *predicating* it—that is, without asserting anything about it. It is usually preceded by *to*, which is here called the sign of the infinitive. The infinitive has two forms, the present (*to sing*), and the perfect (*to have sung*). When it functions as a noun it can be the subject of a verb, a direct object, a complement, or an appositive. (See **Verbal**.) As a verb, it may have an adverbial modifier and can take a subject or an object.

Inflection: Changes in the forms of words to indicate variations in case, number, person, gender, mood, voice, tense, and degree. The inflection of a substantive is called its *declension*; that of a verb, its *conjugation*; that of an adjective or adverb, its *comparison*.

Intensive: See **Reflexive pronoun**.

Interjection: (Literally, “thrown in.”) An exclamation, such as *oh*, *ah*, *alas*. It is grammatically independent of the rest of the sentence. See **Parts of speech**.

Interrogative pronoun: One of those pronouns which are used in questions: *who*, *whom*, *whose*, *which*, *what*.

Intransitive verb: See **Transitive verb**.

Mode: See **Mood**.

Modifier: A word or group of words that changes, limits, or describes another word.

Mood, mode: That property of verbs which indicates the manner in which the action or state is expressed. The *indicative* mood is a simple assertion or interrogation: “Tom *is* sad.” “*Is* Tom sad?” The *imperative* mood is the mood of command or request: “Tom, *be* quiet.” The *subjunctive* mood is used in constructions of wish, condition, or possibility: “I wish Tom *were* here.” See **Section 5**.

Nominative: See **Case**.

Non-finite: See **Finite verb**.

Non-restrictive modifier: See **Restrictive modifier**.

Noun: A noun is the name of a person, place, thing, idea, quality, or action. A *proper* noun distinguishes a particular person, place, or thing from others of the same class: *Wilson*, *Helen*, *England*, *October*, *Harvard*. A proper noun begins with a capital letter, unless it has become a common noun in a special sense: *macadam*, *mackintosh*, *guinea*. A *common* noun is the name of any one of a class of persons, places, or things: *city*, *president*, *desk*, *idea*, *battleship*. A *collective* noun is the name of a group or collection: *company*,

legislature, squadron, committee. A *compound noun* is a noun consisting of two or more words: *tablecloth, commander-in-chief, headache, fireman.* See **Parts of speech.**

Noun clause: A subordinate clause used as a noun. "He ordered *that the prisoners be removed.*" The noun clause here is the object of the verb *ordered.*

Number: The inflection of nouns to indicate reference to one or to more than one. There are two numbers: singular (*dog, man*), and plural (*dogs, men*).

Object: A word, phrase, or subordinate clause that indicates the person or thing affected by the action of a transitive verb. Also, the substantive that follows a preposition. A *direct* object is the substantive that completes the meaning of a transitive verb: "The ball hit the *building.*" (*Building* is the direct object of the verb *hit.*) The *indirect* object is the person or thing indirectly affected by the action of the verb: "He gave *Bob* permission." (*Bob* is the indirect object, *permission* the direct object.)

Objective case: See **Case.**

Parenthetical element: An expression grammatically independent of the rest of the sentence, e.g., *however* (as conjunctive adverb), *I think, perhaps.* "It is, *perhaps,* an advisable move."

Parse: To describe the form of a word and its grammatical function in a sentence. For example, in "Boy, come here," *boy* is parsed as follows: It is a common noun of the masculine gender, in the singular number and second person. It is in the nominative case, and is used as a vocative.

Participle: A verb form which has no subject and which shares the functions of verb and adjective. It may modify a substantive, take an object, or be modified by an adverb. It has two forms, present and past, the present always ending in *-ing*: *bringing, brought, yelling, yelled.* See **Verbal.**

Parts of speech: The eight classes of words: nouns, pronouns, verbs, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections.

Passive voice: See **Voice.**

Person: That property of substantives and verbs which shows whether they denote the speaker, the person spoken to, or the person spoken of, known respectively as the *first, second, and third* persons: *I sing, you sing, he sings.*

Personal pronouns: *I, he, you, she, they,* and their inflectional forms. See **Pronoun** and **Section 3.**

Phrase: A group of words that forms a sense unit but does not contain a subject and predicate. A phrase serves as a part of speech—noun, verb, adjective, or adverb. "*Swimming in the river* is good sport" (noun phrase). "The

man *with the red hair* stood up" (adjective phrase). "I stood *at the window*" (adverbial phrase). "I *am feeling* fine" (verb phrase).

Possessive: See **Case**.

Predicate: That part of a sentence which contains what is said of the subject. The *simple* predicate consists of the verb or verb phrase only; the *complete* predicate consists of the verb and all its modifiers and complements. "He *dealt me a poor hand*." The italicized words are the complete predicate; *dealt* is the simple predicate.

Predicate complement: A substantive or adjective which, following a copulative verb, completes the meaning of a sentence. "She is a *child*" (predicate substantive, also called predicate nominative). "She is *pretty*" (predicate adjective).

Predication: A combination of subject and verb, whether a simple sentence or a clause.

Preposition: A word placed before a substantive to show its relation to some other word in the sentence. The substantive is the object of the preposition. "The tip *of her nose* was freckled." *Of* is the preposition; it governs the substantive *nose*. See **Parts of speech**.

Principal parts of a verb: The basic forms of the verb: the first person singular of the present; the first person singular of the past; the past participle; e.g., *see, saw, seen*.

Pronoun: A substantive that designates a person, place, or thing without naming it. The kinds of pronouns, all defined in this glossary, are *personal, indefinite, relative, interrogative, demonstrative, intensive, and reflective*. See also **Section 3**.

Reflexive pronoun: One of those pronouns which refer to the subject and repeat its meaning in an object construction: *myself, himself, itself, ourselves*, etc. "He hurt *himself*." An *intensive* pronoun is a reflexive used in apposition with a substantive. "He *himself* is to blame."

Relative pronoun: A pronoun which serves to connect a dependent clause with a main clause by referring directly to a substantive in the main clause. "This is the man who helped me." *Who* is a relative pronoun connecting the dependent clause, *who helped me*, with the independent clause, *this is the man*. *Man* is the antecedent of *who*. Some relative pronouns are compounds: *whoever, whichever*, etc.

Restrictive, non-restrictive modifier: A clause, phrase, or word which describes without limiting or restricting its antecedent is a non-restrictive modifier. One which modifies its antecedent in such a way as to distinguish it from all other persons or things of its class is a restrictive modifier. "The

guard, *who had been on duty for eight hours*, was tired." The clause is non-restrictive because it describes the antecedent, *guard*, without identifying it. "The guard *who had been on duty at the time* was questioned." The clause is restrictive because it is necessary to the definition of the antecedent. "*Unable to go on*, he telephoned his friend" (non-restrictive phrase). "He said he was *unable to go on*" (restrictive phrase).

Rhetoric: The study of the art of composition, both oral and written, but particularly of prose composition.

Sentence: A group of words which contains a subject and a predicate, and expresses a complete thought. For further explanation, see pp. 144-145.

Simple sentence: A sentence which contains a single clause. The subject and the predicate may be either simple or compound. "His uncle was in town." "The fragrance of the tobacco, mildly stimulating, tickled the boy's nose."

Strong verb: A verb which forms the past tense by changing the vowel of the present tense, without the addition of an ending: *rise, rose; come, came; bind, bound*. See **Weak verb**.

Subject: That part of a sentence which designates the person, place, or thing spoken of. The *simple* subject consists of the substantive alone; the *complete* subject consists of the substantive and all its modifiers. "*The tall man who nodded to you* is the leader." The italicized words are the complete subject; *man* is the simple subject.

Subjunctive mood: See **Mood**.

Subordination: The process of reducing the weight or significance of an idea by making it grammatically dependent upon another idea. "John is an honorable man, and therefore he has nothing to fear" (two coördinate ideas). "*Because John is an honorable man*, he has nothing to fear" (first clause subordinated to the second). John, *an honorable man*, has nothing to fear (clause reduced to phrase). "*Honest* John has nothing to fear" (phrase reduced to word). See pp. 153-157 and **Section 35**.

Substantive: A noun, a pronoun, a verbal noun, or any group of words used as the equivalent of a noun.

Syntax: That department of grammar which deals with the construction or relationship of words.

Tense: The inflection of verbs to indicate distinctions of time. See **Section 4**.

Transitive verb: A verb which is followed by a substantive denoting that which receives the action or is produced by it. It takes an object. All other verbs are intransitive. They take no object. "The bullet *struck* the door" (transitive). "He *smiled* gently" (intransitive). Many verbs have both transitive and intransitive uses: "He *struck* me." "The enemy *struck*."

Verbal: A word derived from a verb but incapable of making a complete assertion. See **Gerund, Infinitive, Participle**.

Vocative: A substantive used for the purpose of addressing a person directly and not connected with any verb. "*Porter, take my bag.*"

Voice: Distinction in the form of verbs to indicate whether the subject acts or is acted upon. A verb is in the *active* voice when its subject is the doer of the action. "John *brought* the papers." A verb is in the *passive* voice when its subject is the receiver of the action. "The papers *were brought* by John." See **Section 44**.

Weak verb: A verb that forms the past tense by adding *-ed, -d* or *-t* to the present tense: *fill, filled; live, lived; dwell, dwelt*.

2. NOUNS

2a. Number is the inflection of nouns to indicate reference to one or to more than one.

There are two numbers, *singular* and *plural*. Rules for the formation of noun plurals, regular and irregular, can be found in any good dictionary, but the following special points should be noted:

Some nouns have the same form in the singular and in the plural:

deer, sheep, heathen, Japanese.

Some nouns have two plural forms:

die: dies (for stamping), *dice* (for gambling)

fish: fish (collectively), *fishes* (individually)

horse: horses (regular plural), *horse* (cavalry)

Some foreign nouns retain their foreign plurals:

alumnus (masc.), *alumni; alumna* (fem.), *alumnae; analysis, analyses; appendix, appendices* (but also *appendixes*); *datum, data; stratum, strata; ellipsis, ellipses; thesis, theses; oasis, oases; criterion, criteria.*

In plural compound nouns, the last part usually takes the plural form, but not always:

spoonfuls, high schools, editors-in-chief; sons-in-law, chief justices, poets laureate, passers-by.

Some nouns appear commonly only in the plural form: *dregs, proceeds, riches, scissors, trousers*. Such nouns take the plural form of the verb:

Some nouns are plural in form but singular in meaning: *athletics, news, mumps, politics, economics, mathematics*, a (munitions) *works*. Such nouns take the singular form of the verb.

2b. The possessive case is formed in three ways:

(1) By adding 's. This device is applied to most singular nouns, and to all plural nouns not ending in *s*.

cow's horns, John's shoe, policemen's hats

(2) By adding an apostrophe. An apostrophe is added to most plural nouns ending in *s* or *z*, and to some singular nouns ending in *s* or *z*.

horses' hooves, Jones' (or Jones's) house, Cortez' march

(3) By the use of *of*:

the works of Dryden, the land of our fathers.

This form (3) is preferable in denoting the possessive of nouns which name inanimate objects.

WRONG: *the street's width, the book's cover*

RIGHT: *the width of the street, the cover of the book*

But note the idiomatic usages, *month's vacation, journey's end*.

Nouns do not have distinctive forms for the nominative and objective cases. (See **Section 3**.)

NOTE: English idiom permits a double possessive form in certain expressions; for example: "That trait *of John's* is not Henry's." But note that the initial phrases of the following sentences convey different ideas: "This picture of the *photographer* is a good likeness of him"; "This picture *of the photographer's* is the one he uses for his display case."

2c. Possessive with gerund. A noun or pronoun modifying a gerund (verbal ending in "-ing") should be in the possessive case.

"Have you heard of the *janitor's being fired*?"

"He persisted in spite of *my asking* him to behave."

NOTE: Do not confuse this construction with the noun-plus-participle construction: "I cannot imagine *John doing* such a thing."

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Give the plural form of each of the following nouns:

automaton, thief, calf, basis, sinus, encyclopedia, hart, solo, quiz, bus, zero, hare, penny, formula, campus, census, mother-in-law, pailful, heathen, crisis, radius, wharf, lens.

Give the singular form of each of the following nouns:

bellows, means, phenomena, species, bacteria, vertebrae, slacks.

Exercise B. Find in THE READER five examples of each of the following kinds of nouns:

proper, common, collective, compound.

Exercise C. Give the possessive plural of each of the following nouns:

Frenchman, ox, empress, policeman, walrus, heiress, novelist, woman, Johnson, Roberts.

Exercise D. Determine whether the apostrophe or the *of*-possessive should be used in each of the following phrases. If you think a choice depends upon the construction in which the possessive appears, illustrate your point by using the phrase in a sentence:

the car's bumpers, the patients of Dr. Jones, land of my fathers, the house's door, the book's jacket, the page's top, a mile's walk, a moment's work, the tree's leaves, for pity's sake, the epidemic's spread, Harry's fear, a boat's length, a dollar's worth, the water's edge.

Exercise E. In each of the following sentences, select the right form. If both forms are correct, depending upon the construction, show why.

1. I hadn't heard of the (Mayor, Mayor's) resigning.
2. Have you ever heard of a (man, man's) acting like that?
3. The thought of (father, father's) going away was depressing.
4. (Them, their) stopping to eat was the cause of the delay.
5. I thought of (Sally, Sally's) sitting alone in her room.

3. PRONOUNS

A pronoun is a word used in place of a noun. The noun for which it stands is its antecedent.

CASE

The *case* of a pronoun indicates its relation to other parts of the sentence. The rules regarding case are arbitrary and are befogged by shifting usages, but they are still on the statute books and the student must attempt to understand them. Do not try to settle problems of case by ear. Examine the construction of the pronoun and apply the appropriate rule.

CASE FORMS

SINGULAR	PLURAL
NOMINATIVE: <i>I, you, he, she, it</i>	<i>we, you, they</i>
POSSESSIVE: <i>my, mine, your, yours,</i> <i>his, her, hers, its</i>	<i>our, ours, your, yours,</i> <i>their, theirs,</i>
OBJECTIVE: <i>me, you, him, her, it</i>	<i>us, you, them</i>

The *Nominative case* is used when the pronoun is the subject of a verb or when it is a predicate nominative.

The *Possessive case* is used to denote ownership or possession.

The *Objective case* is used when the pronoun is the object of a verb, a verbal, or a preposition.

3a. Do not use the objective case when the pronoun is the subject of a relative clause.

We have not agreed as to *who* (not *whom*) should go first. (*Who* is the subject of *should go*, not the object of *to*.)

He gave it to a woman *who* (not *whom*) he knew would send it to headquarters. (*Who* is the subject of *would send*, not the object of *knew*.)

3b. Do not use the objective case when the pronoun is a predicate nominative after the copulative verb "to be."

It is *he*. (Not *him*.)

This is *she*. (Not *her*.)

It was *they*. (Not *them*.)

NOTE: "It is *me*" has been defended as acceptable in spoken English, but not in written English.

3c. Use the objective case when the pronoun is the subject, the object, or the predicate complement of an infinitive. Distinguish carefully between this construction and the predicate nominative.

PREDICATE PRONOUN AFTER *to be*: I believed it to be *him*. We know the offender to be *her*.

PREDICATE NOMINATIVE: I believed that it was *he*. We know that the offender is *she*.

3d. Do not allow a pronoun that is the object of a verb, of a verbal, or of a preposition to be drawn into the nominative case by an auxiliary or another verb.

Whom (not *who*) did he marry? (*Whom* is the object of *marry*; not the subject of the auxiliary *did*.)

A number of *us* (not *we*) men were left on guard. (*Us* is the object of the preposition *of*; not the subject of *were left*.)

3e. When the verb is omitted after the conjunctions "than" and "as," the pronoun is in the case in which it would stand if the verb were expressed.

You are weaker than *I* (am).

He plays a better game than *she* (plays).

3f. Use the possessive case when the pronoun modifies a gerund.

The reason for *our* coming late was obvious.

He entered without *her* having invited him. (See Section 2c.)

EXERCISE

Indicate the right case form in each of the following sentences:

1. It was probably (her, she) (who, whom) you heard come in.
2. Do you suppose that both of them, Tom and (he, him), had a hand in it?
3. Such a policy is unfair to (us, we) students.
4. The man (who, whom) was given the job was not the one (who, whom) I recommended.
5. I gave it to Jim, (who, whom) I knew could be trusted.
6. I gave it to Jim, (who, whom) I knew to be reliable.
7. I gave it to Jim, (who, whom) I knew well.
8. Hand it to (whoever, whomever) comes to the door.
9. (Who, whom) do you think you are?
10. I think that he can do a better job than (her, she).
11. (Us, we) two had a bad time of it.
12. It is (they, them) who are to blame.
13. Give it to the Salvation Army or the Red Cross or (whoever, whomever) is willing to take it.
14. Did you really think it was (I, me)?
15. "Don't ever let anything come between you and (me, I)," he begged.

AGREEMENT**3g. A pronoun agrees with its antecedent in gender, number, and person.**

Singular pronouns are required for the following singular antecedents: *any*, *anybody*, *each*, *each one*, *either*, *every*, *everybody*, *everyone*, *nobody*, *person*, *sort*, *type*.

Everyone checked *his* (not *their*) coat.

Anybody may try *his* (not *their*) hand at it.

Neither of them wore *his* (not *their*) tuxedo at the dance.

None is construed as either singular or plural:

None of them brought their books.

None of them is likely to have the courage to revolt.

He, *his*, or *him* may refer to an antecedent of common gender, or to two antecedents of different genders:

In this crisis every man and woman is expected to use *his* (*his* or *her*) abilities to the fullest.

His is usual as the dual form; *his* or *her* is preferable only if the writer wants to emphasize the fact that both sexes are equally implied; generally, *his* or *her* is to be avoided.

An antecedent *collective noun* calls for either a singular or a plural pronoun, according to the meaning intended:

The committee left *their* seats and returned to the ante-room.

The committee voted *itself* immune.

EXERCISE

In some of the following sentences there are errors in agreement. Correct the errors.

1. Everybody is expected to do what they can to help.
2. None of them could find out what they were supposed to do.
3. All of you are to pick up his or her belongings and go to the nearest exit.
4. Then everyone takes as many apples as he can hold in his two hands.
5. Later the service squad ate their lunch under a tree.
6. When the jury took their places the atmosphere became tense.
7. Every auxiliary unit has an office of their own.
8. Nobody may leave the building without signing their name at the door.
9. Neither Jane nor Oswald could find their books when they were ready to go.
10. That sort of person likes to have things handed to them on a silver plate.
11. They had to remain slaves the rest of their life.
12. It seemed that either the boy or his parents would lose their citizenship.
13. The crowd yelled for its champion.
14. Any passerby would have been glad to help if they had seen the accident.
15. Neither of the foremen is willing to take the responsibility.

3h. Distinguish carefully between the relative pronouns "who," "which," and "that."

Who refers only to persons:

the man *who* tries.

That refers to persons and things:

a soldier *that* knows his business; the rule *that* I object to.

Which refers to things:

the farm, *which* he acquired on a shoe-string.

Which may also refer to persons in groups:

the committee, *which* had been appointed a year ago, had nothing to report.

Who and *Which* may be used in both restrictive and non-restrictive clauses; *that* only in restrictive clauses. (See **Section 9**.)

His house, *which* was new last year, is a shambles. (Non-restrictive.)

The house *that* he lives in is mortgaged to the limit. (Restrictive.)

NOTE: *Whose* may apply to things if a *which* construction would be awkward: "The book *whose* contents aroused such criticism became a best-seller." Compare: "The book the contents of which aroused such criticism became a best-seller."

EXERCISE

Determine whether *who*, *which*, or *that* should be used in the following sentences:

1. The designs, () had been made by an artist, were rejected.
2. You can have any book () you like.
3. I like a man () gets up when he is knocked down.
4. The plans () we drew up last year are useless.
5. It was a clever move () he made.
- 6 These are the papers () you asked for.
7. The cat, () had been out all night, was very hungry.
8. The article is in the paper () I brought home last night.
9. The girl () depends entirely on dress and looks is likely to be disappointed.
10. This club, () was organized last fall, is eager to get new members.

3i. Do not use "it," "you," and "they" indiscriminately as substitutes for definite pronouns.

WRONG: He was one of those cops who insult *you*.

WRONG: In New Jersey *they* don't have to pay an income tax.

WRONG: *It* says in my book that the date was 1401.

NOTE: The pronoun usages in the latter two sentences are considered acceptable in spoken English, as is the following:

"You just had a telephone call." "Did *they* leave a message?"

3j. Avoid constructions that require excessive repetition of "one" as an indefinite pronoun.

TECHNICALLY CORRECT, BUT STILTED: *One* rarely enjoys *one's* meals when *one* is tired.

PREFERABLE: Meals are rarely enjoyed when one is tired.

STILTED: One should learn to watch one's step when one is in a dangerous situation.

PREFERABLE: One should learn to watch his step when he is in a dangerous situation.

3k. Avoid using "myself," "yourself," "himself," etc., in constructions where no reflexive or intensive is necessary.

RIGHT: He interested himself in the new organization.

WRONG: John and *himself* prepared the plans. (Substitute *he*.)

RIGHT: You yourself must make the decision.

WRONG: How's yourself? RIGHT: How are you?

NOTE: In spoken English, *myself* is often an acceptable substitute for *me*:
They invited Mary and myself to their home.

EXERCISE

Some of the following sentences contain errors in the use of pronouns. Correct the errors.

1. Another thing which irks me is a person who delivers long and flowery dissertations and after completing these masterpieces of the English language do not realize that they have said nothing of importance.
2. I doubt that there is any person who does not find something irritating to them.
3. Who shall I say sent the flowers?
4. One must do as her contemporaries do or be ostracized.
5. Give these clothes to whomever needs them most.
6. I am the guilty one, not he.
7. Everyone has a tendency to believe the worst about their enemies.
8. For instance, there was a teacher whom we called Wiggy.
9. I should like your sister and yourself to come to dinner tonight.
10. They say that in England you find it hard to buy any vegetable except cabbage.
11. One should never lose his temper when one is faced by a clever opponent.
12. On special days we brought from home some bacon that we grilled, letting the fat drip onto our bread.
13. She never fails to tell me and whomever I may be with that she used to dress me when I was so big.
14. All through the broadcast we were afraid to rattle our music for fear of it being heard on the air.
15. Remarque's book shows that the enemy who you are fighting are human.
16. Many people become embarrassed when they are talking against a loud noise and the noise stops suddenly and you hear your voice above the sudden quietness.
17. He believed that everyone should be yourself.
18. Who is the laziest person whom you know?
19. Nobody but me was present when the train started.
20. These are those which were hanged for murder.

4. VERB FORMS

A verb is a word that asserts an action, or mode of being of a person, place, or thing.

Tense, or the time of the action of a verb, is indicated by inflection. Inflection is indicated by changes in the form of a verb and by the use of auxiliary verbs (*is, may, shall, have, etc.*).

The *Conjugation* of a verb is a statement of its forms as affected by *tense, mood, voice, person, and number*. (See **Section 1** for definitions of these terms.)

4a. Conjugation of the strong verb "to strike":

INDICATIVE MOOD

	ACTIVE VOICE	PASSIVE VOICE
INFINITIVE, PRESENT:	<i>to strike</i>	<i>to be struck</i>
PERFECT:	<i>to have struck</i>	<i>to have been struck</i>
PARTICIPLE, PRESENT:	<i>striking</i>	<i>being struck</i>
PAST:	<i>struck</i>	<i>struck</i>
PERFECT:	<i>having struck</i>	<i>having been struck</i>
PRESENT, SINGULAR:	<i>I strike</i> <i>you strike</i> <i>he (she, it) strikes</i>	<i>I am struck</i> <i>you are struck</i> <i>he (she, it) is struck</i>
PRESENT, PLURAL:	<i>we strike</i> <i>you strike</i> <i>they strike</i>	<i>we are struck</i> <i>you are struck</i> <i>they are struck</i>
PAST, SINGULAR:	<i>I struck</i> <i>you struck</i> <i>he struck</i>	<i>I was struck</i> <i>you were struck</i> <i>he was struck</i>
PAST, PLURAL:	<i>we struck</i> <i>you struck</i> <i>they struck</i>	<i>we were struck</i> <i>you were struck</i> <i>they were struck</i>
FUTURE, SINGULAR:	<i>I shall strike</i> <i>you will strike</i> <i>he will strike</i>	<i>I shall be struck</i> <i>you will be struck</i> <i>he will be struck</i>
FUTURE, PLURAL:	<i>we shall strike</i> <i>you will strike</i> <i>they will strike</i>	<i>we shall be struck</i> <i>you will be struck</i> <i>they will be struck</i>
PRESENT PERFECT, SINGULAR:	<i>I have struck</i> <i>you have struck</i> <i>he has struck</i>	<i>I have been struck</i> <i>you have been struck</i> <i>he has been struck</i>

INDICATIVE MOOD

	ACTIVE VOICE	PASSIVE VOICE
PRES ^{ENT} PERFECT, PLURAL:	<i>we have struck</i> <i>you have struck</i> <i>they have struck</i>	<i>we have been struck</i> <i>you have been struck</i> <i>they have been struck</i>
PAST PERFECT, SINGULAR:	<i>I had struck</i> <i>you had struck</i> <i>he had struck</i>	<i>I had been struck</i> <i>you had been struck</i> <i>he had been struck</i>
PAST PERFECT, PLURAL:	<i>we had struck</i> <i>you had struck</i> <i>they had struck</i>	<i>we had been struck</i> <i>you had been struck</i> <i>they had been struck</i>
FUTURE PERFECT, SINGULAR:	<i>I shall have struck</i> <i>you will have struck</i> <i>he will have struck</i>	<i>I shall have been struck</i> <i>you will have been struck</i> <i>he will have been struck</i>
FUTURE PERFECT, PLURAL:	<i>we shall have struck</i> <i>you will have struck</i> <i>they will have struck</i>	<i>we shall have been struck</i> <i>you will have been struck</i> <i>they will have been struck</i>

SUBJUNCTIVE MOOD

	ACTIVE VOICE	PASSIVE VOICE
PRESENT, SINGULAR AND PLURAL:	<i>if I (we) strike</i> <i>if you (you) strike</i> <i>if he (they) strike</i>	<i>if I (we) be struck</i> <i>if you (you) be struck</i> <i>if he (they) be struck</i>
PAST, SINGULAR:	<i>if I struck</i> <i>if you struck</i> <i>if he struck</i>	<i>if I were struck</i> <i>if you were struck</i> <i>if he were struck</i>
PAST, PLURAL:	<i>if we struck</i> <i>if you struck</i> <i>if they struck</i>	<i>if we were struck</i> <i>if you were struck</i> <i>if they were struck</i>
PRESENT PERFECT, SINGULAR:	<i>if I have struck</i> <i>if you have struck</i> <i>if he have struck</i>	<i>if I have been struck</i> <i>if you have been struck</i> <i>if he have been struck</i>
PRESENT PERFECT, PLURAL:	<i>if we have struck</i> <i>if you have struck</i> <i>if they have struck</i>	<i>if we have been struck</i> <i>if you have been struck</i> <i>if they have been struck</i>
PAST PERFECT, SINGULAR:	<i>if I had struck</i> <i>if you had struck</i> <i>if he had struck</i>	<i>if I had been struck</i> <i>if you had been struck</i> <i>if he had been struck</i>
PAST PERFECT, PLURAL:	<i>if we had struck</i> <i>if you had struck</i> <i>if they had struck</i>	<i>if we had been struck</i> <i>if you had been struck</i> <i>if they had been struck</i>

IMPERATIVE MOOD

*strike**be struck***4b. Observe the difference between strong (irregular) and weak (regular) verbs.**

Strong verbs form the past tense and past participle by a vowel change (*rise, rose, risen*); weak verbs form these tenses by adding *-ed, -d, or -t* (*fill, filled, filled*).

The following are the **principal parts** (for definition, see **Section 1**) of some of the more troublesome verbs. Good dictionaries give the principal parts of all verbs.

PRESENT	PAST	PAST PARTICIPLE
<i>bear</i> (bring forth)	<i>bore</i>	<i>born</i>
<i>bear</i> (carry)	<i>bore</i>	<i>borne</i>
<i>beat</i>	<i>beat</i>	<i>beaten</i>
<i>begin</i>	<i>began</i>	<i>begun</i>
<i>bid</i> (offer)	<i>bid</i>	<i>bid</i>
<i>bid</i> (command)	<i>bade</i>	<i>bidden</i>
<i>blow</i>	<i>blew</i>	<i>blown</i>
<i>break</i>	<i>broke</i>	<i>broken</i>
<i>bring</i>	<i>brought</i>	<i>brought</i>
<i>burst</i>	<i>burst</i>	<i>burst</i>
<i>catch</i>	<i>caught</i>	<i>caught</i>
<i>choose</i>	<i>chose</i>	<i>chosen</i>
<i>deal</i>	<i>dealt</i>	<i>dealt</i>
<i>dive</i>	<i>dived</i>	<i>dived</i>
<i>do</i>	<i>did</i>	<i>done</i>
<i>draw</i>	<i>drew</i>	<i>drawn</i>
<i>drown</i>	<i>drowned</i>	<i>drowned</i>
<i>eat</i>	<i>ate</i>	<i>eaten</i>
<i>fall</i>	<i>fell</i>	<i>fallen</i>
<i>flee</i>	<i>fled</i>	<i>fled</i>
<i>get</i>	<i>got</i>	<i>got</i>
<i>go</i>	<i>went</i>	<i>gone</i>
<i>hang</i> (object)	<i>hung</i>	<i>hung</i>
<i>hang</i> (person)	<i>hanged</i>	<i>hanged</i>
<i>lay</i>	<i>laid</i>	<i>laid</i>
<i>leave</i>	<i>left</i>	<i>left</i>
<i>lend</i>	<i>lent</i>	<i>lent</i>
<i>lie</i> (recline)	<i>lay</i>	<i>lain</i>
<i>lie</i> (prevaricate)	<i>lied</i>	<i>lied</i>
<i>light</i>	<i>lighted, lit</i>	<i>lighted, lit</i>
<i>loose</i>	<i>loosed</i>	<i>loosed</i>
<i>lose</i>	<i>lost</i>	<i>lost</i>

PRESENT	PAST	PAST PARTICIPLE
<i>pay</i>	<i>paid</i>	<i>paid</i>
<i>prove</i>	<i>proved</i>	<i>proved</i>
<i>ride</i>	<i>rode</i>	<i>ridden</i>
<i>ring</i>	<i>rang</i>	<i>rung</i>
<i>set</i>	<i>set</i>	<i>set</i>
<i>sit</i>	<i>sat</i>	<i>sat</i>
<i>swim</i>	<i>swam</i>	<i>swum</i>
<i>take</i>	<i>took</i>	<i>taken</i>
<i>tear</i>	<i>tore</i>	<i>torn</i>
<i>tread</i>	<i>trod</i>	<i>trodden</i>
<i>weave</i>	<i>wove</i>	<i>woven</i>
<i>wring</i>	<i>wrung</i>	<i>wrung</i>
<i>write</i>	<i>wrote</i>	<i>written</i>

EXERCISE

What are the principal parts of the following verbs? Use the past tense of each of them in a sentence:

sink, throw, shake, dream, taste, broadcast, let, drive, spring, slay, bite, sing, swear, think, hear.

TENSES

4c. Present tense:

—Should be used to express general or permanent truths.

Milton's use of alliteration *is* masterly.

He said that a bird in the hand *is* worth two in the bush.

Note that the tense of the "permanent" truth in the subordinate clause is not affected by the tense of the verb in the main clause.

—May be used to express indefinite time.

He *comes* to us from a Unitarian church in Cleveland. (The verb here may refer to past, present, or future time.)

—May be used in past narrative.

Then Macbeth *has* Banquo killed, but he *does* not *tell* his wife about it.

This usage is irritating in extended narrative, and had better be avoided in long recapitulations of stories. Above all, it must not be used inconsistently, e.g., "Then Macbeth *has* Banquo killed, but he *did* not tell his wife about it."

4d. In general, the tense used in a subordinate clause is governed by the tense used in the main clause.

She *wonders* where the difficulty *lies*.

She *wondered* where the difficulty *lay*.

Note that this rule applies to indirect, not direct, discourse:

John *said* that he *was* weary. (Indirect.)

John *said*, "I *am* weary." (Direct.)

Compare the following with the second example under 4c (tense of "permanent" truths):

He asked me what my name *was*. (Not *is*.)

4e. Use the past tense, not the present perfect, when the time of a past action is definite.

I *saw* (not *have seen*) him do it only an hour ago.

Mother *visited* (not *has been visiting*) our relatives yesterday.

4f. Use the past perfect (pluperfect) tense to indicate an action completed prior to another past action.

Before the sun rose, I *had finished* (not *finished*) the book.

When the defense *had spoken* (not *spoke*), the judge called a recess.

4g. Use the present participle and the present infinitive, no matter what the tense of the main verb, to express action or condition simultaneous with the main verb.

Infinitive:

I meant *to tell* (not *to have told*) you about it.

I was sorry *to annoy* you, or I am sorry *to have annoyed* you. (Because the annoyance preceded the sorrow.)

"I was delighted *to meet* you," or "I am delighted *to meet* you," or "I am delighted *to have met* you," according to the meaning intended.

Participle:

Realizing that it was late, he went home. (Simultaneous action.)

He left the office at four, *and reached* (not *reaching*) home an hour later. (Action not simultaneous.)

4h. Use the present infinitive after past conditionals.

If I had been there, I should have tried *to show* (not *to have shown*) what was wrong with the plans.

If we had been there, they would not have dared *to oppose* (not *to have opposed*) us.

4i. Do not use a "would" construction in the "if" clause of a conditional sentence.

If you *had been* (not *would have been*) here when it happened, you would not have to ask so many questions.

If the police *had been* (not *would have been*) on the job, this would not have happened.

EXERCISE

Correct the errors in tense in the following sentences:

1. I spoke to him only once since he came to town.
2. If your daughter would have arrived in time, she would have been given the job.
3. I should have liked to have seen his face when you told him that.
4. He is the kindest person I ever knew.
5. If you had known him, you would have been eager to have helped him.
6. By the time he finished, I fell asleep.
7. Racing up the steps three at a time, he burst into my father's study.
8. I have heard him speak of it a week ago.
9. When Pearl sees Dimmesdale in the woods, she is very shy at first, but later she warmed up to him.
10. The officer asked me where I live.
11. The children were lonely ever since their parents left for the city.
12. He was said to be seen near the factory last Thursday afternoon.
13. He is now eligible for a pension, joining the firm in 1905.
14. Did you see the gifts that came in yesterday?
15. When we unlocked the office, we saw that some one was there before us.

4j. "Shall" and "will."

In spoken English, distinctions between these two auxiliary verbs are rapidly disappearing. In written English, however, the distinctions should be observed. The following are the conventional rules.

Use "shall":

—in the first person, to express futurity or expectation.

I shall go now. We shall expect you.

—in the second and third persons, to express determination, command, or assurance.

You shall not leave until I tell you to. They shall not be permitted to leave.

Use "will":

—in the first person, to express determination.

I will do as I please. We will go when it is time, not before.

—in the second and third persons, to express futurity.

He will be ready in a moment. They will be there when you arrive.

Use "should":

—in conditional clauses, for all persons.

If he should leave, she would be lonely. If they should complain, I should not care.

—to express obligation or duty, for all persons.

You should have left long ago. I should know better.

Use "would":

—for all persons, to express habitual action.

He would come in every morning for a second breakfast.
She and I would go to the zoo and eat peanuts.

In questions, use the form which you anticipate in the grammatically correct answer.

Will he answer the summons? He will.
Shall you be able to leave on time? I shall.

EXERCISE

Fill in the blanks with *shall*, *will*, *should*, or *would*. In a few instances either of two of these verbs could be used.

1. I _____ like to interrupt a moment.
2. _____ you be prepared when you are called?
3. I _____ be happy to receive any member of your family.
4. I _____ be unwilling to lose so valuable a man.
5. _____ I bring you the letters now?
6. He _____ not do that if he were ten years older.
7. When the whistle blows you _____ go immediately to your station.
8. I _____ see to it that he does not escape.
9. If they _____ cry, turn on the night light in the nursery.
10. _____ you take his turn for him at six? I _____.
11. We _____ be sorry to see you go.
12. _____ you see him today, ask him to get in touch with me.
13. If you don't demand satisfaction, I _____.
14. I am sure that he _____ be loyal.
15. They _____ arrive any moment now.

4k. Subjunctive mood.

The disappearance of the subjunctive from spoken English is admitted by most authorities and approved by many. The following usages are still common in written English.

Wish: "I wish I were with you."

After *as if* or *as though*: "He looks as if he were confused."

Formal motions: "I move that the meeting be adjourned."

Indirect imperative: "We demand that he be reinstated."

EXERCISE

In the following sentences choose the correct forms from those given in parentheses:

1. I insist that he (leave, leaves) the room.
2. If the director (was, were) here, we could settle the point at once.
3. He talked as if he (was, were) bored with the whole idea.
4. If I (was, were) a little younger, they would take me.
5. The rules require that he (be, is) a member in good standing.

5. VERBS: AGREEMENT

A verb must agree with its subject in number and person.

Most violations of this rule are the result of a failure to recognize the subject or the number of the subject.

- 5a. "Any," "anybody," "each," "either," "every," "everybody," "everyone," "nobody," "sort," and "type" are singular in number. Therefore they take singular verbs. (See Section 3g.)**

Neither of your reasons *is* acceptable.

Every one of us *was* ready when called.

No one *is* expected to stay against his will.

None is construed as either singular or plural.

None of them *are* likely to return.

"None of them *sing* very well" is correct but less logical than "Not one of them *sings* very well."

- 5b. The number of a verb is not affected by a predicate noun, by subject modifiers, or by words joined to a subject by "together with," "including," "as well as," "in addition to," etc.**

A good *list* of references *is* to be found in the last chapter. (The plural modifier, *of references*, does not affect the number of the subject, *list*.)

The one *thing* I dislike about him *is* his bad manners. (The plural predicate noun, *bad manners*, does not affect the singular subject, *thing*.)

His *money*, as well as his house and car, *was* seized for the duration.

The *sheriff*, together with his deputies, *was* led to the scene.

5c. Two or more subjects joined by "or" or "nor" take a singular verb.

Neither he nor his brother *is* in a position to help.

One or the other of those men *is* guilty.

When the subjects differ in person, the verb should agree with the nearer subject, or the construction should be avoided.

Either you or I am wrong.

PREFERABLE: Either you are wrong, or I am.

5d. A title that is plural in form, or a noun that is plural in form but singular in meaning, takes a singular verb.

Poe's "The Bells" *is* known for its sound effects.

Days of our Years *was* a best-seller.

Politics *is* still considered a disreputable profession.

Mathematics *is* his avocation.

Eight miles *is* a long way.

5e. Two or more subjects joined by "and" take a plural verb.

A steak and a salad make a good meal.

A fool and his money are soon parted.

Exception: A compound subject designating closely related or identical persons or things takes a singular verb.

The long and short of it is that he won't come.

The tumult and the shouting dies.

Your lord and master is waiting in the car.

5f. When the subject of a verb is a relative pronoun, the verb should agree with the antecedent of the pronoun.

This is one of the worst *books* that have ever been written. (*Books*, not *one*, is the antecedent of *that*.)

He is one of those *policemen* who forget that the force is hired to protect the public. (*Policemen* is the antecedent of *who*.)

5g. "There is" should be used with a singular noun; "there are," with a plural noun.

There *is* (not *are*) a large collection of clocks at the museum.

There *are* (not *is*) a hat and a purse on the hall table.

5h. A collective noun takes a singular verb when the group it designates is considered a unit; it takes a plural verb when the individuals of the group are thought of as acting separately.

The mob *was* (not *were*) dispersed.

The committee *is* to be consulted whenever necessary.

The committee *were* asked to leave their coats outside.

The number of violations *determines* the penalty.

A number of men *were* left behind.

EXERCISE

In the following sentences choose the right forms from those given in parentheses.

1. The weight of these metals (vary, varies).
2. Either Jones or Smith (is, are) wrong.
3. Dessert and coffee (come, comes) with the blue-plate.
4. He is one of those speakers who (command, commands) attention.
5. There (is, are) stimulation and nourishment in such sermons.
6. A majority of the voters (was, were) in favor of a change.
7. All that I can give you (is, are) suggestions and encouragement.
8. A haircut and shave (is, are) often good for one's morale.
9. None of the contestants (was, were) willing to compromise.
10. Neither the matter nor manner of the speech (was, were) attractive.
11. Eight absences in one term (is, are) too many.
12. The situation in which the poor natives have been placed (is, are) intolerable.
13. Both Harry and George (is, are) willing to assume leadership.
14. The size of these daisies with the double centers (is, are) unusual.
15. Acre upon acre of our forest lands (is, are) being depleted.

REVIEW EXERCISE: VERBS

Correct any errors in tense or mood that you find in the following sentences:

1. Under the circumstances, ten dollars are too much to pay.
2. Just the other day a bartender wrote in saying that he thought he should be appointed a captain because he had lots of experience in handling tough customers.
3. A large number of grammatical errors are an infallible sign of hasty writing.
4. If grandfather had not struck me down, I would have fallen out of the roller coaster and probably be crushed.
5. Corrupt politics are the bane of a democracy.
6. I have never really thought of what an interesting person my mother is until I started to write this composition.
7. What will we tell him when he comes?
8. After my parents left, I suddenly got a pang of homesickness, for it was the first time I was away from home.
9. Will I see you tomorrow?
10. It has been seventeen years since I was born, and, needless to say, my life was more or less dull.
11. He is always wishing that he was a college graduate.

12. Hitler believes that Germany will be a stronger nation if he disposed of all religion.
13. There is both meat and drink for everybody.
14. It wouldn't be bad if only one teacher does this, but most teachers do.
15. Two sweethearts being demonstrative in public is embarrassing to watch.
16. Although my knowledge of Italian was poor, at the end of my stay in Italy I learned to speak the language quite well.
17. My four years in high school were a period of turmoil.
18. The difference between Adams and Jefferson do not appear to be very great.
19. Every accusation made by my opponents are viciously false.
20. As if that wasn't enough, she insists upon touching up the original story.

6. ADJECTIVES AND ADVERBS

An adjective is a word that describes or modifies a noun or a pronoun.

Most adjectives are descriptive (*large* book; *yellow* hat); a few are definitive. Definitive adjectives include pronouns used as adjectives (*this* man, *his* apples, *which* table); numerical adjectives (*two* feet; *fourth* month); and the articles *a* (*an*) and *the*.

An adverb is a word that modifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb.

It may indicate manner (walk *softly*), time (go *now*), place (it is *here*), or degree (*rather*, *very*, *much*). The adverb is usually, although not always, formed by adding *-ly* to the adjective.

The inflection of adjectives and adverbs is called comparison. The three degrees of comparison are as follows:

	POSITIVE	COMPARATIVE	SUPERLATIVE
ADJECTIVE:	<i>strong</i>	<i>stronger</i>	<i>strongest</i>
ADJECTIVE:	<i>recent</i>	<i>more recent</i>	<i>most recent</i>
ADVERB:	<i>recently</i>	<i>more recently</i>	<i>most recently</i>
ADJECTIVE:	<i>many</i>	<i>more</i>	<i>most</i>
ADJECTIVE:	<i>good</i>	<i>better</i>	<i>best</i>
ADVERB:	<i>well</i>	<i>better</i>	<i>best</i>

Many words have both an adverbial and an adjectival function, e.g., *ill*, *well*, *better*, *best*, *worst*, *close*, *fast*, *sound*, *slow*. Moreover, the usage of many such words is in a state of flux. When in doubt about the status of an adjective or an adverb, consult the latest edition of a good unabridged dictionary. Some abridged dictionaries do not give comparisons.

6a. Distinguish between adjectives and adverbs.

You must take your courses *seriously* (not *serious*) if you want to pass.

He didn't do very *well* (not *good*) in the last set.

He will *probably* (not *probable*) go home.

He cracked up *badly* (not *bad*) that time.

NOTE: *good* and *bad* are never adverbs.

6b. Do not use an adverb in the place of a predicate adjective.

Such copulative verbs as *be*, *seem*, *appear*, *smell*, *sound*, *taste*, *feel*, *look*, etc., are usually followed by a predicate adjective, which completes the copula but describes or limits the subject. Test such constructions by determining whether the word modifies a verb or a substantive.

She looked *happy*. (The adjective *happy* completes the copulative verb *look* and modifies the substantive *she*.)

She looked *happily* at the crowd. (The adverb *happily* modifies the verb *look*.)

I feel *bad*. (Not *badly*.)

Their voices sound *shrill*. (Not *shrilly*.)

The wounded man feels *comfortable*. (Not *comfortably*.)

He held the child *firmly*. (The adverb modifies *held*.)

6c. Use the appropriate form of comparison of adjectives and adverbs.

Do not use the superlative for the comparison of two persons or things. Do not use the comparative for the comparison of more than two persons or things.

They are both good players, but John is the *better*. (Not the *best*.)

He chose the *lesser* of two evils.

The *least* you can do is apologize.

Note that some adjectives and adverbs are logically incapable of comparison. Usage condones degree in some absolutes like *perfect*, *exact*, and *straight*, but no license is permitted with such words as *unique*, *mortal*, *infinite*, *eternal*, *singly*, and *equal*.

ILLOGICAL: He was given the *most unanimous* vote a candidate ever received.

ILLOGICAL: I feel *less equal* to the job now than I did this morning. (Observe the difference between the latter construction and the following: "I feel *almost equal* to the job.")

6d. "Very," "too," "much."

Experts disagree on the use of *very* and *too* to modify a participle without an intervening adverb such as *much*, *well*, *greatly*. The question to decide

in troublesome instances is whether the participle functions as an adjective. In *very tired*, *very celebrated*, an intervening *much* is not required because the participles are clearly adjectival.

To be on the safe side, say:

very much amused; not *very amused*
very greatly distressed; not *very distressed*
too much discouraged; not *too discouraged*
very greatly inconvenienced; not *very inconvenienced*.

6e. Distinguish between the adjectival "due to" and the adverbial "because of."

Due to should be directly attachable to a noun:

WRONG: He was ill due to his own carelessness. (In this construction, *ill* is an adjective, not a noun.)

RIGHT: His illness was due to his own carelessness. (*Due to* modifies the noun *illness*.)

RIGHT: *Because of his bad temper, he lost the game.

NOTE: If your grammatical sense is weak, it is a good rule never to begin a sentence with *due to*.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. In the following sentences choose the right words from those given in parentheses.

1. (Because of, due to) the large number of holidays we have had, the term will end late.
2. He hesitated (some, somewhat) when he saw how many of the group were armed.
3. That fish smells (bad, badly).
4. When an elevator goes down (fast, rapid, rapidly), I feel (sick, sickly).
5. I saw the (fast, fastly) receding car turn a corner.
6. We are (real, really) pleased with your achievement.
7. I hope you feel (well, good) enough to get up this morning.
8. The medicine tasted (bitter, bitterly).
9. Come (quick, quickly) or it will be too late.
10. The farm looked very (different, differently) after my ten years' absence.
11. You are talking too (loud, loudly).
12. He doesn't teach very (good, well) when he comes back from those long week-ends.
13. The situation has improved (considerable, considerably) during your absence.
14. He was (very, very much) disturbed by the interruption.
15. He felt rather ill (due to, because of) the number of peanuts he had eaten.

Exercise B. In the following sentences correct any errors in the use of adjectives or adverbs.

1. The oldest of the twins is the prettiest.
2. His work has been too praised for his own good.
3. He was very insulted at the accusation.
4. She doesn't sing bad, considering her age.
5. The new machines have reduced the work considerable.
6. Warnings to go slow have been posted all through the area.
7. Do good and you will have nothing to fear from those who want to treat you badly.
8. Approval of the candidate was less unanimous than we had hoped.
9. The team was worn out due to excessive practice.
10. I was very much disturbed at the new developments.
11. He kept it safe in his private office.
12. We shall very likely go, but we don't expect kindly treatment.
13. The doctor said that she is doing some better today and that he is most pleased with her progress.
14. His words were timely and persuasive.
15. He spoke gently and friendlily to the children.

Exercise C. Compose sentences in which the following words are used as adjectives: *ill, worst, close, sound, straight, cheap, deep, far, wrong, clean*. Compose others in which they are used as adverbs.

7. CONJUNCTIONS AND PREPOSITIONS

Conjunctions

A conjunction (a "joining together") is used to join words, phrases, and clauses. The quality of the joining is indicated by the conjunction used.

Coordinating conjunctions connect sentence elements that are logically and grammatically equal. They are *and, but, for, or, nor, and yet*.

Subordinating conjunctions connect subordinate clauses with main clauses. They include *although, as, because, if, than, that, while, unless*. Adverbs such as *where, when, since, how, why, before, and after*; and relative pronouns such as *who, which, that, and what* also serve as subordinating conjunctions.

Conjunctive adverbs (when used as such) connect independent clauses only. They include *therefore, hence, moreover, thus, still, however, consequently, furthermore, likewise, besides, and nevertheless*.

7a. When an introductory conjunctive adverb follows another independent clause, it should be preceded by a semicolon rather than by a comma.

We were very busy in town; therefore we could not help you.
I don't trust him; nevertheless, I am willing to give him a chance.

7b. Avoid the excessive use of "so" as a conjunction.

So is commonly classified among the conjunctive adverbs as a synonym for *therefore* and *accordingly*; but, because it has a lighter causal connotation than these, it is sometimes considered a simple subordinating conjunction.

He would not agree, so they were unable to reach a compromise.
The child refused to eat, so I sent her to her room.

These usages are almost universal in spoken English, but they are not universally acceptable in written English. Therefore, in order to be safe, substitute *since*, *because*, or *accordingly*, or revise your sentence otherwise.

Because the child refused to eat, I sent her to her room.

7c. Do not use "like" as a conjunction.

WRONG: I felt *like* I had made a bad blunder.

RIGHT: I felt *as if* I had made a bad blunder.

WRONG: You can't behave here *like* you do at home.

RIGHT: You can't behave here *as* you do at home.

It is sometimes argued that accepted usages like "He talks like a fool" are exceptions to this rule, but in such constructions *like* is a prepositional adverb rather than a conjunction. Expanded, the expression would stand, "He talks similarly to a fool"; not "He talks like a fool talks."

7d. Do not use "while" as a substitute for "whereas," "though," "but," or "and." Used exactly, "while" is a connective of time.

Jim is the fastest man on the team, *but* (or *and*; not *while*) Tom is a close runner-up.

RIGHT: I looked for water while Dad built the fire.

Prepositions

A preposition is a word placed before a substantive to show its relation to some other word in the sentence.

Some prepositions are compound, e.g., *in spite of*, *in accordance with*, *on account of*. Some serve also as adverbs or as conjunctions, e.g., *aboard*, *below*, *beneath*, *since*, *up*, *within*: "Stand *by*" (adverb). "Stand *by* the railing" (preposition).

7e. Do not use prepositions superfluously.

He stood outside (of) the door until noon.

Put this (in) between the pages.

Please get off (of) the running board.

With whom are you going out (with)?

This is the wrong place to bring your complaint (to).

7f. A preposition may stand at the end of a clause or sentence.

When a terminal preposition sounds awkward, it is likely either that the prepositional construction is unnecessary or that the sentence is wordy.

BAD: I need a fork to get the olives out of the bottle with.

IMPROVED: I need a fork to get the olives out of the bottle.

BAD: I met the girl that Mary is the roommate of.

IMPROVED: I met the girl who is Mary's roommate.

CORRECT: Whom did you ask for?

CORRECT: He is a good man to work with. (Compare: "He is a good man with whom to work.")

See also **Sections 3d** (case of pronouns after prepositions), **38d** (omission of prepositions), and **50** (idiomatic use of prepositions).

EXERCISES

Exercise A. In the following sentences correct all errors in the use of conjunctions and prepositions.

1. On one side there were trees, while on the other side there was an open ditch.
2. It looks like they want us to come out.
3. We don't often get meals like mother used to make.
4. I am not in *Who's Who*, so I have to write about myself.
5. Nowadays women ape Hollywood styles like they used to ape New York styles.
6. In back of her was the man to whom, only five hours earlier, I had seen the detectives talking to.
7. I put the bag up onto the scales, like father told me to.
8. I held one end of the rope, while Tom tied the other.
9. He acts like a child when he doesn't get his own way.
10. "It looks like we may not be able to wed for a long time, Sir Charles," de Winton spoke gravely.
11. He doesn't function well in the morning except he gets a lot of sleep.
12. I don't know as I can get ready so soon.
13. At the auction I bought the frame that you took the picture out of.

14. For this next snapshot I want you to stand in back of Mary.

15. Where did this come from?

Exercise B. Compose sentences in which the following words serve as prepositions: *since, after, up, beneath, for, but, until, behind, in, notwithstanding*. Write others in which they serve as conjunctions.

PUNCTUATION

8. PERIOD [.]

8a. Use a period after declarative and imperative sentences, and after indirect quotations.

The period is the last mark of punctuation in a sentence except when it is used with quotation marks, or when the whole sentence is within parentheses.

I asked him where he was going.

I asked, "Where are you going?"

(None of this was true.)

It was always the same poem ("Little Orphan Annie").

8b. Use a period after abbreviations.

Esq., Mr., Dr., Prof., D.D.S., Dec. 10, qt., ft., P.S., p.m., Nev., etc.

For a standard list, consult a dictionary.

NOTE: Periods may be omitted from the initials of governmental agencies: CCC, FTC, WPB, etc. Note also that MS (the abbreviation for *manuscript*) need not be followed by a period.

9. COMMA [,]

The most frequently used of all punctuation marks is the comma. The proper use of the comma depends so frequently upon the meaning intended by the writer that no set of rules governing its use can be an infallible guide. The student may discover that some of the rules given here are not followed by modern writers. He should realize, however, that the beginner must be able to demonstrate his mastery of the rules before he presumes to take liberties with them.

9a. Use a comma between coördinate clauses joined by a simple coördinating conjunction ("and," "but," "for," "or," "nor").

He lacked power to move, for he was cold with fright.

This was good luck, and we planned to take advantage of it.

NOTE: (1) No comma is necessary when the clauses are short and closely connected in meaning: "The wind blew and the cold increased." (2) Do not confuse a simple sentence with a compound subject or compound predicate and a compound sentence with independent coordinate clauses. The comma is not used in a simple sentence of this type: "Ten of us *walked* in and *made* ourselves at home."

9b. Use a comma after an introductory adverbial clause.

Though he is idle, he is not lazy.

He is not lazy though he is idle.

While Henry fed the horses, I got our equipment ready.

If you will come, I will wait.

NOTE: Where the adverbial clause follows the principal clause, the comma ordinarily is not used.

9c. Use commas to set off a non-restrictive clause or phrase from the rest of the sentence.

A non-restrictive element is one which describes another part of the sentence without limiting it. It is parenthetical, i.e., it may be omitted without affecting materially the thought of the sentence. A restrictive element is one which restricts, limits, or modifies another part of the sentence in such a way that the restrictive idea is indispensable to the meaning of the whole. Restrictive elements should never be set off by commas.

A man *who criticizes his government* is not necessarily a traitor. (Restrictive clause.)

His clothing, *which he had acquired honestly*, was taken away from him. (Non-restrictive clause.)

The clothing *that he wore* was in rags. (Restrictive clause.)

I saw him *leaving the house* in a hurry. (Restrictive phrase.)

Walpole, hailed as a patron, really aided no struggling author. (Non-restrictive phrase.)

9d. Use commas to set off parenthetical words, phrases, and clauses.

Note that the parenthetical quality of such expressions may be easily tested by determining whether or not it may be stricken out without materially affecting the thought of the sentence.

There are, *however*, strong reasons for remaining.

One man, *for example*, brought all his family and relatives with him.

That, *to say the least*, was an understatement.

Presents, *I often say*, endear absents.

9e. Use commas to separate elements in series.

Be careful not to omit the comma before the conjunction, or to insert one between the last element in the series and the word it modifies.

The chief justice was rich, quiet, and infamous.
 The inhabitants are timid, imitative, tame, abject.
 The rain fell, the wind howled, and the lightning flashed.

9f. Use a comma to separate two coördinate adjectives not joined by a conjunction.

This beautiful, priceless volume was found in an attic.
 A small, miserable dog crept up.

Do not use a comma between such pairs when the second is so closely related to the noun as almost to form a compound substantive with it.

He is a nice young man.
 They planted small maple trees.

Test such constructions by placing an *and* between the adjectives: nice and young man; small and maple trees. If the result is absurd, no comma is needed.

9g. Use commas to set off words or phrases in apposition.

We found that Tony, the night watchman, had just left.
 The conqueror of Mexico was Cortez, a Spaniard.
 Cooper, the novelist of the frontier, was widely read in Germany.

9h. Use commas to set off vocatives.

Come here, boys.
 Jim, where is that wrench?
 I tell you, sir, that man is a traitor.

9i. Use a comma to set off a short direct quotation from the rest of the sentence.

RIGHT: "You may come in," she said.
 WRONG: She said, I could come in. (indirect quotation)
 RIGHT: "Steady, men," he urged, "and hold the line."

Note that in such constructions no comma is used with a question mark or exclamation point:

"Can you come back later?" he asked.

Note also that when *he said* comes between clauses separated by a semi colon, the semicolon follows *he said*:

"Let's not try that now," he said; "there's too little time."

9j. Use commas to separate the parts of dates, addresses, and geographical names.

Longfellow passed his youth in Portland, Maine, and his manhood in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

On February 15, 1898, the battleship *Maine* was blown up.
His address is 211 West 14th Street, New York City, New York.

9k. Use a comma to set off an introductory adverbial or absolute phrase where it is long and not too closely related to the main clause.

For some inexplicable reason, I had no faith in him.
The situation being without hope, we gave ourselves to prayer.
Trying desperately to stem the retreat of his army, the general sent his last mechanized division against the enemy.

9l. Use commas wherever words should be separated to insure clarity.

MISLEADING: By inbreeding weaker genes are lost.
CLEAR: By inbreeding, weaker genes are lost
MISLEADING: Long before she had left everything to her brother.
CLEAR: Long before, she had left everything to her brother.
AWKWARD: Whatever is is right.
CLEAR: Whatever is, is right.

9m. Unnecessary commas. Do not use commas:

—With restrictive modifiers (see Section 9c).

—After "such as," when this phrase introduces coördinate elements.

WRONG: He brought us all kinds of fruits, such as, pears, bananas, and pineapples.

—After conjunctions, unless some other rule calls for one.

WRONG: This is serious, but, perhaps we can do something about it.
RIGHT: We will let you go, but, once free, you had better watch your step. (*Once free* is parenthetical; see Section 9d.)

—Between subject and predicate, unless some other rule calls for one.

WRONG: The thought of all those young people being exposed to such brutality, filled me with horror.
RIGHT: The thought of those young men, unarmed and defenseless, filled me with horror.

—Before the first or after the last item of a series.

WRONG: He protested, often, loudly, and futilely.
WRONG: He was a fine, upstanding, citizen.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. The following sentences contain restrictive and non-restrictive elements. Insert commas where they are needed.

1. I met two of the Rangers who were stationed at Preston which is about forty miles north of the capitol.

2. Bridge tables which had been requested by some of the members were set up in the foyer.
3. He looked sharply at the quiet woman who was sitting next to him.
4. He was a little snub-nosed boy whom we called "Pudge."
5. This is the car that I described last night.
6. The English historian Robertson was enormously popular in America.
7. He believed that everyone who had had military training should put himself at the disposal of the government.
8. They looked sadly at the rubble which they had once called a home.
9. At the edge of the grove where poison ivy was abundant they kept carefully to the paths.
10. This is a picture of my uncle who is your sister's godfather.
11. He drove the Studebaker which is a heavy car up that mountain road at sixty miles an hour.
12. The paragraph which describes his return to the village is at the end of the chapter.
13. The money that was bequeathed to the hospital has been tied up for three years.
14. The captain considered a hero by his men was called a failure by the newspapers.
15. The incident which you yourself saw has been declared closed.

Exercise B. Insert commas where they are needed in the following sentences.

1. He was coarse and vulgar loud and inconsiderate.
2. At the grocery get canned beans corn and peaches.
3. I need shirts and collars some socks and perhaps a tie and a hat.
4. The long old-fashioned coat was threadbare and raw red hands protruded from the loose frayed sleeves.
5. He outfitted and painted the new parts.
6. He was long lean sallow.
7. She was an able conscientious woman.
8. I shall wait for the doctor may arrive any minute.
9. He thinks you are blameless of course but your colleagues do not.
10. In March 1890 the boy now strong manly and independent was sent to a military school.
11. The trip was long rough and futile.
12. Before you try to insert the peg scrape off all old dried glue.
13. If John calls you may go at once.
14. Having lost his money he lost interest in the game.
15. To attract attention he began to show off.

Exercise C. Supply punctuation wherever it is needed in the following sentences. In each case cite the rule that applies.

1. He said that he expected to be back at eight but I don't think we need to wait.
2. Until I was eighteen years old I had no idea of the meaning of coöperation.
3. Shells whined and rockets flared.
4. While we were eating the horse got away.
5. Hold this crowbar while I look for a wedge.
6. The fuse having blown out there was nothing we could do until the janitor came.
7. His parents to be sure had done little to help him.
8. In his usual inscrutable fashion he gave orders to have the files reopened.
9. The defendant's counsel was D. L. Gibley a tax expert.
10. "It will not be necessary" said the judge "to look for hotel accommodations tonight."
11. Mrs Bolling the publicity director will take care of that.
12. Now boys who stole Mr. Camberly's wig?
13. On February 15 1942 a submarine presumably German entered the harbor at Portland Maine.
14. "Agnes take off your shoes" screamed the exasperated old nurse. "Do you want to catch chilblains sometimes known as blains?"
15. Dr. James Ripley F.R.S has lived at 42 Beech Drive Summerdon since April 1932.

Exercise D. In some of the following sentences the commas are incorrectly used or missing. Punctuate the sentences correctly.

1. I am a Catholic by birth yet, I have a religion all my own.
2. The means to attain this end, was to be, an aroused German nationalism.
3. Behind a small, unpainted, dilapidated corn crib, was the implement we had lost.
4. He played many instruments, such as, the banjo, the harp, the oboe and the dulcimer.
5. Once over the border, we have nothing to worry about.
6. "However," he said, softly but clearly "sooner or later we will catch up with you, and when we do we will have no mercy."
7. It was a good, fast, game, but we didn't enjoy it, because we were too tired.
8. Grandmother said, I need a lot more cookies if I want to grow.
9. This book for example, was originally bound in paper.
10. Some of the boys brought wood, and built a fire.
11. Keep this book over the week-end but, don't fail to bring it back on Monday.
12. His cornet-practice about which he is disgustingly conscientious, keeps his neighbors out-of-doors and healthy.

13. A small, dirty, boy plucked at my sleeve.
14. I will find you however well you hide yourself.
15. Who, may I ask is responsible for this?

10. SEMICOLON [;]

The physical structure of the semicolon (period over comma) gives a hint of its meaning: as a mark of separation it is weaker than the period and stronger than the comma. For this reason its use is frequently a matter of judgment rather than of rule. Its chief functions are two: (1) to bring together coördinate clauses which might stand as separate sentences but which are too closely related in content to be separated by a period; (2) to serve as guides to the structure of long, involved sentences in which commas have been liberally used.

10a. Use a semicolon between coördinate, independent clauses when these are not connected by a simple coördinating conjunction.

- RIGHT: John joined the army; his brother stayed home to look after the family business.
- RIGHT: Necessity is the argument of tyrants; it is the creed of slaves.
- WRONG: If you frequently do favors for a person; you are likely to feel responsible for him. (The first clause is dependent; therefore the two clauses are not coördinate.)

Note that this rule applies ordinarily to sentences in which the clauses are so clearly parallel in thought and structure that no connective is necessary.

10b. Use a semicolon between coördinate clauses when these are joined by a conjunctive adverb.

Some conjunctive adverbs are *accordingly, also, besides, hence, however, moreover, nevertheless, otherwise, so, still, then, therefore, and thus*.

- WRONG: I have no respect for their authority, therefore I shall not obey them.
- RIGHT: In athletics women display more emotion than men; otherwise their conduct is not definitely distinguished in any way.
- RIGHT: He waited until the prowl cars began to arrive; then he quietly disappeared in the alley.

NOTE 1. A conjunctive adverb, unlike other conjunctions, can be shifted to a position within the clause. When this is done, the omission of the semicolon results in a comma fault or fused sentences.

- WRONG: I don't trust him I am willing nevertheless, to give him a chance.

NOTE 2. There is a tendency, by no means universally approved, to use *so* as a simple subordinating conjunction and, accordingly, to use a comma rather than a semicolon before it:

DEBATABLE: He would not behave, so they put him out.

10c. Use a semicolon between independent coördinate clauses connected by a conjunction if within the clauses the comma has been liberally used.

RIGHT: The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of more use to the professors than the justice of it.

RIGHT: He said that he had borrowed the money from the cash register in April; that he had intended to return it in May, or, at the very latest, in June; and that never at any time had he considered the borrowing a theft.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Revise the punctuation in the following sentences, eliminating semicolons where they are wrongly used and inserting them where they are needed.

1. And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the east, that they found a plain in the land of Shinar, and they dwelt there.
2. From New Yorkers I hear only one thing. That thing is: there is no place like New York.
3. She had no affectations, she played as a bird sings without any appearance of effort.
4. The first proposal is nonsense; this at once raises the question need we consider all plans that are submitted.
5. I've tried to see him two or three times, but it's no good, when he sees you coming he runs like a hare.
6. I express my ideas no matter what people think; maybe that's why I admire Lew Ayres.
7. You are expected to do exactly as you are told in the directions; and to co-operate with any person in authority.
8. Chicago is the greatest city in the world; I live in it.
9. The above list indicates the extent of Norman-French influence on English: during the whole Middle English period about ten thousand French words were borrowed, three-quarters of which are still in use.
10. He was asked to give advice at the inquiry—accordingly when the questioning began he took a seat at the witness table.

Exercise B. Find, in THE READER, ten sentences in which semicolons are used. Try, in each case, to determine why a semicolon was used instead of a comma or some other mark of punctuation.

11. COLON [:]

The colon is used chiefly as a mark of introduction or anticipation.

11a. Use a colon after an introductory statement the purpose of which is to introduce a list, an enumeration, or a tabulation.

I love everything that's old: old friends, old times, old manners, old wine.

It used to be thought that the causes of poverty were three: ignorance, improvidence, and intemperance.

NOTE: The lists that follow colons should be appositives.

WRONG: We pay highest prices for: old gold and silver, jewelry, musical instruments, opera glasses, etc.

RIGHT: We pay highest prices for these articles: old gold and silver, etc.

11b. A colon may be used to introduce illustrative or explanatory statements.

Nothing was ready when we arrived: the trunks had not been packed, the tickets had not been bought, and the express company had not been notified.

You are to proceed as follows: The first group is to leave at ten o'clock and go as far as the crossroads. Meanwhile, . . .

11c. Use a colon after a statement introducing an extended quotation to be paragraphed separately.

To Anatole France literature was largely a way of escape. His view of criticism is much what we should expect:

"As I understand criticism, it is, like philosophy and history, a kind of novel for the use of discreet and curious minds. And every novel, rightly understood, is an autobiography. The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces.

"There is no such thing as objective criticism. . . ."

11d. Formal uses of the colon.**In formal letters after the salutation:**

My dear Mr. James:

In statements of time:

1:36 p.m., 12:12 a.m.

In Biblical and title citations, and references:

Mark 3:16

Harpers Monthly, 65: 189 (i.e., Volume 65, page 189)

12. DASH [—]

Because the dash is so often used indiscriminately, it seems to be interchangeable with the comma, the colon, and parentheses. Properly used, it can be made to express values which are not inherent in these other marks. Note that the dash is about twice as long as the hyphen. When typewriting, use two hyphens to indicate a dash.

12a. Use a dash to express an unexpected break in the thought of a sentence.

What he meant was—but let me use his own words.

They were pleased—that's hardly the word—they were frantic with joy.

The newspapers! Sir, they are the most villainous, licentious, abominable, infernal—not that I ever read them.

12b. Use the dash to emphasize sentence elements that are in striking apposition.

Hunger, cold, pain, death—these meant that war had really come.

12c. Use a dash to indicate that the end of a sentence has been deliberately left incomplete.

I was on the point of leaving, but when I saw the riot squad—

12d. Use a dash to indicate the interposition of sharply distinguished parenthetical material. (Compare Section 9d.)

I refuse—absolutely refuse—to obey.

The time will come—and very soon, I think—when you will wish you had accepted this offer.

12e. Do not use the dash indiscriminately.

Inexperienced writers overuse it either because they are ignorant of the rules of punctuation or because they are under the illusion that it is the sign of a vital, informal style.

INEFFECTUAL: They were unhappy with each other—they had nothing in common—except their children and a desire for greatness—they were two opposite characters.

IMPROVED: They were unhappy with each other because they had nothing in common except their children and a desire for greatness. They were two opposite characters.

EXERCISE

Punctuate the following sentences. Use colons and dashes when and if these are appropriate.

1. Of the implications of that statement the question of what relation natural history had to dominant sciences in the minds of Americans there is very little said.
2. That same day she insulted a policeman but that's another story.
3. Bring with you extra socks, shirts, shorts, and handkerchiefs.
4. Last Tuesday or perhaps it was Wednesday the man came for his money.
5. What he actually said was this Don't call me until after you hear from your lawyer.
6. Bring with you the following items toothbrush, razor, comb, washcloth.
7. They were eating I'm telling you the truth fried snails with garlic dressing.
8. Few schools are complacent as to their achievements except when talking to a rival school.
9. It is to be wished that complacency may never overtake them that may be left to their critics.
10. From his brooding over the problem there emerged a typical Hawthorne theme real tragedy results when ambition whether it be for personal advancement, for science or for a cause is allowed to trample upon the demands of normal instincts.
11. The investigator will ask you two questions Where were you when the fire started, and what did you do about it when you found out.
12. After my aunt arrived she was three hours late the gruesome festivities began.
13. On closer inspection I found these to be headstones I realized that I had stumbled on an old burying ground.
14. Their slogan was Let's get there first.
15. The other expenses that is for books laundry, cleaning, etc. are very small.

13. QUESTION MARK [?] AND EXCLAMATION POINT [!]

13a. Use the question mark (also called the interrogation point) after direct questions; never after indirect questions.

RIGHT: Did he ask you how you were?

WRONG: He asked me how I was? (Indirect question.)

RIGHT: "How are you?" he asked.

RIGHT: You are well?

- 13b. The question mark may be interpolated to show that a factual detail is questionable or uncertain, but not as a label for sarcasm.**

RIGHT: John Heywood, 1506(?)–1565.

OBJECTIONABLE: The gentleman (?) then began to question us.

- 13c. Use the exclamation point after an interjection, sentence, or sentence fragment to express emphasis, surprise, or strong emotion.**

Overuse of the exclamation point is a characteristic of “schoolgirl” style.

RIGHT: Think of your forefathers!

Alas! he has missed the last train.

Alas, he has missed the last train!

How did you dare!

- 13d. Position of question mark and exclamation point.**

Do not use a comma or period with either mark.

When either mark is used with quotation marks or parentheses, place it inside or outside of these, depending upon the construction.

RIGHT: She said, “Shall we go now?” (This is a declarative sentence, part of which is a question.)

Did I hear you say, “I am in authority here”? (The whole sentence is a question.)

Jones (isn’t that just like him?) has asked for another furlough.

The sentry shouted, “Halt!”

14. APOSTROPHE [']

The word *apostrophe* means literally “omitting a letter.” In older English the possessive of most nouns was pronounced as well as written with the ending *-es* or *-is* (for example: *child*, *childis*).

- 14a. The apostrophe in the possessive case:**

Use the apostrophe plus “s” to form the possessive case of nouns not ending in “s.”

Harry’s; time’s; policeman’s; policemen’s

Use the apostrophe alone to form the possessive case of plural nouns ending in “s.”

cats’; boys’; foxes’; hostesses’

Use either the apostrophe alone or the apostrophe plus “s” to form the possessive case of singular nouns ending in “s” sounds.

Cortes’; Dickens’ (*but not* Dicken’s); conscience’ sake

- 14b. Do not use the apostrophe with the possessive adjectives "hers," "its," "ours," "yours," "theirs."**

Note especially that *it's* is not a possessive but a contraction of *it is* or *it has*.

- 14c. Use the apostrophe in contractions, and in plurals of figures, letters, and words used as such.**

CONTRACTIONS: *it's*, *doesn't*, *wouldn't*, *what's*, class of '41, o'clock.

PLURALS: *6's*, *e's*, "Let us have no *but's*"; "He used six *which's* in one sentence."

15. QUOTATION MARKS [" "]

- 15a. Always use quotation marks in pairs. The first is called the "open-quote"; the second, the "close-quote."**

It is easy to forget the close-quote. Check your copy for this omission.

- 15b. Use quotation marks to enclose direct quotations, both continuous and broken.**

WRONG: Nelson said that "England expected every man to do his duty."
(indirect quotation)

RIGHT: Nelson said, "England expects every man to do his duty."

WRONG: "If that is all you have to say, he replied, you may go."

RIGHT: "If that is all you have to say," he replied, "you may go."

NOTE: Quotations more than one paragraph in length take quotation marks at the beginning of each paragraph but at the end of only the last paragraph.

- 15c. Position of quotation marks:**

The comma and the period come inside quotation marks (see examples in Section 15b above).

Other punctuation marks are placed inside or outside quotation marks, depending on the structure of the sentence (see Sections 8a, 13d).

- 15d. Use single quotation marks to enclose a quotation within a quotation.**

RIGHT: General Robert E. Lee, in the *Life* of his father says: "But there is a line, a single line, in the *Works* of Lee which would hand him over to immortality, though he had never written another: 'First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen' will last while language lasts."

15e. Use quotation marks to enclose titles of essays, articles, short stories, poems, and of all other pieces which are "parts" of books and periodicals.

RIGHT: "A Forest Walk" is one of the key chapters of *The Scarlet Letter*.

RIGHT: "Tintern Abbey" appeared in the first edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

RIGHT: He was referred to in "One Man's Meat" in a recent issue of *Harper's*.

15f. Quotation marks with nicknames, technical and slang terms, and words used humorously or ironically.

These usages are, to a certain extent, matters of judgment. In general, nicknames, and slang and technical terms which are commonly used need no apology in the form of quotation marks.

Nicknames: No quotation marks are necessary with such well-known names as Babe Ruth, Al Smith, and Red Grange. They are optional in such eccentric names as "Stinky" Davis, "Butch" Rogers, etc.

Slang: Slang terms which have become a part of the language (*Brace up, to loaf, humbug, milksop, skinfint*, etc.) should not be enclosed in quotation marks. Even questionable terms such as *drugstore cowboy, tough break*, and *cock-eyed* need not be quoted if they appear in informal writing. In formal composition quotation marks should be used with slang terms that are employed deliberately to make a point; e.g., "In the 1850's she was what would be called now a 'torchsinger'."

Humor and irony: Whether to use quotation marks, or italics, or neither, with words used ironically or humorously, is a matter of taste. Generally, calling attention to humor in such ways is on a level with repeating the point of a joke, but the discerning student may see, in the following two sentences, reasons for using quotation marks in the first and not using them in the second:

Having established claim to the title of physician by arguing that he had been in the habit of administering physic to his servants, "Doctor" Jeffrey was given clearance papers on January 15, 1814.

This "officer of the law" was given a five-year prison sentence.

16. HYPHEN [-]

Hyphen means literally "into one" or "together." Note that the hyphen is only half as long as the dash.

16a. Use the hyphen to indicate the division of a word broken at the end of a line. Never put a hyphen at the beginning of a line.

RIGHT: Sentimentally I am disposed to harmony; but organically I am incapable of a tune.

16b. Use the hyphen to form compounds.

Consult a good dictionary for the status of particular compounds, but inasmuch as usage in this matter changes rapidly and even publishers' style books conflict, do not expect to find comprehensive rules on the hyphen in any reference work. The following general rules are useful:

Use the hyphen with two or more words which function as a single part of speech, or which would give a wrong impression if separated by commas.

red-hot poker (cf. red, hot poker); double-bitted ax (double and bitted are not coördinate); light-green suit (cf. light, green suit); great-grandfather (cf. great grandfather); early-blooming peas; old stick-in-the-mud; little-girl coyness; six-foot marine; son-in-law (but cf. stepson); self-importance.

Use the hyphen to avoid confusion or awkwardness.

fire-escape (cf. firescape); re-entry (cf. reentry); re-estimate; re-collect (cf. recollect).

Use the hyphen with certain prefixes.

ex-President Hoover; anti-Nazi; pro-Hitler; ex-wife.

Use the hyphen in compound numbers from twenty-one to ninety-nine.

17. PARENTHESES () AND BRACKETS []

(Singular, *parenthesis*. The word means literally "to put in beside," or "insert.")

17a. Use parentheses to enclose all material not strictly pertinent to the thought of the sentence when commas are felt to be too slight and dashes too great an indication of irrelevancy.

RIGHT: This book tries to codify all the rules (there are 678) into one system.

RIGHT: Use commas to set off a vocative (a word or phrase used in direct address).

NOTE: Do not use parentheses to indicate a cancellation. Draw a line through the material to be deleted.

17b. Use square brackets to enclose a remark or explanation interpolated in quoted matter.

RIGHT: "He [Hampden] had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

RIGHT: "There is no better motto which it [culture] can have than these words of Bishop Wilson, 'To make reason and the will of God prevail.'"

EXERCISES

Exercise A. With the help of the dictionary determine whether the following words and phrases are written with hyphens, solid, or separately:

joke telling	class conscious	Franco Prussian War
anti bourgeois	life time	pre determined
back ward	carry over	letter head
make up	self dissection	god like
wood pulps	breath taking	double breasted coat
middle class	work man	per cent
jay walking	variety show	over written
well made	horn pipe	imp like
stand point	scrub woman	seventeen year old boy
super man	four square	semi conscious
pseudo scientist	re issue	non ethical
by stander	ex communicate	pre conception
north west	school room	mud guard
square inch	photo electric	electron emitter
spark plug	short wave	million dollar industry

Exercise B. In the following sentences use the question mark, exclamation point, apostrophe, quotation marks, parentheses, brackets, and whatever other punctuation is needed.

1. When grandmother shrieked Call the police, Willie said What shall I call them
2. The important thing he said is to have a hobby whether it be collecting actresses pictures or first editions of Burns poetry
3. Al Two-Gun Casey the famous bandit of the 90s the 1890s I mean of course was the subject of a recent article in the Hoosier Quarterly.
4. The Southern folk tale Who Stole the Rabbit Pie my own title originated in Oxford Mississippi not Ohio.
5. He told me to get a move on but I didnt like his language and I replied sharply Are you talking to me
6. In Smiths Handbook the earlier edition a gerund is called a verb form ending in *ing* and used as a noun.

7. No she said when Emersons poem My Garden was published in the Atlantic Monthly 1859 such inelegant expressions as get the bulge on were considered taboo
8. If you think its a joke, just try to handle a case like theirs.
9. We re coming back to get her bag and Jamess
10. I said this object is called a grommet and he said who ever heard of such a name
11. When I remarked that Sylvia Flounces Only a Car-hop was milk-and-water fiction he called me something that sounded like jug-head
12. The question is not Will they come but How dare they come
13. But what have all these things to do with atoms is a reasonable question.
14. Mr. Campbells text pp. 16-19 amply disproves this. A less important instance of careless editing is the misquotation from Chaucer Than ne longen folk to goon on pilgrimages.
15. The poorly preserved manuscript records simply Acted on the stage, the illegible dedicated to ye Dutches of Monmouth Oct 12 1667

MECHANICS

18. MANUSCRIPT FORM

18a. Unless otherwise instructed, use good white paper of standard letter size (8 1/2 by 11 inches).

18b. Use a typewriter if possible.

In typing, double-space all lines except quotations more than one line long; longer quotations should be single-spaced.

18c. Write on one side of the paper only.

18d. Leave ample margins for correction; at least an inch at top and left, and at least a half-inch at right and bottom.

18e. Indent the first line of each paragraph—five spaces in type-script; about an inch in manuscript.

18f. Write the title at the head of the first page only, and center it. Do not enclose it in quotation marks unless it is a quotation.

18g. Number pages with arabic numerals in the upper right-hand corner.

If you use a clip, put it in the upper left-hand corner, where it will not obscure the pagination.

18h. Cancellations and insertions.

Cancel a word by drawing a straight line through it. Never write in "(Omit)" or use parentheses for this purpose. Cancel a paragraph division by writing "No ¶" in the margin.

Write inserted words above the line with a caret [^] below the line at the point of insertion. Indicate a new paragraph where there is no indentation by inserting ¶ at the appropriate point.

For detailed information on manuscript form see *THE RHETORIC*, pp. 91-93.

19. QUOTATION**19a. Prose.**

Extended quotations (more than one or two sentences) should be set off from the body of the text. Begin a new line. Indent the first line only if the quotation begins as a new paragraph. No quotation marks are necessary if, in typescript, the quoted passage is single-spaced, or if in manuscript, the entire passage is clearly indented.

RIGHT:

Near the beginning of his article in *The New York Times Book Review*, the writer says that Mr. Peattie

desires to extract the romance, the adventure, and the human qualities of the expedition. Against these, as a kind of strident undertone which he occasionally brings forward . . . [etc.]

In his closing paragraph the reviewer makes this judgment:

One suspects that all the way through Mr. Peattie wasn't thinking entirely of Napoleon when he wrote that name, and not entirely of a dead-and-gone heroism when he wrote of Lewis, Clark, and their companions. . . .

19b. Verse.

(1) Begin a new line. (2) Line it off as it was written, and preserve the original capitalization. (3) Center it, and indent run-over lines.

RIGHT:

Compare Poe's first version of these lines:

How shall the burial rite be read?
The solemn song be sung?
The requiem for the loveliest dead
That ever died so young?

[978]

with the text published in the *Richmond Whig* in 1849:

Come let the burial rite be read—the funeral
song be sung!—

An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever
died so young—

19c. Quote exactly.

Indicate omissions by the use of leaders (three dots on the line, four dots—including the period—if the omission comes after a completed sentence, as illustrated respectively in the two prose passages quoted in **Section 20a**). Indicate interpolations, changes in verb forms, etc., by means of brackets.

RIGHT: The student said that he “[had written] this theme in an hour,”
but that “in spite of this the instructor [Mr. Ross] thought
highly of it.”

20. CITATIONS AND FOOTNOTES

See *THE RHETORIC*, pp. 70–73.

21. CAPITALS

21a. Capitalize the first letter of every sentence and the first letter of directly quoted sentences within sentences.

RIGHT: Just then the official said, “You will have to show me your
passports.”

RIGHT: “The last time he tried that,” I said, “he got into trouble.”

Note that a complete sentence standing in parentheses within a sentence is not capitalized:

We waited (the train was not due for two hours) on the cold platform.

21b. Capitalize proper nouns, proper adjectives, and their derivatives.

RIGHT: Napoleon, Napoleonic, England, English, Americanism, Miltonic,
Kittyhawk design, anti-German, the Symbolists, Romanticism,
Protestantism, Decoration Day, the Elks.

21c. Capitalize days of the week, months, references to deity, streets, rivers, parks, and titles before names, the points of the compass when they refer to regions, and names of courses, but not names of subjects.

RIGHT: Wednesday, July, God, Jehovah, Ramsay Street, Po River, Bryant Park, President Roosevelt (but "the presidency," and "the president's salary"), Longacre Theater (but "a theater"), ex-Senator Thompson, the East (but "east of the railroad"), Biology 13 (but "the study of biology").

22. NUMBERS

22a. Use numerals for all numbers that cannot be spelled out in one or two words, unless the number comes at the beginning of a sentence. Use a comma to set off groups of three numerals except in street and telephone numbers.

RIGHT: two, thirteen, twenty-three, one hundred, 126, two thousand, 2,678, three million, 3,267,800.

Sums of money: The rule above applies, but more loosely.

RIGHT: 90 cents, or ninety cents; fifty dollars or \$50; six dollars, or \$6.00, but not \$6.; \$237.68; two million dollars; \$1,274,865.

Uniformity is important:

Books cost about \$30 a term, tuition, \$279.50; board comes to \$20 a month, and laundry averages 95 cents a week.

Addresses: Do not spell out street numbers, or use commas between numerals. The appendages *-st*, *-nd*, *-rd*, *-d*, *-th*, are correct but are now frequently omitted.

RIGHT: 2395 Broadway; 214 West 23rd Street (*or* 23 Street).

Dates: Years are always written in figures; centuries may be written out, with capitals or without; days of the month are usually written out, except in the case of holidays.

RIGHT: July 3, 1942 (not July 3rd, 1942). (Without the year, either July 3 or July 3rd is correct.)
July Fourth.
19th century, or nineteenth century.

22b. Roman numerals.

The Roman figures are I, i (1); V, v (5); X, x (10); L, l (50); C, c (100); D, d (500); M, m (1,000). (See your dictionary for a complete list.) Use Roman numerals in outlines; for chapter and section headings; in references to plays: *Hamlet*, Act IV, scene ii.

23. ABBREVIATIONS

If your dictionary is a good one, it contains a list of all the abbreviations the layman is likely to need. Many of these may be used appropriately in technical writings, business papers, lists, addresses, etc., but not in the body of formal compositions. The classifications which follow are not inclusive. *When in doubt, do not abbreviate.*

23a. In formal composition, do not abbreviate the names of countries, states, rivers, months, days, streets, proper names.

WRONG: Eng., Neth.; N. J., Neb.; Miss. Riv.; Aug., Dec.; Tues., Fri.; 5th Ave., Spring St.; Thos., Chas.

Do not use slang abbreviations:

o.k., k.o., B.O., B.F., d. t.'s, t. b., prof., math., home ec.

Consult the latest dictionary for the status of abbreviations which are used as words: ad lib; I. Q.

23b. The following abbreviations may be used in formal composition:

Terms of time: a.m., p.m., B.C., A.D.; E.W.T. (Eastern War Time).

Common Latin terms: etc., e.g., i.e., vs.

Degrees and titles: Mr., Mrs. (but not Mad.); Dr., Rev., Hon. (but not *the Rev.* A. G. Walker, or *the Hon.* A. E. Smith); A.B., M.S., Ph.D., D.D.S., M.D.

Miscellaneous: St. (Saint); S.S. (Steamship); T.N.T.

23c. Abbreviations of the names of well-known organizations and institutions may be used if the meaning of the abbreviation is clear from the context, and especially if the whole name has been written out for the first usage.

D.A.R., R.O.T.C., A.E.F., S.P.C.A., U.S.S.R., Y.M.C.A., TVA, CCC.

Note that the periods may be omitted from the names of government bureaus.

24. ITALICS

Italicize a word by drawing a straight line under it:

homo sapiens.

24a. Italicize the names of books, magazines, newspapers, and ships:

Adam Bede, The Atlantic Monthly, New York Sun, S.S. Queen Mary.

- 24b. Italicize foreign words which have not been naturalized, and the abbreviations of foreign words which are not in very common use.**

au fait; "The scientific name of the rabbit is *Oryctolagus cuniculus*";
circa, ibid., op. cit., passim, sic; (but e.g., i.e., etc., a.m., p.m.).

- 24c. Avoid the use of italics for emphasis.**

The skillful writer knows how to use italics effectively, but the beginner should try to achieve emphasis through sentence structure and diction.

25. SYLLABICATION

When a word is broken at the end of a line, the reader must exert mental effort to re-form the word. It is important, therefore, that the writer conserve the reader's energy by dividing words in such a way that as little effort as possible is required to put them together again. For example, the letters *rema-* at the end of a line give the reader no hint of the structure or pronunciation of the word to be completed. When he finds *rk* at the beginning of the next line, he must go back to the first part to reconstruct the word *remark*. No such return is necessary when *re-* stands at the end of a line because the syllable is easily remembered and easily attached to the second syllable, *mark*.

In actual practice, syllabication is a printer's problem rather than a writer's because the written line can vary a half-inch or more in length. Nevertheless, the writer needs to know a few fundamental rules.

- 25a. Don't divide a word in such a way that neither part suggests the whole. Use common sense.**
- 25b. If possible, avoid breaking words. Establish a right-hand margin wide enough to permit flexibility.**
- 25c. Put the hyphen at the end of the line, never at the beginning.**
- 25d. Divide only words of two or more syllables, and divide only between syllables.**

When in doubt about syllabication, consult a good dictionary.

WRONG: the-ir, sa-ng, perm-it, tel-ler, tel-ephone, lary-ngitis.

- 25e. Do not divide a word so that a single letter stands alone.**

WRONG: a-lone, heav-y, a-ble, e-lucidate.

25f. Prefixes and suffixes may be separated from the stem of the word.

RIGHT: de-duce, snarl-ing, re-dundant, smart-ly.

EXERCISES ON MECHANICS

Exercise A. Use the following passages as quotations in sentences of your own construction. Remove the words which are enclosed in brackets and indicate the omissions correctly.

1. [It is clear that] Bryant dealt, not with the realities of Indian atrocities or the squalor of aboriginal life, but with creations of romantic tancy.
2. Early and sentimentally Bryant rhymed of hunters [of the West] who go "in depths of woods to seek the deer" and who serenade their loved ones with songs of swans [and night-sparrows, mistletoe, and "jessamine."]
3. Shuddering I look
On what is written, yet I blot not out
The desultory numbers; [let them stand,
The record of an idle revery.]
4. The time has been that these wild solitudes,
Yet beautiful as wild, were trod by me
Oftener than now; and when the ills of life
Had chafed my spirit [—when the unsteady pulse
Beat with strange flutterings—] I would wander forth
And seek the woods.

Exercise B. With the help of your dictionary, indicate all the points at which the following words may be divided:

gracefully, material, sense, record, conversations, erudite, moments, provided, Latin, sessions, further, simple, affected, evening, avowed, suppress, baby, divinity, logically, admirable, beauty, message, opulent, severe, gallant.

Exercise C. Which of the following words may be abbreviated in formal composition, and what are the correct abbreviations? Which of them should be capitalized? under what conditions?

wednesday, doctor, mister, england, biology, laboratory, reverend, *anno domini*, honorable, *et cetera*, number, august, volume, mountain, united states of america, christmas, *ante meridiem*, university, daughters of the american revolution, anonymous, free on board, rural free delivery, prime minister churchill, classical, george, captain, boulevard, company, secretary, madame curie.

Exercise D. Correct the errors in the use of numerals in the following sentences:

1. If you are a married man with an income of \$2,725 in 1941 you may have paid a \$99 income tax. This \$2,000,000,000 would pay your tax and the

- tax of 20,000,000 more like you. 20,000,000 men is 1,119,000 more than all the men in the United States between the ages of 20 and 39 inclusive.
2. Corporations must pay in 40% of their normal earnings and 94 per cent of their excess profits. Single individuals earning as little as \$10.00 a week must pay a tax. The man with \$100 a month must pay ten % of it to the government. The man with three thousand a year, 15%. The rates run up to 86.5 percent in the highest brackets. Yet this bill will raise only a little over 7 billion next year and the inflationary gap is seventeen billion now.
 3. Breakfast is at seven a.m., the work schedule five hours a day six days a week.
 4. On the 8th day of October 3,000 soldiers crossed the border and took 237 prisoners in 6 villages.
 5. He was 6 feet three inches tall when he was 23 years old.
 6. They used to live at twenty-one west sixteenth street where their rent was a hundred and twenty three dollars a month. 2 years earlier they lived at 1,116 Madison Ave.
 7. Lend me a dollar thirteen until the 1st of the month. I saw you count out \$14.00 at 12 o'clock.
 8. 25 years ago I felt like 10; today I feel 25 years older than I was 10 years ago when I was 40. In $\frac{1}{2}$ minute tell me how old I was when I felt like 10.
 9. Do you suppose that, in the year B.C. 5,000, there were 16504932 pterodactyls in the world or has the sum of living things been constant?
 10. On page 1,004 there are at least seven (7) errors.

Exercise E. In the following passages give reasons for the use of all capitals, quotation marks, italics, parentheses, brackets, and ellipses.

1. Neither Germany nor Italy was then unified, and Comte believed that his broad polity might be achieved through the spread of social awareness over the Continent. "Affection must be the central point of synthesis."
2. To which he added that democracy, such as exists in Switzerland, is not to be aimed at, but rather "*Administration by the people . . .* [in which] all the functionaries will be responsible for all their official acts. . . ."
3. Yet there was no generalization of all this laboratory work before the publication of Professor Watson's three highly important studies, "Psychology as a Behaviorist Views It" (1913), "Image and Affection in Behavior" (1913), and *Behaviorism—An Introduction to Comparative Psychology* (1914).
4. Behaviorism . . . asserted that the subject matter of human psychology is "the behavior or activities of the human being." After deriding the notion of "consciousness" as merely a substitute for the old religious concept "soul", Watson pointed out that psychologies which started out with this approach were not strictly "scientific", but introspective.
5. Farrell, a product of Chicago's South Side . . . first drew a portrait of himself as Danny O'Neill, one of the smaller boys in Studs Lonigan's "Fifty-eighth Street gang" in *Young Lonigan* (1932).

6. The French call Mallarmé "*un fumiste*" for which there is no better equivalent in English than "a joker."
7. He applied his method in an essay, "Alias Walt Whitman," which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*.
8. Yet he admits, on the same page, that "Pope and Addison were known to John Bartram . . . that the libraries he [William Bartram] used contained pseudo-classic writers."
9. The *genus irritabile vatum* is seldom regarded realistically by literary historians and never by "humanists".
10. It was "a balm for many bruises to know that [he was] at last in California."

SENTENCES

26. SENTENCE UNITY

A sentence has *grammatical* unity if it contains a complete independent predication, with or without modifying words, phrases, and clauses. But a sentence that is a grammatical unit may fail to be *rhetorically* unified if the parts of which it is composed contain unrelated ideas. (See THE RHETORIC, pp. 147-148.)

Most violations of sentence unity are the result of either (a) Incorrectly combining thoughts within a sentence, or (b) Incorrectly separating thoughts which should be included in one sentence. These violations, which are treated separately in sections below, may be further classified and illustrated as follows:

(a) *Elements incorrectly combined.*

(1) Comma fault.

He came home at 3 a.m., this caused his mother to worry.

(2) Fused sentences.

He came home at 3 a.m. this caused his mother to worry.

(3) Overloaded sentence.

He came home at 3 a.m., thus causing his mother, who was over sixty and who was the anxious type, to worry about him because, being only sixteen and not particularly reliable, he was too young, etc.

(4) Incongruity.

His mother was over sixty, and he was too young to be out at such an hour.

(b) *Elements incorrectly separated.*

(1) Period fault.

He came home at 3 a.m. Thus causing his mother to worry.

(2) Choppy sentences.

He came home at 3 a.m. This caused his mother to worry. She was over sixty. He was only sixteen. etc.

(3) Carry-over sentence.

He came home at 3 a.m., thus causing his mother, who was over sixty, to worry about him. She was the anxious type, and felt that he was too young to be out at such an hour.

(The idea that she was the anxious type, which belongs with the statement about her age, has been carried over into the next sentence.)

Methods of combining such groups of thoughts correctly are discussed in the appropriate sections below and in the sections on coördination, subordination, and parallelism. The choice of a method depends, of course, upon what single impression the writer wishes to make. Here are some suggestions:

When he failed to come home until 3 a.m., his mother worried. (Here unity is achieved by subordinating one element.)

He failed to come home until 3 a.m.; consequently, his mother worried. (Unity by means of coördination, or equal emphasis.)

When he failed to come home until 3 a.m., his mother worried. He was only sixteen. (One element emphasized by isolation.)

27. COMMA FAULT

Do not run two sentences together by using a comma between them instead of a period.

Experienced writers may sometimes take liberties with this rule, but when the layman does so, he suggests to the reader that he is ignorant of the basic grammatical structure of a sentence.

Methods of correction. Usually sentences are spliced because the ideas they express are closely related. For that reason, a substitution of a period or a semicolon for the comma is only a superficial improvement. It is a lazy man's dodge. If there is a real relationship between the two sentences, they should be so combined that the relationship becomes clear through structure.

WRONG: I didn't dare bring up the suggestion, I felt that I might be wrong.

(Use a period after the first clause only if special emphasis is desired for the second clause. Inasmuch as there is an obvious cause-and-effect relation between the two statements, the logical change is to turn the second into

a dependent clause by using an introductory subordinating conjunction, preceded by a comma.)

RIGHT: I didn't dare bring up the suggestion because I felt that I might be wrong.

WRONG: He had been treated like a dog, therefore he felt no call to be loyal.

(Because *therefore* is a conjunctive adverb, the comma must be changed to a semicolon if the sentence is not revised. The first clause, however, is really subordinate because it states the cause of the condition described in the second. Preferable: Because he had been treated like a dog, he felt no call to be loyal.)

WRONG: He may be a good soldier, no one would ever think of calling him a good citizen.

(The two statements are clearly coördinate and should be connected by a coördinating conjunction.)

RIGHT: He may be a good soldier, but no one would ever think of calling him a good citizen.

WRONG: "Bring it back," he said, "I shall need it shortly."

RIGHT: "Bring it back," he said. "I shall need it shortly."

NOTE: A semicolon may be used instead of a period after *said*.

WRONG: Then came the comic skits, some of them were amusing, while others were trite.

RIGHT: Then came the comic skits, some of them amusing, some trite.

Constructions which are clearly parallel in form may sometimes be joined by commas without the use of conjunctions:

RIGHT: He howled, he stamped, he beat the walls.

RIGHT: These answers are wrong, those are right.

28. FUSED SENTENCES

Do not fuse two grammatically independent sentences by omitting all punctuation between them. Methods of correction are described in Sections 27 and 28.

WRONG: Things got worse and worse finally I called for help.

RIGHT: Things got worse and worse. Finally I called for help.

WRONG: He got off at Times Square this was the last stop.

RIGHT: He got off at Times Square, the last stop.

29. OVERLOADED SENTENCES

Do not weigh down a sentence with too many details.

- BAD:** After considering all the cars in the lot, I bought one with wire wheels, a 1932 Ford, with four fairly good tires and only one dented fender, the price being \$65.00, which wasn't a bad buy for that time of the year.
- IMPROVED:** After considering all the cars in the lot, I bought a 1932 Ford with wire wheels. It had four fairly good tires, and only one of the fenders was dented. At \$65.00 it was not a bad buy for that time of the year.
- BAD:** I got up this morning at nine o'clock and dressed leisurely, and then I shaved and breakfasted, and strolled over to the campus for this class.
- IMPROVED:** Arising at nine this morning, I dressed and shaved leisurely. After breakfast I strolled over to this class.

30. CONGRUITY

Be sure that every element of a sentence is clearly related to the rest of the sentence.

Remove the incongruous element, or demonstrate its relevance through proper construction.

- BAD:** Poe failed to receive support from his foster-father, and so he gave up poetry and began to write short-stories.
- IMPROVED:** When Poe failed to receive support from his foster-father, he gave up the writing of poetry, which did not pay, and began to write short-stories, which did.
- BAD:** Louis Sullivan was a great American architect, and was born in Boston in 1856.
- IMPROVED:** Louis Sullivan, the great American architect, was born in Boston in 1856.
- OR:** Louis Sullivan was a great American architect. He was born in Boston in 1856.
- BAD:** The telephone is a great invention; it is very useful to the farmer.
- IMPROVED:** To the farmer, for whom good communications are important, the telephone must be a great invention.

EXERCISE

In most of the following sentences there are errors of combination. Point out the error in each incorrect sentence, and revise as necessary.

1. When she spoke all kept silent, her dainty voice would not have been heard otherwise.
2. You can't sit in the living room it has just been cleaned.
3. The beach has been closed, the houses have been boarded up, the buses have stopped running.
4. The rooms, there are two hundred of them, are beautifully furnished in walnut with harmonizing window drapes and carpets, and are amply and comfortably furnished with beds built for sound sleeping and equipped with care to the smaller details, such as circulating iced water, reading lamps attached to beds, etc., to add to the comfort of your stay, and are available with or without bath or ensuite if desired.
5. I wish you could meet the Campbells each of them is a personality.
6. Tom will take you to the camp, he knows the way.
7. New York, a city of many moods, is cut into a million parts by the amazing subway.
8. I accepted the challenge, I had no alternative.
9. In 1903, by borrowing money from a Socialist, he was able to move to a country house near Princeton, and during this time he wrote *Manassas and the Jungle*, the book which was to attract such wide attention.
10. I thought of all the things I could say, I even made up an outline.
11. I hated school until I got to 4 A, then I fell in love with my teacher.
12. The people in that small town were hospitable, and most of them had had little education.
13. There are many of us in this world, restless and neurotic, who can hardly stand the realities of life, we also wish we were never born.
14. That ducking did one thing for me however, it certainly took my thirst away.
15. Then I graduated from grammar school, I grew up.
16. "Don't bother about it," she called back, "I'll pick it up later."
17. The tall man superintends the foundry, the short one is the general manager.
18. Born with a gold spoon in his mouth, he lived to the age of sixty-two.
19. Lawrence came into the room all excited, he could not speak.
20. Waste no time, there are still two long questions to be answered.

31. PERIOD FAULT

Do not use a period to separate a dependent element from the construction to which it grammatically belongs.

Although competent writers occasionally use verbless sentences for literary effect, the student should not thus violate established grammatical usage unless he has mastered conventional rhetorical practice. Moreover, the competent writer is almost never guilty of the kinds of period fault described below.

The period fault may be corrected either by a change in punctuation, or by rewriting the fragment as a complete sentence. The latter method is preferable if, as is often the case, the writer wishes to emphasize the fragment through separation.

WRONG: I had given up all hope. *When, like a flash, I saw a way out.*
(A dependent clause stands as a complete sentence.)

RIGHT: I had given up all hope, when, like a flash, I saw a way out.
Or, I had given up all hope. Suddenly, I saw a way out.

WRONG: He seemed apprehensive. *Though surely he had no reason to fear us.* (Dependent clause.)

RIGHT: He seemed apprehensive, though surely he had no reason to fear us.

WRONG: He thought of his house. *The house in which his family had lived for four generations.* (Appositive.)

RIGHT: He thought of his house, the house in which his family had lived for four generations.

WRONG: We decided to go. *There being no reason to remain.* (Participial phrase.)

RIGHT: There being no reason to remain, we decided to go.

WRONG: They arrived on all kinds of vehicles. Such as wagons, bicycles, and decrepit Model T's.

RIGHT: They arrived on all kinds of vehicles, such as wagons, bicycles, and decrepit Model T's.

NOTE: The discerning student will observe, rightly, that the sentences given above cannot be classed with such passages as the following: "At last he was in glittering, roaring, heartless New York. The blaze of white and colored lights. The roar of the subway. No welcome for the stranger. No thought for the needy and homeless." Such writing is a sin against taste rather than against grammar. Elliptical sentences are the prerogative of experts. (See THE RHETORIC, pp. 145-147.)

Some types of elliptical sentences, however, may be safely attempted.

Exclamatory phrases:

How nice! What wonderful vigor!

Answers to questions:

Are you ready? Not yet.

Transitional and summary statements:

Now for the next question.

So much for that argument.

32. CHOPPY SENTENCES

Do not break closely related thoughts into independent sentence structures.

(See Sections 35 and 36 for methods of coordinating and subordinating.)

BAD: The man stood up in the car. He looked around. Then he stepped to the running board. He seemed to be very nervous. He pulled out a flashlight.

IMPROVED: The man stood up in the car and looked around. Then he stepped nervously to the running board and pulled out a flashlight.

BAD: There are four apartments on each floor. Each apartment has three rooms. These rent for about \$45.00 each.

IMPROVED: On each floor there are four three-room apartments renting for about \$45.00.

33. CARRY-OVER SENTENCE

Do not carry over from one sentence to another an element which naturally belongs to the first.

BAD: From the garden came sounds of laughter and merry-making. There was a party going on, and Mary moped discontentedly in her room.

IMPROVED: From the garden, where a party was going on, came sounds of laughter and merry-making. Mary moped discontentedly in her room.

BAD: When he began to speak he was very nervous. He stumbled over his words, and he noticed that the audience was getting restless.

IMPROVED: When he began to speak he was so nervous that he stumbled over his words. Soon he noticed that the audience was getting restless.

EXERCISE

In some of the following passages, sentence elements are incorrectly separated by periods. Revise those that violate the principle of unity.

1. He said that in one Indian fight he carved his way through a wall of human flesh. Dragging his canoe behind him.
2. She is too intelligent to be fashionable, or too fashionable to be intelligent. I don't know which.
3. I looked forward to this month. The month of my graduation from high school.
4. Freedom of speech is guaranteed to all. Except in war time.
5. Finally we went despairingly back to the house. There, sitting on the front steps, was our lost Willie.
6. Why buy it in a department store. When you can get it at half the price from a wholesaler?
7. At this point she dropped a stitch. As well as a cup and saucer.
8. He talked for three hours, all about himself. This bored the audience, and there was no time left for the other speakers.
9. With great dignity, he descended the broad marble staircase. In his bare feet.
10. The blue velvet skirt hung limp; the taffeta blouse was ruffled within an inch of its life. And the wisp of a hat, which was supposed to be modish, merely looked silly.
11. The Japanese committed a treachery. A treachery that we are resolved to punish.
12. After that I went to a school in Italy. It was near Florence. I didn't find it very profitable. There was little instruction in foreign languages. There was none at all in science. I have always been interested in science.
13. Then I went to a small college in England. There I specialized in biology, and graduated in 1938.
14. Jokes are meant to be enjoyed by the listener, not by the teller. Although very often this order is reversed.
15. Most of the reporters were college boys. They were on vacation, and had no intention of staying on when autumn came.
16. Those were wonderful summers. What with rehearsing for the plays and enjoying camp life.
17. In one respect he is very skillful socially. That is, he knows how to keep guests circulating.
18. At the age of twelve I joined the Boy Scouts. As my scout master I had a man who was also one of my schoolteachers. His name was Jack Kelly.

19. He finally decided to take a long vacation. A very wise precaution which he should have thought of long before.
20. It is advisable to bring an extra supply of blankets. These, however, are not required.

34. COÖRDINATION

34a. Do not use coördinate structure for thoughts that are not of equal importance. Express subordinate ideas in dependent clauses or phrases.

BAD: Washington joined Braddock's forces, and he was given command of the vanguard.

IMPROVED: Joining Braddock's forces, Washington was given command of the vanguard.

BAD: Many people lead away from a king, and this is a common and serious error in bridge.

IMPROVED: Leading away from a king is a common and serious error in bridge.

BAD: They set out for the island, and they had only two gallons of gas.

IMPROVED: When they set out for the island, they had only two gallons of gas.

34b. Use the right coördinating conjunction.

BAD: The Army once considered airplanes ineffective, and now there is an Army Air Corps.

IMPROVED: The Army once considered airplanes ineffective, but now there is an Army Air Corps.

NOTE: Do not use the conjunctive adverb *while* for the coördinating conjunction *and* or *but*. Not only does *while* subordinate a principal idea, but it falsely suggests a time relation.

WRONG: My friend has a thousand dollars in the bank while I am penniless.

RIGHT: My friend has a thousand dollars in the bank, but I am penniless.

34c. Do not use a coördinating conjunction before a relative clause.

WRONG: The raising of tax-money is one of the greatest problems and which every man has to face.

RIGHT: The raising of tax-money is one of the greatest problems, which every man has to face.

WRONG: The assembly lines need many workers, but which are hard to get because of the draft.

RIGHT: The assembly lines need many workers, but these are hard to get because of the draft.

34d. Do not use "but" or "for" in two successive coördinate structures.

BAD: He left quickly, for he had no desire to face the newcomer, for he had been avoiding him for days.

IMPROVED: He left quickly, for he had no desire to face the newcomer, whom he had been avoiding for days.

BAD: I tried to speak to him, but he paid no attention to me but seemed intent on the game.

IMPROVED: Although I tried to speak to him, he was so intent upon the game that he paid no attention to me.

EXERCISE

Correct errors of coördination in the following sentences.

1. The furnishings of his house are very unusual, and he made them all himself.
2. I was seated in the dress circle of the balcony, and from that distance the profile of the master was not very clear.
3. You must give yourself plenty of time, for the buses are crowded at that hour, for that is when the night shift goes on.
4. She was a very devoted mother, and she lavished her affection upon her children.
5. He made a good record at high school but which he was unable to keep up at college.
6. I have a natural aptitude for the arts, while my brother is interested in nothing but science.
7. The car was filled with policemen, and they stopped by me.
8. He gave it to a man in uniform and who he thought was a messenger from the bank.
9. His own people hate him, for freedom is a word that doesn't exist in Germany, for God's gift of free speech is even denied there.
10. At one point in our journey we were very hungry and stopped at a pleasant roadside café to eat.
11. She suffers from religious consciousness, and she is between forty and fifty years old, a period when women are unstable.
12. He finished the book and went into the library to look through a magazine, and found it so crowded that he could not get a seat.
13. Newman's excuse for not smoking is the desire to preserve his health, and smoking is injurious to one's physical constitution.

14. He was a treacherous knight, and he planned the overthrow of his benefactor's kingdom.
15. This is a fault I despise and which is conspicuous in his character.

35. SUBORDINATION

See THE RHETORIC, p. 153 ff. for a discussion of methods of subordination and an analytical list of subordinating conjunctions.

35a. Do not put the main idea of a sentence into a subordinate construction.

WRONG: He was only a newcomer to the sales force, winning the contest easily.

RIGHT: Although he was a newcomer to the sales force, he won the contest easily.

WRONG: I was walking toward the State House, when I saw a crowd of people in front of a bulletin board.

RIGHT: As I was walking toward the State House, I saw a crowd of people in front of a bulletin board.

NOTE: Expression of the main idea in a subordinate construction and of the subordinate idea in an independent construction, as in the last illustration above, is sometimes called "upside-down subordination."

35b. Use the correct subordinating conjunction.

I had to return the book on Friday *because* (not *since*) it was due on that day.

I don't know *that* (not *as*) I can agree with you.

Although (not *while*) he does not completely approve of our proposals, he cannot be considered an opponent.

I read in a magazine *that* (not *where*) less than half of the meat consumed in this country is government inspected.

The girl was fond of gay parties *whereas* (not *while*) her mother preferred to remain at home.

35c. Avoid an awkward string of dependent clauses.

BAD: He had very strong principles, *which*, however, didn't prevent him from making sharp bargains, *which*, according to him, were legal and therefore ethical.

IMPROVED: In spite of his supposedly strong principles, he did not hesitate to make sharp bargains, which he felt were ethical because they were legal.

EXERCISE

Correct faulty subordination in the following sentences.

1. They couldn't take our teasing so the officers of the law were called, but we evacuated our position and retreated to a new line.
2. There were no lights, so we used flashlights to see where we were going.
3. I remember driving away from a gasoline station where we had stopped to fill our tank, my father turning to me in amazement with "What are you doing?"
4. As the class began to play games and sing songs I did too but all alone.
5. We walked quite a distance until we reached a small house.
6. I do not want you to think that I am a grouch since many things irritate me.
7. We had about decided to telephone home, when relief came.
8. The substitute ran in, easily making a basket.
9. I expected to be out late, although I did not take my key.
10. I took botany in my freshman year in high school, and it has been my favorite study ever since, taking me out of doors into the fresh air.
11. He bowed his head in prayer, when a shell tore him to pieces.
12. He always carries a cane, which is his constant companion.
13. The manufacture of dynamite consists of two separate processes, which are conducted individually up to a certain point, when their products meet and by their union actual dynamite is produced.
14. Miss Stein has just spoken to me of the fact that she is leaving for Boston in the near future and the position of the Biology laboratory assistant, which is at present occupied by her, will soon be vacant.
15. He is a top man in athletics, although he is on the Junior list for Phi Beta Kappa.

36. PARALLELISM

36a. Sentence elements parallel in thought are usually best expressed in grammatically parallel form.

INEFFECTUAL: Reviving in this strange place and because he realized he was badly injured, Robert lost control of himself. (Parallel ideas are here expressed successively in a participial phrase and a subordinate clause.)

IMPROVED: Reviving in this strange place and realizing that he was badly injured, Robert lost control of himself.

INEFFECTUAL: He told us to walk two blocks east, turning north there and crossing the street at the intersection. (Here "He told" three things, but the first is cast in the infinitive

form, the second and third in participial form.)

IMPROVED: He told us to walk two blocks east, to turn north there, and to cross the street at the intersection.

INEFFECTUAL: Two methods have been suggested: first, to have a raffle; second, we can send members around to get contributions.

IMPROVED: Two methods have been suggested: first, to have a raffle; second, to get members to solicit contributions.

36b. Ideas that are not logically parallel should not be expressed in parallel constructions.

BAD: The judge denounced him as cruel, vicious, and wished that he could give him a longer sentence.

IMPROVED: The judge denounced him as cruel and vicious, and said that he wished he could give him a longer sentence.

BAD: She was small, trim, and had a good sense of style.

IMPROVED: She was small and trim, and she had a good sense of style.

36c. Correlative conjunctions should be followed immediately by corresponding coordinate constructions.

WRONG: *Either* you will do as you are told *or* be penalized for disobedience.

RIGHT: You will *either* do as you are told *or* be penalized for disobedience.

WRONG: He is *not only* distrusted by his friends *but* by his family.

RIGHT: He is distrusted *not only* by his friends *but* by his family.

EXERCISE

Most of the following sentences contain errors in parallelism. Correct those that are faulty.

1. I admired her as a President's wife and her strength.
2. At sundown we gathered the cows and returned home for a big meal, a swim in the river, and then we went to bed.
3. But research begins when we look up a word in the dictionary, and ends, perhaps, when we find laboriously and tediously that the dictionary is wrong.
4. Sinclair has been nominated for several offices on the Socialist ticket, candidate for Congress for New Jersey in 1906, in California for Senate in 1922, and for Congress in 1920.
5. He asked for Hennequin's *The Art of Playwriting*, Miss Repplier's *The Fireside Sphinx*, and I noted that several other volumes were requested by him.
6. Sandburg's biography of Mary Lincoln is well written, and in an interesting manner.

7. She is the temperamental type who will shout at you one moment, and in a few minutes she forgets she was angry at you.
8. Either they are afraid of their own ideas or of what other people may think of their ideas.
9. In the pages of this book a man's soul is depicted, his thoughts clarified to the world, and he is physically demolished and broken.
10. Coöperation means to me doing the job to which I have been assigned and that I should obey those in authority.
11. Underlining and annotating your textbook not only helps you to understand the work, but you will find that at the end of the term you can review your assignments very easily.
12. I read that the old Hoosiers were emaciated, sallow, and had little respect for people in store clothes.
13. They have been educated to achieve success; *few* of them have been educated to exercise power.
14. David told himself that he must leave Russia and begin life anew in another land—a land large enough for him to find opportunity, and his children could grow straight and tall.
15. The anagram is either insoluble, or we are on the wrong track.

37. INCOMPLETE CONSTRUCTIONS

37a. Do not omit necessary parts of comparative constructions.

Such omissions result frequently in illogical comparisons. For example, in "The advantages of dogs as house pets are fewer than cats," the omission of the words "those of" before "cats" results in an absurd comparison between cats and advantages.

- | | |
|---------------|---|
| WRONG: | His game is <i>as</i> good if not better <i>than</i> his brother's. |
| RIGHT: | His game is <i>as</i> good <i>as</i> if not better <i>than</i> his brother's. |
| WRONG: | Hemingway writes <i>better</i> dialogue <i>than</i> any American novelist. |
| RIGHT: | Hemingway writes <i>better</i> dialogue <i>than</i> any <i>other</i> American novelist. |
| WRONG: | I have <i>more</i> respect for him <i>than</i> you. |
| RIGHT: | I have <i>more</i> respect for him <i>than</i> you <i>have</i> (or, <i>than</i> for you). |
| WRONG: | This suit is <i>cheaper</i> and <i>as</i> well made <i>as</i> that one. |
| IMPROVED: | This suit is <i>cheaper than</i> and <i>as</i> well made <i>as</i> that one. |
| STILL BETTER: | This suit is as well made as that one, and cheaper. |

- WRONG: The social status of a dentist is lower than a doctor.
 IMPROVED: The social status of a dentist is lower than that of a doctor.

37b. Do not omit an essential part of a verb phrase.

- WRONG: The *door was* closed and the *lights* extinguished.
 RIGHT: The *door was* closed and the *lights were* extinguished.
 WRONG: Serbs never *have* and never *will give* in to tyrants.
 IMPROVED: Serbs never *have given* in to tyrants and never *will give* in to them.
 WRONG: She *was* popular with men and *liked* even by women.
 (Here a form of *be* serves as both principal and auxiliary.)
 IMPROVED: She *was* popular with men and *was liked* even by women.

37c. Do not omit the subordinating conjunction "that" after such verbs as "think," "show," "say," and "fear" if the omission would result in confusion or awkwardness.

- MISLEADING: I forgot the bag had been checked at the station.
 CLEAR: I forgot that the bag had been checked at the station.
 MISLEADING: I saw the storm was about to break.
 CLEAR: I saw that the storm was about to break.
 MISLEADING: He showed the plans were nearly complete.
 CLEAR: He showed that the plans were nearly complete.

NOTE: In such a sentence as "He said he would come," the conjunction *that* may be omitted.

37d. Do not omit articles, prepositions, or pronouns if the omission would result in obscurity.

- ILLOGICAL: They had great respect and faith in their leader.
 IMPROVED: They had great respect for and faith in their leader.
 ILLOGICAL: My pastor and friend will join us later in the evening.
 (One person or two?)
 IMPROVED: Both my pastor and my friend will join us later in the evening.

EXERCISE

Correct the incomplete constructions in the following sentences.

1. After a while the novelty of the drum wore off, and I took it easy, as far as playing softer and not too often.
2. Some people think if they have an X card they have license to waste gasoline.
3. He was driving almost twice the speed permitted by law.

4. A couple hours later they returned to camp.
5. I remembered my lesson was still unfinished.
6. My mother asks me to come home early, but I think she is just trying to be mean and strict and disregarded her plea.
7. Pearl Buck's style is very different from other authors.
8. His was one of the worst, if not the worst, speech I have ever heard.
9. School hygiene has and is contributing greatly to the nation's health.
10. They have less confidence in his strategy than General Brewster.
11. Let us not forget Lincoln, our greatest president, never went to college.
12. She was finished and preparing to leave.
13. He was wearing nothing but trousers, tie, and hat.
14. Of course, my feelings about it are entirely different from my family.
15. The boy was given a toy watch which had no works inside but pleased him immensely.

38. REFERENCE OF PRONOUNS

38a. Ambiguous or uncertain reference—Do not leave the reader in doubt about the antecedent of a pronoun.

BAD: When George came in, he asked him to go to the bank for him, but he said that he was too busy. (One *he* refers to "George," the other to an antecedent in a preceding sentence.)

IMPROVED: When George came in, he asked Charles to go to the bank for him, but the latter said that he was too busy.

BAD: The agent followed the man into a restaurant, where he made a phone call.

IMPROVED: The agent followed the man into a restaurant and saw him make a phone call. (The parallelism of the verbs makes the reference clear.)

38b. Implied reference.

When a pronoun refers to an idea rather than to a substantive, the reference is implied rather than definite. Implied reference is permissible but hazardous. It is successful only when the idea referred to is as clear and compact as a substantive. It is to be avoided whenever the part of the sentence which contains the idea also contains nouns which might be mistaken for the antecedent.

CLEAR: England has begun extensive bombing of Germany. That should satisfy Russia. (The antecedent of *that* is the whole preceding sentence. The reference is entirely clear.)

- BAD:** He did not resent the insult, which aroused our contempt. (It is not at once clear that *which* refers to the whole clause rather than to *insult*, which immediately precedes it.)
- IMPROVED:** When he failed to resent the insult, he aroused our contempt.
- CLEAR:** He asked me to leave the room, which I did at once.
- CELLAR:** Obviously he was jealous of his friend's success, and had taken this way of showing it.
- BAD:** If you feel that a man needs help or encouragement, you should not do it too obviously.
- IMPROVED:** If you want to help or encourage a man, don't do it too obviously.

38c. Illogical reference—A pronoun should not seem to have as its antecedent a word or construction not logically related to it.

- BAD:** Harold is an expert golfer, which he learned to play when he was very young.
- IMPROVED:** Harold is an expert in golf, which he learned to play when he was very young.
- BAD:** Many of my ancestors were lawyers, which is the profession I intend to enter.
- IMPROVED:** I intend to enter the law, which was the profession of many of my ancestors.

38d. Remote reference—For clearness, the pronoun should be placed as near as possible to its antecedent.

- BAD:** What I read in Sandburg's biography only gave me a worse impression of Mary Todd Lincoln. She nagged her husband to success. Only through his success could her ambitions be realized. He showed in his book that she was very vain and selfish. (In the last sentence, change *he* to *Sandburg*. This passage also violates the rule stated in **Section 39f** inasmuch as the antecedent is in the possessive case.)

38e. Forward reference—For immediate clearness the antecedent should precede the pronoun.

- BAD:** When I confess to him that I have eaten meat on Fridays, the priest scolds me severely.
- IMPROVED:** When I confess to the priest that I have eaten meat on Fridays, he scolds me severely.

38f. Do not allow an antecedent to stand in the possessive case.

- BAD:** In one of Poe's best stories he describes a man with a split personality.

IMPROVED: Poe, in one of his best stories, describes a man with a split personality.

38g. Do not use "it" and "they" indefinitely.

BAD: In this book it made Switzerland seem very attractive.

IMPROVED: This book makes Switzerland seem very attractive.

BAD: They don't have much rain in Nebraska.

IMPROVED: There is little rainfall in Nebraska.

NOTE: Such expressions as "It is raining" are, however, idiomatic.

EXERCISE

Correct all errors of reference in the following sentences.

1. Father told Tom that his account was overdrawn and that no more checks could be written until he had made a deposit.
2. Almost anything can become annoying through repetition. However, this too has its exceptions.
3. Colonel Henley is known as a tactician, which has been his specialty since he left West Point.
4. He worked very hard in the bank because he felt that this would bring him promotion.
5. Religion is good for everyone, because no matter which one you follow they can only teach good things.
6. That old house once belonged to a veteran. It is out of repair now, but in those days it was considered a model dwelling, and anyone who succeeded in renting it was thought lucky. He took great pride in keeping it fitted with the most modern appliances.
7. You soon discover that he was far more than a silversmith or mintmaster—which you vaguely imagined limited the scope of his activities.
8. In Aunt Mary's diary she describes an incident of her girlhood.
9. I have no prejudices and this is the cause of my popularity.
10. In such remote villages they learn about innovations belatedly.
11. Having told him that I would not be in town for at least two weeks, I expected John to keep an eye on the equipment.
12. The first year or two of my preaching I did not enjoy it.
13. Mr. Bartlett was a very expeditious writer, which is a necessary requisite in campaign managers.
14. I knew I had been influenced by this instructor, but how was I going to write about it?
15. I believe that most people are annoyed by little things as it is natural.
16. In Palmer's essay on "Self-Cultivation" he mentioned four precepts.

17. The chief worry of a hitch-hiker usually is the weather; this one was no exception.
18. In India they have many curious customs.
19. McComber's small-town mind is balanced by Miller's horse-sense, who refuses to see evil where there is none.
20. John met his brother and he was surprised.

39. DANGLING MODIFIERS

It should be possible to associate every modifying phrase and clause immediately with the element which it modifies. Where this element has been omitted or is so separated from the modifier that the relationship is not immediately clear, the modifier is said to be "dangling." Such danglers are participial phrases, gerund phrases, infinitive phrases, and elliptical clauses.

39a. Dangling participial phrases.

- WRONG: Since joining our band, the cornet-playing of Charlie Holz has attracted a lot of attention. (As the sentence stands, the cornet-playing joined the band.)
- RIGHT: Since joining our band, Charlie Holz has attracted a lot of attention by his cornet-playing. (The modified element, "Charlie Holz," has been taken out of the possessive case and put next to the participial phrase.)
- RIGHT: Since Charlie Holz joined our band, his cornet-playing has attracted a lot of attention. (The participial phrase has been turned into an adverbial clause.)
- WRONG: Eating my breakfast yesterday morning, a boy about twelve years old came and knocked at our door. (As the sentence stands, the boy ate "my breakfast.")
- RIGHT: When I was eating my breakfast yesterday morning, a boy about twelve years old came and knocked at our door. (The participial phrase has been changed into an adverbial clause.)

39b. Dangling gerund phrases.

- WRONG: On addressing him, he told me of his troubles.
- RIGHT: On addressing him, I learned of his troubles.

39c. Dangling infinitive phrases.

- WRONG: To write comfortably, the chair must not be hard.
- RIGHT: To write comfortably, the student must sit on a soft chair.

WRONG: To get full benefit from hard exercise, short, intermittent rests are necessary.

RIGHT: To get full benefit from hard exercise, one should take short, intermittent rests.

39d. Dangling elliptical clauses.

WRONG: When dying, I gave him a stimulant. (The expanded clause reads, "When I was dying.")

RIGHT: When he was dying, I gave him a stimulant.

WRONG: When touring New England last summer, the roads were much improved.

RIGHT: When I was touring New England last summer, I found the roads much improved.

NOTE: Do not confuse dangling verbal phrases with absolute phrases. A verbal phrase is a modifier; an absolute phrase is structurally independent of the rest of the sentence.

Verbal phrases:

Having lost his job, he gave up hope.

Leaving the station house, he returned to his office.

Absolute phrases:

His job having been taken from him, it was obvious that he had little to hope for.

The time being ripe, the general launched an assault.

EXERCISE

Correct the dangling modifiers in the following sentences.

1. Having come to a boil he took the fat off the stove and strained it.
2. On the way up the gangplank my foot caught on a cleat.
3. Back from the Pacific in 1844, Melville's seafaring days were at an end.
4. In asking my four-year-old nephew what he intended to do when he grew up, he replied "A cowboy."
5. Before starting on my new adventure in grammar school my mother prepared a new wardrobe for me.
6. One afternoon, while changing his coat, a pistol dropped from his pocket, exploded, and shot him dead on the spot.
7. There was no cashbook or other account book kept, thus avoiding the expense of a bookkeeper.
8. Having left my bed and board, I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife.
9. On hearing of this atrocity my blood boiled.

10. Approaching the house from the front, it strikes one that none of the decorations on the façade are in balance.
11. Going to class this morning, the train was so late that I missed almost half of the examination.
12. Erected on solid rock the engineers knew that the building could not settle.
13. To appreciate literature, it must be understood.
14. Though but young trees, there was a coating of fallen needles under the firs.
15. When a child my father sat by my bed and read tales from Scott.
16. Having aroused myself, dressing and breakfast must needs be a hasty process.
17. Stumbling over a stone the rider was thrown from his horse.
18. Finishing with this school, his parents desired him to be a clergyman.
19. Descending to the second floor, a similar latch let me into the room beneath.
20. By remembering to turn the key, your picture will never come out with a double exposure.

40. POSITION OF MODIFIERS

The parts of a sentence should be so arranged that the relationship of ideas is immediately clear. Where elements are so separated that the thought-connection is not readily evident, the sentence is incoherent. Adjectival and adverbial modifiers should be placed, therefore, as near as possible to the elements which they modify.

40a. An adverbial clause should not be so placed that it may be attached to the wrong verb.

BAD: I walked along the platform as the train approached and swung my bag. (*As the train approached* is an adverbial clause modifying *walked*. The position of the clause is such that *approached* seems to be parallel with *swung*.)

IMPROVED: Swinging my bag in my hand, I walked along the platform as the train approached. (The clause can now modify only the verb *walked*.)

BAD: The band struck up *Hail to the Chief*, just as I came out of the door, with a great flourish.

IMPROVED: With a great flourish the band struck up *Hail to the Chief* just as I came out of the door.

40b. Squinting modifiers—Do not so place a modifier that it may refer to either of two parts of a sentence.

BAD: Some public servants I know are little better than thieves.

IMPROVED: Some politicians, I know, are little better than thieves.

- OR: Some politicians whom I know are little better than thieves.
(Note that these two revisions illustrate the punctuation of restrictive and non-restrictive clauses. See **Section 9c.**)
- BAD: She said when the dance was over they would leave immediately.
- IMPROVED: When the dance was over, she said that they would leave immediately.
- OR: She said that they would leave as soon as the dance was over.

40c. Avoid awkward separation of a relative clause and its antecedent. (See Section 39d.)

- BAD: I met an interesting man when I was touring the Rocky Mountains who told me about fox-raising.
- IMPROVED: When I was touring the Rocky Mountains, I met an interesting man who told me about fox-raising.
- BAD: He bought a dog from a total stranger that turned out to be a mixture of about sixteen breeds.
- IMPROVED: A total stranger sold him a dog that turned out to be a mixture of about sixteen breeds.

40d. Place the adverbs "hardly," "nearly," "scarcely," "almost," "even," "only," "just," and "merely" as close as possible to the words they modify.

- WRONG: I only asked for two. (Here, *only* modifies *two*, not *asked*.)
- RIGHT: I asked for only two.
- WRONG: I almost read half the assignment this morning.
- RIGHT: I read almost half the assignment this morning.
- WRONG: Do you ever expect to see her again?
- RIGHT: Do you expect ever to see her again?

40e. Split infinitive.

An infinitive is said to be split whenever the sign *to* does not immediately precede the verb to which it belongs. "To seriously doubt" is a split infinitive. Many modern authorities do not object to the split infinitive, but so many people have been educated against it that it still connotes illiteracy. Therefore, *do not split an infinitive unless clarity or force is to be gained by doing so*. Note that an auxiliary infinitive separated from the main verb by an adverb is not a split infinitive.

- RIGHT: He deserves to be thoroughly thrashed. (*To be* is the infinitive, *thrashed* the main verb.)
- BAD: We ought to vigorously and relentlessly oppose this man.
- RIGHT: We ought to oppose this man vigorously and relentlessly.

JUSTIFIABLE: The plan was to subtly influence fluctuating public opinion.
("Subtly to influence" is slightly awkward, and "subtly fluctuating" is misleading.)

EXERCISE

Correct the misplaced modifiers in the following sentences.

1. If we understood our friends we would be able to more fully appreciate them.
2. If he dies within a week the policy will be paid.
3. I only wanted courtesies, but he wouldn't look at me even when he met me on the street.
4. Any tramp who gives his mite no matter how bedraggled is considered a donor by this organization.
5. He merely said that he had come in to get warm.
6. They stopped the car when the radiator boiled over and asked for water.
7. She went to the shelter when the bombs began to drop to see if everyone was comfortable.
8. They were known to have even stripped travellers of their clothing.
9. A queer episode happened on that trip that I shall never forget.
10. For the growth of education can only welcome a pedagogy which tends to gradually render the teacher a mere witness of that growth.
11. Some of these muskmelons I feel must have been ripened in an oven.
12. He just stepped in to politely ask the time, but they thought he had come to snoop.
13. The little boys set off a firecracker just as the bishop passed out of a desire to be mischievous.
14. I met a girl on the bus that was almost in the same predicament as I.
15. Long hair droops from his ears to his ragged collar which he never trims.
16. I nearly ate a dozen ears of corn.
17. To fully and clearly comprehend their plight you must go to the region yourself.
18. Before taking, the doctor recommends that the medicine be briskly stirred.
19. A man who invests in insurance at the end of his life will have few worries.
20. Do not go in the swimming pool when overheated.

41. MIXED CONSTRUCTIONS

41a. Every element in a sentence should have a logical relation to the rest of the sentence.

ILLOGICAL: There are some magazines which you can't tell whether they are edited in America or Germany. (There is no gram-

matinal relation between the elements which precede and follow *which*.)

IMPROVED: Some American magazines give the impression of having been edited in Germany.

ILLOGICAL: I also dislike when my mother starts talking about me in company. (An adverbial clause stands as the object of the verb *dislike*—an impossible grammatical relation.)

IMPROVED: I also dislike to have my mother talk about me in company.

OR: I am uncomfortable when my mother talks about me in company.

ILLOGICAL: At the meeting there were several boys whom I had met before but forgot their names.

IMPROVED: At the meeting there were several boys whom I had met before but whose names I had forgotten.

ILLOGICAL: To the left of the lens is a small lever, which upon pulling it changes the focus.

IMPROVED: To the left of the lens is a small lever with which to regulate the focus.

**41b. "Is where," "is when," "the reason is because," "is the reason."
Do not use an adverbial clause in place of a noun.**

WRONG: Delirium tremens is when the brain cells become overloaded with alcohol.

IMPROVED: Delirium tremens results from overloading the brain cells with alcohol.

WRONG: A split infinitive is when you put a modifier between the parts of an infinitive.

IMPROVED: A split infinitive is an infinitive with a modifier between the parts.

Do not use a "because" clause as a noun clause; the conjunction "that" should introduce the noun clause.

WRONG: Another reason people are superstitious is because they are irrational.

IMPROVED: Another reason why people are superstitious is that they are irrational.

Do not use a sentence (other than a quoted sentence) as the subject or complement of any form of the verb "to be."

WRONG: I have not been well is the reason I have not been to class lately.

IMPROVED: I have not been to class lately because I have not been well.

WRONG: The difference between them is one has a sense of humor and the other hasn't.

IMPROVED: The difference between them is that one has a sense of humor and the other hasn't.

RIGHT: "Make or Break" is an Oliver Optic slogan.

41c. Double negative.

Most double negatives are a mixture of two negative constructions and are the result of a misguided effort to achieve emphasis.

WRONG: I cannot help but assume that he is telling the truth.

RIGHT: I cannot but assume that he is telling the truth.

OR: I cannot help assuming that he is telling the truth.

WRONG: I had never met nor heard of him before.

RIGHT: I had never met or heard of him before.

OR: I had neither met nor heard of him before.

WRONG: She hadn't scarcely left the room before the phone rang.

RIGHT: She had scarcely left the room when the phone rang.

WRONG: I didn't have but one dollar in my pocket.

RIGHT: I had only one dollar in my pocket.

EXERCISE

Correct the mixed constructions in the following sentences.

1. The reason why I remember this place so vividly is because Baltimore was the first city I ever visited.
2. It was not until this time did I realize how close the War was.
3. The purpose of this number of the magazine seems to be in honor of Thomas Mann.
4. Because I have over-cut this term is the reason why my credits have been reduced.
5. I contemplated could I go there in his absence and look for the papers.
6. Bewildered visitors asked is there no other way to get out of the building.
7. There are some children you wonder whether they were brought up indoors.
8. The lock is the kind you can pick it with a hairpin.
9. I am shy is the reason I blush all the time.
10. A demerit is when you violate one of the rules in the manual.
11. Naturally she can hardly help but feel that she is being imposed upon.
12. Scarcely nothing that was said that evening was worth a man should listen to it.
13. You haven't been home for two days may be a reason you are so unkempt, but it is no excuse.

14. She despises when a man fails to give her his seat in a train.
15. On the steps there were some wet paw-marks, which upon examination they couldn't decide were a dog's or a cat's.

42. MONOTONOUS SENTENCE STRUCTURE

The rich resources of English syntax permit infinite variety in phrase and clause construction. Take advantage of them. Monotony results most frequently from the continuous or excessive use of the following patterns: (a) short sentences; (b) subject, plus verb, plus complement; (c) compound predicates; (d) participial phrases; (e) over-use of *and*, *but*, *so*, *then*; (f) initial dependent clauses.

MONOTONOUS: I said goodbye to my relatives, and set off for the train. I walked slowly to the station, and bought my ticket. Then I had my shoes shined and bought a newspaper. (Patterns *b*, *c*, and *e*.)

MONOTONOUS: After I had said goodbye to my relatives, I walked slowly to the train. Because I had left early, I had time to buy a paper and get my shoes shined. After I had bought my ticket, I found that I still had ten minutes to wait. (Pattern *f*.)

MONOTONOUS: Having found a seat near a window, I sat down to enjoy the scenery. Being unwilling to talk, I began to read my paper when a talkative-looking man sat down beside me. Paying no attention to my apparent engrossment, he tried to start a conversation. (Pattern *d*.)

MORE VARIED: Having said goodbye to my relatives, I walked slowly to the station. I had allowed myself so much time that after I bought my ticket and a newspaper and had my shoes shined, I still had ten minutes to wait. When the train came I found a seat near a window and settled down to enjoy the scenery. I was in no mood for casual talk, however, so that when a garrulous-looking man sat down beside me I pretended to be engrossed in my newspaper. Overlooking this pointed gesture, he tried to start a conversation.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Revise the following passages, retaining the details but varying the sentence structure.

1. Uncle Louis rents old-time Chaplin films and cartoons, and has a complete show every week. He also has a collection of family films, and he is continually taking pictures of the family. He collects miniature whiskey

bottles, and he has hundreds of them. He is a member of the Elks, and is very active in this organization. He enjoys a good Broadway show, but he will not go to see a movie unless it is exceptionally good. Many parties are held at his house, and if you are invited to one of them, you are guaranteed to have a good time.

2. The regular program picture is the major portion of Hollywood's product. It has met a serious loss of public patronage during the depression. Exhibitors have resorted to bingo, screeno, and bank nights to attract audiences. The producers have been forced by economic distress to reduce their costs. This retrenchment has a silver lining. Unjustified opulence is giving way to simplicity. But it is too early to say whether the depression will inspire better pictures. The producers were content to follow well-worn formulae of plot and characterization until reduced box-office receipts led to a change of policy. But Hollywood is still bound by its rigid fetish of entertainment. Thus it impedes its own progress in superior film drama. Its common denominator of entertainment is the twelve-year-old mind. In this respect it is like the radio. Hollywood refuses to accept evidence that the film-going public is resentful of the monotony of movie-fare. This evidence has been published in its own trade papers.

Exercise B: Analyze any page of specimen prose in THE READER which seems to you to possess variety. Point out the methods by which the author achieves variety of sentence structure.

43. WEAK BEGINNING, WEAK ENDING

Do not place relatively unimportant words or ideas at the beginning or, more particularly, at the end of a sentence. Reserve these places for elements which deserve emphasis.

43a. "However."

WEAK: The skilled workman has many advantages over the office-employee, however.

IMPROVED: The skilled workman, however, has many advantages over the office-employee.

WEAK: However, this should be the least of our worries.

IMPROVED: This, however, should be the least of our worries.

NOTE: Although the terminal *however* is almost always ineffective, the introductory *however* may be used if a strongly emphasized transition is required.

43b. Parenthetical words and phrases ("I think," "I believe," "in my opinion," "generally speaking," "in a sense," "one might say," "in short," "for some reason or other," etc.).

WEAK: Such books have been out of date for twenty years, in short.

IMPROVED: Such books, in short, have been out of date for twenty years.

- WEAK:** I think I prefer more dramatic and graphic narrative, on the whole.
- IMPROVED:** On the whole, I think I prefer narrative that is more dramatic and graphic.

43c. Participial phrases and subordinate clauses.

Frequently a sentence is strengthened by placing such constructions at the beginning or in the middle, rather than at the end. A sentence in which emphasis is achieved by placing all subordinate elements before the main clause, or by not completing the main clause until the end, is called a periodic sentence. See *THE RHETORIC*, pp. 162-163.

- LOOSE:** He went to the police station, not knowing what else to do.
- EMPHATIC:** Not knowing what else to do, he went to the police station.
- LOOSE:** Send in a detailed report and some statements signed by witnesses, if you have time.
- EMPHATIC:** If you have time, send in a detailed report and some statements signed by witnesses.
- LOOSE:** He was taken away and shot, along with rebels and saboteurs, in spite of his neutral conduct.
- EMPHATIC:** In spite of his neutral conduct he was taken away, together with rebels and saboteurs, and shot.

43d. When a sentence contains a series of words or ideas of varying importance, arrange them in the order of climax.

- WEAK:** He has integrity, charm, and wit.
- IMPROVED:** He has wit, charm, and integrity.
- WEAK:** His old age was tragic, his boyhood was unhappy, and his manhood was ineffectual.
- IMPROVED:** His boyhood was unhappy, his manhood was ineffectual, and his old age was tragic.

NOTE: An exception to this principle is anticlimax for the sake of humor:

His pet aversions are campaign orators, women's hats, and broccoli.

EXERCISE

Improve the word order of the following sentences.

1. He was simply incompetent, to put it bluntly.
2. I think that the present policy could be improved, though.
3. In three years he built up a considerable fortune by rigid economy and shrewd management.

4. Write clearly and legibly, and use ink, in fairness to the reader.
5. We finally went ashore, after getting our baggage and passports in order.
6. However, I was interested only in my idol, Rachmaninoff, at the time.
7. At the age of four I made my first appearance in front of an audience on the Fourth of July at a country hotel.
8. The man appeared to be unhurt after the accident, according to Dr. Jones.
9. There is no doubt that greater reading makes better writing, I think.
10. A publisher of public school supplies has happily chosen from Longfellow an inspirational verse for the cover of a pupil's report book in wide usage.
11. This destruction of our wild animals causes much anxiety among our nature lovers, to tell the truth.
12. There seems to be renewed activity in occupied Europe on the part of Serbs and Croats.
13. He was inordinately fond of the watch he had inherited from his grandfather with a winding key.
14. He was offered a job even, but he refused to take it.
15. Any man who can understand English, even of the lowest I.Q., can be taught simple military drills.

44. WEAK PASSIVE

A verb is in the passive voice when the subject is the receiver of the action. The passive voice is correctly used:

(1) When the subject of the action is unimportant, unknown, or not easily named. Thus, in "The New Year was rung in joyously," the real subject (people? revellers?) does not matter. In "He was left behind in the rush," the receiver of the action is more important than the doer.

(2) When emphasis is needed and can be achieved by placing the real subject in the form of an adverbial phrase at the end of the sentence or clause (see **Section 43**). "The deer was shot by John." To emphasize that John and not someone else shot the deer invert the natural order ("John shot the deer.") and place *John* at the end rather than at the beginning.

Most other uses of the passive voice are ineffective.

WEAK: Millions of dollars are spent by the government to protect political hacks.

IMPROVED: The government spends millions of dollars to protect political hacks.

WEAK: Many hours are spent by applicants in standing on lines.

IMPROVED: Applicants spend many hours standing on lines.

- WEAK:** The workmen then polish the stone block, and the edges of it are chamfered.
- IMPROVED:** The workmen then polish and chamfer the stone block.

EXERCISE

Change the passive voice in the following sentences to the active wherever necessary. If you think the passive voice is used correctly, explain why.

1. A last "that's all" is sounded by the saxophonist, and the dance is over.
2. A circus was seen by the children.
3. Loud expressions of disgust were heard from the audience.
4. A trip is then made to the city, and she stocks up on clothes for the coming season.
5. Precautions should be taken for the prevention of fire.
6. After his bath had been taken he went to bed.
7. Your letter was received by me last Monday.
8. That picture was painted by Grant Wood.
9. The class was congratulated by the superintendent.
10. Zeena's actions and attitudes, which had never been noticed before, now became very distasteful to Frome.

WORDS

45. GOOD USAGE

Some of the following injunctions do not apply to spoken English, to informal written English (letters to friends, familiar essays, etc.), or to realistic written dialogue. All of them apply to formal English composition. Like the standards of syntax and rhetoric, the standard of diction varies according to the audience the writer is addressing. Most of the following rules, like those of syntax, may occasionally be broken by trained writers, but the student will be wise to follow them until experience has qualified him to use his judgment. For him there can be only one safe rule: when in doubt about the status of a word, consult the latest edition of a good dictionary.

45a. Avoid vulgarisms (barbarisms, illiteracies).

Vulgarisms are gross violations of grammatical and verbal usage. Typical vulgarisms are:

ain't, brang (brought), would of (have), shoulda known, learn him, them girls, irregardless, you was, burgle, this here, hisself, done her wrong, good eats, like I told you, an invite.

45b. Avoid slang.

Much can be said for and against slang. All that will be said about it here is that it should not be used in formal composition. The problem for the student is to determine whether or not a word is a slang term. The safest and easiest rule to follow is this: if the word is not in the dictionary, or if it is labelled *slang* in the dictionary, do not use it. Consider the following:

phoney, sham, cad, crab (ill-tempered person), *crab* (find fault), *lug, kiddo, rubberneck, guy, nifty, send* (swing music), *in the groove, jive, corny, icky, petter, stewed, bootlegger, shill, slacker, steam-rollered, cake-eater, grass-widow, cellar-smeller, crash* (go uninvited), *itzy, bonehead, dope* (fool), *gob* (sailor), *leatherneck, lousy* (bad), *high-brow, mob, bus.*

45c. Avoid colloquialisms.

A colloquialism is a word or term appropriate only in informal speaking and writing. It follows that colloquialisms are unsuitable for formal writing, which, presumably, is addressed to an audience with which the writer is not on informal terms.

Terms:

take stock in, fix (arrange, repair), *funny* (queer), *grand, chum, O.K., daddy, call it a day, kid* (child), *kidding* (banter).

Abbreviations:

auto, phone, Jap, ad, lab.

Contractions:

don't, isn't, I'll, won't, haven't.

45d. Avoid provincialisms (localisms).

Provincialisms are words peculiar to certain parts of the country and therefore not nationally current. Note that provincialisms are inappropriate in formal writing even in the areas in which they originate. Typical provincialisms:

get to (e.g., "You get to deal"), *carry* (escort to a party), *you-all, piece* ("went down the road a piece"), *poke* (sack), *stoop* (porch), *locate* (settle), *plumb* (completely), *reckon* (think, suppose), *chuck* (throw), *want out* (want to go out), *guess* (think, suppose).

45e. Avoid obsolete and archaic words.

An obsolete word is one no longer in general use; an archaic word is old-fashioned. Inexperienced writers sometimes use them under the illusion that they are a token of "style." Actually, unless such words are used humor-

ously or facetiously, they give an impression of ridiculous affectation. Typical examples:

yesteryear, olden, e'en, wight, deem, twain, quoth, anent, methinks, oft.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Make a list of the vulgarisms in Ring Lardner's story, "The Champion," pp. 363-378.

Exercise B. Look up the terms listed in **Section 46b.** in (1) an abridged dictionary; (2) an unabridged dictionary; (3) H. L. Mencken's *The American Language* (New York, 1936); (4) Lester V. Berry and Melvin Van Den Bork, *The American Thesaurus of Slang* (New York, 1942); (5) Eric Partridge, *A Dictionary of Slang* (New York, 1937).

To get an idea of the ephemeral quality of many slang terms, read some of the stories in George Ade's *Fables in Slang* (1899), or in any of his *Fable* series.

Identify the British slang terms in P. G. Wodehouse's "Uncle Fred Flits By" (pp. 399-414). Look them up in the *New English Dictionary* and in Eric Partridge's *A Dictionary of Slang*.

Exercise C. Identify the colloquialisms in Mark Twain's "Jim Wolf and the Wasps" (pp. 311-313), and Walter Edmonds' "Death of Red Peril" (pp. 379-388).

Substitute formal English words for the colloquialisms in the following sentences:

1. It's clear, however, that the federal government isn't going to fix up the tax situation in the near future.
2. I don't think I have ever seen a better movie.
3. Keep an eye out for developments in the Aleutians this year.
4. The Axis seems to be taking it easy at the moment.
5. Let's discuss the pros and cons of the sales tax program.

Exercise D.

1. Study the English provincialisms, which are given with American meanings, in Chapter V of H. L. Mencken's *The American Language*.

2. Identify the provincialisms in Mark Twain's "Jim Wolf and the Wasps," and look them up in *A Dictionary of American English on Historical Principles*.

NOTE: If further exercises are desired, see the Work Program in Chapter VIII of THE RHETORIC for suggestions.

46. IDIOM

Idioms are terms or constructions peculiar to a language. Frequently they are grammatically illogical or literally absurd. It is hard to justify such expressions as *How do you do*, *call up*, *look up* (a person), *catch fire*, *strike a bargain*, but anyone who has been brought up in the language knows what they mean.

More troublesome is the idiomatic use of prepositions, infinitives, and gerunds: *confide in*, *to*; *in*, *on behalf*; *inferior to*, *than*; *like to go*, *enjoy going*. Good dictionaries give information on the idiomatic use of prepositions.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Study the idioms discussed in the Glossary of Faulty Expressions. (**Section 53.**)

Exercise B. Consult your dictionary on the following terms:

agree to, *with*; *angry at*, *with*; *argue with*, *for*, *against*, *about*; *complain of*, *about*; *correspond to*, *with*; *interest in*, *for*; *need for*, *of*; *possessed by*, *with*, *of*; *wait on*, *at*, *for*.

47. THE RIGHT WORD

Verbal diseases and ailments are many, and in the long run the only cures for them are careful reading of good literature and the assiduous use of the dictionary. It is helpful, however, to keep in mind some of the more common abuses of good diction.

47a. Avoid illogical diction.

"He *literally devoured* the article" means that he ate the paper it was written on.

"One or two visitors, *mostly* children, were wandering inquisitively around the grounds." (What part of "one or two" is "mostly"?)

"Wherever we went we were *surrounded* by a symphony of 'Heil Hitler's'." (Does a symphony *surround*?)

EXERCISE

Correct illogical wording in the following sentences.

1. I do not understand how people can be so inconsiderate of the fact that others are trying to sleep.

2. Dogs are required to be kept on leash within these grounds.
3. His discussion was centered around the problem of production.
4. All of the following facts are wrong.
5. Intellectually I feel that such plans are impracticable.
6. The thing of it is that you must be over twenty-one to be eligible.
7. Every human being is susceptible to meeting various types of people who irritate him.
8. A typical type of American physiognomy is the pointed chin and the flat jaw.
9. The plots of these two books are both involved with social-climbing.
10. In this and other cases such as rubber our foreign policy seems to have been short-sighted.

47b. Inexact diction.

Choose words with precision. Although a synonym is defined as "one of two or more words having the same or nearly the same essential meaning," few synonyms are interchangeable. Use your dictionary and your thesaurus to find the exact word. Do not say *smart* when you mean *clever*, *shrewd*, *intelligent*, *quick-witted*, *learned*, or *bright*; do not say *mad* when you mean *angry*, *vexed*, *irritated*, *infuriated*, *wrathful*, or *resentful*.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Look up synonyms for *new*, *nice*, *familiar*, *famous*, *fallacious*, *pernicious*, *beneficial*, *real*, *tasty*, *pretty*.

Exercise B. Look up in *Roget's Thesaurus* the words listed in *Exercise A*.

Exercise C. Read Mark Twain's "Fenimore Cooper's Literary Offenses" (in *In Defense of Harriet Shelley, and Other Essays*). The essay contains a long list of words misused by Cooper.

See also the exercises in THE RHETORIC, for Chapter VIII, numbers 10, 18, 20.

47c. Wrong connotation.

Denotation is the meaning of a word; *connotation* is the emotional reaction a word arouses. (See THE RHETORIC, p. 181 f.) Thus, *father* denotes *male parent*; to most people it connotes *protectiveness* or *tenderness*, as suggested by the adjective *fatherly*. To some people, of course, *father* may connote *tyranny*, but the student is concerned only with generally accepted connotations. These are usually discussed, as synonyms, in good dictionaries.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. In the following sentences, indicate the word that offers the most acceptable connotation:

1. As his foot slipped he uttered an (oath, curse, imprecation, execration, anathema, malediction).
2. The little girl seemed to be of (sullen, sulky, saturnine, crabbed, surly) disposition.
3. The (demise, death, decease) of the dog caused much sorrow.
4. The grass should then be put into a pit and allowed to (decay, rot, putrefy, decompose).
5. The statement that he died in 1926 is an (error, mistake, blunder).
6. He left a (gift, present, donation, tip, gratuity) for the waiter.
7. The (emolument, honorarium, wage, salary, pay) for metal workers is forty dollars a week.
8. An (obese, fat, corpulent, portly) sparrow hopped across the lawn.
9. At that time of morning the (smells, odors, scents, effluvia, aromas) of the woods are enchanting.
10. We heard the (hum, gurgle, babble, tinkle, mutter) of the brook.

Exercise B. Discover, by asking classmates, the various connotations of words like *propaganda*, *New Deal*, *communism*, *interior decorator*, *fan mail*, *criticism*.

See also the exercises in THE RHETORIC for Chapter VIII, and Paper Work in Johnson O'Connor's *Vocabulary and Success*, p. 690.

47d. Do not use an abstract or a general word where a concrete or a specific one is needed for realism or vividness of sense impression.

"He walked across to the counter" conveys an idea, but "He shuffled across to the counter" creates a picture. Similarly, the abstract word *honor* is useful, but it has so many connotations that it is better to say "pays his debts" if that is what is meant.

Consider the following pairs of sentences:

A rich politician may break the law with impunity.

A Boss Tweed may break the law with impunity.

They brought in the three lawbreakers.

They brought in a pickpocket, a confidence-man, and a porch-climber.

Let labor see to it that its own house is clean.

Let the workingman clean up his unions.

EXERCISE

Make the following statements more concrete and specific:

1. There was an uprising of consumers.
2. He was honest about his financial obligations.
3. It was decided to appropriate funds for civic improvements.
4. The youth began to cry.
5. A person equipped with a lethal weapon came down the alley.
6. A rapidly moving vehicle went along the thoroughfare.
7. We had a large tree on the lawn, and near it was a bed of flowers.
8. A child went up to its mother and asked for water.
9. She had attractive features, and her clothes were interesting.
10. As the train came toward him his countenance expressed terror.

See also the exercises in THE RHETORIC for Chapter VIII.

48. TRITENESS AND JARGON

48a. Avoid hackneyed or trite phrases.

Everyone utters clichés occasionally, but persistent use of them in writing is a sign of lack of individuality. Avoid particularly the following:

watery grave, darkness overtook us, irony of fate, crack of dawn, after all is said and done, as luck would have it, at one fell swoop, budding genius, conspicuous by its absence, few and far between, green with envy, last but not least, it stands to reason, method in his madness, paramount issue, proud possessor, soul of honor, the time of my life, tired but happy, with bated breath, wreathed in smiles, mending their political fences, saving face, get a word in edgewise, rears its ugly head, finer things of life, icy chill, like a rat in a trap.

EXERCISE

Exercise A. Make a list of fifteen current clichés.

Exercise B. Look up Frank Sullivan's "Cliché Expert" series, originally published in the *New Yorker*. Write a theme in imitation, making use of clichés which you have collected.

Exercise C. Find substitutes for ten of the phrases given in **Section 49**, and use them in sentences. See also the exercises in THE RHETORIC for Chapter VIII.

Exercise D. Examine and write a report on Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Clichés* (New York, 1942).

48b. Jargon.

Jargon, as defined by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, is elaborate, pretentious circumlocution or euphemism. Its characteristics are vagueness, abstractness, wordiness, and pomposity.

JARGON

commenced his rejoinder
 edifice was consumed
 His answer was in the affirmative.
 individual was precipitated
 illumination is required to be extinguished

PLAIN ENGLISH

began his reply
 house was burned
 His answer was "yes."
 man fell
 lights must be put out

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Render the following into plain English:

called into requisition the services of a physician; his spirit quitted its earthly habitation; disastrous conflagration; he has been showing great diligence in connection with the tasks to which he was assigned; with regard to the other factors involved, no conclusion has been reached; they regard their lot with apprehension; he has been the recipient of many encomiums for his discourse; he uplifted his auditors.

Exercise B. Take note of jargon in the speeches and comments of congressmen and public officials as reported by the newspapers.

Exercise C. Read Dickens' *David Copperfield*. Then write a theme on "Wilkins Micawber as a Jargonier."

49. WORDINESS

Verbiage is an enemy of effectiveness, and a breeder of grammatical error. The average writer can usually improve the stylistic and grammatical quality of his first draft by boiling it down one-third. Such verbal economy can be effected only by clear thinking—by determining precisely what thoughts one wishes to convey. A hazily conceived idea results in a wordy sentence. When one is lost in a long, involved construction, it is a good rule to stop and ask, "What am I trying to say?" Once the writer has clarified a thought for himself, he can usually express it directly and concisely for the reader.

49a. Whenever possible, reduce a clause to a phrase, a phrase to a word.

WORDY: An autobiography is supposed to relate the life of a person with the highlights of the individual's life being emphasized.

IMPROVED: An autobiography is supposed to emphasize the highlights of the subject's life.

WORDY: She was sarcastic and never used tact when she spoke.

IMPROVED: She was sarcastic and tactless.

49b. Beware of "there is," "there are" constructions.

WORDY: There have been several relatives of mine who have been drafted.

IMPROVED: Several of my relatives have been drafted.

WORDY: There is one trait that I have and that is that I speak my mind.

IMPROVED: One of my traits is that I speak my mind.

49c. Avoid tautology—the needless or useless repetition of an idea in different words.

Tautology differs from mere wordiness in that it is the result of ignorance of word meanings. For example:

endorse on the back (*endorse* means "on the back of"); *repeat it again*; *return back*; *more paramount*; *resume again*; *join together*.

EXERCISE

Correct wordiness and tautology in the following sentences.

1. There are two incidents which marked the beginnings of two major phases of my life.
2. One of the most ridiculous sights is to see a woman of thirty-five trying to act like a twenty-year-old.
3. How many innumerable times have I heard my mother say that.
4. He called together his fellow schoolmates and said that he had been appointed agent and representative for Kollege-Kut 100% all-wool suits.
5. The resultant effect was that he failed.
6. I have begun the autobiography of my life.
7. These were the first beginnings of the abolition movement.
8. My mother tried in vain to silence me, but it was useless. I insisted on playing up to the various different groups of parents.
9. The twins are both alike.
10. He supported himself by the pen by writing for the wood-pulps.
11. This trip was equally as thrilling as the first, for the immediate vicinity and surrounding neighborhood of the camp was once the haunt of the wild red men of the forest.
12. Give him every possible help that you can.
13. Alone by himself, he could not see his way clear to do the job without help.

14. The book itself I found hard to master at first until I got used to it.
15. Children at one time or another are occasionally difficult to handle because of temperamental streaks.

50. AWKWARD REPETITION

Avoid careless repetition of words within a sentence or in contiguous sentences.

In the process of writing it is easy to repeat words unconsciously. Catch such errors by reading compositions aloud before final revision.

AWKWARD: As I approached the concert hall, my attention was attracted to the many posters which screamed the next week's attraction.

IMPROVED: As I approached the concert hall, my attention was attracted to the many posters which screamed the next week's program.

AWKWARD: One of the campers walked into our cabin one day, and walking over to our counsellor's cubby hole she noticed a make-up mirror.

IMPROVED: One of the campers wandered into our cabin one day, and in our counsellor's cubby hole she noticed a make-up mirror.

For the deliberate use of repetition as an element of style, see *THE RHETORIC*, p. 161. Between awkward repetition and stylistic repetition there is a middle ground in which it is sometimes necessary to repeat a word for the sake of clarity. Whether to repeat a word or seek a synonym is a matter of judgment and common sense. Consider the second sentence in this paragraph. There is nothing offensive in the repetition of the word *repetition* near the beginning of the sentence, but a further recurrence of the word is avoided by the use of the infinitive *to repeat*. The student should not use elaborate synonyms in trying to avoid repetition. In the sentence, "If he acted that way in the last war, how will he conduct himself in the present holocaust?", the elegant variations in the second clause are much more offensive than simple repetitions would be.

EXERCISE

In the following sentences correct all awkward repetition. Defend repetitions which you think are justified.

1. If a passage of the text seems particularly significant in relation to the lecture, mark that passage for future reference.
2. Tonight there was nobody there.
3. None of the three was trained as an economist, yet after all they were pretty formidable economists.

4. He thinks that most people would think him guilty if he declined to testify.
5. If this be democracy, let us weep for democracy, for it is dead.
6. Near the beginning of the moving picture comes one of the best bits of dialogue in the whole picture.
7. It was generally agreed that the financial situation was improving, even though the improvement was slight.
8. After the guests had left, he looked around to see whether anyone had left behind any belongings.
9. He resigned from the honor society because it had become a society of politicians who sought merely to honor one another.
10. The law is a tyrant, perhaps, but it is tyrannical in particular instances rather than in general application.

51. FIGURES OF SPEECH

Avoid mixed and inappropriate figures of speech. The most common types of figure are simile, which is explicit comparison (e.g., "There came a wind like a bugle"), and metaphor, which is implicit comparison (e.g., "when knighthood was in flower"). Figures can be very effective, but they are easily mishandled.

51a. Mixed figures—Do not shift from one figure to another when describing the same object.

Violations of this rule are not usually as egregious as the famous "He bites the hand that lays the golden egg," but this sentence illustrates the principle of the mixed figure.

Other examples:

The valedictorian said that the class was ready to enter the waiting
harvest field and climb the ladder of success.
The deluge of sound flowed gently on.

51b. Trite figures—Avoid such hackneyed figures as "the arms of Morpheus," "lap of luxury," "trees like sentinels," "sober as a judge."

51c. Inappropriate and forced figures.

Figures which unintentionally arouse the sense of the ridiculous, or which call attention to themselves rather than to the idea they are intended to convey, defeat their own purpose.

She had soft, brown hair, delicately colored skin, and the large liquid eyes of a calf.

She had deep blue eyes like two tablespoonfuls of the Mediterranean.
His voice gripped the audience like the coils of an anaconda, and the
poison of his propaganda sank into their consciousness like the fangs
of a serpent.

EXERCISES

Exercise A. Look up the meaning of *comparison, metaphor, simile, hyperbole, analogy, metonymy*.

Exercise B. Discuss the figures in the "Picturesque Speech" department of any issue of the *Reader's Digest*.

Exercise C. The following sentences contain both good and bad figures. Discuss the effectiveness of each, and give it one of the labels listed in Exercise A.

1. She had a voice like a coyote with bronchitis. (O. HENRY.)
2. She had eyes as big and startling as bunions. (O. HENRY.)
3. As we flew over the mountains the lakes flashed beneath us like a string of pearls.
4. He devoured the book eagerly, savoring its language, gnawing its difficult points, and grinding its thoughts to a fine, digestible mass.
5. These pent-up emotions, which gave birth at the same rate as little germs, protruded around the edges until they burst open into an explosive volcano of hysteria.
6. The virtuous critic, however, will not give birth to an evaluation until he has been lawfully wedded to the masterpiece for at least nine months.
7. Our first names dog us even more faithfully than our shadows. The latter attend us only when the light is good; the former cling to us day and night.
8. Ideas pry loose old walls and topple ancient civilizations. Ideas as explosive as TNT have leveled civilizations. Yet ideas have life-giving nitrates, too, to refertilize the old soil of society and to make greater civilizations flourish on the ruins of the old.
9. He has passed away through the pearly gates into the great unknown.
10. Carlyle stirs up much food for thought.

See also the exercises in THE RHETORIC for Chapter VIII.

52. CACOPHONY

Cacophony means harsh, unpleasant sound, or discord. Avoid unpleasant vowel and consonant combinations (such as *s* alternating with *sh*), and unintentional rhyme and alliteration.

They reached the rainy region in record time.
 It was a pleasant day near the end of May.
 He turned suddenly, for someone had cried "fore."
 She heard the clicking of swift crocheting needles.

EXERCISE

Compare the passage of alliterative prose by Melville in *THE RHETORIC* (p. 181) with the sentences given above.

53. A GLOSSARY OF FAULTY EXPRESSIONS

"Accidentally." Used incorrectly for *accidentally*. The adverb suffix, *-ly*, is added here to the adjective and not to the noun.

Affect, effect. *Affect* means "to influence" or "to assume"; *effect* (as verb) means "to bring about."

Aggravate. Colloquial for *annoy*, *provoke*, or *irritate*. The regular meaning is "to increase," or "make worse," as "His illness was aggravated by his mental state."

Ain't. Illiteracy for "am not," "is not," "are not."

Already, all ready. *Already* is an adverb meaning "previously"; *all ready* is an adjective phrase meaning "completely prepared."

"Alright." An illiteracy for *all right* (separate words); probably developed by analogy from *already*.

Among, between. In American usage *between* is used in application to two objects, *among* in application to more than two.

Amount, number. *Amount* applies to things in bulk or mass: "a large amount of money"; *number* applies to things that can be counted: "a number of dollar bills."

"And etc." The abbreviation *etc.* is from the Latin *et cetera*, "and the others." To use an *and* with it is to say literally "and and the others." Since *etc.* is an abbreviation, it should be followed by a period.

"Anywheres," "somewheres." Vulgarisms for *anywhere*, *somewhere*.

"Aren't I." An English colloquialism, not acceptable in America.

Awful, awfully. Overworked intensives for *very*.

"Being that," "being as." Not permissible as substitutes for *inasmuch as*, *since*, *because*.

Before. Redundant in such usages as, "Before, I used to get sick if I saw a wound."

Beside, besides. The first is a preposition meaning "by the side of"; *besides* is both a preposition and an adverb meaning "moreover."

"Cannot help but." A double negative. Say, "I cannot help admitting," or "I cannot but admit."

Can, may. *Can* expresses ability, power; *may* implies permission or sanction. "He can do it if he tries." "You may leave now." But *can't* may be used in denying permission as well as for indicating lack of ability. "You can't do that."

"Can't hardly." A double negative. Say, "I can hardly wait."

"Center around." Obviously illogical. Say "center in," or "on," or "upon."

Claim, maintain. Do not use *claim* in the sense of *assert* or *maintain*: "I claim that he stole it." *Claim* implies right, title, etc.: "I claim a right to a retrial."

Compare to, with. *Compare to* is used to suggest or state a similarity: "He compared the general to Napoleon" (suggested that the general was worthy to be classed with Napoleon). *Compare with* means to examine or set forth the details of a supposed similarity: "Let's compare him with his predecessor." *Compare* is often misused loosely for *contrast*.

Complected. Vulgarism for *complexioned*; correctly used, *complected* means *interwoven*.

Continual, continuous. *Continual* means "frequently repeated": "His continual chatter was irritating." *Continuous* means "without interruption": "continuous hammer-blows."

Couple. Not to be used loosely for any small number: "A couple of bottles had been dropped on the sidewalk." *Couple* means exactly two: "They were an interesting couple."

"Cute." An abbreviated form of *acute*, meaning "clever," "keen"; now an overworked feminism for "amusing," "attractive."

Different than, from, to. *From* is preferable to *than*. *Different to* is a British idiom. *Differ from* indicates dissimilarity: "My answer to the last question differs from yours." *Differ with* indicates difference of opinion: "Allow me to differ with you."

Disinterested, uninterested. *Disinterested* means "objective," "impartial": "disinterested criticism"; *uninterested* means "indifferent," "not interested": "I am quite uninterested in your troubles."

Don't. A contraction of *do not*, not to be used ungrammatically in place of *doesn't*, a contraction of *does not*. "He don't mean it."

Due to. See Section 6e.

Each other, one another. *Each other* applies to two, *one another* to more than two. "John and Tom respected each other." "All the children were taught to help one another."

Else's. *Everyone else's* is preferred to *everyone's else*.

"Enthuse." Not generally accepted for *to be enthusiastic about*.

"Equally as good." A redundancy, the result of combining *equally good* and *just as good*.

Etc. To be used sparingly at the end of a series. Often it indicates that the writer is too lazy to think of more examples.

Expect. Not to be used as a substitute for *suspect*, *suppose*, or *think*: "I expect he is sick."

Farther, further. These words are usually interchangeable, though in formal English *farther* is preferable as an expression of physical distance, *further* as an expression of other degrees or quantities. "Let's walk a little farther." "Further thought led me to decline."

Fellow. Not to be used loosely as a synonym for *man*, *person*, or *suitor*. "He is a good fellow," but not "I met a fellow last night," or "He is her fellow."

Fewer, less. Strictly, *fewer* refers only to number ("fewer people"), *less* only to quantity or degree ("less noise"). But modern usage tends to permit the occasional use of *less* in both senses ("no less than four hundred men").

Former, latter, last. See Section 6c.

Fool. Not properly used as an adjective. "That is a fool idea."

Formally, formerly. *Formally* is the adverbial state of *formal*: "His manner was formally correct." *Formerly* is the adverbial state of *former*: "Formerly he had served as justice of peace."

Gentleman, lady. Not to be used invidiously in place of *man*, *woman*. The latter are fully acceptable as general terms, and are not to be regarded as inelegant.

Got, gotten. Avoid *have got* as a synonym for *have*, to express ownership: "I've got a ticket." *Got* in the sense of *must* is colloquial: "I've got to go." *Gotten* is obsolete as the past participle of *get*.

Healthy, healthful. *Healthy* indicates a state of health; *healthful* refers to that which conduces to health: "a healthy child"; "healthful exercises." "Do you think oysters are healthy in summer?" "I guess so; I never heard one complain."

Immigrate, emigrate. *Immigrate* means to enter, for the purpose of permanent settlement, a country of which one is not a native; *emigrate* means to leave one's native country permanently.

ImPLY, infer. *ImPLY* means to express indirectly, or to hint: a speaker or writer implies. *Infer* indicates surmise or deduction: a listener or reader infers. "In a recent speech he implied that he intended to resign." "I inferred from his article that he has Republican leanings."

"Irregardless." An incorrect combination of *regardless* and *irrespective*.

Kind, sort. Both these nouns are grammatically singular, and in formal English they determine the number of other elements to which they are related. "This kind of person annoys me." "This sort of thing is not allowed." Avoid such constructions as "The kind of books he likes best are fast-moving novels." The *a* in *this kind of a book* is inadmissible.

Kind of, sort of. In formal English these should not be used adverbially: "I feel kind of tired today." *Somewhat* is preferable.

Liable, likely, apt. *Liable* means "exposed to an unpleasant happening": "liable to be arrested." *Likely* means "probable": "likely to find it soon." *Apt* means "predisposition": "Young dogs are apt to get distemper." But *apt* and *likely* are often interchangeable.

Leave, let. "*Leave* me alone—I'm tired," is correct, but *let* is preferable. Do not use *leave* in the sense of *allow*: "Leave me come in."

Loan. In financial language this word has been conceded the status of verb in the United States ("Loan me ten dollars"), but *lend*, the correct form, is preferable.

Most. Not generally acceptable as a substitute for *almost*. "He most always comes on Saturday."

Myself. Not to be used as subject: "My brother and myself (use *I*) stayed for the last round"; or as object: "My father gave it to my brother and myself (use *me*)." A reflexive pronoun may, however, refer to a substantive in the objective case: "Then he left us to ourselves." (See **Reflexive pronoun** in Glossary of Grammatical Terms.)

Nice. Means, literally, "exact," "precise": a *nice* distinction. Used colloquially as a term of general approval, it has no force or effectiveness: "That was a nice book."

Of. In *could of*, *should of*, a phonetic error for *have: could 'ave*.

"Off of." The *of* should be omitted as superfluous.

Party, person. Except in legal documents *party* is inadmissible as a synonym for *person*, or *man*: "The fat party is the county solicitor."

Persecute, prosecute. *Persecute* means to harass or to pursue with intent to injure: "Minority groups have always been persecuted." *Prosecute* means to pursue until finished ("prosecute studies"), or to pursue by legal proceedings: ("If his crimes are detected, he will be prosecuted.")

Plenty. This is a noun ("land of peace and plenty"), not an adjective or an adverb ("He is plenty strong").

"Prefer . . . than." Incorrect: "I prefer to enlist than be a draftee." The correct idiom is *prefer to*: "I prefer enlisting to being drafted."

Principal, principle. *Principal* is both an adjective ("principal reason") and a noun (in the sense of "capital sum," and "head teacher"). *Principle* is

always a noun (never an adjective) meaning fundamental truth or settled rule of action: "He is a man of strong principles."

Proven. As the past participle of *prove*, *proved* is preferable to *proven*, although there can be no objection to such expressions as "of proven worth."

Providing, provided. As a conjunction ("on condition"), *provided* is preferable to *providing*: "I will go provided that you come with me."

Same. Not to be used in place of the pronoun: "Enclosed find itemized account of same." *Same* is not a pronoun in such elliptical expressions as "I thought the same [thing]," or "I'll have the same [thing]."

Same as. Not to be used in place of *just as*: "same as he said he would."

Scarcely. Not to be used with a negative: "I hadn't scarcely entered the room." To be followed by *when*, not *than*: "I had scarcely entered the room when (not *than*) the meeting began."

So. (1) Not to be used as the equivalent of *very*: "He was so mean to me." Use *very*, or complete with a *that* clause: "He was so mean to me that I protested." (2) Not to be used as the equivalent of *in order to* or *so that*: "I left early so as (use *in order*) to get to bed on time." (3) Not to be overused as a conjunction. (See **Section 7b.**)

Some. Unacceptable slang in such constructions as "He's some pitcher."

Sensual, sensuous. Both of these adjectives mean "of or pertaining to the senses." *Sensuous* has a favorable or neutral connotation: "Keats wrote sensuous poetry"; *sensual*, a derogatory one: "Some of the wood-pulp magazines have a sensual appeal."

"Someplace." Incorrect for *somewhere*: "He is some place in the building."

"Somewheres," "anywheres." Vulgarisms. Omit the *s*'s.

Superior to, than. The proper idiom is *superior to*: "The play is superior to the movie."

Sure. Colloquial for *surely*, *certainly*, or *very*: "I sure was glad to see him go."

Transpire. Misused as a synonym for *happen*: "After the meeting, give me an account of what transpired." The word means "to become known," "to leak out": "After the treaty was signed, it transpired that two of the delegates had been bribed."

"Try and," "be sure and." In formal English, neither *and* is an acceptable substitute for *to*: "Try and get here early."

Want. (1) *want in*, *want out*. Provincialisms for "want to come in," "want to go out." (2) *Want* with a *that* clause as object is inadmissible: "want you to come," not "want you should come." (3) *Want* is not to be used in the sense of *ought* or *had better*: "You want to look out."

Ways. This plural is unacceptable in such constructions as "a little ways further," "he went down the road a ways." The singular *way* should be used.

SPELLING

54. RULES

The first step in overcoming bad spelling is to decide that correct spelling is important. No amount of evidence that English spelling is unreasonable and illogical, or that good spelling is not a prerequisite to social and material success, can avail against the fact that spelling, like manners and morals, is one of a number of social pacts by means of which people live together and communicate with one another. If the standards of spelling were not enforced, the written language, and eventually the spoken language, would disintegrate. Here are a few general rules and suggestions:

1. Own a good dictionary, and *use it*.
2. If you are not sure of the spelling of a word, don't guess—*look it up*.
3. Keep a list of the words which you habitually misspell—and reduce the length of the list.
4. Create devices for remembering tricky spellings. For example, to distinguish between *stationery* and *stationary*, remember that there are *e*'s in the word *letter*, with which the former is associated.
5. Before you hand in a composition, check the spelling of every word about which you have the slightest doubt.
6. Many misspellings are the result of mispronunciation. If you say "athaletics" and "goverment," you are likely to misspell these words.
7. When you learn a new word, visualize the parts of it and exaggerate them in pronunciation: bar-bar-ous; ac-com-mo-date; com-pul-so-ry.
8. When you look up a word, take note of derivations, particularly the derivations of prefixes and suffixes. You are less likely to leave a *d* out of *adduce* if you learn that the prefix *ad-* means *toward* or *in addition*, and that *duce* is derived from *ducere*, "to lead."

The following spelling rules are helpful:

54a. Final consonant.

Double the consonant before a suffix when the word is a monosyllable, or is accented on the last syllable, or when the consonant is preceded by a single vowel:

EXAMPLES: drop, dropped; get, getting; sin, sinning; swim, swimming;
begin, beginning; occur, occurrence.

EXCEPTIONS: transferable; infer, inference; defer, deference.

Do not double the consonant when the word is not accented on the last syllable, when it is preceded by a double vowel or two vowels, or when the suffix begins with a consonant:

EXAMPLES: heat, heated; happen, happened; benefit, benefited; marvel, marvelous; glad, gladly; ship, shipment.

EXCEPTIONS: humbug, humbugged; kidnap, kidnapped.

54b. "ie," "ei."

An old rhyme is helpful:

I before *e*
 Except after *c*,
 Or when sounded as *a*,
 As in *neighbor* and *weigh*.

EXAMPLES: belief, piece, siege, yield, deceit, receive, ceiling, neigh.

EXCEPTIONS: either, weird, seize, leisure.

54c. Final silent "e."

Retain the *e* after a suffix beginning with a consonant:

careful, movement, solely, fateful.

Retain the *e* after *c* or *g* when the suffix begins with *a* or *o*:

advantageous, changeable, courageous.

Drop the *e* before a suffix beginning with a vowel:

EXAMPLES: ire, irate; fame, famous; change, changing; love, lovable; guide, guidance.

EXCEPTIONS: due, duly; argue, argument; awe, awful; judge, judgment; dye, dyeing; singe, singeing; notice, noticeable; manage, manageable; mile, mileage.

54d. Final "y."

Change final *y* to *i* when it is preceded by a consonant:

baby, babies; mercy, merciless; modify, modification; copy, copies; rely, relies.

Retain the *y* when it is preceded by a vowel:

joy, joyful; enjoy, enjoys; relay, relays; annoy, annoys.

55. SPELLING LIST

abbreviate
 absence
 academy
 accept
 accidentally
 accommodate

accompanying
 accumulate
 accustom
 achievement
 acknowledge
 acquainted

acquitted
 across
 addressed
 adviser
 affect
 aggravate

allege
 alley
 allotted
 all right
 ally
 already

altar, alter
altogether
always
amateur
among
analysis
analyze
angel

bachelor
balance
barbarous
baring
barring
based
bearing

calendar
candidate
capital
capitol
carburetor
ceiling
cemetery
certain
changeable
changing
chaperon
characteristic
chauffeur
choose
chose

dealt
debater
deceased
deceitful
deceive
decide
decision
deferred
definite
dependent
derived
descend

ecstasy
effect
efficient

angle
annual
answer
anxiety
apparatus
apparent
appearance
appropriate

becoming
beggar
beginning
believing
beneficial
benefited
breath

clothes
coarse
college
column
coming
commission
committed
committee
comparative
compel
compelled
competent
competitive
compulsory
concede

description
desert
desirable
despair
desperate
dessert
destroy
develop
development
device
devise
dictionary

eighth
eligible
eliminate

arctic
argument
arising
arithmetic
arrangement
arranging
arrival
artillery

breathe
biscuit
boundaries
brilliant
Britain
buoyant
bureau

conceivable
condescend
conference
conferred
confidentially
conquer
conqueror
conscience
conscientious
conscious
considered
continuous
control
controlled
conveniently

difference
digging
dilemma
dining
disappearance
disappoint
disastrous
discipline
disease
dissatisfied
dissertation
dissipate

embarrass
eminent
emphasize

ascend
association
athletics
attempt
attendance
audience
auxiliary

bureaucracy
burglar
business
busy

co-operate
council
counsel
country
course
courteous
cozy
criticism
criticize
cruelty
curiosity
curriculum
cylinder

distinction
distribute
disturbance
divide
divine
doctor
dormitories
drudgery
drunkenness
during
dying

employee
encouraging
enemy

enthusiasm	everybody	except	experience
environment	exaggerate	exceptional	explanation
equipped	exceed	exercise	extraordinary
equivalent	excel	exhilarate	extremely
especially	excellent	existence	
familiar	finally	forty	friend
fascinate	financier	fourth	fulfill
February	foreign	frantically	fundamental
fiery	forth	fraternity	furniture
gaiety	generally	grammar	guidance
gallant	government	grievous	
gauge	governor	guard	
handkerchief	heinous	holy	hurriedly
harass	heroes	hoping	hypocrisy
having	hesitancy	humorous	
height	hindrance	hundredths	
illiterate	incidentally	influence	intelligence
imaginary	incredible	ingenious	intentionally
initiative	incredulous	ingenuous	intercede
immediately	independence	innocence	interesting
immigration	indictment	innocuous	invitation
imminent	indispensable	inoculate	irrelevant
implement	induce	instance	irresistible
impromptu	inevitable	instants	its
incessantly	infinite	intellectual	itself
judgment	judicial	jujitsu	justification
knowledge	knuckle	Korean	
laboratory	lead	library	literature
ladies	led	lightning	loneliness
laid	legitimate	likeable	loose
later	leisurely	likely	lose
latter	liable	liquefy	lying
magazine	marriage	messenger	momentous
maintain	Massachusetts	miniature	morale
maintenance	material	minute	murmur
maneuver	mathematics	mischievous	muscle
manufacturer	mattress	Mississippi	
many	meant	misspelled	
naïve	necessarily	nickel	ninth
naturally	Negroes	nineteenth	noticeable
necessary	neither	ninety	nowadays

obliged	occur	oneself	ordnance
obstacle	occurrence	opinion	original
occasion	omission	opportunity	outrageous
occasionally	omitted	optimistic	overrun
paid	permissible	possible	privilege
pamphlet	perseverance	potatoes	probably
parallel	personal	practically	proceed
paralysis	perspiration	prairie	professor
parliament	pervade	precede	prominent
participle	philosophy	precedence	pronunciation
particularly	physical	precedents	propaganda
partner	physician	preference	propeller
passed	picnic	preferred	prophecy
pastime	picnicking	prejudice	prophecy
peaceable	piece	preparation	prove
pedestal	plaguy	presence	psychology
perceive	planned	presents	pursue
perception	playwright	prevalent	putting
peremptory	pleasant	primitive	
perform	politician	principal	
perhaps	possession	principle	
quantity	quiet	quite	quizzes
questionnaire			
rapid	recommend	renown	restaurant
rarefy	reference	repetition	rhythm
really	referred	replies	ridiculous
receipt	regard	representative	rime
receive	religion	respectfully	
recipe	religious	respectively	
sacrilegious	sergeant	specimen	studying
safety	several	speech	succeeds
sandwich	severely	statement	successful
saxophone	shepherd	stationary	summarize
scandalous	shining	stationery	superintendent
schedule	shriek	statue	supersede
secretary	siege	stature	suppose
seems	similar	statute	surprise
seize	simultaneous	stopped	surrounded
semester	since	stopping	syllable
sense	sincerity	stories	symmetrical
sentence	soliloquy	strength	
sentinel	sophomore	stretch	
separate	specifically	strictly	

tasting	therefore	together	tries
temperament	they're	tolerance	truly
temperature	thorough	too	Tuesday
tendency	thousandths	tragedy	two
than	throughout	tranquillity	typical
their	till	transferred	tyranny
there	to	treacherous	
unanimous	universally	until	usually
undoubtedly	unnecessary	untouchable	
vacancy	vengeance	vilify	villain
valuable	vigilance	village	visibility
warring	welfare	who's	writing
weather	wherever	whose	written
Wednesday	whether	wiry	
weird	wholly	wring	
your	you're		

CORRESPONDENCE

56. FORMAL LETTERS

56a. For paper, use standard business sheet, 8½ by 11 inches in size, preferably white.

Do not write formal or business letters on personal stationery of unusual form or color. For purposes of record, keep carbon copies of all letters.

56b. If possible, use a typewriter.

Be sure that the final copy is not marred by unsightly strike-overs, erasures, deletions, or insertions. Do all revising in the rough draft.

56c. Center the whole letter, including heading and signature, left and right, and top and bottom.

Text that runs over to a second sheet should be centered left and right but not top and bottom. If possible, keep a letter within the confines of one page. At any rate, do not allow a few lines to stand alone on a second page. This may be prevented by a slight lengthening of lines on the first page.

56d. Unless your stationery has a printed letterhead, the heading belongs in the upper right-hand corner of the sheet.

The heading should include the complete address of the writer, and the date. It may be either blocked or indented, and the lines may be written

in either style, with or without terminal punctuation. It is important, however, to hold consistently to one style throughout the letter.

INDENTED, PUNCTUATED: 113 East Midland Avenue,
Sherwood, Iowa.
January 6, 1943.

BLOCKED, UNPUNCTUATED: 113 East Midland Avenue
Sherwood, Iowa
January 6, 1943

56e. The inside address is the address of the person for whom the letter is intended.

It should be placed in the upper left-hand corner of the type-block, a little below the level of the heading. It should include title, name, position, and full address, as follows:

INDENTED, UNPUNCTUATED:

Mr. A. C. Kimball, Chairman
Board of Tax Review
County Courthouse
Neola, Kentucky

BLOCKED, PUNCTUATED:

Campbell & Reeves, Inc.,
117 State Life Building,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

If it is desired to bring the letter to the particular attention of one member of a firm, the following form may be used:

Campbell & Reeves, Inc.
117 State Life Building
Indianapolis, Indiana
Attention: Mr. D. L. Drover
Gentlemen:

OR

Gentlemen: Attention of Mr. D. L. Drover

56f. Place the greeting about two spaces below the inside address, and flush with the left-hand margin.

The following forms are correct:

Dear Mr. Brown:
Dear Mrs. Candlewick:
Gentlemen:

Dear Sir:
Dear Madam:
Mesdames:

If greater formality is desired, *My* may be used at the beginning of any of these salutations except *Gentlemen* and *Mesdames*. When *My* is used,

the *dear* following is not capitalized. For correct greetings to persons in official positions, see "Forms of Address" in *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition, pp. 3012-3014.

56g. Body.

Typewritten letters may be either single- or double-spaced. Indentation of paragraphs should be uniform—preferably five or ten spaces. If the block system is used (no indentation) there should be extra spacing between paragraphs. Try to keep the right-hand margin fairly even.

56h. Style.

The rules of composition apply to letter-writing, but a few points need special emphasis:

Isolate and emphasize each point or subject by paragraphing it separately.

Avoid epistolary clichés, such as "Yours of the 15th in hand, and in reply would state," "Beg to advise," and "Enclosed please find."

Do not avoid the use of *I*. Such evasion leads to awkward passive constructions. It is also silly.

Be concise, and come to the point quickly.

Be complete. Do not make it necessary for the person addressed to write to you for further information which should have been sent in the first place.

Be clear.

56i. Write the complimentary close in the lower right-hand corner, the end of it flush with the right-hand margin.

The following phrases are correct: *Yours very truly*; *Very truly yours*; *Yours truly*; *Respectfully yours*; *Yours respectfully*. *Faithfully yours*; *Cordially yours*; *Sincerely yours* are ordinarily used only in letters to acquaintances. Do not use such phrases as *Yours in hopes*, *Hoping for an answer in the affirmative*, *Thanking you in advance*, or *Beg to remain*.

56j. Place the signature immediately below the complimentary close.

Below the signature, the sender's name should be typed, flush with the complimentary close. Official position, but not title, may be used with the signature.

WRONG: Dr. H. B. White

C. D. Post, B.S., M.A.

RIGHT: Harold G. Grimble, President

Chi Delta Chi Fraternity

A married woman should sign her own full name, followed by her married name in parentheses. An unmarried woman should place *Miss* in parentheses before her name, *especially* when she uses initials.

RIGHT: Alice James McHenry
(Mrs. John R. McHenry)
(Miss) Louise Snyder
(Miss) L. J. Snyder

A widow should use her husband's full name: (Mrs.) John W. Seaworthy. A divorcee may use her own name in combination with her married name: Sally Grable Holcomb.

56k. The envelope.

On the envelope should appear (a) name and full address of the person for whom the letter is intended (see **Section 56d** for form); (b) name (without title) and full address of sender. The latter information may be placed in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope.

Charles Q. Norgate
117 North State Street
Pedley, Mass.

Mr. J. K. Norstrom
888 Billingsgate Avenue
Soapstone, Missouri

Alice Wingly,
Empire Hotel,
Sampson, N. J.

Dr. C. L. Clencher,
Knob Hill,
Nebraska.

GENERAL EXERCISE

GENERAL EXERCISE

Good and bad sentences are included in the following exercise. Correct all errors in grammar, punctuation, mechanics, spelling, and diction.

1. If I would have known him and been a friend of his maybe I could have actually become his wife.
2. I smell a rat, but I will nip it in the bud.
3. Until I see a miracle happen I won't believe in them.
4. Which would you say is his greatest charm, manner or voice?
5. He was the father of his country and the brother of the Earl of Warwick.
6. I asked grandfather if I may go on the giant, roller coaster.
7. It isn't supposed to be important that they have families, feelings and are human.
8. I chose to relate an incident which occurred a short time ago and affected me strongly.
9. Now that he is in power he is killing and causing them to flee Germany.
10. The English puritans, determined to shun the names of catholic saints, usually Christened there children after old testament patriarchs and warriors.
11. Possibly if professors would give up their golf bridge or even detective stories and students their movies if there were no committees and no term papers something might be done to humanize the graduate school and to create in it an imitation salon which might promote the "common intellectual life among students of letters" a life which we should all like to see realized on this earth.
12. Hitler is an enigma, a sphinx, or possibly so simple that he seems complex because of that very simplicity.
13. It is a never-ending combat; and all the *savant* or the *bel esprit* can hope for is to give a fittingly vigorous account of himself in the fight.
14. As a professor he was all right, but he really made us sit up and drop our feet only twice during the two years.
15. The music sounded raucously.
16. But one time he lost control and spoke harshly to his wife, due to her nagging.
17. Then you have the relative who insists upon reminding one that "it wasn't so long ago that you were just a baby."
18. In Hungary they believe in the old proverb spare the rod and spoil the child.
19. What may seem to us "invitations to learning," to others may seem merely flirtations with masterpieces—or even burial services over them.
20. His real reason for not attending college was due to the fact that his parents could not afford to send him.

GENERAL EXERCISE

21. The story of Waldman's novel is a man's search for peace, security, happiness and the founding of his family in America.
22. But what about Mary Lincoln who is only mentioned in the history books in connection with her husband.
23. Ethan although having suffered enough physically, has to sit by and watch his beautiful Matty who personified all the vibrance of youth, become ugly, morose and cranky.
24. He didn't have only eighty cents in his pocket and the bill was \$1.25.
25. Why should a man as cultivated as Mr. Papini for he is cultivated in the sense that he has read many books and has developed his memory why should such a person feel so mortal an antipathy.
26. If I took a little time I could pick up my belongings, straighten out my desk—I have to wade through archaic notes, stacked letters and other objects that have no place in a desk in order to find my yellow bow—which doesn't belong there in the first place.
27. It was a beautiful sight, that one can never forget.
28. There were two explosions, and the house shook like an earthquake.
29. The water was not deep where I fell but the current was strong and knocked me down as I tried to stand.
30. It wasn't hard to fit a description of his mother—the late Mrs. J. C. Adams—to the woman who had had two small sons of whom the elder died when the plague spread to Honolulu.
31. Upon my return home I was immediately put to bed and received a spanking the like of which I shall never forget.
32. She was greatly shocked when her son died; she didn't get over the effects so easy.
33. I went through many tests, knot-tying, history of the U. S. flag, and many others.
34. If he should die he has chosen his followers to follow his pattern.
35. In Justice Holmes one can find truth and no hypocrisy whatever.
36. It was a hot evening, so we walked to the south gate of our town sitting under a huge tree and enjoying a nice cooling summer breeze.
37. My own degree was conferred in 1915, and by that time—I like to believe *before* that time—there was considerable dissatisfaction with the graduate school.
38. If he was another man he would have left her but, since he was tolerant and tactful he overlooked many of Mary Lincoln's faults.
39. At times I find summer nights irritating, when I sit down to read a magazine or a book, and little bugs begin to swarm in through the screens that the hardware man told my father would keep out the smallest ones.
40. I was then a marked man, being called a sissy because I didn't try to kill myself in a baseball game.

GENERAL EXERCISE

41. When I got there, and prepared to fish, I found that it had rained the previous day making the water muddy.
42. Cooper wrote the Pilot in great haste because of the recent publication of Scott's Pirate, a sea tale but which Cooper held was not correct in its nautical incidents and descriptions.
43. I may some day be able to lay around and do nothing.
44. After completing her course at the girl's school, she began to travel; and it was on a train bounded for Berlin that she met her future husband.
45. At the age of 12, my parents left me.
46. In describing a passage, opinions vary.
47. Daudet touches always beautifully and cleanly the hard, ugly substances of humanity; his intellect, which is penetrating, is governed by his spirit, which is lofty.
48. Should Debs have been released?
49. You hadn't ought to of met him down to Coney Island.
50. The Chrysler Building was taller than all the buildings of New York. But now the Empire State Building rises higher.
51. The articles in this magazine are of a high quality; the articles are well written and attractively illustrated.
52. Entering the lagoon without an accident a great expanse of water opened before us.
53. By digging a little way under the ground, the Indian relics were soon discovered.
54. To Mr. Foerster *science, factual, specialized, research*, all are simply minus signs: he never gets behind these into the actualities they represent.
55. A man is moulded into likenesses of the lives that come nearest him.
56. The dramatic technique of Marlowe was quite different from the usual play write.
57. After having been graduated from high school, my intentions had been to enter college the following semester.
58. Probably this is due to some unknown reason in human nature that cannot be explained.
59. So Francois made good haste out of the Bastille, kissed his poor, old, mother good-by, and left her his gold pieces to boot.
60. Who was the happy idiot who first conceived it—that wide-spread fallacy that teaches us that children are helpless?
61. Sir Joshua Reynolds in one of his Discourses, insisted that drapery should not be represented as silk or cloth or velvet, but just as drapery.
62. Lawrence of Arabia was against the semicolon and wrote "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" without any.
63. The dominant object, upon entering the kitchen, is the window curtain.
64. I plan to take my vacation in August therefore you can take yours in July.

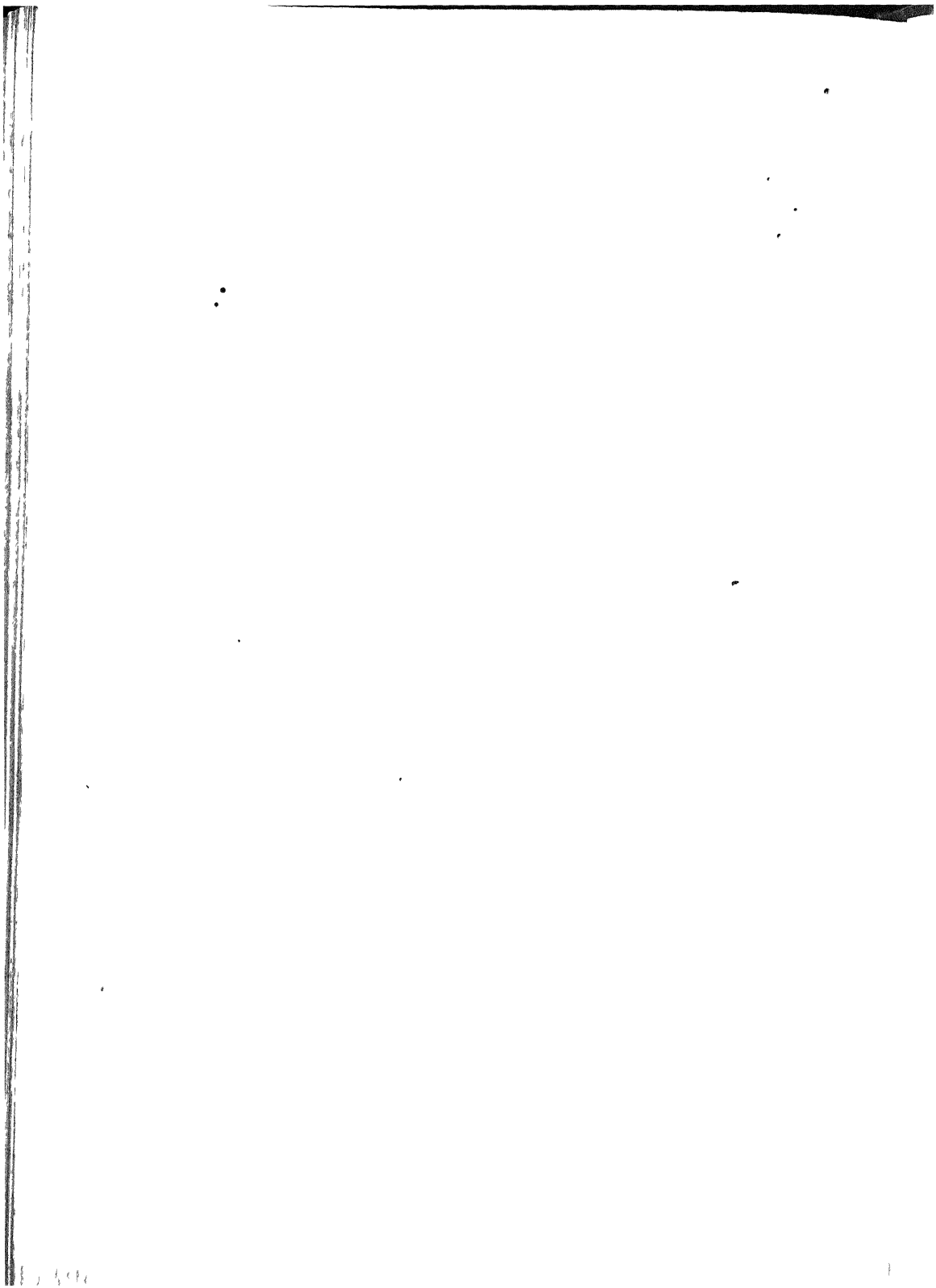
GENERAL EXERCISE

65. I want you to realize sir that I did not come here to waste my time.
66. It was Emerson I believe who said hitch your wagon to a star.
67. 1945 is the year when airplanes are scheduled to carry 50-ton loads.
68. Home Economics, Spanish, and Biology are favorite subjects this semester.
69. Our whole stock of radios, cameras, and sporting goods are to be sold at radical reductions.
70. They were soon to learn that death comes unexpected.
71. He was never so healthy since he joined the army.
72. John said you heard him say no.
73. The first is the decisive warfare that is current between "journalistic" critics and "academic" pedants.
74. The methods used in relaying coaches and the men who maintain and drive them are portrayed as supermen who could drive the last fifty miles with their heads shot off.
75. The story of one named Slade is given a particularly lot of attention.
76. The picture of the fortunes made and squandered in a few hours are graphically related.
77. The reason for this drop of interest is probably because he stops describing the U. S. proper in the latter part of the volume.
78. Twain didn't succeed in painting as accurate a picture of the Sandwich Islands as he did of his own West. Maybe because he didn't spend as much time in the Islands as he should have, or maybe because he wasn't one of the natives.
79. The chapter after chapter of unconnected incidents seemed to get monotonous toward the end of the book.
80. He looked on all girls who were loud-mouthed with utter disdain.
81. My friend lives in a different strata of society than me.
82. Sir Arthur is a man who loves his wife dearly and does anything to make her happy.
83. The atrophism "all beginnings are hard" is so true.
84. The caring of sheep demanded very few men in comparison to the amount that were required to till the land.
85. The rogues pestered the people with their unscrupulous methods of thievery.
86. Licenses were issued to a great amount of vagabonds and rogues.
87. The laws did not prevent them from slitting each others throat.
88. Watches and searches were held all over England to apprehend the rogues whereabouts.
89. He spent the afternoon reading the Pope's enclinal.
90. That theme would be satisfactory if it contained a single idea.
91. She went to four dances that week, which caused her to fail on the exam.
92. The man's house was burned who used to be our neighbor.

GENERAL EXERCISE

93. I will write you tomorrow which I trust will be satisfactory.
94. The cat is crafty vicious and insists on eating everything in sight.
95. He was very interested in the mans discussion of this obscure much-disputed question, nevertheless he did not follow the arguments any to-good.
96. The man lost his footing but recovered his balance and continued up the ladder.
97. The stream flows with the utmost vigor and the sound of its ripples mingles with the songs of the birds.
98. Riding liesurely in a bus on Fifth Ave. makes one think of many things.
99. Leave us go back to the house and see what the other gents are cooking up.
100. Being tired the trip began to seem monotonous.

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